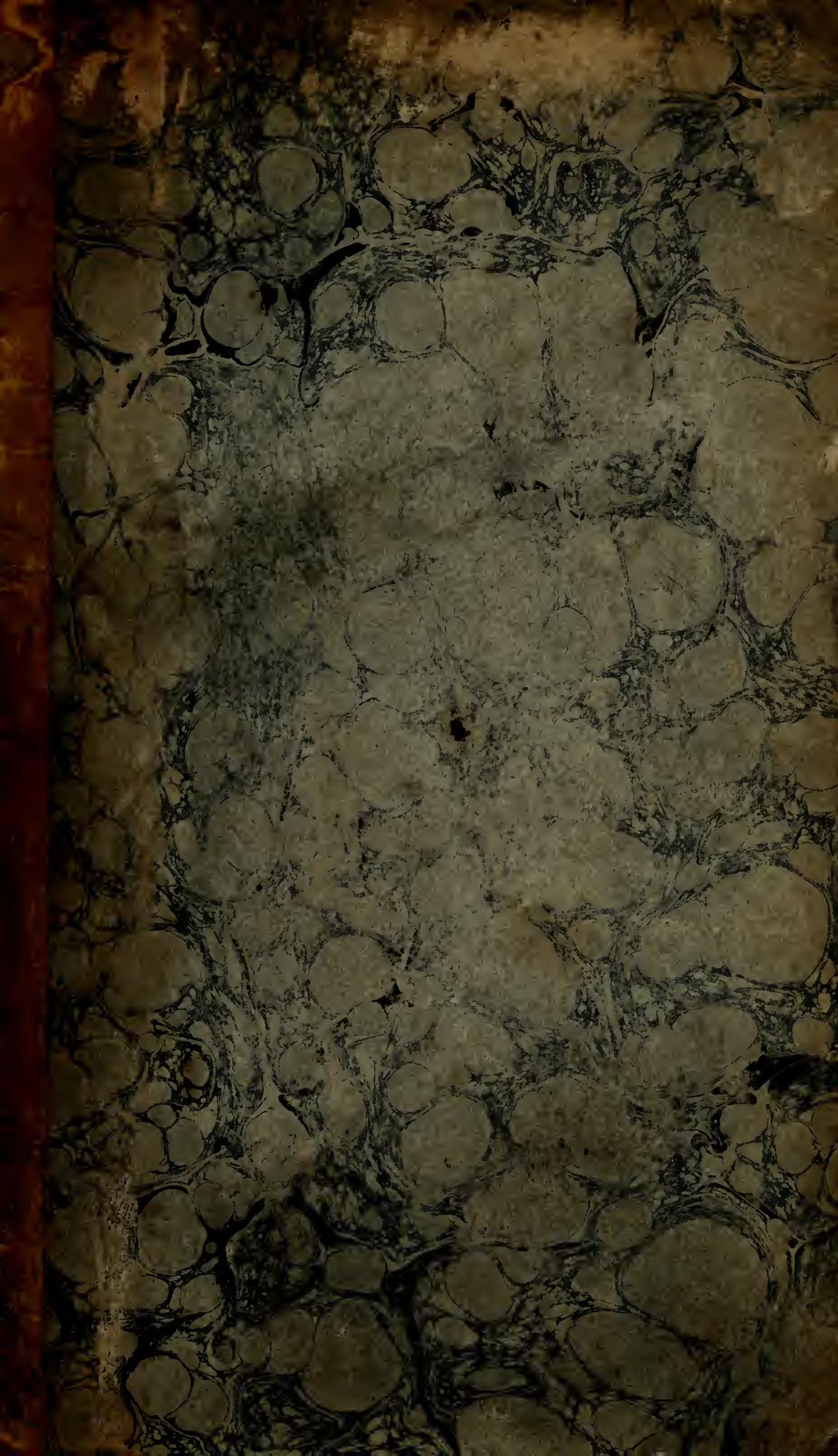
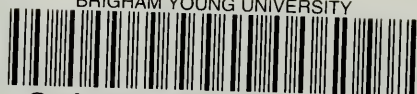




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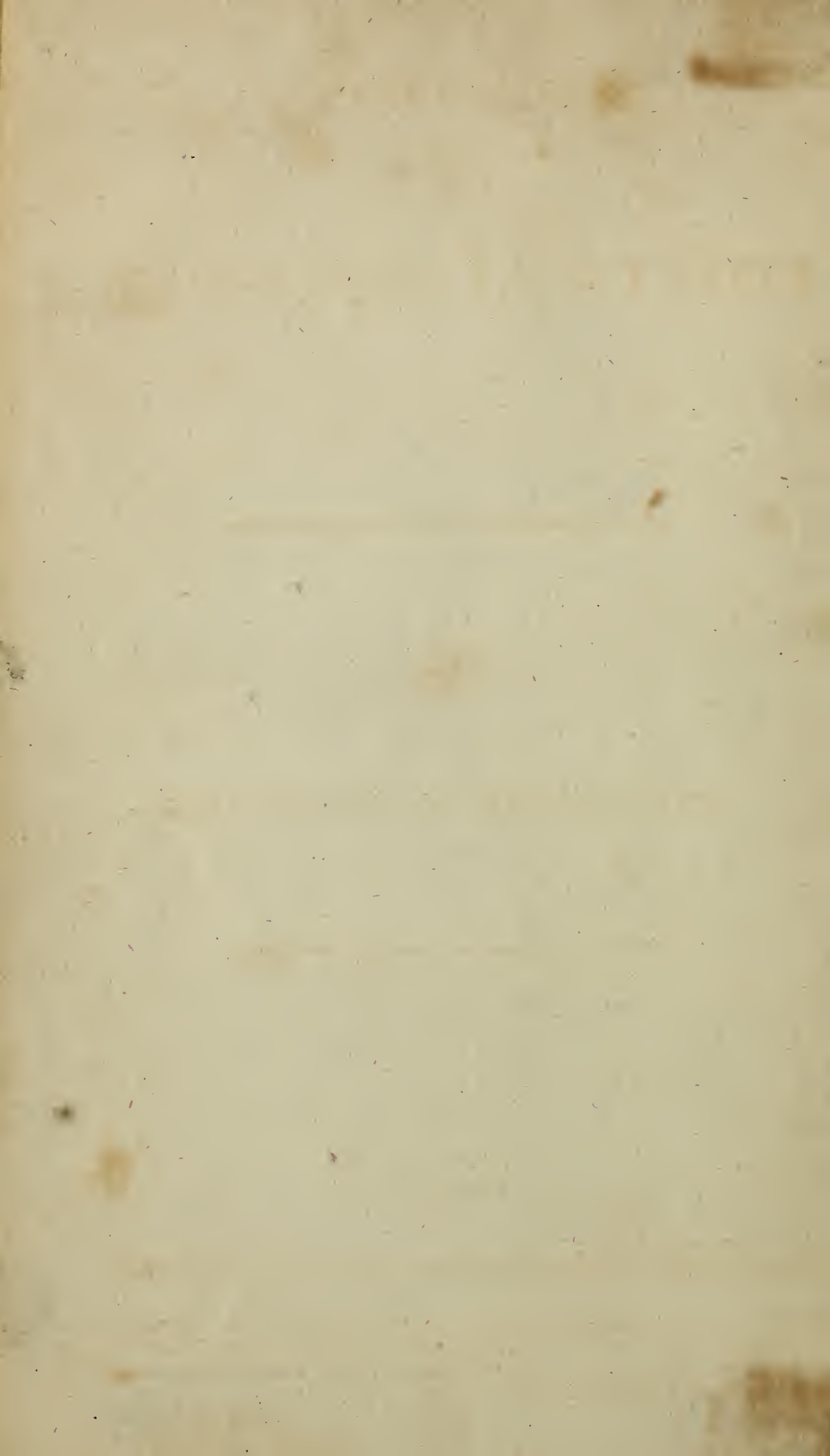
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AND

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TO THE KING.

SIRE!

WHEN this proud and enviable nation was blessed by your Majesty's ascension to its throne, you took occasion to boast that it was your greatest pride and happiness to know that you were born and educated a Briton. With equal pride I can make the same declaration; and my incessant efforts, to maintain the rights of my countrymen against seditious innovators, show how highly I estimate the appellation.

As a specimen of those exertions, permit me to lay at your Majesty's feet, the following pages, which will prove how earnestly I have combated the domestic enemies of our beloved Country, and how clearly I have identified *them* with the enemies of your Majesty's sacred person and august family.

Be assured, Sire, that millions of your subjects participate in the grief which your Majesty feels, at the degenerate conduct of many amongst them, who, by the disaffection which they have displayed, have shown themselves unworthy of that paternal tenderness which has ever distinguished your Majesty's glorious reign. But it is with

DEDICATION.

exultation that we witness, on the part of your Majesty, that invincible firmness which has always characterised your Majesty's conduct, and by a perseverance in which, surrounded by your chosen and able servants, the friends the noble-minded emulators of the immortal PITT, the nation may hope speedily to see its inveterate enemies confounded and subdued !

That your Majesty may long, very long, enjoy the Divine permission to continue a reign, which has covered your Majesty with glory, and rendered your people the greatest and the happiest on earth, is the ardent prayer of your Majesty's

MOST LOYAL,

AND MOST DUTIFUL SUBJECT,

FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON.

May 2, 1810.

ADVERTISEMENT.

CONSISTING OF A FEW BRIEF EXPLANATIONS, TO SERVE
AS A PREFACE TO THE VOLUME.

THE present volume of this POLITICAL REGISTER having been brought to a conclusion, it is a duty incumbent upon me (as the sole Proprietor, and the only person who has any controul over its pages) to return my earnest thanks for the patronage which I have experienced—a patronage which, if it have not equalled the expectations that I had been induced to form, must, nevertheless, demands my warmest and interminate gratitude. It is certainly a subject of pride and exultation to me to know, that my political labours are encouraged and duly appreciated by no inconsiderable number of those characters whose rank, influence, and abilities render them, at this arduous crisis, the chief support of the country.

Since the appearance of this Register, in weekly numbers, in the month of October last, the progress of disaffection has been rapid and alarming.—In vain has my Paper given publicity to the effusions of splendid literary talents, to oppose that progress—in vain have the able writers for it perpetually exerted themselves to expose the designs of those, whose ultimate views were till lately concealed, but which are now sufficiently developed.—The united voice of the loyal literary phalanx which is ranged under my banner, has been attended to only by *the few*; while *the many*, emboldened by the successes of their machinations, have proceeded in their career of iniquity, with the knowledge that the ascendancy which their leaders have acquired over the public mind has placed them on an eminence of popularity which no individual efforts can reach:—Hence it seems now to have become a question, whether a vigour unknown to the present generation is to be exerted, or whether the whole wealth and dignity of the country is to be at the disposal of a set of wretches who have put the nation into a flame which it appears impossible for lenient measures to subdue, and which can only be checked by some extraordinary line of vigour and coercion!

It is no slight ground of triumph for me, that all the predictions which for nearly three years I have deemed it a duty to hold out; respecting the *consequences* which would result from the increase of disaffection, and the corruption of the public mind by the arts of the seditious demagogues, have been gra-

dually approximating to to their fulfilment; while those who were either indifferent or incredulous on that subject, and therefore thought proper to ridicule my appeals, on the ground of my being "*an alarmist*," have, by some miracle, perhaps, had their eyes open, and can now join with me in publicly declaiming against the inroads and objects of "*Jacobinism*"!—They can *now* perceive that the intent of the Jacobins is to *effect a revolution*, and to revel in the spoils which it will occasion. I can therefore readily excuse those mistaken sentiments which induced a numerous and respectable portion of my countrymen to consider my "*single-handed*," efforts as premature*, and my statements and conceptions as visionary and ridiculous;—I am amply recompensed for their incredulity, and even their ridicule of my excitations, by finding that they have *at last* the courage to avow their mistake, and *to unite* to oppose those enemies of the Constitution who had almost placed their firebrands at its threshold!

While I exult in this change which has taken place in the public sentiment, I cannot but flatter myself that some credit has been accorded me by my political friends, for that undeviating and independent line of conduct which I have pursued throughout the sheets of the present volume.—Every number, I trust, will show, that I have not merely fulfilled, but gone beyond the general professions which were contained in my Prospectus. I entreat permission to take a retrospect of those professions, and to remark on the deviations which it has been necessary to make from them, as well as on the extent to which they have been fulfilled.

The plan which I had proposed to myself, of making this Register a direct and continual opponent to the infamous vehicle of Cobbett, was pursued till it became evident that the seditious effusions of that daring writer, were far less injurious to society than the declamatory harangues of certain individuals whose station in life give the most pernicious influence to the falsehoods and misrepresentations which they promulgate. Since this was discovered, the SUBSTANCE OF THE REPORTED SPEECHES IN PARLIAMENT has been made the primary topic of discussion; and the impression which I understand the STRICTURES have made, cannot but be flattering to my feelings; particularly as it is highly probable that without the appearance of this Register, the public would have been deprived of a series of remarks, which will form a valuable commentary on the important proceedings of the present Session.

The length to which it has been necessary to extend those Strictures, has also caused a slight deviation from another principle which I had laid down:---it has precluded the regular insertion of *Reviews of Political Pamphlets*; a

* Till my Phoenix and this Register declaimed against the progress of the *Jacobins*, no idea was entertained of the height which the levelling system had attained; and my observations and statements were conceived to be unfounded. By one or two papers, whose Editors sided with the Ministry, the cavillings of the Opposition in Parliament, were weakly stigmatized; but *Jacobinism* was scouted as a bugbear. In exciting the loyal portion of the public to a due sense of their danger, I may, therefore, be said to have stood "*single handed*!"

feature to which much importance has been attached by the Subscribers, and which shall speedily be resumed with proper spirit, and continued with punctuality.

The STATE DOCUMENTS, foreign and domestic, which are preserved in this Register, merely for reference, as they are always made known in the daily Papers, for some time before room can be found for them in my weekly pages, have, throughout the volume been made secondary to the important original matter and communications with which I have been favoured. Thus, they have been inserted only whenever an accidental space has been found for them, at the end of a sheet; and they have, of necessity, been divided into very small fragments. It will be seen, however, by the Table of Contents, that the different parts of the Volume in which those fragments have appeared, are correctly pointed out. It has not been thought proper to insert those very elaborate and, on the whole, uninteresting documents, the "Correspondence between Mr. Jackson and the American Minister," and the "Minutes of Evidence on the Walcheren Inquiry," because they have been published in the form of a volume, at a moderate price, while their protractive appearance in this Register would have precluded the insertion of important temporary articles, and thus have depreciated both its interest and its value.

In the Prospectus of this Register it may be remembered that I solicited the literary aid of gentlemen whose inclination might lead them to write in behalf of the great cause which I had come forward to uphold.---I well knew that there were many gentlemen of splendid talents who, as an inducement to display their abilities, only wished for a vehicle for the diffusion of their sentiments, less perishable than the columns of a daily newspaper; and, the learned and eloquent articles with which I have been favoured, while they prove the previous want of such a publication as the present, cannot but render it a *desideratum* in the branch of Political Literature. It is also a matter of no small satisfaction to be able to state, that notwithstanding the most rigid revision of every article with which I have been favoured, not one of them has appeared to me unworthy of a place in my Paper. The result is, that I have cancelled none; but have an admirable store for future publication. With respect to the articles which I have already published, being willing to afford every contributor an opportunity of displaying his sentiments on independent and liberal grounds, and anxious to preserve my Paper from the remotest charge or suspicion of servility, as well as of personal prejudice, I have, hitherto, made no excisions in, or curtailments of the manuscripts, of my communicants; but, in full confidence that the writers were instigated by no motives but those of liberality and honour, I have not hesitated to insert laudatory paragraphs which they have written on certain Members of what is called the *Opposition* (and in behalf of one in particular), who seems a great favourite with ALBION---though such praises have always appeared, in my judgment, to be far beyond what that individual deserves. That I may be clearly understood on this head, I think it

necessary to state, that I have ever most decidedly dissented from ALBION, in his opinion of the persecutor of Lord MELVILLE; but there has always appeared to me such a perfect spirit of honour and independence in the sentiments of that elegant political writer, that I have not felt myself authorised, nor should I have been justified, in suppressing the favourable opinion which he, as a gentleman, may entertain of another, because that opinion may not coincide with my own. I consider this explanation to be the more necessary, because I wish it to be understood by the public, that no individual, whoever he may be, has the least controul over this publication; and, I therefore hold myself responsible for whatever may appear in it; hence, I would have wished that not a single sentiment should have been printed in its columns, which might not be conformable to those which I have so often avowed, and in which I have so long and earnestly persisted.—The liberality of ALBION, and of every other contributor, will do justice to the independence and candour of this declaration —*I will, IN FUTURE, insert nothing in this Register but what I fully approve of.*

The different Gentlemen who have condescended to dignify my columns with their compositions, will be pleased to accept my sincere thanks for the assistance which they have afforded me, and which has enabled me to produce, during the period of six months, a Political Publication, to which on the whole, it must be, and is allowed, AN EQUAL DOES NOT EXIST IN THIS COUNTRY! —That it possesses many imperfections is also evident; but, I trust they will be disregarded, and that every reader, on considering the utility of the work, will make allowance for the rapidity with which such a publication must necessarily be prepared and executed.

I shall conclude with expressing my hope that, as every Subscriber must be convinced of the advantage which would be derived by an extensive circulation of this Register, he will exert himself to procure for it that patronage without which the objects it holds out cannot be attained, and Jacobinism may be expected finally to triumph, unchecked by a single literary opponent! F. W. B.

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LIST OF HIS MAJESTY'S MINISTRY,

AS IT STOOD

In October, 1809.

In May, 1810.

CABINET MINISTERS.

Earl Camden	- - - - -	<i>President of the Council</i>	- -	Earl Camden
Lord Eldon	- - - - -	<i>Lord High Chancellor</i>	- - -	Lord Eldon
Earl of Westmoreland	- -	<i>Lord Privy Seal</i>	- - - - -	Earl of Westmoreland
Right Hon. Spencer Perceval	{ <i>First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister)</i> <i>Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the Excheq. and also Chanc. of the Duchy of Lancaster</i> }			Right Hon. Spencer Perceval
Lord Mulgrave	- - - - -	<i>First Lord of the Admiralty</i>	-	Right Hon. Charles Yorke
Earl of Chatham	- - - - -	<i>Master Gen. of the Ordnance</i>	-	Lord Mulgrave
Earl Bathurst	- - - - -	<i>President of the Board of Trade</i>		Earl Bathurst
Hon. Richard Ryder	- - -	<i>Sec. of State for Home Department</i>		Hon. Richard Ryder
Marquis Wellesley	- - -	<i>Sec. of State for Foreign Affairs</i>		Marquis Wellesley
Earl of Liverpool	- - -	{ <i>Sec. of State for the Department of War and the Colonies.</i> }		Earl of Liverpool

NOT OF THE CABINET.

Rt. Hon. R. Saunders Dundas	{ <i>President of the Board of Controul for the Affairs of India</i> }			Rt. Hon. R. Saunders Dundas
Right Hon. George Rose	-	{ <i>Vice-Pres. of the Board of Trade and Treasurer of the Navy</i> }		Right Hon. George Rose
Viscount Palmerston	- - -	<i>Secretary at War</i>	- - - - -	Viscount Palmerston
Lord Charles Somerset	- - }	<i>Joint Paymaster-General</i>	- - }	Lord Charles Somerset
Right Hon. Charles Long	- }			Right Hon. Charles Long
Earl of Chichester	- - }	<i>Joint Postmaster-General</i>	- - }	Earl of Chichester
Earl of Sandwich	- }			Earl of Sandwich
Richard Wharton, Esq.	- }	<i>Secretaries of the Treasury</i>	- - }	Richard Wharton, Esq.
Charles Arbuthnot, Esq.	- }			Charles Arbuthnot, Esq.
Sir William Grant	- - - - -	<i>Master of the Rolls</i>	- - - - -	Sir William Grant
Sir Vicary Gibbs	- - - - -	<i>Attorney-General</i>	- - - - -	Sir Vicary Gibbs
Sir Thomas Plumer	- - -	<i>Solicitor-General</i>	- - - - -	Sir Thomas Plumer

PERSONS IN THE MINISTRY OF IRELAND.

Duke of Richmond	- - -	<i>Lord Lieutenant</i>	- - - - -	Duke of Richmond
Lord Manners	- - - - -	<i>Lord High Chancellor</i>	- - -	Lord Manners
W. Wellesley Pole	- - -	<i>Chief Secretary</i>	- - - - -	W. Wellesley Pole
Right Hon. John Foster	-	<i>Chancellor of the Exchequer</i>	- -	Right Hon. John Foster

A NOMENCLATURE
OF
NEW DIGNITIES,
CONFERRED BY NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE,
Emperor of the French and King of Italy,
UPON HIS GENERALS AND OTHER EMINENT MEN.

K I N G S.

Louis (Buonaparte)	} Brothers to the Emperor	King of Holland
Jerome (Buonaparte)		—— Westphalia
Joseph (Buonaparte)		—— Spain, <i>nominal</i>
Joachim (Murat) Brother-in-law to the Emperor		—— Naples
Maximilian, Elector and Duke of Bavaria		—— Bavaria
Augustus, Elector and Duke of Saxony		—— Saxony
Charles, Duke of Wirtemberg		—— Wirtemberg

P R I N C E S.

Cardinal Fesch, Uncle to the Emperor	Prince Primate
Talleyrand	Prince of Benevento
Marshal Berthier	—— Wagram
—— Bernadotte	—— Esslingen

D U K E S.

Marshal Augereau	Duke of Castiglione
—— Bessieres	—— Istria
—— Davoust	—— Auerstadt
—— Junot	—— Abrantes
—— Kellerman	—— Valmy
—— Lefebvre	—— Dantzic
—— Macdonald	
—— Marmont	—— Ragusa
—— Massena	—— Rivoli
—— Moncey	—— Cornegliano
—— Mortier	—— Treviso
—— Ney	—— Elchingen
—— Oudinot	
—— Soult	—— Dalmatia
—— Victor	—— Belluno
General Arrighi	—— Padua
—— Savary	—— Rovigo

G R E A T O F F I C E R S O F S T A T E.

Cambaceres, Prince Arch Chancellor	Duke of Parma
Le Brun, Prince Arch Treasurer	—— Piacenza
Caulincourt, Great Chamberlain	—— Vicenza
Duroc, Great Marshal of the Palace	—— Friuli
Champagny, Minister for Foreign Affairs	—— Cadore

BLAGDON'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

VOL. I.—No. I.] LONDON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1809. [Price 1s

“Act with vigour, and the enemy shrinks back dismayed If you remain languid and do not adopt the most vigorous measures, the rebels will advance upon us with redoubled fury.”

MARCUS CATO.

CONTENTS:—Remarks on the present State of Sedition in Great Britain, and the Causes which have kept it down!—Different Sorts of Demagogues, having the same object in View.—A Touch at Cobbett's Apostacy, and reasons for it explained.—The Elijah-Mantle of his Loyalty being cast off, is seized on by the present Editor!—Reasons for the increase of Disaffection.—Number of Reforming, or Democratical Publications, which appear in London every Sabbath Day!—Extracts from the First Number of Cobbett's Register, published in 1802.—A Touchstone proposed to try the Sense of the Country!—Newspaper Democracy.—Religion of the Independent Whig.—Spirit of the British Guardian.—Some Account of the Statesman.—A few Remarks on Cobbett's last Paper.—On the New Ministry, &c.—The First Chapter of the Political Life of the Hampshire Demagogue.—Letter on the Necessity of Independence in Public Writers, &c.—Something concerning Colonel Wardle and Mrs. Clarke.—An important Pamphlet reviewed.—A Bedroom Scene exposed.

1]

A FEW PLAIN WORDS,

on the Motives which have induced me to undertake this Publication.

I SHALL begin, by premising, that the whole of the present Number is offered to the public merely as a *Prospectus*.—If, throughout our mighty empire, there can be found one man, on whom the title of *knave* or *fool* would be inappropriately bestowed—if *any* man can be found, not absolutely either the one or the other, having a rising family, or adult relatives, for whose future welfare, that powerful interest which the Almighty has implanted in most human bosoms, ought to be excited—if such a man, with no other qualification than what arises from common sense, and the usual intercourse with his fellow creatures, will assert, that he does not perceive the rapid condensation and approach of the portentous storm, which has so long—so many years—been gathering in our political atmosphere, then will I solicit a general pardon of the public, and submit to believe that my ideas of danger, from the insidious attempts of seditious demagogues, are merely the fantasies of a bewildered imagination!—But I am certain that such a man is not to be found amongst us. The being who will aver, that, at this time we may despise the efforts of domestic traitors; well organized as are their plans, systematic as is their object, must be one who is either destitute of intellect, one who openly aids them in their efforts, or who secretly wishes that success may attend their horrible machinations.

It is now exactly twenty years since, through the apathy of a profligate and be-

[2

sotted government, the Demon of Anarchy and Revolution burst upon the world in more dreadful terrors than history has ever recorded, and the effects of which have been more or less felt by every civilized nation in the world. Happily for us, Englishmen, though we have materially suffered by the calamity, our beloved and highly favoured country has hitherto been preserved from the vortex of general devastation, by the firmness and vigour which have guided our national councils; for, whatever may have been the difference of sentiment which has prevailed in the senate or in private circles, respecting our various modes of assault or resistance, there has been but *one* opinion amongst men in power, in regard to the wishes and objects of the admirers of the French Revolution.—Each successive administration has been convinced that the grand end in the view of the disaffected, is, in plain terms, the annihilation of our Constitution. At one period, indeed their purpose was nearly effected, but it was defeated by a proper degree of resolution in the existing government. Some time, however, has elapsed, since such measures were resorted to, as were *adequate* to resist and overpower the designs of our internal enemies, and the *original* demagogues seconded by others whom it is impossible to describe—(for at present there are almost innumerable classes) have availed themselves of the present unaccountable inertness of people in power, to renew their efforts with tenfold activity. To the disgrace of the age in which we exist, these wretches have been joined by many political incendiaries, who, void of all principle or sentiments of honour, have basely sacrificed the cause of loyalty,

justice, and truth, to their own sordid views of avarice, or their eagerness for the fleeting approbation of that many-headed and ungovernable monster, an English mob! For example, what, but his base and evident avidity for lucre could have induced the notorious Demagogue of Botley, not only to swerve from those principles which, while he existed in America, and long after he returned to England, procured him the applause and admiration of all true patriots—What, but the love of pelf could have made him resolve to blast his well-earned laurels, by bending at the shrine of Plutus, at the expence of an unequivocal sacrifice of honour, reason, and consistency?—The answer appears in every page of his present infamous and seditious rhapsodies.—He saw that the generous people of Britain were obliged, with every year of the war, to submit to additional burthens; and, as the increasing burthens of the state must naturally increase discontent amongst those who bear them, his *sagacity*, seconded by his *love of money*, soon convinced him that to side with the disaffected would not only extend his name, and draw towards his scrawls the attention of those who had previously despised him as “*an hireling*,” with how much reason we may hereafter show; but would also materially augment his wordly interest. This last idea was natural enough; because he might easily infer that, if he could adapt his effusions to the *taste* and capacity of the vulgar (the class in whose behalf he now pretends to have embarked, and whose interest he wishes to persuade them he had always at heart) they would be anxious to purchase his Paper.—He has succeeded in his aim. Yet posterity will refuse to believe, that the being who, in 1799, reviled with every abusive epithet the republicans in America, for “*burning the English flag*, as well as for their *sentiments, oaths, and speeches*, which abounded in insults towards almost all the *princes* of the earth, *but particularly the King of Great Britain*.”—The being who avowed that “all those who have attempted to *degrade religion*, whether by open insults and cruelty to the clergy, by *blasphemous publications*, or by the more dangerous poison of the malignant modern philosophy, he had ranked amongst the *most infamous* of mankind, and had treated them accordingly (1).”—Posterity, I say, will refuse to credit the fact, that this very abandoned Demagogue, in the space of

ten years, has become the incessant and most virulent reviler of *all* those regular governments and institutions, which for so many years he had exerted himself to defend and uphold.—Yet, such is his debased apostacy, that Kings, Princes, Peers, and “*Parsons*,” are now the never-failing themes of his peculiar and hateful scurrillity. But it is not by his scribbling only that this non-descript endeavours to effect the purpose he has in view; and which purpose he avows, as clearly as he dare. If we revert from his *sedentary* to his *active operations*, we shall find him equally zealous in the excitement of discontent amongst the population who are *visited* (2) by his contiguity. His associates are worthy of abetting the principles of their leader; for we find, on his own authority, that his *present* friends and companions, whom he, as often as possible, dignifies, in print, with the title of “*Gentlemen* (3),” are of the very class, which, in 1799, he described as being, “next to *the Devil*, the greatest and *most dreadful* foes of the human race; and on whom the bitterest drop in his pen had ever been bestowed (4).”

Do not such associations as are here alluded to clearly prove that Sedition is daily increasing in magnitude and solidity, while those loyal principles which were formerly so prevalent amongst the great mass of the people, may be perceived to diminish, or glide away with the rapidity of the streams that were said to issue from the sieve of the unchaste vestal?—People of penetration, whose occupations or inclinations cause them to mix with promiscuous company, have long been convinced of the fact, and have spoken of it with regret.—They have seen, with disgust, that loads of literary poison are obtruded, *daily* and *weekly*, into every place of public resort, as well as private families; while antidotes, which might counteract or expel the deleterious and infamous compositions, are scarcely ever heard of.—The reason is, that *Sedition* is a drug which our modern political quacks too well know how to render palatable to the present taste and feelings of the public, while the extent and variety of their *practice* has convinced them, that, as long as they *second the efforts* of

(2) This scriptural expression, I have no doubt will be understood:—His residence must indeed be a *visitation* upon the county!

(3) For example, such creatures as Finnerty, the author of Hogan's Pamphlet, and similar worthies!

(4) Vide “*Republican Judge*.”

(1) Vide Cobbett's “*Republican Judge*.”

each other they may all of them derive advantage (self-interest being the only object of *reformers*) from the credulity of a whole country, whom they have deluded; first, by exaggerating slight complaints, the existence of which cannot possibly be remedied; and, secondly, by persuading their too-willing dupes, that nothing but a *radical reform* in the *system*—a complete change in the *Constitution* can preserve their political existence!

The success which a few desperate adventurers, (who are now either no more, or have taken to *honest* ways of obtaining the means of subsistence) experienced about ten years ago, has given rise to a whole sect, or regiment of literary impostors, whose attempts to inflame and corrupt the public mind are not only incessant, but, alas! far too successful. On the other hand, however astonishing it may appear, there are now none of those counteracting vehicles to be met with, which, at the time above-mentioned, were always prepared to oppose and neutralise the effusions of democracy. The fact is, that for many years the English press has been tamely *suffered* to send forth, continually, and with impunity, such audacious libels, falsehoods, and misrepresentations, that one might be induced to think that almost every Printing-office had a superintendant in the pay of BUONAPARTE!—Nothing will elucidate this assertion more clearly than one striking fact (which every man has the power to ascertain), viz. that there are *no less than nineteen Newspapers*, published in London, every Sunday morning, of which only two (my Phoenix, and a Paper called the National Register) defend, with regularity and perseverance, the cause of the *Constitution*—a cause which the *great majority* of the others labour to degrade and ridicule! What inference may be drawn from this important circumstance? Certainly, that disaffection has encroached upon the country, with rapid strides, because it has, for the last ten years, met with no effectual opposition. It remained, however, for the well-disposed portion of the public to witness, with astonishment and disgust, the consummation of human duplicity, in the Jacobinism of WILLIAM COBBETT, who, *before* this signal apostacy, had, by his effusions in defence of the altar and the throne, gained a degree of popularity, and acquired (by means of the *money* with which that public had rewarded

him) a state in society to which his most sanguine dreams could never have taught him to aspire. Even his own confessions are to this very effect; for, in the first number of his Register, published on the 16th of January, 1802, we observe the following very *loyal* and *diffident* statement of his *intentions* and his *expectations*! He was wonderfully tenacious, at that time, of his "*character, as a public writer*:"—That is, he was excessively *alarmed*, lest he should be thought to have deviated from his *original principles*, in his daily paper, the Porcupine; which, not having met with sufficient encouragement to enable him to continue it, he informs the public, had been joined with the True Briton, and then makes the following very remarkable declaration, which, I entreat my readers to bear in memory, as it will most strictly apply to the conduct which I pledge myself to pursue. "This junction," says he, "having brought me numerous and urgent requests to resume, in some shape or other, those labours which, though the importance of them have certainly been overrated by my friends, I hope may yet, in some degree contribute to the preserving of those ancient and holy institutions, those unsophisticated morals and natural manners, that well-tempered love of regulated liberty, and that just sense of public honour, on the preservation of which our national happiness and independence so essentially depend, I have determined on undertaking the present publication, which, while it will demand no more of my time than I can conveniently set aside from my more important private concerns, is, I am fully persuaded, much better calculated than a daily paper, to answer all the purposes I have in view."

These were the *professions* of Cobbett, in 1802; professions which good men hailed with exultation, as they now execrate and condemn the being who has performed them only as long as they were subservient to his worldly interest.—But there is another paragraph in the very next leaf, which is equally worthy of recording. It is a paragraph addressed to Mr. ADDINGTON, in which he says, "The first object which I have had in view, is to contribute my mite towards the support of the authority of that sovereign WHOM GOD HAS COMMANDED ME TO HONOUR AND OBEY: and as the means most likely to effect this object, I have generally endeavoured to support the measures of those who have been ap-

pointed to exercise that authority! If, therefore, I do now, or shall, in future, openly disapprove of some of the measures of his Majesty's present servants, RELIGIOUSLY ABSTAINING FROM EVERY ACT AND WORD TENDING TO WEAKEN THE GOVERNMENT, AND EXERTING ALL MY FEEBLE EFFORTS TO DEFEND IT AGAINST ITS ENEMIES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, I trust that you yourself, if I should happen at all to attract your notice, will have the justice to acquit me of inconsistency of conduct."

"*Et tu, Brute!*" said Cæsar, when he beheld Brutus at the head of the regicides—It was enough! Disgust overpowered every other sensation, and he resigned himself to his fate. It may be naturally supposed that all the subscribers, who first patronized the Register of Cobbett, have felt a similar sensation, on witnessing his apostacy; but it would be a libel to suppose, that they look with apathy upon his dereliction of principle: yet, as certain matter of his Paper is useful for the reference of public men, they have hitherto submitted to the necessity of encouraging *Sedition*, because it was inseparable from the articles of utility.

The first question, therefore, which arose in my mind, on resolving to make a new effort, in behalf of my infatuated country, was, whether, by a combination of just and loyal sentiments, in the same sheet with the documents that are so useful to all public characters, my publication would not be hailed, and supported, as a work of national advantage, by all those whose patronage has raised to affluence, the apostate, Cobbett, as it were from the dust? I think that it will: at any rate it will be, at this time, a very appropriate TOUCHSTONE, to ascertain the *general sense* of the independent people of England—those who have *property* to leave to their families, when themselves may be called from this sublunary state of existence—I think it very likely, that all such persons will take pleasure in supporting this publication.—"*What Cobbett's Register was in 1802, mine will be always.*" This is the sum of the professions upon which I mean to act, and I hope for public encouragement no longer than I fulfil the expectations which are held out.

In order that all men may judge of its utility, no means have been omitted by me, that could tend to give publicity to

this undertaking (5). If, therefore, this useful Paper should not meet with such en-

(5) The efforts which I have made during the last month, to inform the public of my intentions are such as may be considered unparalleled. If this Paper, therefore, should not immediately obtain a wide circulation, the cause will not be that the nation is unacquainted with its nature, or the period of its appearance. Besides the ordinary mode of advertising in the different established Newspapers, I will mention a few of the means which have been resorted to. *To every Peer of the Realm, to every Member of the House of Commons, to every Baronet in the United Kingdom, and to every Merchant in the Metropolis, have I transmitted a Prospectus.* But these are only a small portion of my preliminary operations, with which I have of late been occupied almost night and day (and which I lament to find, have seriously injured my health) All the principal *Magazines and Reviews*, published in London last Monday, will be found to contain a copy of my Prospectus stitched within the covers, by which it will be conveyed to every part of the kingdom. On all the walls of the metropolis, and to the distance of 20 miles around it, may be seen my posting bills—I also understand that they are posted through all the towns of Hampshire! TANT MIEUX! But my master-effort has been the circulation of my Prospectus amongst the Clergy (whose sacred calling Cobbett began by defending, and now labours to degrade with all his might), for whose influence I conceive I have a right to call, and from whose interference I with confidence expect the most advantageous results. Having been promised a list of all the valuable livings in the Kingdom, with the names of their Patrons, ET CÆTERA, I had a circular letter printed, in which was inclosed my Prospectus. Fifteen hundred copies of this said letter were folded, sealed, and ready for the post when the list was obtained, and I found it to contain nearly six thousand benefices! Consequently my letters were only sufficient for one-fourth of the Gentlemen in question. But my motions are not to be impeded by trifles—a new letter has been engraved (which will only be charged with single postage), and I pledge myself that, before the end of this month, there shall not be a Bishop, a Dean, a Rector, or a Vicar in Great Britain, who will be uninformed of what I am about! *En passant*, I am sorry that some few Gentlemen (in the proportion of about ten or twelve out of a thousand) should have complained of being put to the expence of such a trifle as the postage of a letter, when these trifles go to the increase of the national revenue. I did think that the end would be a sufficient justification of the means? If they had considered for a moment, they must have been convinced, that for me to pay any but the town postage of so many thousand letters would have been impossible; and they might also have known that the Post-Masters refund the charges for circular letters, if they are returned to the office.

The most striking effect which has resulted from these comprehensive operations, is the alarm that they have already excited amongst the Seditious. Abusive and threatening letters have been sent to me from various quarters, but chiefly from the metropolis, that focus wherein all extremes are concentrated—that vast recepta-

couragement as will enable me to devote my *whole time, heart, and soul*, to its management, the discerning portion of the public, will clearly perceive that Jacobinism is the ascendant of, and has reached the very zenith of our political hemisphere; and, they may be convinced, that it is now we may apply to ourselves the striking line of SHAKSPEARE,

"We have seen the best of our days!"

I must take leave to conclude these preliminary remarks, with a copy of my Prospectus, which it is necessary to insert in the first number of my Paper, not only as a full explanation of its plan, but as an article of reference, to enable the Public, at any time, to compare my *professions* with my *performances*. I have had it composed in small type, a mode which I shall adopt with all articles of secondary importance, in order that my readers may have as much matter as possible for their money!

TO THE INDEPENDENT PEOPLE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THERE is something so striking in the events of the Roman History, that every reflecting mind must contemplate them with awe, astonishment, and admiration.—In the time of JULIUS CÆSAR, the Roman Empire was at once an object of envy and dread to surrounding nations: but, when in the zenith of her glory, while she sent forth her unconquerable legions, to repel aggression and to protect the property of her virtuous citizens, her bosom was lacerated by the malignant and seditious efforts of a horde of wretches, the refuse and the disgrace of that community amongst which they existed. Gentlemen, what Rome once was, Britain now is.—We are, in a great degree, the descendants of those masters of the world; and our actions prove that we are worthy of that honour. Observe the proud pre-eminence which we have attained, by our national bravery and our general virtue. The universe is equally impressed with awe at our invincible valour, and admiration at our adherence to justice, yet blending that justice with mercy.—But we, like our immortal ancestors, while spending our blood and treasure in behalf of all that men hold dear—while we are considered as the only nation that can restore, from the most horrible despotism, the abject millions who have sunk beneath its fangs—while our sacred isle is acknowledged as the only refuge of the great, the oppressed, the destitute, and the unfortunate, who have, in vain, endeavoured to resist the overwhelming torrent—while all these facts are acknowledged by the civilized world, we find ourselves annoyed, and the minds of the weak and dissatisfied corrupted and debased by the democratical ef-

cle for the great and generous, as well as the base and infamous! This augurs well—threats and abuse, the only resource of assassins and cowards, prove their *fear* of the object whom they vainly attempt to intimidate!—I hail them as certain indicatives of success!

forts of a set of beings, for whom *Conspirators* would be too liberal an appellation.

The ancients, however, possessed an advantage which we seem to have denied ourselves. In times of public commotion, when the minds of the people were corrupted by the artifices of designing demagogues, men of elevated rank and acknowledged talents stood forward as the champions of their country; and, by their public appeals and orations, succeeded in restoring to loyalty and reason those honest but misguided citizens who had seconded the views of the profligate and seditious. But, in our times, those who have influence and abilities, to check the increase of sedition, stand aloof, with an apathy or indifference which can only be palliated by their knowledge of the proud and flourishing rank which we hold as a nation; and, though they admit that the licentiousness of the press is pregnant with danger, they erroneously think, that it is neither the business, nor within the power, of individuals to avert the impending evil. They seem not aware, that, when a city is taken by assault, nothing is left to the vanquished!

It is high time that the apathy with which the seditious effusions of the press are treated should be dispelled.—A knowledge of the vast circulation which is acquired by literary works that are in open hostility to the glory and happiness of Great Britain, is alone sufficient to warn us against the *effects* which such labours must produce upon the public mind:

As one solitary example, observe that infamous vehicle of seditious outrages, falsehoods, and libels, with which, for several years, common sense has been insulted, under the title of "COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER." In vain has the indignation of all good men been roused against it; for, *hitherto*, there has been no regular antidote to neutralize the poison which it diffuses—no vehicle similar to itself, by which sound English principles could be conveyed through the heart of the Empire, and diffused to its remotest points. Perhaps I may flatter myself that this complaint will soon cease. If those glorious institutions, under which we enjoy personal security and protection—and which, in former times, were respected even by the *worst* of men—be held up to ridicule; if the sacred person of our beloved Monarch (and those lovelier branches of his family, which would command respect even from savages) be calumniated and reviled, let us hope that such outrages will no longer be committed WITH IMPUNITY!

The Register which is here proposed, is offered as a receptacle for the effusions of all independent writers. Let it be considered as a *Forum*, for giving publicity to the patriotic and constitutional sentiments of the CÆSARS, the CATOS, the CICEROS, and all those conscript fathers of the nineteenth century; who, it may be hoped, will burn with ardour to espouse their country's cause, and rescue such of its generous population as have been drawn within the vortex of Sedition!

An elaborate series of professions would be superfluous; but the following brief outline of the plan upon which this Paper will be conducted, will afford an adequate idea of its importance and utility.

1. In every number will be inserted an exposition of the daring libels and audacious false-

hoods promulgated by COBBETT; and, as frequently as opportunity may offer, a constitutional analysis of his Saturday's leading article shall be given in the succeeding Wednesday's publication of the Register.

2. The columns of this Register shall be open for the political communications of all gentlemen of sound constitutional knowledge and principles, who are accustomed, or inclined, to write for public view.

3. A highly important feature of this Register will be, a prompt and spirited *Review of all Political Pamphlets*, as they may appear. The effusions of genuine patriotism will thus be more widely circulated; and the serpent of treason, instead of being allowed to attain a maturity in mischief, and to commit its ravages un molested, will be crushed upon its native dunghill, as soon as it shall have burst from its hell!

4. As it has ever been a primary object with disaffected writers, to degrade that noble character, the British Merchant, and to ridicule his important profession, such attacks shall be combated and exposed with all the ardency that so interesting a subject demands; and the advantage transferred to society by the "first commercial country in the world," shall be so clearly displayed, as to furnish the cursory reader with irrefragable arguments against those who labour to depreciate its consequence.

5. The great utility of having STATE DOCUMENTS, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, preserved in a convenient and acceptable form, is obvious. It is the *only* advantage which the public now derive from COBBETT'S Register;—and it has been ascertained, that a very considerable number of Subscribers, who abhor the political principles of that writer, afford encouragement to *his* Register merely because there is *no other* vehicle, in the form of a book, in which such documents are regularly inserted. It is, therefore, scarcely necessary to say, that in *my* Register they will be scrupulously preserved. In short, all who are acquainted with the Paper of COBBETT, may perfectly understand the nature of the one here proposed; and the public may assure themselves, that any *real improvements* that may be suggested will be readily adopted.

6. THERE SHALL BE NO DOUBLE NUMBERS—except when the pressure of ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS may prevent the insertion of the important papers which it is necessary to preserve.

Having thus communicated the outlines of my project for a publication, which may tend, in no small degree, to check the progress of disaffection, I look for my reward in the patronage of the Public at large. My numerous writings, which have, from time to time, been circulated throughout the country, are a sufficient guarantee for my firm attachment to the constitutional principles, of which every true Englishman ought to be proud. What COBBETT'S Register was, in 1802, mine shall be *always*!—and, if ever I apostatize, "I will confess," as Cobbett said to the Judge Advocate, "that the authors of cruelty have not yet devised the tortures I ought to endure. Hell itself, as painted by the most fiery bigot, would be too mild a punishment for me!"

I therefore call upon the respective Members of all the learned and liberal Professions, the

numerous independent Country Gentlemen, the opulent Landholders, and, above all, THE CLERGY, (whose sacred calling is the constant point of assault, and themselves the perpetual theme of ridicule,) to support a publication, in which loyalty shall ever be opposed to disaffection, truth to falsehood, justice to calumny, and liberality to malice: a publication, in which every effort shall be made to refute SEDITION in all its detestable mutations; and, whether it appear in the disguise of *Statesmen, Guardians, Whigs, Reviews, Registers, and Examiners**, or start up in some hitherto undescribed form to annoy us, the inflated rant of the numerous arrogant declaimers, who supply it, shall be held up to general indignation.—Their numbers will increase the stimulus to oppose them:

"For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,

As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut."

DR. YOUNG.

For myself, it is evident that every creature, who is the enemy of his country, will be mine through this new effort in its behalf: for, *determined to oppose Sedition, I am equally determined never to abet corruption.* Hatred and envy I expect; but the hatred and envy of the wicked afford the noblest grounds of exultation to the honourable mind. The following expression of CICERO to the Senate, in his oration against CATILINE, is peculiarly applicable to my present situation:—"The consequence of my interference is, that I am bound to wage an eternal war with the enemies of the Constitution! But in this I exult; relying with confidence on your protection, and that of all honest men!"

FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON.

Sept. 1809.

The above paragraphs will afford a proper idea of the nature of this Paper. —I have resolved to lay it before the Public, because I have ascertained that, in the Phoenix Sunday Paper, (which is my property, and in which I have often endeavoured to expose the artifices of my country's enemies), I have never a sufficient space to carry into execution the intentions which I proposed at the time of its appearance. I now trust that enough has been said concerning the reasons of the *origin* of the present political publication.

NEWSPAPER DEMOCRACY.—It is not on the audacious misrepresentations of the arch-demagogue only that the regards of good Englishmen ought to be fixed. If it were necessary to prove which are the most baneful publications in our language—those which do most injury to society, those which render *the people* dissatisfied with their condition, inflame their minds, and inspire them with ideas of resistance to the government which protects them, it might be irrefragably demonstrated,

* The names of different publications, devoted to the views of the factious.

that such publications, are certain of our daily and weekly Newspapers. One would think that the absurdity (setting the atrocity aside) of the *doctrines* which they inculcate, would induce *reasonable* men to laugh at and despise them; but, unfortunately, the readers of these Papers are such as set all reason at defiance, and one might as well attempt to make philosophers of the natives of New Holland, as to oppose *common sense* to the prejudices of a mob. Yet, there is a weapon which has often proved very effectual, where all reasoning has failed, and that weapon is *ridicule*! I shall employ it as frequently as may be necessary to bring into contempt those low, wretched, and degenerate attacks upon the Constitution, which are purposely prepared for the comprehension of the vulgar. In the manufacture of such outrageous balderdash, those who stand pre-eminent, as masters of their trade, are certain revolutionary heroes, who supply Sedition of all sorts and sizes, either in *poetry* or *prose*, extending from the simple paragraph to the column, or the page. The talents of these revolutionary sages are of so peculiar a cast, their *preparations* are so strong, and have in them such a tinge of the *liquor guillotine*, that none but ferocious vagabonds can be pleased with them. Their only receptacle is, therefore, (in some degree to the credit of our press) that unparalleled sink of audacity and abomination, known by the title of the INDEPENDENT WHIG. It happens that in all our large cities and towns, particularly in the manufacturing places, there is always a considerable number of *Sans culottes*. We are indebted to the French for the term: it means—fellows who would rather go without breeches and shoes all the year round, than be deprived of their daily and nightly quantum of gin. There is work for them, mind you, in abundance, but, if two days' labour in a week will afford them the bare means of existence, they will pass the other five in profligacy and idleness, leaving their families a burthen on the parish, or else in a state of actual starvation. These scum are, in consequence, always ready for any desperate enterprise—they are the wretches without whom no intestine commotion can succeed; and as, in the case of a general plunder, they are sure to be better off than at present, they are the tools which the anonymous democrats always keep sharpening, hoping, to use the words of Cobbett, that "the day will

speedily come!" When, therefore, we hear the Jacobins reiterate their jargon about the *poor, oppressed, and suffering people* of England, we may be sure what class of people they mean; for all classes amongst us, who are industrious, are neither oppressed, nor do they *suffer* any privations of necessities which they have been accustomed to; the relative price of labour being as much in proportion to the price of provision as it was at this time last century; and as to their being *poor*, I should be glad to hear what remedy the democrats would propose for this disaster. The fact is, and every man knows it, even the "poor, oppressed, and suffering people" themselves, that there is no nation on the face of the earth, where the lower classes are so well off, or so famously protected against oppression, as they are here, under our incomparable system of laws. Even Cobbett cannot oppress the poor with impunity! Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Swedes, and every other continental nation, feel their own degraded state, when they reflect upon our happiness. What execration then ought to be thrown upon the monsters who labour to render our population dissatisfied with their condition, and hold up *the great* as the only cause of the imaginary oppression which is exerted against the poor! With respect to the infamous publication, whose appearance before me has induced these remarks, I would ask, whether any person out of the sphere of its admirers will assert, that it is not, and has not always been labouring to excite discontent and propagate sedition? and whether the articles which it inserts, and the principles it inculcates, would not, under any continental government, draw down upon its authors the punishment for *treason*? For my own part, I am convinced that this publication does infinite harm to society, insomuch that its existence is a libel upon the clemency of our country. The daring insults regularly given the highest personages in the kingdom, in letters to the Prince of Wales, to the King, the Judges, and to all persons who have rendered important services to their country, are truly disgusting: there is not a single publication of that detestable paper which is not replete with daring libels; but the rod of Justice having already been inflicted upon the aggressors, is doubtless withheld at present from motives of *pity* mingled with contempt.

Amongst the topics on which the Whig-

Jacobins are most violent is, the glorious commemoration of our Sovereign's long reign. The *Jubilee* is the most afflicting event to the Jacobins that ever could have happened; for it may be called taking the sense of the people, and the Jacobins are well aware that this sense will be a sort of death-blow to their efforts. I have several times had occasion to smile at the alarm, the concern, the chagrin, the complete mortification which the revolutionists undergo whenever the grand Jubilee comes across their minds. They wince at it as a sick man does at a dose of *asafetida*: but, though I have smiled at their abuse of "Merchants," "Bankers," "Contractors," "Gluttons," "Jews," "Blood-suckers," "Muck-worms," and all the opprobrious epithets which they can invent to express men of property, who support the state, I never saw any thing of this kind, at which I laughed heartily, till I looked at the *Whig* of last Sunday! For therein, will it be believed? the CAUSE OF RELIGION is taken up by the Whig, who, asserts, that "*irreligious notions* (alluding to the member of the Common Council, who indecorously said something about '*a cursed cold church*,') may be attended with *pernicious effects* to the *lower orders of society*!!" Now, is not this excessively laughable?—The Whig AFRAID that the *religion* of the *lower orders* will be affected by "HASTY EXPRESSIONS!" Why, how could I have been so perversely, so shamefully stupid?—I thought that it was a principal object with the Jacobins to abolish all sense of religion from the human mind; but I suppose I must have been mistaken. However, there is only one out of two modes by which I can account for this strange *religious turn* of the Whig—either, like another paper in London, of a different description, it must have a *religious* as well as a *political* editor; or else it may be, that there are other *cursed cold places* as well as churches, the compulsory residence in which, for any length of time, will afford men an opportunity to think of their Maker, who never bestowed a thought on him before in all their lives! Thus, as Mandeville says, "Private vices are public benefits;" and if all the readers of the Whig can be made *religious*, then some good will have arisen, notwithstanding its detestable politics; for I am sure, that *Christians* will be the last class of men to sheath their daggers in the bosoms of their superiors!

For my own part, however, had I been a Catholic, I should as soon have expected to see the Devil drinking off a pint of holy water, as to see the Whig come forward in defence of religion; but the cant is of that kind which is easily seen through, and has been famously satirized by different writers. It puts me in mind of the religion of the old Beldam, in Foote's Minor, who, while she is bartering for the sacrifice of innocence, reprobates the Minor for an occasional oath, by exclaiming, "Lord have mercy upon us, where do you expect to go when you die!"

THE BRITISH GUARDIAN.—This wretched publication, being too insignificant for criticism, is only noticed for the *first* and *last* time, because its name is inserted in my Prospectus, as one of the vipers which hiss and spit their venom against the throne. Its day of publication is *Sunday*, on which, strange as it may appear, more sedition and blasphemy is promulgated by the press, than on all the other days of the week collectively. The proverb says, there is *honour* amongst *thieves*; but the cause of the origin of the British Guardian is a proof that there is none amongst *democrats*; ergo, a democrat is a more infamous character than a *thief*! This new *Sunday* Paper arose out of the prosecution of the Whig. Mr. Guardian took occasion to tell the public something like this:—that, in consequence of Mr. Whig being about to go upon a journey, which would *detain him* for some time, the *people* were in want of a *new* friend to defend them against the encroachments of the crown; and he therefore *modestly* offered *his own* services, in their behalf. This insidious attempt to injure a brother-labourer, roused all the ire of *Citizen Whig*, who only lamented that he could not *get at* his opponent, or, like Fluellin, he would have thrust his Paper down his throat, instead of a leek! A variety of *gentlemanly* epithets was applied on the occasion; Mr. Guardian, however, brought out his Paper; and, to show his "*spirit*," he began by attacking *the King*! He distributed one of his essays amongst our public men, in a sort of circular letter, in which they were told, that the said letter was sent as a specimen of the "*spirit*" with which the Guardian was to be conducted! Some anonymous friend, I remember, sent me the article alluded to. "Look here, Sir," said he, "here's a precious specimen of *public spirit*! What do

you think will be the end of all this?" I had hardly time to think about it, before I heard that the poor wretched man, who, for a weekly pittance, had engaged to *print and publish* this miserable libel, had been convicted and sent to Newgate for either one or two years (I do not remember which, nor does it signify), while the daring *author* of the detestable libel, is left to continue his *spirit*, and bring, perhaps, some other unfortunate being, into a similar predicament!—This part of the libel-law is really a grievance, and I hope it will soon be removed; for, why ought the sins of an *anonymous* culprit to be visited upon the head of an industrious labouring individual, who merely gets a few shillings more in a week for superintending the printing of a newspaper, than he would obtain by the printing of books? What can compensate him for a year's imprisonment, for the fault of another, who, while *he* is incarcerated, and perhaps starving, is probably lolling in his carriage and enjoying all the luxuries of life! This part of our libel-law, I have often thought so very unjust and so extremely cruel, that, as my readers may have observed, I have determined that no innocent man shall ever be punished for *my* public conduct:—I therefore take upon me all responsibility, and for both my papers, avow, and swear myself, the Editor, Printer, and Publisher.

But to return to Mr. Guardian.—He seems to have experienced the fate that generally attends a knave who tries to rob his brother. His intent was evidently to *knock up* Mr. Whig at the moment of his *disaster*!—But though the latter has been ever since in a *rapid decline*, which encroaches upon him weekly, and which, I hope, he will never get over, yet, the former is in a *galloping consumption*, and in a short time will most certainly "pass away like a shadow, and be heard of no more."

THE STATESMAN!—"Ay, there's the rub."—This *Statesman* and I shall most likely become pretty constant acquaintances, unless I am much mistaken. If I had never heard of the newspaper under the above title—if I had never *known* that it had originated with the poor, starving, lick-dust parasites of the good-natured CHARLES FOX—the *worst* and *most contemptible* of his parasites, the real, thorough-bred *Jacobinical* ones—if I had not known this, *Mister* Cobbett's late puffs for the States man, and his frequent quotations from it, would have convinced

me that it was something *unique* in its kind! Well, we will see presently, of what sort of stuff it is made; but at present, affairs of a *little* more consequence demand our immediate attention. The *Botley Harlequin* will get away from us, if we suffer our attention to be attracted by his *Clowns*!

COBBETT'S LAST REGISTER.—The "degrading," "blackguard," "scandalous," contents of the last publication of the real "*public robber*," (for which I was obliged to submit to have my pocket picked of two shillings), will absolve me this week, very opportunely, from that part of my pledge which relates to the exposure of the apostate's falsehoods and fabrications. Sheer Billingsgate calumny, against men of rank, talents, and character, refutes itself; and sorry, indeed, should I be for Mr. CANNING—I should absolutely pity him, could I think it possible that the four pages of "blackguardism," of which he is the chief object, in the above Register, could have caused him a moment's chagrin.—It is nothing but a collection of the vilest epithets that the Dictionary can supply, against this respected Statesman, for accepting the challenge of Lord Castlereagh. As far as relates to the challenge itself, I do not conceive how Mr. Canning could have avoided the acceptance of it, but by holding himself superior to the generality of mankind, and despising their false notions of honour. But it is not the circumstance of these men going out to fight, which has called forth all this Jacobinical abuse. The cloven-foot is very suddenly exposed, though, it must be allowed, with no great degree of *discretion*.—It is because these "*fellows*" were the friends of Mr. Pitt: because, "the most important affairs of the nation were committed to their immediate direction;"—because "they were the keepers of his Majesty's secrets;"—but, above all, it was by *men of this description*, that Mr. Le Maitre, (mind that, good reader, Mr. Le Maitre, the jacobin who was committed for a project to take away the life of our beloved Sovereign) was kept in jail for five years!—because "both these men assisted to make laws for sending *men* (i. e. traitors) to *Botany Bay* for life;"—because "they broached the cry about a Jacobin conspiracy."—In short, we understand what he would say without any farther circumlocution.—It is because these men, and all who compose the Cabinet, have always been determin-

ed, conscientiously, to perform the duties of their important station, to rally round the throne, to protect the Constitution, and to inflict upon *revolutionisers*, the mildest possible punishment which the law allows for their crimes. These, I think, are very sufficient reasons why, amongst other encomiums, our Privy Councillors should be *dignified* with the title of "*fellows*," and traitors degraded, by receiving the appellation of *gentlemen*!

RECOMPOSITION OF THE CABINET.

—The hopes of the factious are once more, and, it may be hoped completely, disappointed. The vacancies which were created by the late schism are filled by "*honourable men*," of whose integrity the public are well assured, and of whose talents we have had sufficient specimens, to be convinced, that they are fully adequate to encounter the duties which they have engaged in. With respect to the accession of the whole of that body of statesmen, satirically denominated "*the Talents*," to the exclusion of the able men to whom the late quarrel could bear no possible relation, there can be but one opinion.—Both parties have been tried, and by their acts do we know them.—The refusal of Lord Grenville to give the state the aid of his great abilities, unless he could force upon it the men who had drawn upon themselves so vast a degree of public odium is much to be regretted. But, every Englishman ought to rejoice at the firmness which repelled an attempt, that, had it succeeded, must have created suspicion, dismay, and despondency, from one end of the empire to the other. The places are now, it appears filled in the following manner;—Mr. Perceval, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Right Hon. Robert Dundas, Secretary for the Home Department, Lord W. Bentinck, Secretary at War; and the Hon. W. Pole, Secretary for Ireland. The other situations remain open for the present. Lord Melville, it is confidently hoped, will be called to one of them.

The public will rejoice to hear a rumour respecting the fullest justification of Earl Chatham, for his conduct in the Expedition. The *Morning Post* of today says:—"We are assured it will be found that the Commander in Chief has done every thing in the prosecution of the desired object that depended upon him, and that the cause of the failure is attributable to a department of which the Public have hitherto had no suspicion."

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,
THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant."

"Sed notat hunc omnis domus, et vicinia tota
Introrsum turpem, speciosum pelle decorâ."

HORACE.

"A snake in Britain's bosom nurs'd,
A fiend with tongue and pen accurs'd,
The Belial of the press."

CHAPTER I.

Dr. Johnson's opinion in favour of Cobbett.—Objections answered.—Harry Fielding's reasons, why Cobbett ought not to write his own Life.—Cobbett's purity discussed.—Motives for producing the present biography.—Portrait of Cobbett, by an artist of the 17th century.—Cobbett's motives for writing "The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine."—His sudden importance in Philadelphia.—Stared at, by the democrats and the French.—Writes truth!—Expects to be murdered by ten thousand people.—Prepares an exhibition, to excite rage amongst the Yankies.—Suspected of being a spy.—Opens his picture gallery.—Scares himself by an anonymous letter.—Paul Hedgehog's account of the peregrinations of his cousin Peter.

DR. JOHNSON, in an admirable dissertation on self-written biography, maintains, with a certain degree of justice, that a man is more competent to the task of writing an account of his own life, than any other person can possibly be. The arguments by which he supports this opinion are, that the self-biographer possesses the first qualification of an historian, *the knowledge of the truth*; and that, not only his *veracity* may be most depended on, but even his *impartiality*; as he must be well aware, that many of his contemporaries will be vigilant, to detect and expose any vanity or misrepresentations that he may be guilty of; whereas, the man who writes the life of another, is not so much restrained by delicacy, but may exalt virtue, or aggravate vice, according to his prejudices, even, sometimes, with the credit due to an able advocate.

Cobbett has written, what he calls, "*The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine*:" why, then, perhaps it may be asked, should any officious biographer obtrude his labours of supererogation on the public, by pretending to furnish a *new* life of a man already so *well known*, and so *eminently distinguished*?—This question shall be answered, by a remark of the sagacious and experienced Field-

ing:—"Let a man be ever so *modest* [a failing of which, assuredly, Cobbett has never been even *suspected*] the account of his own conduct will, *in spite of himself*, be so *very favourable*, that his *vices* will come *purified* through his lips, and like *foul liquors* well strained, will leave all their *foulness* behind. For though the *facts* themselves may appear, yet so *different* will be the *motives, circumstances, and consequences*, when a man tells his own story, and when his enemy tells it, that we can scarce recognise the facts to be one and the same."

That Cobbett's *vices* have apparently acquired a comparative degree of *purity*, from their delineation by his *own* pen, might be a position that we should not attempt to controvert; but that all their *foulness* has, by that process, been left behind, we beg leave to deny. Cobbett is well known to be an ardent admirer of the nastiest, though perhaps the wittiest writer that ever composed in the English language; and his own lucubrations—those, in particular, which were produced on the other side of the Atlantic—in *one respect*, bear evident marks of this admiration. They, indeed, furnish *strong* instances of the *force of imitation*; they prove the capability of a scholar, occasionally to outstrip his master; for Dean Swift's *Maw Wallup*—the recipe for compounding of which, Cobbett, we doubt not, bears constantly in his memory—is decent, chaste, and delicate, compared with some of his own beastly farragos. Those, however, who wish to be *fully* satisfied on this point, must submit to the truly disgusting task, which we have performed—**THAT OF WADING THROUGH HIS TWELVE VOLUMES OF FILTH AND ORDURE (1)!** No person, who may not have perused Cobbett's earlier works, can form an adequate idea of the barbarous illiteracy of style, the grossness of conception, and the beastliness of expression, of this *child and champion of sedition* (2). In venturing on a labour, more nauseating, though less arduous, than that of Hercules, in cleansing the Augean stable, it was our wish—though not literally, as Cobbett's filthy-formed imagination might conceive—to

(1) "Porcupine's Works," in twelve octavo volumes, published in the year 1801. He then promised, "a volume to be added annually." This promise, to the regret of all good men, has been *doubly kept* by the publication of his *Political Register*.

(2) It was Mr. Pitt, we believe, who, at one period, appositely termed Buonaparte the *child and champion of jacobinism*. *Par nobile fratrum!*

extract *aurum e stercore*. Yet he might have continued to wallow, till identified with his native soil, had not the deleterious effluvia of the brute infected the surrounding atmosphere; or, in plain *English*, of which, though grossly ignorant, he professes to be extremely fond, Cobbett, should never have been interrupted in his *studies* by us, had nastiness been their only result.

We shoot at higher game. In holding up the life, conduct, and writings of the impostor Cobbett to public execration, we consider ourselves to be rendering an essential service to loyalty and virtue—to every thing that, in this lower world, is entitled to respect. This task we will conscientiously perform; in its progress, we will "speak daggers, but use none;" we will neither *invent, assume, nor disguise* facts; proofs and authorities shall follow our assertions; in every instance, where it may be practicable, we will compel the "foul and spotted traitor" to accuse and to condemn himself; and, with so strict an adherence to justice shall our intentions be executed, that, should any misrepresentation unintentionally creep into our narrative, Cobbett himself shall be at liberty, even in our own pages, to administer the rod of correction.

An author of the 17th century, thus notices a "scurrilous and seditious whig writer."—

"The scope of his pamphlets is to possess the people with fears of arbitrary power, to reflect scandal upon the government, to pelt the court with lean and meagre reproaches, and the ministry with such audacious suggestions, as may give the multitude a loathing of the men and the constitution."—"He is full of extraordinary hints against mismanagements, and wounds royal authority through the sides of pretended evil counsellors."—"He is so *fond of being public* (3), that he will rather be a blasphemous or a ridiculous incendiary, than not be taken notice of."—"He is an *individuum vagum*, an Uncle Robert, a man of no principle, either of honour or con-

(3) We know, that, next to the pleasure of propagating sedition, and accumulating money, Cobbett's greatest delight is, to be noticed in literary publications. We know, too, that there is at least *one* periodical work, which never has descended, and most probably never will descend, to contaminate its pages, by the insertion of his name. Our Register, from its nature and object, must submit to the degradation.

"science, any further than it squares with his own advantage. He is a common enemy to all kind of governments, and prefers plotting against whatever is up-permost, above any other kind of le-chery!"

Had Cobbett stood before the writer, from whom the above passages are quoted, in *propria persona*, his portrait could not have been more accurately drawn.

We pledge ourselves, in the course of this narrative, to *verify the features*.

The circumstance which led to Cobbett's publication of his own life—at least according to *his own account*—was as follows:—"In the spring of the year 1796," upwards of three years after his arrival in America, he "took a house in Second Street, Philadelphia, for the purpose of carrying on the bookselling business, which" he "looked upon as being at once a means of *getting money*, [Cobbett never lost sight of this, the *auri sacra fames*] and of *propagating writings against the French*;" (mind this, good reader, for God's sake—writings AGAINST the French.) Till he had taken "this house," he says he "had remained *almost entirely unknown*, as a writer. A few PERSONS did, indeed, know that" he "was the PERSON, who had assumed the name of *Peter Percupine*; but the fact was by no means a matter of notoriety. The moment, however, that" he "had taken a lease of a large house, the transaction became a topic of *public conversation*, [surely the people of Philadelphia must have been lamentably at a loss, for topics of conversation. We fear they were a terrible scandalizing set] and the eyes of the Democrats and the French, who" "lorded it over the city, and who owed" poor Peter "a *mutual grudge*, were fixed upon" him. He "thought" his "situation somewhat perilous. Such *truths* [Cobbett publish *truths*! How strangely must he have altered his conduct since he has been in England"] as" he "had published, no man had *dared* to utter, in the United States, since the Rebellion."

Some people, perhaps, may here think it rather strange, that a man "*almost entirely unknown*," should so suddenly become food for the conversation of a whole city; have a "*mutual grudge*" owed him by the Democrats and the French; and have their eyes "*fixed*" upon him, for his destruction. Really we apprehend it was with Cobbett, at this time, as it had been in days of yore, with the fly upon the chariot wheel—"What a dust,"

said the insignificant insect, "*we kick up!*" The bull-frog here fancied himself a bull in right earnest!

Cobbett, however, insists, that he "*knew* that these *truths*" of his "had *mortally* offended the leading men amongst the Democrats, who could, at any time, muster a mob quite sufficient to destroy" his "house, and to murder" him. He "had not a friend, [hapless man!] to whom" he "could look with any reasonable hope of receiving efficient support; and, as to the *law*," he "had seen too much of republican justice, to expect any thing but persecution from that quarter(4). In short there were in Philadelphia," he tells us, "about ten thousand persons, all of whom would have rejoiced to see" him "murdered; and there might, probably, be two thousand, who would have been very sorry for it; but not above fifty of whom would have stirred an inch to save" him. Cobbett "saw the danger;" but he magnanimously determined, to "set all danger at defiance(5);" and, as his "shop was to open on a Monday morning," he *piouly* employed himself "all day on Sunday(6), in preparing an *exhibition*, that" he "thought would put the courage and the power of" his "enemies to the test." He "put up in" his "windows, which," he does not forget to tell us, "were very large, all the portraits that" he "had in" his "possession of *kings, queens, princes, and nobles*(7)." He "had *all the English ministry*(8); several of the *bishops* and *judges*; the most famous *admirals*; and, in short, every picture that" he "thought likely to *excite rage* in the enemies of Great Britain." Plain, quietly disposed men, of whatsoever description their po-

(4) Having *avowedly* been a republican himself, he was, of course, perfectly competent to form an opinion as to the *justice of republicans*.

(5) Of the *vaunted* COURAGE, heroism, magnanimity, &c. of COBBETT, we shall have SOMETHING PARTICULAR to say, when we come to treat of his conduct, at the time that the mob demolished his windows, in Pall Mall, in the winter of 1801.

(6) Cobbett, in various parts of his "works," talks of his respect for religion, and particularly of his attachment to the Church of England; it will be recollected, also, that when he commenced shop-keeping in London, he hoisted the effigies of the BIBLE and CROWN, by way of sign; yet we perceive that, when the prospect of "*getting money*" presented itself, he felt no repugnance at breaking the fourth Commandment.

(7) How loyal! Would he do so, now?—Yes, if he could *get money* by it.

(8) His masters, at that time; at least, so Cobbett's *enemies* say; but, of this, more hereafter.

litics may be, may here, perhaps, be disposed to ask, by what moral right a foreigner—such Cobbett was in America—could presume to act thus? What should we, as Englishmen, think of an American, or any other foreigner, who, having deserted his own country, and sought protection in ours, should plan “an exhibition,” for the purpose of insulting the feelings, or even the prejudices of the nation, in favour of his own countrymen?—Such, however, was precisely the situation of Cobbett, in America, according to his own account. But, with what stronger sentiments of indignation, should we contemplate similar proceedings in a man whom *we knew to be, or even suspected of being, A SPY, in the pay of that government which he had apparently deserted?*—When Cobbett left England, he literally *absconded* (9), from the fear of condign punishment; but his having done so, is no proof that he was not *subsequently* employed, in America, as an agent, or tool of the agents, of the English ministry; especially as it is known, that statesmen frequently find it expedient to entertain persons of this description in their pay. Every one, also must be aware, that, in the present state of society, *all* governments have *work to be done, of too dirty a nature* for men possessed of the common feeling of honour or of honesty to undertake. *We* do not *know* that Cobbett was a *spy*; but, says the SATIRIST (10), “that Mr. Cobbett did act the part of a *spy* to the British government, when the first paroxysm of his republican fever had abated, cannot be controverted. *We know* that he was in the constant habit of corresponding with those who were in Mr. Pitt’s confidence; and we are willing to allow that, *as a spy*, ‘he did the state some service.’”

So much for the decency and propriety of Cobbett’s conduct, respecting his “exhibition,” to which we will now return.—Having devoted *The Sabbath*, as he has already told us, in preparing it for the public eye, “early on the Monday morning,” he “took down” his “shutters. Such a sight,” he exclaims, “had not been seen in Philadelphia for twenty years! Never since the beginning of the rebellion, had any one dared to hoist at his window the portrait of George

the Third!—In order to make the *test* as perfect as possible,” he “had put up some of the ‘*worthies of the Revolution*,’ and had found out fit companions for them.” He “had coupled *Franklin* and *Marat* together; and, in another place, *McKean* and *Ankerstrom*.”

Almost immediately after the opening of this “exhibition,” Mr. Oldden, Cobbett’s landlord, received a letter, signed “A HINT,” threatening, that “brick walls” should not skreen the rascal from punishment, when once the business “should be undertaken;” and advising Mr. Oldden to save his property, either by compelling Mr. Porcupine to leave his house, or oblige him to “cease exposing his abominable productions, or any of his courtly prints, at his window for sale.” This letter, which is disfigured by false orthography and other barbarisms, the SATIRIST insinuates was written by Cobbett himself; but, of this we know nothing; nor have we any wish to paint *the devil* blacker than he really is.

The circumstance, however, which seems to have more immediately called forth Cobbett’s own account of his life, already alluded to, was the appearance of a “HISTORY OF PETER PORCUPINE,” under the signature of “PAUL HEDGEHOG,” in the “AURORA,” a Paper which Cobbett dignifies by the appellations of “the stupidest of all stupid gazettes,” “that *lewd* and common strumpet,” &c.

“As the people of America” says Paul Hedgehog, addressing the Editor of the AURORA, “may not be informed “who Peter Porcupine is, the celebrated “manufacturer of *lies*, and retailer of “filth, I will give you some little account of this pestiferous animal. This “wretch was obliged to *abscond* from his “darling *Old England*, to avoid being “turned off into the other world before, “what he supposed, his time. It may “be well imagined, that in a land of liberty, and flowing with milk and honey, his *precipitate* retreat could not “have been owing to any offence committed against the government very honourable to himself. Gnawed by the “worm that never dies, his own wretchedness would ever prevent him from “making any attempt in favour of human “happiness.”

After speaking of Peter as a “garret-scribbler,” and attributing (falsely, we verily believe) certain petty crimes to

(9) Vide “*Proceedings of a General Court Martial*,” &c.

(10) Vide “*The Satirist, or Monthly Meteor*,” Vol. III. Page 340.

him, this writer traces him to France, and from France to America.

"On his arrival in this country (America) he figured some time as a *pedagogue*; but as this employment scarcely furnished him salt to his porridge, he having been literally with hardly bread to eat, and not a second shirt to his back, he resumed his old occupation of scribbling, having little chance of success in the other employments which drove him to this country. His talent at *lies* and *Billingsgate* rhetoric, introduced him to the notice of a certain foreign agent, who was known during the Revolution by the name of *traitor*. This said agent has been seen to pay frequent visits to Peter. To atone for his transgression in the mother country, as well as to get a little more bread to eat than he had been accustomed to, he enlisted in the cause of his gracious Majesty. From the extreme of poverty and filth, he has suddenly sprouted into at least the appearance of *better condition*; for he has taken a house for the sale of his large poison, at the enormous rent of *twelve hundred dollars a year*, and has *paid a year's rent in advance!!* The public will now be enabled to account for the overflowings of his gall against the Republic of France, and all the Republicans of this country, as well as his devotion to the cause of tyranny and of *Kings*. From the frequency of visits paid him by the agent already mentioned, and his sudden change of condition, *secret service money* must have been liberally employed; for his zeal to make atonement for his mother country seems proportioned to the magnitude of his offence, and the guineas advanced."

That the veracity of Paul Hedgehog, is, in some respects impeachable, we readily admit; but, that his statements contain a far greater portion of "*truth*," than Cobbett, in his counter biography, would allow, shall be *most satisfactorily proved*, in the succeeding chapters of this eventful history. FERRET.

(*To be continued.*)

On the Necessity of Independence in Public Writers.

MR. BLAGDON,

As you have often spoken of your *independence*, I cannot, for a moment, suppose you will refuse insertion to this letter. I should be glad if any thing which

I have advanced, should be refuted by you in a satisfactory manner.

It is certainly cause of regret, that there should be, in this country, so many Political and other publications, so *decidedly disloyal*, and, on the other hand, that so many should be so much the dupes of, so swayed by Ministerial influence, as at all times, and on all occasions, to make it their study, not only to defend, against any, and every attack, however well founded, with which those in office may be threatened—but who are likewise continually commending them.—Not an expedition sails, but they tell the world it is well planned, and, should it not succeed, they then say, "'Tis not in mortals to *command* success," &c. Some always make it a rule to say that it is deserved; and, in fact, every act of the men in power, for the time being, is extolled for the grandeur of its conception, even though its execution has made us the ridicule of Europe!—Is not such servility a disgrace to a free press, and an insult to enlightened readers?

While I frankly confess my abhorrence of COBBETT, I do not less detest these servile principles of some of our public writers; and the independent part of the nation cannot do otherwise: The difficulties, therefore, which are inseparable from a work of the kind you are about to publish—a work which will have for its avowed enemy that "*vile apostate*," COBBETT, whom his enemies allow to be a man of acute sense—must undoubtedly be great. Every candid person will surely allow that, when so many *abuses* exist in these several departments of the state, as are known at this moment to exist, such men as Cobbett may sometimes find just cause of complaint. I here take leave to appeal to you, whether the disclosure of the many and gross abuses which Cobbett has lately published, were not in a great measure true? Would he, or any other public man, have been bold enough, so to belie their own consciences, as to have said so much without a reason? No. There are abuses—You, and every independent man, know, and will allow, that there are most flagrant and infamous existing; and surely he who endeavours to conceal them from the public, cannot be considered a well-wisher to his country. It must, indeed, require some ingenuity to contradict, in a plausible manner, those which have lately been brought to light, which, Cobbett, I suppose (for *I never read his Register*.) now, exaggerate.

rates as much as possible. In the prospectus to your Weekly Register, you have promised not to be the abettor of corruption: I sincerely hope you will keep your word, and steer a middle course, if, as you have so often said, you have the welfare of the country at heart. By these means you will acquit yourself with honour in, and acquire both fame and fortune by the laborious task you have undertaken. But, if you plead the cause of peculators, and others who may abuse the power intrusted to them, you will thereby be doing the country as much injury as your opponent can have done it by his contrary doctrine. Wishing your Political Register may receive every encouragement to which its merit may entitle it, I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,
London, Sept. 23, 1809. A. P.

POLITICAL LITERATURE.

A Plain Statement of Facts; wherein the Character and Conduct of G. Lloyd Wardle, Esq. is rescued from the Malignancy of Party: being a brief Appeal to the British People, and a few necessary Questions to Mrs. Clarke and Messrs. F. and D. Wright.

A TOLERABLY plausible *ex parte* statement. It may, perhaps, somewhat shake the opinions of those, who happen never to have heard or read any thing on the other side of the question; but it cannot resist the spear of Ithuriel. Of the transactions, however, to which this pamphlet, and several others, relate, Lord Ellenborough, and twelve other honest men, will, we doubt not, very shortly, prove themselves much more able reviewers than we can possibly pretend to be.

For reasons, which the reader will presently be acquainted with, we shall extract from this "Plain Statement" the following short paragraph:—

"For the purpose of carrying on the Investigation of the conduct of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, it was requisite that he (Wardle) should make repeated visits to Mrs. Clarke, and he was in the habit of seeing her very often; but even Mrs. Clarke herself has not been induced, in her address to the public, to charge him with any improper object; and as a proof adduced by herself, of how little he was anxious to continue any sort of connection with her, acknowledges that he has not visited her since the conclusion of that business."

The Rival Impostors; or, two political Epistles to two political Cheats. The first addressed to G. L. Wardle, Esq. M. P. and the second to William Cobbett; containing a most interesting Detail of the former's Connection with Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, his Intrigues, promised Bribes, and Conspiracy with Major Dodd; collected from the best Authority, and from existing Documents; also, a complete Exposition of the Infamy and Falsehood of Cobbett's Defence.

THIS is an interesting, and an important pamphlet. Wardle's intimacy with a wretch, "whose touch is poison," is here incontestibly proved.—Of the following paragraph, *as we profess not to understand it*, we must leave every reader to make his own application. The writer, after noticing Wardle's first acquaintance with Mrs. Clarke, asks, whether "any honourable, any honest man" would "have taken advantage of her poverty or her passions, and bribed her to betray her former benefactor?"—He then proceeds as follows:—

"In my opinion, nothing could be more disgraceful—not even the conduct of the married hypocrite, who, after having gratified his lascivious appetite, by the seduction of a boarding-school infant, had the audacity to declaim against conjugal infidelity!!!"

As we said before, *we profess not to understand this*.

The succeeding passages are more intelligible, and more amusing; and, if the writer be entitled to credit, they will be found to elucidate the paragraph which we have quoted from the "Plain Statement:—"

"As a 'moral' married man, you of course, on arriving at the inn where you intended to sleep the first night, took special care that the lady should have a room to herself; and, I am told, you were so very anxious on the subject, that when every other person in the house was fast asleep, you proceeded, *en chemise*, to her chamber, and convinced yourself, by ocular demonstration, that your orders had been punctually obeyed.

"How great was the lady's surprise, when she suddenly awoke, and found you sitting by her bed, with your hand upon it!!! Suspecting that you had not merely

"Forsa'en your downy nest,
To watch, like tapers, o'er her hours of rest,"
she cruelly commanded you to leave her.

—In vain were all your seducing arts essayed; you had purchased her *evidence*, not her *person*, and the lady was inexorable.

“This little occurrence must have slipped your memory, when you declared, *upon your honour*, that you never had visited Mrs. Clarke but with the view of getting something out of her.

“Nothing is more galling to a man of gallantry than a *repulse*, particularly if he be married and *moral*—But, Sir, perseverance is one of the brightest ornaments of a soldier, and, though he be foiled in one quarter, he should always recollect that he may be more successful in another. Mrs. Favery, though somewhat older than her mistress, was less experienced, and, had she met you, *according to appointment*, beneath the walls of the chapel, she would most probably have consoled you for your former defeat. Fortune, however, interfered, and your designs were again frustrated. The time and place of combat had been communicated to Mrs. Clarke, who rallied the lady on the subject; and she, suspecting that curiosity might induce her mistress to witness your mutual exploits, modestly postponed the meeting.”

Mr. Wardle is, in the first of the “Epistles,” now before us, charged with being concerned in the barouche affair of the *ci-devant* Major Hogan. “Dr. Th***e,” says the writer, “with whom you are acquainted, *some months ago*, positively assured a friend of mine, that the ‘lady in the barouche’ was Mrs. WARDLE!!!”

Mr. Wardle is asked, whether he recollects representing himself “to be *Mr. Brown*, a watch-maker, and receiving, in that character, Mr. Taylor, the *Morocco Ambassador*, and other persons, at Mrs. Clarke’s house, hoping they would, in the frankness of inebriety, and in the course of that confidential intercourse which usually takes place between *brother tradesmen*, betray something which” he “might make use of against the illustrious personage whom” he was “about to arraign?” This *honourable* man is next asked, whether he have “forgotten the letter, relative to a situation under government, which he “addressed to Mr. Maltby, with the view of making that gentleman commit himself in his answer to” him “whom he supposed to be a *Mr. Brown*,” [a sort of *travelling* name, it seems] he “having introduced” himself “to him under that name?”

Wardle’s brutal conduct, to Mrs. Sutherland, is afterwards noticed, at some length; the reasons why Major Dodd was not called upon by the plaintiff’s counsel, in the trial, WRIGHT v. WARDLE, are assigned; and what is, perhaps, of more consequence than any thing else, the whole of the transaction, respecting Mr. Illingworth’s acceptance of the £500 bill, which Wright received, in part payment of his account, is fully explained.

“You have impiously pledged yourself,” says the writer of these Epistles, “before God and your country, to prosecute Mrs. Clarke for *perjury* (for in no other sense can your letter be understood). Now, Sir, I tell you, that unless you are both the most wicked and the most insane man upon the earth, *you dare not do so!* I know that she swore nothing but the *truth*. I also know that, if you appear as a witness against her, (and you must do so in the event of the prosecution) you will be compelled,

“Even to the teeth and forehead of your guilt,
To give in evidence——.”

Mr. Wardle, as has been already seen, by the newspapers, has relinquished his intention of prosecuting Mrs. Clarke for *perjury*; conceiving that it may answer his purpose better to indict her and the Wrights for a *conspiracy*. The whole of this nefarious business *must* shortly come before the public.

There are many curious and interesting points in this “Epistle” to which our limits will not permit us to advert.

The “Epistle” to Cobbett is a still more masterly production; and we are certain that the author will not be offended; by our announcing an intention of profiting by his labours, when, in our biography of Cobbett, we shall come to that part to which they more immediately relate. The atrocious miscreant must writhe beneath the lash, must bleed at every pore!

Letters from Flushing of the 28th, state the pleasing fact that the fever, by which our troops had been attacked, had almost entirely subsided, and that all began to resume a healthy appearance.

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BLAGDON'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

VOL. I.—No. 2.] LONDON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1809. [Price 1s.

“Act with vigour, and the enemy shrinks back dismayed. If you remain languid and do not adopt the most vigorous measures, the rebels will advance upon us with redoubled fury.”

MARCUS CATO.

CONTENTS.—Defence of Lord Wellington against the laboured attacks of his weekly assailant.—Confidence of this assailant, in the French statement of numbers, ridiculed.—Remarks on Cuesta's account of the battle of Talavera, with proofs that there is the greatest cordiality between the Spanish and British forces.—Trifling reasons why the English Democrats are alarmed at this cordiality.—Cobbett's defence of, and pity for, the Spaniards! Illness of Buonaparte.—Difference of opinion as to that event. Speculations on its consequences.—On the renewal of war between Austria and France.—The new Ministry.—Second Chapter of the Life of the Hampshire Demagogue, containing many curious and interesting family secrets!—Parliamentary reformers exposed and overthrown by their own weapons.—“A Scotchman” anatomised.—Spanish Document.—Notices to Correspondents.

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*** THE FIRST NUMBER OF THIS REGISTER

—I am under the pleasing necessity of informing the Public, that although a considerable Number of Copies was printed last Wednesday, beyond the demand on that day, they have, SINCE, all been sold; consequently THE FIRST NUMBER IS OUT OF PRINT! But in order that no person may be disappointed of having the Work complete, a new Edition will be printed with all possible rapidity. It will be ready for delivery, with Number III. next Wednesday.

COBBETT'S REGISTER OF LAST SATURDAY.—I seldom look at the *French Paper*, published in London every Saturday, under the title of “Cobbett's Weekly Political Register,” without being forcibly reminded of certain parts of Collins's Ode on the Passions! Indeed, I think it will not be disputed that the Botley Mountebank has lately often exhibited the baser emotions of the mind with a degree of force, that entitles him to a very high rank amongst those whose talents for deception procure them the means of subsistence. He seems to have studied some of our best poets, and to have perfectly comprehended their delineations of Hatred, Envy, Malice, Spleen, and Falsehood. Yet, so often have these characters been displayed by him, that, to judge from his last notable *exhibition*, his faculties are exhausted, and, without much of a parody, his readers may feelingly exclaim,

“Alas! poor Cobbett!”

For my own part, if the sedition which is regularly set afloat amongst us were confined to the vehicle in question, and displayed to no better advantage than it

was last Saturday, I might as well at once renounce my hopes of obtaining credit by its exposure; for it would be innocuous indeed. All his shafts seem at present to be blunted, all his points of attack exhausted. With him Walcheren is exhausted, Reform is exhausted, Burdett and Wardle are almost at death's door, and as to Mrs. Clarke and Miss Taylor—why, I suppose, they are exhausted too, for my Botley friend seems to take no more notice of them now than if such *dulcineas* never had existence. Hence I am afraid that, like the redoubtable knight of La Mancha, he must search hard for some new adventures to keep himself in notoriety. Talking about La Mancha puts me in mind of Spain, as *Quotem* would say, and by a natural assimilation of ideas, I find myself at once on the plains of Talavera! Here I see our Quixote capering about, and dancing a hundred times over the same ground, which he seems “determined to keep, in spite of all the hell of de—de—de—Oh! no, that wont do now—we must just alter the last word to *aristocracy* *,” and then the exclamation may pass! On the plains of Talavera we find that our knight is determined to *defeat* the brave Baron of the Douro—that is, as long as his lordship is out of his sight and hearing; and we may, therefore, confidently expect to hear (in a *Botley Gazette Extraordinary*,) that his lordship has expired under the porcupine lance of his *invincible* opponent! To me, I must confess, there seems something extremely despicable and cowardly in

* Vide a passage of that part of the “Life of the Hampshire Demagogue,” which is inserted in the present number.

this mode of attacking a man behind his back—it is a mode which the *real* and *original* Don Quixote would have disdained resorting to—it is not at all like the courage of the “*Calcutta-man*,” who, as we heard last week, boldly met a tiger, face to face, and split his head with a hatchet! However, I suppose knight errantry has degenerated in the present century. We may, in fact, perceive that it has, by keeping an eye merely upon these same plains of Talavera, which our *Don* seems determined shall stick

“As near and as nigh
Unto his heart within,
As the eye to the nose,
The leg to the hose,
Or the flesh unto the skin.”

and where we may promise ourselves no small share of amusement from watching his motions. For example, he wants to fight with Lord Wellington, whom he calls a variety of *names*; but, as neither his Lordship nor his Lordship’s friends will take the trouble to answer him, he is paying his court to the brave Spanish commander, and *five times* in one breath, (that is in only twenty-five lines) does he bellow out, “*Let us hear Cuesta!*”—Well, then, let us hear him; for to those who can judge impartially, I am sure his dispatch will appear candid and manly. It is the first official document that has arrived since the appearance of this Paper, and, accordingly, it will be seen that while the Don *promises* I *perform*. This document is worthy of preservation, and will be found complete in a subsequent part. Quixote, however, has submitted it to the same sort of operation as a frog undergoes in the hands of a Galvanist: he has mutilated it in a vile manner; but he promises, by the aid of his devil, to put it together again as soon as he can! In the mean time we will look a little into the inferences which he deduces from this experiment.

After congratulating his readers on the arrival of the “much-wished-for” document, which is to give a death-wound to his antagonist, the Baron, he says, “There were, with respect to the battle of Talavera, two points of great interest, which, after all, remained unsettled; namely, 1st, *Whether our army was attacked by superior numbers*, and, 2nd, *Whether the Spanish army took a part in the battle*.—Now, it has *never been pretended*, that the army of the Duke of Belluno was superior, or even equal

“in numbers to the Spanish and English army *united*. Indeed, the fact has clearly been proved to the contrary! The army of Cuesta alone was equal in numbers to that of the French, unless the accounts given us of that army, previous to the battle, were totally false. —Besides, the Duke of Belluno had been, and was to the very day before the battle, *pursued* by the combined armies; and it does *no where appear*, that he was joined by any reinforcements of more than about 10,000 men.—No: our general has, all along, taken special care not to give us any account of his own numbers, or of those of the Spanish army. He drily tells us, that he was attacked by *double his numbers*; but supports this statement by no statement of actual numbers.—The *French* told us, that their army amounted to about 40,000, and that the combined armies amounted to more than 80,000. “Here is, I *dare say*, some exaggeration.” —Oh, the French *told us*, did they? and you would wish to persuade this credulous nation, that *they* (the French) have “a love for truth!” Very likely indeed! But when they estimate the combined army at 80,000, even *you* have not the boldness to credit the bare-faced assertion; but have the peculiar *modesty* to “*dare*” to say that this statement is “*somewhat exaggerated*!” Now, can you, *Mister Cobbett*, possibly have the impudence to attempt even to insinuate that the French accounts, at any time, ought to be credited, in preference to those of our own officers? Yet this is the whole purport of the paragraph I have quoted; and with which you insult our reason in a more daring, though ridiculous, manner than any traitor in the pay of Buonaparte ever yet presumed to do. In fact, I am sure that no Jacobin of former periods ever conceived us to be such fools as to believe *any* French account of numbers; knowing, as we do, that they never yet were engaged in a battle, without making, in their account of it, the most contemptible disparagement of their own numbers, and increasing those of their antagonists beyond all probability.

My Don complains of the laconic manner in which Lord Wellington wrote his dispatches, from which *he* cannot perceive whether the Spaniards were *engaged* or not; in the said battle. But we must make due allowance for his difficulty of perception—a man’s faculties cannot be expected to last for ever, *h.s* have long been

on the wane; and his optic organs, when directed to *British* objects, have evidently a multiplying power, which acts in an inverse ratio, when directed towards our enemies. I must, however, admit, that, if his Lordship's dispatch had been a little more lucid, it would have been quite as well; but *fighting* and *writing* are two different sorts of occupations; and, provided we know that the enemy cannot stand in sight of us, whenever we can get them into a regular battle, it matters not in what way we are told of our successes. Yet for Cobbett to find fault with any one for *murdering English* is the very extreme of the *ludicre*; one cannot help almost splitting one's sides at the affectation of the biped animal, in finding fault with Lord Wellington, on the score of his writing, when the very heaviest and most obscure paragraph in his dispatch will bear comparison with any one of my Don's, taken from a whole volume of his scurrilous Register. But to return to the point, of whether his Lordship admits that the Spaniards were engaged, I think there is quite *English* enough in the dispatch to put the matter beyond a doubt. "Those," says his lordship, "that *were* engaged, *did their duty*; but the ground which they occupied was so important, and its front, at the same time, so difficult, that I did not think it proper to urge them to make any movement to the left of the enemy, while he was engaged with us." And in the very passage which Quixote has quoted, to show that his lordship *slighted* the Spaniards, there is sufficient *English* to prove that Brig.-Gen. Campbell had three Spanish regiments fighting under him when he took the enemy's cannon. Oh! but, says Quixote, "here is not a word said *in praise* of either the cavalry, or infantry, of the Spaniards. In another place, he (Lord W.) just observes, that an attack of the enemy's cavalry upon the Spanish infantry *failed*."—What eulogium does Quixote want? Is it not praise enough to let us know that there was emulation amongst every rank, and that the Spaniards performed, with the utmost alacrity and valour, every object in the contemplation of the Commander-in-chief? But the way to ascertain whether there is any reason for all this fuss about partiality and jealousy on the part of the English towards the Spaniards, is to read over the very document which my Don asserts was so "much-wished for."—If Cuesta

had conceived himself or his army slighted by Lord Wellington, could he not have said, or hinted something to that effect in his fair and interesting dispatch? It is quite natural to suppose he would; for the Spaniards are amongst the last men in existence who are in the habit of tacitly submitting to a slight, or, as it is called, pocketing an affront. To ascertain whether any idea of this kind did, or does exist, "let us hear Cuesta," as Quixote says. Certainly it is reasonable to suppose that any general, writing to his own government, would endeavour to place the conduct of his troops in the best possible light; particularly where so much depended upon keeping up the spirit of enthusiasm, that had been excited amongst the Spanish people. This allowance will be made by all reasonable men, before they look into the dispatch in question. Hence, to use the words of my Don, "*I dare say*," that, in the statement alluded to, "there may be *some-what* of exaggeration!" But I can perceive no wilful perversion of facts—no glaring misrepresentations—no infamous falsehoods, descriptive of events which never occurred; but all which falsehoods, it is well known, are to be found in every *French* Bulletin that speaks of a battle. On the contrary, what can be more fair and liberal than those parts of Cuesta's dispatch, in which he says, "During this time, a strong division of the French advanced by the valley to the left of the height, occupied by the English general Hill, of which, with *very great* loss, they obtained a momentary possession, *but Hill returned to the charge presently with the bayonet, drove off the enemy, and recovered his ground*?" In the night the French repeated their attack, but without succeeding, and with great loss. At break of day, on the 28th, they returned with two divisions of infantry, but they were repulsed by the brave Hill, who could not be intimidated by their repeated attempts, or by the progressive accumulation of the forces of the assailants."—Equally generous is his account of the conduct of our brigade of Guards—brave fellows!—who, in the ardour of battle, *advanced too far*, and were obliged to retire! "I have seen the enthusiasm," continues this noble-minded Spaniard, "with which these *faithful allies* have, in copious streams, poured forth their blood in the defence of our liberty, and no language can adequately express the sentiments of gratitude with which our breasts are animated. With the

highest satisfaction I have noticed my army hailing our companions for the victory obtained, and mingling with exclamations indicative of the warmest affection, the appellatives of our country, and *Ferdinand*, with those of our powerful and generous allies."

Now, let it be asked, does all this eulogy—this generous acknowledgment of our bravery sanction the slightest idea of any *pique* in the breasts of the Spaniards towards the English? and would it not have been natural to suppose that if there *had* been any umbrage taken by them at the comparatively slight allusions made to them in Lord Wellington's dispatch, that this statement of Cuesta would have contained something like retaliation? For my part, I think the fact is so clear, that it is evident the English Jacobins are the only persons who are dissatisfied with the conduct of his Lordship, and having no real point at which to direct their venom; they have, forsooth, turned *critics*, and find fault with the grammar of a detail, written, doubtlessly, under all the impressions which affect a feeling mind, in the midst of death and the extremes of human misery! But there is, besides, one fact, of a different nature, elicited from this dispatch of Cuesta—and one which gives a mortal blow to the hopes and expectations of our English traitors. Every body knows of the shouts and exultations which they have incessantly put forth at the success of *the French* in Spain; the ridicule with which they have treated the great men who have so successfully laboured to fan the sparks of patriotism into a flame amongst the Spaniards,—but more particularly the contempt with which they have hitherto treated THE CAUSE OF FERDINAND! Yes, this is the sickening dose for our traitors: they perceive, by this very dispatch, that *there* is an "universal Spanish nation," and that it will inundate its soil with native blood, in behalf of "*its beloved FERDINAND VII!*" This is the fact that galls them to the very core, because it at once overturns all their predictions of the *affection* which the Spanish people would show to *King Joseph*. Nor is it in the battle of Talavera alone, that the bravery and loyalty of the Spaniards have become manifest. The late siege of Saragossa, and the present noble resistance at Gerona, will be transmitted to posterity as amongst the most glorious actions which ancient and modern epochs can exhibit.—*Yes, these are the facts*

which we ought now to look after;" let us ascertain that the Spanish people will, in reality, fight to recover back their sovereign, and resist their base and unprincipled invaders, and then we may have some confidence in our hopes of the success of their endeavours.

By considering a moment on these facts, we may perceive at once the reason for all the low, mean, pitiful, and contemptible, as well as audacious and blackguard assaults of my Don upon Lord Wellington:—We may see, that if his Lordship had not had the good fortune to make a stand and defeat the French in the most glorious and decisive manner, we should have missed the opportunity of ascertaining whether the Spaniards *really were* zealous in the cause of their country. But having gained a truly-great victory, in which it is evident, even from Cuesta's own account, that the Spaniards had not a proportionate share, though they did all that was required of them—having gained this decisive battle, we acquire the confidence of the whole Spanish nation:—The reason why the victory was not attended with advantageous results is known to every one. Some negligence or incapacity on the part of the Commissariat compelled us to make an unfortunate and precipitate retreat to the Portuguese frontier, where, (such has been the effect of the drubbing which the enemy received) we have ever since remained unmolested!

Thus, as I have said, it is the knowledge of the fact, that the Spaniards triumph in having us for allies, and are proud of the honour of fighting in our company, that has been a dreadful and never-to-be forgotten mortification of the Jacobins. And now, by way of conclusion, let us merely observe how this mortification operates upon Quixote. In his paroxysms of phrenzy, he affects to *pity* the Spaniards, whom, six and twelve months ago, he represented as a set of the most spiritless and cowardly wretches that ever disgraced human existence:—wretches who never would fight, because they had nothing to fight for!—But now, in his sympathetic bewailings for these *ill-used* people, he accuses *us* of having "the impudence to crow over the "*poor Spaniards*, and to represent them "as mere stones or posts, stuck up on "the field of battle!" Thus has our Quixote become, at length, a *defender* of the people who are fighting for the restoration of King Ferdinand VII. against

the *attacks*, not of the French, but of their terrible and vilifying enemy; Viscount Wellington!—This is, indeed, a specimen as novel as it was unexpected, of our Quixote's mode of *righting wrongs* and *redressing grievances*!

I have yet a word or two more to say on the subject of this notable Paper of Cuesta. If we are to believe our Quixote, this document has absolutely frightened many of our Newspaper Editors, who have refused to give it insertion—and those who have kept it back are denominated “*the hirelings*.” This word, has a meaning that is generally prejudicial to those to whom it is applied:—All that I can conceive it to mean is, men who perpetually write against Jacobins and Democrats, exposing their artifices and holding them up to merited execration. I cannot take upon me to say whether it have been left out of any of the Papers, or not. I have seen it in most of them, and cannot perceive the least reason why it should not be promulgated from one end of the kingdom to the other. But, if we admit the fact, that it has been left out, *purposely*, by some of the London Editors, then a very important result will be derived by me, from giving it publicity. It will prove to the public that I am *no hireling*; a circumstance, as my readers will admit, of no small importance—the charge of *bribery* being the perpetual weapon which the Jacobins level at those who expose their detestable artifices

ILLNESS OF BUONAPARTE.—From the great variety of quarters through which the intelligence has arrived, there can be no doubt that this pest of human nature has been visited by a mental affliction; though the public have been assured, by that delectable Paper the *Statesman*, that “the brain-fever of Napoleon rages no where except in the London Newspapers!” I think it does rage where we are told it does; but the *Statesman* and I shall not go to loggerheads on the subject. We are always apt to *believe* any report of what we wish should happen; and, for me, I never heard any report of NAPOLEON'S illness or death, without feeling my spirits rise like the mercury in a thermometer, when plunged into a hot liquid. However, perhaps; this reported fever of his (reported first, not in the London, but the foreign Papers) may be of that description vulgarly called *catching*; for, by the news of this morning, I see that the Emperor of Austria has got it!—I “dare

say” there will be a fine burst of exultation on this score, presently, from the *soi-disant Statesman*, before mentioned: he will, I suppose, be anxious to show that the brains of a *rightful* sovereign are differently constituted from those of an *Usurper*; and that, though “the anxiety of Napoleon cannot be more intense, (even in the heart of an enemy's country) than that of the merchant or manufacturer, in a period of commercial embarrassment;” yet that the Emperor of Austria, being like a merchant whose name is on the point of being published in the Gazette, must naturally be more susceptible of external impressions, &c. &c. To be serious, it may perhaps turn out, that some attempt, has been made by the good folks of Vienna, to poison Napoleon:—This is very probable;—and the fact of the departure of his chief physician from Paris; shows that his case can be of no ordinary kind. His death at this time would be worth an hundred battles; for, the great obstacle to the peace of the world being once removed, it would be of little consequence to society whether the continent were governed by the remaining members of his dynasty, or whether the oppressed people were to rise in all parts, and reduce them to their original nothingness. It is Napoleon only whose ambition continues to deluge the earth with human blood; and therefore we may earnestly exclaim, with our SHAKSPEARE,

“Would he were rotten, marrow, bones, and all!”

AUSTRIA.—The right worshipful, renowned, and invincible *Don Quixote de Botley*, formerly, as will be seen by his own account of his achievements, a *Chevalier d'Industrie*, but now grand Champion of the Gauls, has declared, that he “wants to see the Emperor Francis at war once more; and that he was very sorry, indeed, to hear of the suspension of arms!” If these were the *real* times of chivalry, I am sure that half-a-dozen knights would have set off, on the instant, to inform his Imperial Majesty of the sentiments of so great a man, and to convince him how necessary it is “for the good of mankind, that he should have one more bout with Buonaparte!”—But the great similarity of ideas that prevails between the Emperor Francis and the said champion, have probably rendered such information superfluous; and I have no doubt that ere now he has resolved, of his own accord, to have the bout

in question! Every man in England (when I speak of *Englishmen*, I mean to except the democrats) has regretted the discomfiture which has befallen the Austrian arms, after so great a display of bravery, and such animating success: but are we to suppose that because the Emperor Francis consented to an armistice, that his deposition is to follow it? No, no, there is no alternative but this "*other bout*;"—The daring conditions of the Tyrant, (if it be true that they are such as we observe in the Foreign papers) that a French army shall remain in the heart of the empire till a peace take place with England, are such, that, if accepted, would be equivalent to the surrender of his empire unconditionally—nay, it would be worse; for the terms which would be dictated by French bayonets, must add perpetual degradation to the unfortunate victim who would accede to them. If the fate of Austria be inevitable, let us have the pleasure to perceive that its defenders and possessors meet it with glory. Francis is not yet without an army, and that army will fight for its native soil; we ought, therefore, to reflect on the "*other bout*" without apprehension.

F. W. B.

THE MINISTRY.—Lord Bathurst is appointed foreign Secretary, till it be ascertained whether Marquis Wellesley will take upon himself that office. The Earl of Harrowby remains at the Board of Controul, and will besides discharge the duties of the Presidency of the Board of Trade, during Earl Bathurst's continuance in the Foreign Department.

Mr. Yorke, it is reported, will be the new Secretary of War; an appointment that will give general satisfaction. It will please me extremely; because I perceive that Cobbett is continually attacking this gentleman; and I know that he never yet assailed any man who had not a great mind!

NEWS OF THIS MORNING.—Advices are said to have been received from Heligoland, announcing the actual commencement of hostilities between Austria and France.

Foreign Papers have been received to the 5th inst. The *Moniteur* contains a series of observations on the operations of the British army in Spain, and the Expedition to Walcheren. They conclude with confidently anticipating our expulsion both from the Peninsula and Flushing.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,
THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant."

"The opinions of every man are his private concerns, while he keeps them so; that is to say, while they are confined to himself, his family, and particular friends; but when he makes those opinions public; when he once attempts to make converts, whether it be in religion, politics, or any thing else; when he once comes forward as a candidate for the public admiration, esteem, or compassion, his opinions, his principles, his motives, every action of his life, public or private, become the fair subject of public discussion."

COBBETT'S WORKS, Vol. IV. page 28.

CHAPTER II.

Cobbett's birth, parentage, and education.—*Anticipation checked.*—*Cobbett had a grandfather.*—*Calculation of his nativity.*—*A query.*—*A regulation of the Herald's Office altered to by Cobbett.*—*Hereditary honours.*—*Nuts to crack.*—*Milk and bread, apple-pudding, and bread and cheese.*—*Patent lights, not gas.*—*Cobbett's brothers.*—*Great men compared.*—*A Vauxhall scene.*—*Respectability of Cobbett's father.*—*A scripture apophthegm not verified.*—*Field sports.*—*More pictures.*—*Epistolary extract.*—*Scholastic acquirements.*—*Cobbett's theology.*—*Politics.*—*Village politicians.*—*A subject for Wilkie.*—*An alehouse row.*—*Cobbett's candour.*

WE now proceed, with all practicable impartiality, to investigate the "birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour" of William Cobbett, whose "last dying ——"—but, hold; let us not too rashly anticipate the execution of the law's last sentence. He "*yet lives and breathes.*"

We recollect having read of some illustrious personage, who "never knew he had a grandfather;" but, unless Cobbett be more abominably addicted to lying than even we suspect him of, this was not his case; for, according to *his own account*, he not only had a *grandfather*, but a *godfather*, and his godfather's name was BOXALL (1).

The ninth day of March, *anno mundi*, (according to the chronological calculations of Sir Isaac Newton), 5818; in the eleven hundred and forty-fourth year of

(1) Whether the hero of these pages had a *godmother*, or whether he had more than one godfather, this deponent (William Cobbett) saith not; but, as the fact is not very important, we shall not at present enter into an investigation of the subject.

the *Mohammedan Hegira*; in the year after the rebellion of the notorious Jack Cade; and exactly 385 years after the merited death of Wat Tyler, was rendered memorable in history, by the birth of William Cobbett (2). The village of Farnham, in the county of Surrey, we believe, but we are not certain, had the honour of being his natal spot.

Some of our readers may perhaps think it of very little consequence where Cobbett was born; but when it shall be considered, that no fewer than seven cities claimed the glory of having given birth to Homer; and that, within these few months, nearly an equal number were as earnest in disclaiming one of the heroes of the Cintra convention, our anxiety on so interesting a point, it is hoped, will not be too severely censured.

Cobbett, as has been already stated, had a grandfather; that he had a father, and a mother, are points which, it is presumed, will not be contested; and, that he had a godfather, we have also his own word for. "To be descended from an illustrious family," said Cobbett, when he wrote his life, "*certainly* reflects honour on any man, in spite of the sansculotte principles of the present day. This is, however, *an honour*," he tells us, that he has "no pretension to." "All that I can boast of in my birth," he observes, "is, that I was born in old England; the *county* [country, we presume, but we chuse to quote literally] *from whence came the men who explored and settled North America* (3)."

We believe it to be a rule, in the College of Arms, not to permit any person to pretend to prove his pedigree farther back than his grandfather. Cobbett, perhaps, was not aware of this regulation; but he assigns an excellent reason for not going farther back than his grandfather; *viz.* he "never heard talk of any" of his ancestors "prior to him."

(2) Christianity and Cobbett being as little acquainted with each other, as John Philip Kemble and the genius of comedy, we have not, in the text of this biographical sketch, thought it necessary to date the birth-day of Cobbett from the Christian era; but, for the benefit of the *country* gentleman, as Sheridan would modestly say, when translating a Greek quotation, it may be proper to observe that, *according to his own account* (an authority always to be received with due caution) he was born on the 9th of March, 1766.—*Quere*, Which was the greatest impostor, Mahomet, Jack Cade, Wat Tyler, or William Cobbett?

(3) For this valuable piece of historical information, we are much indebted to the erudition of William Cobbett.

We recollect a passage, in a contemporary writer, to the following effect:—"The true use of hereditary honours is, to invigorate individual virtue. The representative or member of an illustrious house should be aware, that one ignoble action can for ever extinguish his reflected lustre, tear from his brow the laurels of antiquity, and brand his future life with disgrace; it should, therefore, be the proudest wish of his heart, to support the dignity which his predecessors have acquired; he should know the value of a good name, and resolve to transmit it, unsullied, to posterity."—To this we will take leave to add, that the rise of a Right Honourable descendant of a noble family appears odious and disgusting, in proportion to the virtues of his progenitors; and that, in humble life, a man's villany assumes a more repulsive aspect, when his parents are known to have been honest and deserving people. This sentiment applies, with all its force, to the renegado, Cobbett; for, if what he tells us of his relatives be at all entitled to credit, they were, in their sphere, meritorious members of the community.

Cobbett's grandfather "was a day-labourer;" and he is said to have "worked for one farmer from the day of his marriage to that of his death, upwards of forty years." He died before Cobbett was born; but Cobbett tells us, that he has "often slept beneath the same roof that had sheltered him, and where his widow dwelt for several years after his death. It was a little thatched cottage," he continues, "with a garden before the door. It had but two windows; a damson tree shaded one, and a clump of filberts the other. Here I and my brothers went every Christmas and Whitsuntide, to spend a week or two, and to torment the poor old woman with our noise and dilapidations. She used to give us milk and bread for our breakfast, and apple-pudding for our dinner, and a piece of bread and cheese for supper. Her fire was made of turf, cut from the neighbouring heath, and her evening light was a rush dipped in grease."

The reader will have learnt, from the above touch of the descriptive, that Cobbett had *brothers*, as well as a father, a mother, a grandfather, and a godfather. Unfortunately, however, we cannot ascertain the "exact age" of these brothers; for, in 1796, Cobbett had forgotten it; "but I remember," he observes,

“having heard my mother say, that there was but three years and three quarters difference between the age of the oldest and that of the youngest.”—We shall be pardoned, we trust, for our attention to these *minutiæ*; as the veriest trifles in nature are of importance, when they relate to great personages (4):

In the year 1796, when Cobbett favoured the world with “*The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine*,” his *three* brothers were, for any thing that Cobbett knew to the contrary, all alive, and well. The eldest was a shop-keeper, the second a farmer, and the third a private soldier in the East India Company’s service (5).

Cobbett’s father, when Cobbett was born, was a farmer; and Cobbett tells us, that though “he had received no very brilliant education,” he “was learned for a man in his rank of life.” He

“—could terms and tides presage,
And e’en the story ran, that he could gauge.”

For the purpose of convincing the reader, how much more respectable a man Cobbett’s father *was*, than he himself *is*, we must here be permitted to dilate upon the merits and acquirements of the old gentleman. “When a little boy,” says Cobbett, “he drove plough for two pence a day; and these, his earnings, were appropriated to the expences of an evening school. What a village school-master could be expected to teach, he had learnt; and had, besides, considerably improved himself; in several branches of the mathematics. He understood land-surveying well, and was often chosen to draw the plans of disputed territory: in short, he had the reputation of possessing experience and understanding, which never fails, in England, to give a man in a country place, some little weight with his neighbours. He was honest, industrious, and frugal; it was not, therefore, wonderful, that he should be situated in a good

(4) For farther satisfaction and information on this point, *vide* Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*; and, as greatness imparts distinction, Cobbett is equally entitled to notice with the Doctor; for he is to the full as great, *alias* as bulky, and as unwieldy an animal, in appearance.

(5) The writer of this article well remembers having seen Cobbett at Vauxhall, in the summer of 1802, in company with a group of common East India soldiers. The party supped in one of the boxes, and seemed very jolly and comfortable. Cobbett had not, we presume, at that time, anticipated, that he was going to be lord of the Lord knows how many manors in Hampshire.

farm, and happy in a wife of his own rank, like him, beloved and respected.”

A scripture phrase presents itself to our recollection, in substance as follows:—*Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it!* This apophthegm has not been verified in the career of Cobbett; for, if we are to give any credit to his statements, his father did not suffer either him or his brothers “to eat the bread of idleness.” “I do not remember the time,” says he, “when I did not earn my living.” What a pity, that he should not have continued to earn it *honestly!* “My first occupation,” he observes, “was, driving the small birds from the turnip seed, and the rooks from the peas. When I first trudged a-field, with my wooden bottle and my satchel swung over my shoulder, I was hardly able to climb the gates and stiles; and, at the close of day, to reach home, was a task of infinite difficulty. My next employment was weeding wheat, and leading a single horse, at harrowing barley. Hoeing peas followed, and hence, I arrived at the honour of joining the reapers in harvest, driving the team, and holding plough. We were all of us strong and laborious, and my father used to boast, that he had four boys, the eldest of whom was about fifteen years old, who did as much work as any three men in the parish of Farnham. Honest pride and happy days!” So say we, Cobbett; but since the “days of innocence,” here described, Cobbett has become a great man, has had “his picture stuck in the windows (6).” and has had “four whole books published about” him, “in the course of *one week!*” *Credite posteri!* “Dear Father, when you used to set me off to work, in the morning, dressed in my blue smock frock and woollen spatterdashes, with my bag of bread and cheese and bottle of small beer swung over my shoulder, on the little crook that my old god-father Boxall gave me, little did you imagine that I should one day become so great a man as to have my picture stuck in the windows, and have four whole books published about me, in the course of one week.”

(6) This was in America. Some months after his arrival in England, he had his portrait engraved by Anker Smith; but, whether the print-sellers did not consider his phiz to be a saleable article, or whether some other motives prevented its exhibition, we know not, for we never recollect having seen it stuck in the shop windows of the metropolis; though Citizen Waithman’s portrait has had that honour.

—“Thus,” says Cobbett, “begins a letter which I wrote to my father yesterday morning(7), “and which if it reaches him, will make the old man drink an extraordinary pot of ale to my health. Heaven bless him! I think I see him now, by his old fashioned fire-side, reading the letter to his neighbours. ‘Ay, ay,’ says he, ‘*Will* will stand his ground wherever he goes.’—And so I will father, *in spite of all the hell of DEMOCRACY.*”—The *hell* of DEMOCRACY! Mark this, reader: Cobbett will *stand his ground*, in spite of all the *hell* of DEMOCRACY!!!

Having been sufficiently amused with the *field sports* of our youngster, we will now proceed to notice his *scholastic acquirements*. “I have *some faint recollection*,” says Cobbett, “of going to school to an old woman, who, I believe, did not succeed in *LEARNING me my letters*. In the winter evenings, my father *learnt* us all to *read and write*, and gave us a *pretty tolerable* knowledge of arithmetic. Grammar he did not *perfectly* understand himself, and therefore his endeavours to *learn* us that, necessarily failed; for, though he thought he understood it, and though he made us get the rules by heart, we learnt nothing at all of the *principles*.”—Cobbett might have spared himself the trouble of telling us this; as, to the present hour, in every page that he writes, he furnishes abundant proofs of his ignorance, not only of the *principles*, but of the very *rudiments* of grammar. Of Cobbett’s *grammar*, however, which must be admitted to be a bad subject, we shall by-and-bye, have something more to say.

The next important topic, is Cobbett’s theology. “Our religion,” says he, “was that of the Church of England, to which I have ever remained attached; the more so, perhaps, as it *bears the name of my country*.” A famous reason, truly; and about as *substantial* as his *attachment*! It served, however, to show his *patriotism*.

Now for politics! “*We*”—that is, we presume, Cobbett, and his father, and his mother, and his three brothers; and perhaps his grandmother---“were like the rest of the country people in England; that is to say, we neither knew nor thought any thing about the matter. The shouts of victory, or the murmurs at a defeat, would now and then break in upon our tranquillity for a moment; but

(7) From America, some time in the month of September, 1796.

I do not remember ever having seen a newspaper in the house; and, most certainly, that privation did not render us less industrious, happy, or free.”—Cobbett, we believe thee; and, hadst thou never meddled with what thou didst not understand, but hadst continued to be *usefully* employed, in driving the little birds away from the infant plants, in weeding wheat, in harrowing barley, in hoeing peas, in reaping corn, in driving a team, in following the plough, or in wielding a flail, for which last operation thou wast so admirably formed by nature, thou wouldst not be, at this moment, occupied in editing, what thou most barbarously misnomerest, a “*Political Register.*”

But politics—accursed event for Cobbett!—politics, the bane of the ignorant, at length found their way into the village of Farnham. The American war had been some time commenced, and Cobbett’s “father was a partizan of the Americans.” Thus it seems, that the old gentleman, after all, was a bit of a democrat. “He used,” says Cobbett, “frequently to *dispute* on the subject, with the gardener of a nobleman who lived near us. This,” he continues, “was *generally* [not always] done with *good humour*, over a pot of our best ale; yet the disputants sometimes *grew warm*, [as the ale got into their crowns] and gave way to language that could not fail to attract *our* [*Will*, and his three brothers] attention(8). My father was worsted, without doubt, as he had for an antagonist, a *shrewd* and *sensible* old Scotchman, *far his superior in political knowledge*; but he pleaded before a partial audience: *we* thought there was but one wise man in the world, and that one was our father. He who pleaded the cause of the Americans, had an advantage, too, with *young minds*; he had only to represent the king’s troops as sent to cut the throats of a people, *our friends and relations*, merely because they would not submit to oppression; and his cause was gained. *Speaking to the passions, is ever sure to*

(8) We beg leave to recommend this *family picture* to the notice of Wilkie, or of some other domestic history painter. It would form an admirable counter-part to the Village Politicians. Here stands the shrewd, sensible, raw-boned, old Scotchman, pleading the cause of *England* against the rebels; there stands, or perhaps *reels*, old Cobbett, brandishing the brown mug over his head, and roaring out, *Liberty! liberty, my lads, and no taxation!* while *Will* and his three chubby-faced brothers, in blue frocks and spatterdashes, with greedy eyes, and open mouths, swallow the democratical effusions of their father.

succeed on the *uninformed*.”—This is one of Cobbett’s *truths*. This is the very reason, why Cobbett has been successful in making converts, and in promoting the sale of what *he* terms *writings*.

Cobbett farther informs us, that “men of *integrity* [he does not, we believe, include himself] are generally *pretty obstinate*, in adhering to an opinion *once* adopted. Whether,” says he, “it was owing to this, or to the weakness of Mr. Martin’s [Martin, reader, *Mister* Martin, was the name of the nobleman’s gardener, the political opponent of *Will’s* father] arguments, I will not pretend to say; but he never could make a convert of *my father*: he *continued* an American, and so STAUNCH a one, that he would not have suffered his *best friend* to drink *success to the King’s arms* at his table!” Hey dey, old gentleman! So STAUNCH as this! No wonder at thy son’s becoming a red-hot democrat!

Cobbett, to furnish an idea of the “*obstinacy*” of his father—an *hereditary* failing, apparently, in the son—adduces the following instance:—“My father “used to take one of us with him every “year, to the great hop-fair, at Wey- “hill. The fair was held at old Michael- “mas tide, and the journey was, to us, “a sort of reward for the labours of the “summer. It happened to be my turn “to go thither, the very year that Long “Island was taken by the British. A “great company of hop-merchants and “farmers were just sitting down to sup- “per as the post arrived, bringing in the “Extraordinary Gazette, which announ- “ced the victory. A hop-factor from “London took the paper, placed his chair “upon the table, and began to read with “an audible voice. He was opposed, a “dispute ensued, and my father retired, “taking me by the hand, to another “apartment, where we supped with about “a dozen others of the same sentiments. “Here Washington’s health, and success “to the Americans, were repeatedly “toasted, and this was the first time, as “far as I can recollect, that I ever heard “the General’s name mentioned.”

Cobbett informs us, that he mentions “these circumstances, *merely* to show, that he was not ‘nursed in the lap of aristocracy,’ and that” he “did not imbibe” his “principles, [Cobbett’s *principles*!] or *prejudices*, from those who were the advocates of *blind submission*.” “If my father,” says he, “had *any* fault, it was

not being *submissive enough*, and I am much afraid, my acquaintance have but too often discovered *the same fault* in his son.” This is one of Cobbett’s *candid* admissions; and we are willing to allow, that, though coming from the mouth of a notorious and convicted *liar*, it has *truth* for its basis, *Cobbett* and *submission* are, *as yet*, perfectly unacquainted with each other.

Having, at length, informed the reader of all that Cobbett chuses him to be apprised of prior to his arrival at the age of sixteen, we shall defer his account of the “*accident*” which, at that period, gave “the future colour to his fate,” till the succeeding Chapter. In the mean time, we will rest ourselves, and allow Cobbett to rest also. *Comme le voila accommodé*.

FERRET.

(*To be continued.*)

NORTHERN CRITICS *versus* PARLIAMEN- TARY REFORM; or,

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, COBBETT, AND WAR-
DLE EXPLODED, BY THE EDINBURGH RE-
VIEWERS.

“While the nation retains its curiosity and interest about public events—while there are men of all parties and all sorts of opinions in Parliament—while there is publicity and freedom of speech there and throughout the country, we have no fear of losing our liberties; OR EVEN OF ANY SERIOUS ATTEMPT BEING MADE TO INFRINGE THEM.”

EDINBURGH REVIEW, Vol. XIV. page 305.

“We should consider such a change in the constitution of that House, as Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Cobbett appear to think essential to its purity, as *by far the greatest calamity which could be inflicted upon us by our own hands*.”

EDINBURGH REVIEW, Vol. XIV. page 302.

“Let us beware of following the example of the man, who was well, wished to be better, took physic, and died.”

ANON.

IN every age, and in every nation, revolutionists have first obtruded themselves on the public, by raising an outcry against abuses, by philanthropically declaiming on the necessity of reform. History abounds with instances which might be adduced, to elucidate this position; but, for our present purpose, it will be sufficient to observe, that the great English rebellion, in the early part of the seven-teenth century, originated in a *call for reform*; that the sanguinary banditti of France, at first asked only for *reform*; and that the *ostensible* cause of the Irish rebellion, in 1798, was a *desire of reform*; though some of its leaders afterwards con-*fessed*, that their *real* intentions were, to overthrow the monarchy, to exterminate

the Protestant religion, and, by confiscating the property of the rich, to level all ranks of society!!!

With such examples as these before our eyes, ought we to be censured for scrutinising, with a jealous eye, the motives of those who, in the streets and public places, bawl forth the word *reform*, more particularly when we trace the exact resemblance of ancient and modern, of foreign and domestic *reformers*?

This paper is devoted rather to the exposition of *sentiments* and *opinions*, than to an attack upon *persons*; but, if we were requested shortly to characterise the *soi disant* REFORMERS, whose names appear at the head of the page; judging from their public conduct alone, we should speak of the first, as of a willing tool of desperate and designing men; of the second, as of a "bold-faced villain," a bully, fit to swagger at the head of a mob, to lead a drunken and infuriated rabble to scenes of blood and rapine; and of the third, as of a stab-in-the-dark assassin, who, for the mean purposes of private revenge, would descend to the commission of every vulgar crime, involve a nation in ruin, and, like Nero, laugh at the devastation.

Such are the men who wish to work a *reform* in the State!

The hostility of the Edinburgh Reviewers to the existing order of things has long been notorious; but, possessed of greater art, and of a larger portion of talent, than the more popular bawlers for reform, they have seemed disposed to effect, by sapping, what the others appear anxious to carry by storm. Indeed, some of the readers of the Edinburgh Review are from a class of persons very different from that of the purchasers of Cobbett's Register, of the frequenters of the Crown and Anchor, or of the empty partizans of Wardle, in the city; and the unmeaning declamation, which draws down the boisterous plaudits of the latter, would only expose its authors to the scorn and contempt of the former.

For these reasons, the Edinburgh Reviewers have very properly chosen to enter the lists of opposition, against Sir Francis Burdett, Cobbett, Wardle, &c.; and, in a very elaborate article, at the commencement of their last number, they have adduced some of the most forcible arguments which we have ever perused, against the necessity of Parliamentary Reform.

Compared to the allegations of a friend, the admissions of an adversary speak with

redoubled force: we shall therefore offer no apology to the reader, for requesting his particular attention to the *coup d'œil* which we are about to present, of the sentiments of our northern critics, relating to the Reform of Parliament.

Taking it for granted, that certain evils exist, "in our actual condition," they reduce them to the three following heads:—*1st*, The burden of our taxes; *2d*, The preponderating influence of the Crown, arising from the enormous extent of our establishments, and of the patronage consequently vested in the sovereign; and, *3dly*, The monopoly of political power, which the very *permanency* and *nature* of the constitution has a tendency to create in the hands of a small part of the nation, and the growing jealousy and disaffection which this is likely to breed in the body of the people." The preliminary opinions, as they may be termed, of the Edinburgh Reviewers, on these points, deserve particular notice. They *admit*, that "the actual burden of the taxes does not necessarily indicate any thing *unsound* or *corrupt* in the constitution or administration of the government;" they *admit*, that it (the actual burden of the taxes) "may be ascribed, in a great degree, to the peculiar circumstances in which the country has recently been placed, and to the rash and sanguine temper of its inhabitants;" they *admit*, that "the weight of our taxes is owing to the wars, in which the government has always been seconded by a GREAT majority of the people,—if, indeed, it would not be more correct to say, that IT HAS ENGAGED IN THEM, ON THEIR INSTIGATION;" and they *admit*, therefore, that this is an evil, for which *the people have really to blame themselves, AND NOT THE GOVERNMENT*; and which, with a view to their *political rights*, may be considered as *accidental*, if it be not in reality *symptomatic* of their *extent*."

What will our *popular* reformers say to these admissions? Taxes, according to *their* creed, are levied merely to support the luxuries and vices of the great; to retain wicked and abandoned Ministers in power; and, by draining the vital juices of the poor, to hold them in a state of slavery and starvation, fit appendages to an overgrown aristocracy, and a ravenous and bloated monarchy. Some of them, indeed, allow that the produce of the taxes is applied to the carrying on of the war; but then they tell us, that the war itself is persevered in, from ambitious

motives, and to repress the spirit of the nation; and that, if they could but obtain a *reform* in Parliament, we should have *no taxes, no wars, no wicked ministers*; but *peace, plenty, and happiness* would reign throughout the earth, and the millenarian period itself would be anticipated! *Amiable* enthusiasts, what bright prospects do ye hold forth! How cruel of the Edinburgh Reviewers, above all men in the world, to break such golden dreams!

Our northern critics consider, that “*the vast influence of the Crown*,” that horrible bug-bear of reformers, “proceeding from our overgrown debt, and public establishments, is a distemper infinitely more formidable, *and more deeply rooted in the very constitution of the Government*.” DEEPLY ROOTED IN THE VERY CONSTITUTION OF THE GOVERNMENT! The “*vast influence of the Crown*” is “DEEPLY ROOTED IN THE VERY CONSTITUTION!” How is this? Even our *reformers* admit, or *pretend* to admit, that the *constitution* is a *good one*; they do not *tell* us, that they *mean* to subvert it, though we know that that is their wish; but, according to this representation, that terrific evil, *the influence of the crown*, is so *deeply rooted* in the *constitution*, that it can scarcely be possible to dispel the one, without annihilating the other. *Reformers*, beware! the eyes of the Public, thank Heaven, are beginning to be opened!

The third evil, “the monopoly of political power,” is considered, by the Edinburgh Reviewers, to have arisen “not from any innovation upon established principles, but from a gradual change in the circumstances to which these principles are applied; and may be ascribed, rather to an obstinate adherence to old maxims and practices, than to their rash or wilful abandonment.”

These, then, are the evils which, according to Cobbett and his gang of *would-be* “PUBLIC ROBBERS,” might be removed by a parliamentary reform. The Edinburgh Reviewers think otherwise. “We are *rather partial*,” say they, “to this medicine (*reform*) upon the whole; but it requires no ordinary skill in the preparation and *DOSING*; and, *at all events*, we are PERFECTLY CERTAIN, *is not capable of effecting* HALF THE WONDERS that are expected from it!” “We think it our duty to say, that no *such good*, as seems to be in the contemplation of its *present* advocates, can pos-

sibly result from it; and that, while the experiment itself is by no means *free of danger*, it would be altogether extravagant to hope, that it could deliver us from any *considerable* part of the evils we have enumerated.”

So much for the general opinions of the Edinburgh Reviewers, on the subject of parliamentary reform; opinions which, we are ready to confess, they very ably support, in a series of arguments, through which, in a succeeding paper, we shall do ourselves the pleasure of accompanying them. FERRET.

* * The above remarks were written with the view of their insertion in the first Number of this Paper, prior to the appearance of Cobbett’s *Two Shilling Register* of September 30; but, in consequence of the pressure of other matter, they were unavoidably omitted.

The Register here alluded to, shows plainly how “the galled jade” *winces*; as, under the signature of “A SCOTCHMAN,” it contains a long and laboured, though most impotent attack upon the strictures of the Edinburgh Reviewers. This said “SCOTCHMAN,” who probably was never fifty miles from Piccadilly, the place whence his letter is dated, in his life, informs us, that, “in an elaborate Essay on Parliamentary Reform, published in the last number of the Edinburgh Review, certain doctrines are advanced which are to be regarded as irreconcilable to the principles of the British Constitution, and contrary to truth; and therefore deserving public animadversion.” He farther assures us, that the conclusion of the arguments adduced by the Edinburgh Reviewers, seems to be this:—“that the infamous waste of public money [*Quere, what infamous waste?*] admits of no remedy,—that the Whig party, were they in power, would be disposed to act just as the No Popery administration have acted; and that Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Wardle, and their friends, are mere visionaries, when they talk of the introduction of honest principles into state policy!” *En verité*, Mr. SCOTCHMAN, without meddling with the real or assumed conclusions of the Edinburgh Reviewers, we aver it to be our firm belief, sanctioned by experience, “that the Whig party, were they in power, would be disposed to act just as” badly as any administration that ever existed; and as to Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Wardle, and their *friends*,” (amongst whom, no doubt, are classed the domestic tyrant

Cobbett, the ferocious Pierre Franc McCallum, and Peter Finnerty, the bludgeon man, the fabricator of Hogan's pamphlet,) being "*mere visionaries*," these persons must pardon us if we entertain a much worse opinion of them.

We wish to ask this sapient "*SCOTCHMAN*," what the Whig ministers did when they *were* in power, towards the relief of the country, in *any* respect?—At the city meeting, the other day, when the lady's "*invisible petticoat vender*" was raving against the Jubilee and the income-tax, Mr. Dixon pertinently asked him, who *raised* the income-tax. The *reforming* citizen impudently answered, "Lord Grenville; that Lord Grenville, who gave your son a place!" We sincerely wish that Mr. Dixon had had a reply for this retailer of Irish and bad English, as pertinent as his question had been. If he had been acquainted with the history of this man, "whom Lord Kenyon declared he should be loth to believe on his oath," he would have compelled the dastard, fortified as he is with brass, to sink into the earth (1). Without *retorting* upon the citizen, however, he ought to have been told, that, though Lord Grenville was indeed a component part of that administration (the *Whig* administration) which, with unparalleled baseness, and regardlessness of political character and consistency, *raised* the income-tax from $6\frac{1}{4}$ to 10 *per cent.* Mr. Fox, the patriot Fox, the same Fox that had for years been casting the greatest opprobrium upon the income-tax, was the man principally concerned in the odious measure. Indeed, step by step, in every financial act, the *Whig* administration followed their abused and vilified predecessors. No higher compliment than this could be paid to the genius of the immortal son of Chatham!

Our "*SCOTCHMAN*," in looking back upon what he terms "the useless expenditure of the present reign," under a pretence of refuting the arguments of the Edinburgh Reviewers, heaps a plentiful portion of abuse on "the attempt to enslave our fellow subjects," the American rebels; on the war against "*unoffending*" France; and on the "millions upon millions, thrown away as German subsidies." In plain English, this "*SCOTCHMAN*" is a downright democrat, a downright jacobin; one of Cobbett's own kidney; one who, like the *gentle* inhabitants

of "*unoffending*" France, would heartily rejoice, if Kings, Peers, and Parsons were no more. "Such, says he, alluding to certain remarks in the Edinburgh Review," is the doctrine of our *soi disant* Whigs, regarding the very basis of the British Constitution, and nothing so impudently false has been published to the world since the Revolution; nothing more disingenuous in statement or more sophistical in argument.—We are here, in the first place, taught that the Commons of Great Britain are beings of an inferior order to the nobility, not merely in rank and title, but in intellectual endowments and a capacity for business. They are represented as actuated by vulgar feelings and partial interests; incapable of duly appreciating the genuine principles of the British Constitution, and disposed to destroy it, were it not for the salutary control of the sovereign and peers, who, discerning better the true interests of the nation, keep them quiet by *influence*, that is, Bribery."

It is not our object, or intention, to enter into a defence of the arguments of the Edinburgh Reviewers, whom, in fact, we regard as a set of dangerous men; but, for the sake of truth and common justice, we must observe, that no such arguments as are here ascribed to them, appear in the article under consideration.

Having dismissed our "*SCOTCHMAN*," we shall proceed as we originally intended.

FERRET.

SPANISH DOCUMENT.

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT, BY GENERAL CUESTA OF THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA, TO THE SECRETARY AT WAR.

Seville, Sept. 7.

MOST EXCELLENT SIR,—“I removed my head quarters on the 21st current, to Velada, according to what I mentioned in my dispatch of the same night. This communication was made after I had seen, at Oropesa, in the evening of that day, the gallant and illustrious army of the English.—These forces having all reunited in the town, I ordered my vanguard to be placed before Velada, concluding that the firing I then discovered was a skirmishing of our parties with an advanced body of the enemy, stationed at that time in the district of Gamonal, two leagues from Talavera, and which in the sequel was routed and pursued to Casar. At day-break on the 22d, my army being assembled in the extensive plain between Velada and Talavera, I directed that the

(1) We shall "*FERRET*" this gentleman, before long, he may depend upon it,

vanguard, under that intrepid Chief, Brig.-Gen. Don Josef de Zayas, should charge the enemy, who had been reinforced with the division of cavalry of Gen. Latour Maubourg, and I directed that the divisions of infantry and cavalry should march in close order, that, thus advancing towards Talavera, they might resist the attack, if the French should endeavour to force the entrance to this place, as they seemed to have determined. The dispatch of Zayas, No. 1, sent by this opportunity, will give you a perfect knowledge of what occurred on that morning. [This communication is promised in a new Supplement to the *Seville Gazette*, but was not published at the time of the departure of the vessel.]

"The whole army followed the vanguard, passing by Talavera, and took up a position in the olive grounds, between that town and the river Alberche. The British army on the night of the 21st, marched from Oropesa, and on the following morning, united with us; and while the vanguard attacked and repulsed the enemy, the English also filed off by Talavera, to take up a position on our left, according to the plan agreed. It was, Most Excellent Sir, a magnificent exhibition, when we saw the combined armies, in a plain of two leagues extent, advancing upon the enemy, and most brilliant and gratifying was the admirable order, firmness, and gallantry, with which this movement was performed by our allies. The whole evening of the 22d we were reconnoitring the camp of the enemy, when we took some prisoners between the wood and the olive-grounds, who could not reach their vanguard, which had been obliged to retreat in consequence of an intrepid charge by our cavalry.

"During the whole of the 23d nothing deserving notice happened. It was employed in examining the position of the enemy, who had again concentrated his forces in the district of Casalegas, and on the adjacent heights, preserving his vanguard, supported by some pieces of artillery on the bridge and shores of the river Alberche, and which fired the greater part of the day on our skirmishing parties.

"I had agreed with the General in Chief of his Britannic Majesty's army, Sir Arthur Wellesley, as to the attack on the bridge and shores of the river before day-break on the 24th; and to this purpose, I sent onward the 5th division of

infantry, under Marshal de Camp D. Luis de Bassecourt, in the evening of the 23d, in order that, after having crossed at the Ford of Cardiel, three leagues from Talavera, they might march by the contiguous heights, so as, by break of day on the 24th, to fall on the rear-guard and right flank of the army of the enemy at Casalegas. At the same hour, I proposed to attack in person on the left flank, and a part of his front, while the English army assailed the whole of his right. The flight of the enemy during the night of the 23d, disconcerted this plan, and when at dawn of the 24th, we saw the French camp abandoned, I thought it proper to follow them with my army alone (as the British army remained in Casalegas and the shores of the Alberche), with the hope of reaching his rear-guard, or some portion of it. The news which I acquired of his route, apprized me that he had proceeded in two columns by Santa Olalla and Cebolla, and, in consequence, I divided my army so as to follow him in both directions. Notwithstanding the forced march of my army, who made their day's progress without fatigue, we could not accomplish our object, as the enemy had early commenced his retreat, and had proceeded with great rapidity. On the 24th, having posted myself in Santa Olalla, I ordered the troops which had taken the road of Cebolla to join me, with the exception of the 5th corps, which I left there to watch the district, placing the vanguard in the neighbourhood of Alcabon, from whence the piquets of the enemy were dislodged; and pursued to Torrijos, where a considerable part of the army of the enemy were stationed.

"The whole of the 25th was engaged in giving repose to the troops, and in apportioning the rations, which were extremely deficient. Parties of the French during the day were employed either in endeavouring to dislodge us from our posts, or to reconnoitre our situation, but in both attempts they were disappointed by the valour of the Officers commanding the skirmishing parties, who attacked them on all sides; and prevented their approach. At nine o'clock at night, of the same day, I had the information that the enemy was advancing upon Torrijos, and that his whole army was in movement, but my advices did not instruct me to which point the greater part was proceeding. On hearing this, I apprised the Generals, and dispatched an Officer

to General Wellesley. In consequence of his determination and direction, and on finding my vanguard powerfully attacked on the morning of the 26th, by a very superior force, and the enemy indicating a design of making a general attack, I resolved to make a retrograde movement upon the Alberche, to reunite with the English, which I effected on the evening of the same day.

“The dispatches of Brigadier-General Don Josef de Zayas, and of Lieutenant-General the Duke of Albuquerque, Nos. 2 and 3 (not yet published), explain the particulars of the action on the morning of that day, and in which the corps there mentioned acquired great credit for their firmness and valour, &c.

“Thus the evening of the 26th concluded; and, after having conferred with General Wellesley that night on our situation, I resolved to pass the Alberche on the morning of the following day, when we agreed that the right line should be taken by the Spanish, and the left by the English army. The English vanguard remained during that night in Casalegas, and on the heights near it, under Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke, with orders to retire to the opposite side of the river, which were obeyed on the morning of the 27th.

“I must now observe, that at dawn on the 24th Marshal Victor had withdrawn from the post he occupied on the shores of the Alberche, in order to avoid the attack meditated on that day by the allied army; and he afterwards united himself, in the neighbourhood of Toledo, with the forces under General Sebastiani, and with 8000 men, composing the guard of the Royal Impostor, who took the command of the whole, thus congregated, assisted by Marshals Jourdan and Victor, and General Sebastiani.

“It now appeared that the enemy wished to bring on a general action, by the frequent approach of his advanced guard, and by the occupation of Santa Olallo by the whole of his army on the evening of the 26th. His out-posts then approached the allied army. Thus circumstanced, at break of day on the 27th, the position agreed upon was taken; and Sir Arthur Wellesley ordered General Mackenzie, with a division of English infantry and a brigade of cavalry, to continue in the olive plantation on the right side of the Alberche, where this party, composing the vanguard, might cover the right flank of the British army.

“The whole combined army occupied an extent of ground of above three miles: the right towards the Tagus was covered by our native troops, reaching to the front of Talavera. The ground on the left was occupied by the English army, open to and commanded by an elevation, where was assembled, in a second line, a division of English infantry, under the orders of General Hill. Between this height and a chain of mountains, at some distance, there is an inclosure, which, in the first instance, Gen. Wellesley did not order to be defended, because it was commanded by the height, and because it was considered too distant to be useful in the approaching battle. The whole of the ground on which the Spanish army was drawn up, was covered with olive plantations, intersected by sinuosities, inequalities, and cottages. The great road towards the bridge of Alberche was defended by a strong battery, served by our infantry, in front of the Hermitage of Our Lady of the Prado. The other avenues of the district were defended in a similar manner. Talavera was protected by an appointed garrison, and the rest of the Spanish infantry, forming two lines, was placed behind a village, which is at the extremity of the district, and formed a line in continuation of the position taken by the English army. In the centre, and between the two armies, there was a rising ground, where the English had begun to construct a strong redoubt, having in their rear a small plain. At this point was stationed the English General Campbell, who commanded a division of infantry, supported by the brigade of dragoons of Gen. Cotton, and by some squadrons of our cavalry.

“Our combined army being thus arranged, the enemy presented himself in considerable force to our view, manifesting, at first, an intention to attack the division of the vanguard under Gen. Mackenzie. In point of fact, he fulfilled this design before that Officer was enabled to retire to his proper position, but these gallant and disciplined troops which composed the brigade of Gen. Mackenzie, of Col. Donkins, the brigade of cavalry of General Anson, and their corps, supported by General Payne, with four regiments of cavalry, posted in the plain and olive grounds of Talavera, retired in most admirable order, but not without some loss in the olive-grounds, particularly two of the corps of this division. The regularity, steadiness, and fortitude of all

these troops, as well as the military talents of General Mackenzie, were conspicuous in every movement, and this Officer is deserving of the highest praise and admiration for the coolness and serenity with which he withdrew this division to the left of the British army.

"The number of the enemy increased on the right bank of the Alberche as the day advanced, and every thing indicated his determination to give battle to the combined forces.

"As dusk approached, he commenced a furious attack by a cannonade, and a charge by the whole of his cavalry, on the right, occupied by the Spanish infantry, with the apparent design of breaking through our ranks, posted as I have before described. This attack was received by an active fire, and perfectly well-sustained, both of cannon and musketry, which disconcerted the purpose of the enemy, and put him to flight, at a quarter past eight. During this time, a strong division of the French advanced by the valley to the left of the height occupied by General Hill, of which, with very great loss, they obtained a momentary possession, but Hill returned to the charge presently with the bayonet, drove off the enemy, and recovered his ground. In the night the French repeated their attack, but without succeeding, and with great loss. At break of day on the 28th they returned with two divisions of infantry, but they were repulsed by the brave Hill, who could not be intimidated by their repeated attempts, or by the progressive accumulation of the forces of the assailants.

"General Wellesley, in consequence of these renewed exertions of the enemy by the valley, on the left side of the height, ordered thither two brigades of his cavalry, supported by Lieutenant General the Duke of Albuquerque, with the whole of his division of cavalry. The French, seeing this movement, sent sharpshooters into the chain of mountains to the left of the valley, who were attacked by the 5th division of my infantry under Marshal de Camp, Don Luis Bassecourt, who dislodged them with much loss.

"The general attack commenced by the advance of different columns of the enemy's infantry, with the intention of attacking the height occupied by Gen. Hill. These columns were charged by two parties of English dragoons, under the command of Gen. Anson, led by Lieut.-Gen. Payne, and supported by the brigade of cavalry of the line of Gen.

Tanne. One of these regiments of English dragoons suffered very much; but this spirited charge had the effect of disconcerting the designs of the enemy, who sustained a very great loss. At the same time, the French attacked the centre of the army, where the English Gen. Campbell was stationed, having on his right Lieut.-Gen. Don Francisco de Eguia; the enemy was driven back by both these Generals, who had their infantry supported by the King's regiment of cavalry, and by the division of Lieut.-Gen. Don Juan de Henestrosa. This corps covered itself with glory in the charge that it made on the infantry of the enemy, during which it turned the column by which it was assailed; under which advantage, the English infantry, protected by the Spanish, possessed themselves of the artillery of the enemy. At the same time with these proceedings, the French attacked with fury the centre of the English army, commanded by Gen. Sherbrooke. The foes were received with extraordinary courage, and were driven back by the whole English division, with charged bayonets. But the English brigade of guards, which was carried onward precipitately in the ardour of battle, advanced too far, and was in consequence obliged to withdraw under the fire of the second line, composed of the brigade of cavalry of Gen. Cotton, and of a battalion of infantry detached from the height by Gen. Wellesley, as soon as he observed the remote situation of the guards. Gen. Howard, who commanded the English artillery, was distinguished for his extraordinary courage, and performed the most important services.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman of rank, who wrote to me from the neighbourhood of Bath, is informed that his Manuscript has not been received, and I have given over all hopes of obtaining it. He may, perhaps, furnish me with another copy.—I cannot consent to insert any Essays which have appeared in a London Paper. The Country Paper alluded to, is not to be met with here.

Various communications wait only for want of room.

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"England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride, THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!—Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.

CONTENTS.—*The Jubilee.*—Exposure of the infamous artifices of the English Democrats, to ridicule this glorious anniversary.—Cobbett's threat turned to ridicule.—Infamous comparison of Buonaparte to George the Third.—Some new truths and falsehoods of Cobbett brought to light.—Insults of the Jacobins to the people of Great Britain.—An attempt to rouse them!—A new mode of bribery, never before heard of!—Remarks on the Dinner Committee advertising against an illumination.—Observations on the Moniteur's Comments on the battle of Talavera.—Discussion of the subject of the Correspondence between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning.—Refutation of the Moniteur's remarks about the Scheldt expedition.—Another Chapter of the "Life of the Hampshire Demagogue."—Public documents, &c. &c.

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*** THE FIRST-NUMBER OF THIS REGISTER

having been reprinted, is now ready for delivery.

Several complaints having been made to me from the country, of the non-arrival of Number II. I have endeavoured to discover the causes, and I find the following to be one of them. The country orders are not served by my people, but are delivered to the Newsmen, who buy the Papers at my Office. With the first Number of any Paper, they send a printed letter, requesting either a quarter's payment in advance, or a reference for payment in town, when due. If this request be not attended to before the next publication of a Weekly Paper, they discontinue the Paper till they obtain an answer. I mention this fact to prevent the injury which I may sustain by such abrupt precaution on the part of the News-Venders.

THE JUBILEE.

"Oh! baseness, to support a tyrant throne,
And crush your free-born brethren of the world!"
DRYDEN.

"—He pointed to a portrait of Buonaparte; and taking off his hat, gave three huzzas, in which he was joined by all those around him!!!"
—COBBETT'S Description of an English Jacobin in the Year 1801.

OH! "give me an ounce of civet," as Shakspeare says, to drive away the nauseating stink of revolutionary principles! After handling and poring over the double quantum of Sedition which last Saturday has afforded, I shall really fear that I am contaminated—I shall apprehend that, like the plague, the disgust occasioned by coming near it will effect some change in my external appearance; a change which may cause me to be taken for a Jacobin!—It is the Jubilee, I perceive, that has caused the countenances

of the English democrats to be bloated with the livid petechiæ of disappointment—They see in it the sudden destruction of all their hopes—the Colossus of Jacobinism will be overthrown by it, and the results of many a hard month of revolutionary labour will, by the "loyalty" of this day-week be rendered nugatory.—In short, like the children of Israel, the democrats are already confounded by anticipating the miseries which the temporary frustration of their infamous plans will entail upon them; and we may already perceive the confusion of tongues amongst them to be so great, that they can hardly understand each other! The Arch-Rabbi of Jacobinism, however, speaks plain. Every body can now understand him, from "the gindrenched rabble" as he lately called our labouring people, upwards, to, I hope, a personage denominated the Attorney-general!—Indeed it would be a pity if he were not perfectly understood, and therefore I will do all in my power to give publicity to his opinion of our approaching day of festivity!

It must be fresh in the memory of many of my readers, that the Botley Demagogue some weeks ago, finding that abuse and scurrility would not answer the purpose, held out a sort of threat to those who were most forward in proposing this grateful testimony of veneration for their beloved Sovereign. Having seen a paragraph in some of the papers, to the effect that the unfortunate people of the capital of subjugated Poland were about to have a Jubilee, in remembrance of the birthday of their enslaver (or rather, that the French civil and military authorities had planned some sort of festivity for that

day, as they are obliged to do everywhere else, in token of their servility)—having observed this, he asks if it is a proof of his (Napoleon) being hated?—as if the proceedings of whole countries, bowed down to the very earth by the oppression of a foreign despot, ought to be taken as an indication of their feelings, or mentioned in the same breath or the same page with the loyal intentions of a brave nation, who are determined to be free; and who, knowing that *their* Sovereign has neither the will nor the power to encroach upon the privileges which their ancestors have secured to them, have *for forty-nine years*, looked up to him with an affection bordering upon idolatry.—What strange infatuation could have possessed these degenerate corruptors of the press—these daring abusers of the mild toleration of our laws—what could they be thinking of, when they supposed *their* power sufficient, even with the aid of all their various engines, to control the determination of a whole kingdom?—What arrogance—what folly—what madness!—But it is their observance of the complete frustration of their combined attempts that has driven them to desperation.—Hence the leading demagogue, a few weeks since, having foresight enough to discover that we were determined on having a Jubilee, thus fulminated his rage: I even think I behold how he

“—grinn’d horribly a ghastly smile,” when the following democratical threat issued from his pen, probably in *red-ink*!—“Oh! you hirelings, publish any of your brilliant accounts if you dare: *we* will immediately publish alongside of them the brilliant accounts of the loyal celebrations in honour of the Buonapartes, and *we will stand our chance for public opinion!*” [What? “In spite of all the hell of democracy, I suppose!”—Why is this damning burst of your former loyalty omitted?—It must every now and then, Jack, stick in your gizzard; it must, *it shall*, indeed!—though, I perceive, it is left out of the *new* edition of your life, now selling for half-a-crown, and which is held up “*as an example to all young men!!*”]

Well “we,” that is the Jacobins, have stood their chance, and finding it already at least a thousand to one against them, they have all on a sudden become chop-fallen! The *threat* would not do. Neither the rich and arrogant boobies of the city—whose disaffection I firmly believe, arises merely from their love of the ap-

plause of the vulgar (for the whole gang of them can only rant, perpetually in the same strains, against abuses, and which, if they had the power, they do not possess the ability to remedy)—Neither, I say, this heterogeneous gang of London, nor the “Independent Whigs” of Sheffield, Nottingham, and the other manufacturing towns—those foci for the “shreds and patches” of democracy, can prevent the people of England rejoicing from the very bottom of their hearts on this day se’nnight! This, then is the only resource of the *Anti-Jubileans*, those religion-of-reason-men, those would-be-royal-butchers, those ready *Octoberisers*,* those Chalk-Farm desperadoes, *la canaille sanguinaire* of Great Britain: they cannot frighten us into an abandonment of loyalty, and therefore they console themselves, by raising Napoleon to a level with the worshipped Sovereign of our fortunate land. Jack Cade, for example, after alluding to some continental Jubilees, gives us the important information, that “*Te Deum*” means “singing psalms of praise to God!” So; Jack does this, perhaps, to show that he has learnt Latin. But this will not immortalise him, however much he may wish to sink to the grave with the reputation of being a scholar: for, as Solomon says, there is nothing new under the

* Every person who was above the age of childhood at the epoch when the French anarchists wallowed in the blood of their princes and nobles, well recollect the dreadful massacre which took place in September 1793, when the *sovereign people* murdered the defenceless persons of property, with whom their National Assembly had filled the Conciergerie and other prisons of the metropolis. For the feats they performed on this day of horrors, they were long afterwards distinguished by the appellation of *Septembrisers*.—Quere, would not those who ridicule and condemn our approaching Jubilee, exult in having an opportunity of acting *as nearly* like the Septembrisers, as English Democrats can resemble French ones? For, much as I detest the former, I do not think that, in the very zenith of their success, they would carry the heads of our Princesses through the streets, on mop-sticks, as the Parisians did the head of the Princess Lamballe!

† The first *negative* compliment that I had paid to me, on account of this Register, was a *congratulation* on the striking resemblance of my style to Cobbett’s. My answer was, that “I am sorry for it; but I write so on purpose; necessity has no law. To refute and ridicule the brute, he must be attacked *in his own way*. No classical pearls ought to be wasted on jacobinical swine: No; let us throw hack, with strong constitutional weapons, the revolutionary dust which they have kicked up—Let us knock it in their eyes and down their throats till, like the assassins of Polyphemus, we blind and suffocate them!”

sun; and I remember having heard that the celebrated Dr. Franklin (who, by the bye, bore about him a good deal of the character of Jacobin and Rebel) learnt French when he was 75 years old. But who "*learnt*" Jack Latin? *N'importe!*—Let us get to the subject. Jack says "our people *assert* Napoleon to be a "despot; and *some of them* accuse him "of being a profound hypocrite." I am truly glad to hear this—it must, under all the circumstances of the case, be one of Cobbett's "truths." As long as *our people* assert Napoleon to be a despot, there is no fear. But is it only *some* of us, that *accuse* him of being a *profound hypocrite*? I thought there were scarcely *any* of us who did not *know* him to be one, and also know that his *hypocrisy*, even when he denied his Saviour, to gain the good will of the Turks, is a mere peccadillo, compared to his other enormous and horrible crimes, which will one day assuredly be brought against him by the "Registering Angel!"—Cobbett what did *you* say about "the Usurper?" what epithets did you search the dictionary to find, in order to revile him, at the peace of 1801, and to hold up to public contempt Charles James Fox and Sir Joseph Banks, for going to his Court, in the spring of 1802? But now *you* say, *we* are the revilers of this same Usurper.—You say that Buonaparte's people never describe in this way *our* Sovereign and his family,—"*Credat Judæus?*" Dost know Latin enough to translate these two words? In case thou shouldst not, I will translate them to thy hand? They mean, "*Who will believe Judas?*" or a liar is not to be believed, though he speak truth. What bold, what daring effrontery must that miscreant have, who can unblushingly assert, in print too, that Buonaparte never abuses the British Royal Family, and in the same sheet attribute to him all the political farragos that appear in the *Moniteur*! One can hardly believe one's senses, on perceiving that a free press can be so perverted, as to give publicity to so detestable a falsehood, when every man knows that the most infamous libels *have* appeared in that Paper against our Royal Family, whenever its director had any particular diatribe to insert against the British nation, with a view to justify some of his new projects of ambition. Why, it is not more than two or three years since such a detestable libel was inserted in that very *Moniteur*, that not one of our Daily Prints would give it

publicity—Even the few noted jacobinical ones which *then* existed, declared it was *unfit* for the public eye; while the *Times* (as little remarkable as any of them for justice or liberality) execrated the abandoned writer, and, in its paper, filled up the space of the libel with asterisks! Englishmen, is not this the case? You know it well; and yet it seems you must tamely suffer your feelings to be outraged by having, in English print, Ali Buonaparte, the murderer of Jaffa, placed in competition with "such a sovereign as George the Third!" Oh! the blessed liberty of the press in Great Britain—Here it is exemplified with a vengeance indeed!

Jack Cade, a little farther on, affects to be *satirical* on the sufferings of the poor millions of people on the continent, who now, through their *Grand Monarque's* inveteracy, and our firmness, are deprived of what, to them, are the common necessities of life, viz. coffee and sugar—[Quere, what will Jack say next Saturday, about Buonaparte wishing and offering to rescind his decrees, *provided* we will consent to allow neutrals to enter his harbours, and bring to his spiritless and murmuring people those necessary articles]—He says, when ridiculing the blessings we enjoy, (blessings for which he will find we can "*fight well*," when the day comes that he has so often dared to wish for)—that "the Jubilee people "of England tell us that these indications "of love and gratitude are *not sincere*; "that the people, the *real people*, of "France, Austria, Spain, Italy, Poland, "&c. &c. hate him and his authority, "and every limb and branch and shoot "and bud of his debauched and corrupted "family, than which, *as is asserted* there "is not, in all history, ancient or modern, an instance of any one family, in "any nation, or in any rank of life, more "completely void of every thing like "principle, whether of morality or of "honour; and that, of course, so far "from rejoicing, and praising God, for "his existence, they would, if left to "their own will, if unrestrained by the "innumerable troops that every where "have a bayonet pointed at their breasts, "put up public prayers for his extermination, lest, by any accident, his race "should be multiplied." So says Cobbett; and here he is forced to admit a double sort of "truth," for that the Jubilee-people do tell us the *real* truth, the English democrats are too well convinc-

ed; as a proof of which, our libeller of "George the Third" has not a word to say in contradiction to what these same Jubilee-people tell us; but diverges from the main point, to abuse those loyal citizens, who carried the motion for a thanksgiving. "The Jubilee discussions," says he, "in the London Common Council, have been *very interesting*, and cannot fail, in due time, to produce a good effect." I think so too, though with different reasons; for these very discussions have done more to open the eyes of the really well-meaning citizens as to the motives of the demagogues, than all "*the occurrences of the last fifty years!*"—They now see what it is they want, and every time their duty calls them to the Hall to meet the Jacobin bullies, they instinctively, as it were, keep their hands in their breeches pockets; as if it were to say, we know what *your* aim is, but the property that *we* have earned by our industry, we will keep for our posterity—Neither you nor your *French friends* shall deprive us of it!

I shall conclude what remains to be said on Cobbett's sentiments relative to the Jubilee, with pointing out another of what I suppose he calls his "*truths*;" but which I, in plain English, call a scandalous lie! He says, speaking of the motion in the Common Council, "After having, as they thought, carried a measure, intended to set the example of *boozing and gormandizing and carousing all over the country*, drowning the senses and recollection of the nation in toasting and cheering and hallooing, the movers of this measure, though not much subject to blushing, have been driven to abandon it, [Perhaps not. In that respect they resemble you; for you only admit having *blushed* once in your life, namely when you was *suspected of bastardy!*] "and instead of going to a *tavern* they have agreed to go to a *church*; instead of a *drunk* [here's a sublime and beautiful expression, reader. This, I suppose, is the first result of Jack's Latin knowledge, as far as it *improves* his English!] "they have agreed to have a *thanksgiving*." What egregious, what despicable nonsense is all this! They met to consider on the *best way* of testifying their veneration for their Sovereign, and, as might naturally be supposed, the result was, a resolution to go to church and to have a *fast*! The only

the Lord Mayor, to give the members true old English fare—roast-beef and plumb-pudding!—By this liberal proposition, the funds which were voted for a dinner, are to be applied to the noble purpose of liberating the distressed and unfortunate debtors; and we have besides the satisfaction to see that subscriptions for the same laudable purpose are raising in all parts of the kingdom. Thus we shall have a day of rejoicing from one end of the empire to the other; and conducted, I hope, in a manner worthy of the enlightened and independent people of our great and invulnerable empire.

I was about to conclude this article, when it occurred to me, that I had made a simile between the confusion and chagrin of the Jacobins on the present occasion, and the confusion of tongues, which, we are told, prevailed at the building of the tower of Babel! The fact is, that our modern democrats, finding that they cannot prevent the Jubilee from being generally celebrated, are reviling the very "*people*" whose feelings they have so long tampered with! Cobbett, for example, calls them "*the gin drenched rabble*;" but Mr. "Independent Whig," in his paper of last Sunday, declares that they are *totally indifferent to any thing* (and yet, from the interest they take in the Jubilee, he must evidently be mistaken!) Indeed, he himself thinks, that he is so; for, in the next page, hoping that he can ROUSE this said "*people*," who are so "*totally indifferent*," he calls the "Jubilee a contemptible mockery, a deliberate insult, a refinement of cruelty and malice upon an *aggravated* and suffering nation, an idle and useless show"—and at last he prays for Heaven to grant him *patience* to endure the sight of it. [How fine!] I hope he will obtain the boon; for I am really an enemy to bloodshed; though I cannot think of next Wednesday night without apprehending that the Coroner will have his hands full of business for the remainder of the week—Many an incorrigible Jacobin, unable to see or hear of the emanations of genuine British loyalty on that night, will resort to poison, hemp, or steel! But oh! says Mr. Whig, in the paroxysm of his revolutionary fervour, "if my fellow countrymen [*his fellow countrymen!* how laughable] have but one *little particle* of native dignity and shame;—or "the tender, sympathetic feeling for the awful and calamitous situation of their country, let them refuse to imitate the



“contagious example, and avoid the disgusting scene! [Why does he not tell them, in the words of Shakspeare, for he can be very poetical, when he has a mind, to “hide their diminished heads”] —If, under the specious pretence of “munificence and liberality, they should seek to bribe the poor and virtuous part of the community with the *sweepings of their trenchers*, and the *scattered fragments of their tables*, [How pathetic! An odd sort of a *bribe*, notwithstanding, and, in my mind rather fit for a dog than a Briton] let them indignantly spurn at the insidious and insulting boon, for they may rest assured that every morsel which, from pretended charity, they receive, will, hereafter be *exact*ed from them a *hundred fold*. [Thus, the poor, according to this Jacobin’s arguments, must be *rich*, at least in the *good things* of the world; for, if they are obliged to refund the *sweepings of trenchers* an *hundred fold*, I conceive that they will have to disgorge more than was at first placed on them!] and they will justly merit the gross and vulgar epithet, formerly bestowed upon them by a *pensioned apostate*, and be stigmatised as a ‘SWINISH RABBLE,’ *fit only to be trampled in the mire!*”

Ah! *Monsieur le Vhig*, as a Frenchman would say, this is an excellent *morceau de Jacobinisme*. But it will not do, Sir; for every man, I will answer for it, from the prince to the cobbler, provided he be not in the pay of Buonaparte, or have not caught the pestiferous revolutionary influenza, will keep the glorious anniversary in the day-time, and illuminate his windows in the evening, though it may be only with a farthing rush-light; or, if that be not procurable, with the ancient native light of Cobbett’s grandmother—a rush dipped in oil.”

I have a good deal more to say on the *Jubilee*; but at present I can only find room briefly to express my surprise and astonishment at the advertisement which has just been issued by the Committee for conducting the dinner at Merchant Taylor’s Hall—They will have a *feast*, but they want to prevent the public from putting lights in their windows! Strange inconsistency! It seems to me to savour very much of *pusillanimity*—as if, for example, they were *afraid* of the overbearing, and bullying of the Jacobins—But this I should hope, is not the case; yet, how does it happen, that a mere handful of individuals can presume

to influence or control the wishes of a whole city? I will return to this subject at another opportunity. At present I can only say that, as far as I have been able to judge, it is the firm opinion of every loyal man, that no means ought to be omitted to show that the sentiment is general. That we shall have an illumination throughout London on the day in question, is certain; and I am extremely sorry that such respectable gentlemen as those who form the above-mentioned committee, should have suffered their judgment to be overcome by a few *gabbling idiots*, and be induced to compromise themselves in the foolish way they have done. Would to heaven I had been amongst them! F. W. B.

In every town and city it is resolved to attend divine service, and the whole nation, like one great family, will assemble in solemn prayer and thanksgiving, for the protection so long afforded to the father of his people in the most arduous situations, and in the most trying times.

The following is the Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving to be adopted on the 25th of this month:

“O God, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, and to whom alone it belongeth to distribute mercies, as well in lengthening as in shortening the days of men, we yield thee praise and thanksgiving for the protection thou hast vouchsafed to our gracious Sovereign, during a long and arduous reign. Continue, we pray thee, thy watchfulness over him: shield him from the open attacks of his enemies, and from hidden dangers; from the arrow that flieth by day, and from the pestilence that walketh in darkness: enlighten his Councils for the public good; strengthen all his measures: and when it shall seem fit to thine unerring wisdom, perfect the ends of both; the restoration of peace and security to his people, of concord and independence to contending and bleeding nations.—These blessings, and mercies, we implore for our Sovereign, ourselves, our Allies, and our enemies, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.”

NOTES OF THE MONITEUR ON THE BATTLE OF TALAVERA.—The comments of Buonaparte’s political writers on the defeat of the vast French army at Talavera are so absurd and contradictory, and so replete with falsehood, that they

are scarcely worthy of refutation. As Lord Wellington, from his bravery and talents, is honoured by the perpetual abuse of the English democrats, and his own secret enemies, it is natural enough that the French should second their calumnious views, and attempt to stigmatise the professional conduct of a man who has wrested from their brows the laurel of victory. But the reader will not fail to perceive the difference of character between the writings of the French and the English assailants of his Lordship. They will perceive that the latter are only anxious to speak light of his Lordship's talents, in order to draw off the attention of their own countrymen from the odium which the defeat has cast upon their army. The French stricture, therefore, contain none of those ferocious, assassin-like attacks upon his Lordship which are heaped upon him by Cobbett and other English demagogues.

Respecting some of the absurd shifts to which the *Moniteur* is reduced, in order to hide the disgrace of its army in Spain, a valuable correspondent has transmitted me the following pointed observations. The French account, being a document worthy of preservation, for the purpose of reference and contrast, shall be inserted as soon as room can be found for it.

SIR,

Within these few days, an article has appeared in the paper, translated from the *Moniteur*, on the campaign in Spain. On this article I beg leave to offer a few remarks, not from its importance, for it is really fuller of palpable falsehoods than perhaps any other thing which ever disgraced the columns of that servile Paper: but for the purpose of pointing out to what miserable shifts, some writers (*in London*) will have recourse, to gratify their abominable malignity. The *Moniteur* sets out with a wish (how sincere I leave you to judge) that Lord Wellington would always command the English armies. And why? Because "With his character he will suffer some great catastrophe. It appears that he has neither spies, nor any accurate information, which is astonishing in a country where England has so many partizans." And how does the sapient *Moniteur* prove this? By saying that Lord Wellington *thought* he had only to do with 10 or 12,000 men; that is, the united corps of Soult, Ney, and Mortier, at Placentia, "when, in fact, they amounted to 70,000 men." It is won-

derful with what ease the French writers can magnify, or diminish the size of their armies, to suit their purpose.—Where this army of 70,000 men could come from, God only knows; but every mortal knows, that Soult, only a few weeks before, fled out of Portugal, before our bayonets, with not more than 10 or 11,000, and his two coadjutors had been kept at bay in Galicia, and had even been driven from Vigo, and compelled to abandon Corunna, by a handful of Spaniards under the Marquis Romana; so that this part of the army could not much exceed 25,000 men; though LORD WELLINGTON SUPPOSED THEY MIGHT AMOUNT TO 30,000 and *not* 10 or 12,000, as the lying *Moniteur* says. In another place the *Moniteur* calls it a singular calculation of Lord Wellington, where he estimated the forces under Victor, after allowing 12,000 to watch Vanegas, and 10 or 11,000 killed and wounded in the battle of Talavera, at 25,000, and immediately makes a pompous enumeration of those forces, to show the fallacy of that calculation. He says, "The first corps is composed of 36 battalions, the fourth of 30, and the reserve of 20; and the cavalry of 40 squadrons; Lord Wellington had, therefore, around him 170 battalions, and 80 or 90 squadrons, and he expected to conquer Madrid with 20,000 men. We do not speak of the Spaniards; they may be reckoned as of consequence for plundering single persons, or defending themselves behind a wall, but very little account can be made of them in a regular battle, as the English may have been convinced." Now, according to this account, there were under Victor 86 battalions, and 40 squadrons, which, taken from the whole French force of 170 battalions and 80 or 90 squadrons, leaves under Soult 84 battalions and 40 or 50 squadrons; and if these consist of 70,000 men, as the *Moniteur* states, then 86 battalions and 40 squadrons under Victor must be about the same number.—Here, then, the French on the 3d of August, have two armies of 70,000 men each, the one at Placentia and the other at Talavera, about 40 or 50 miles distant from each other; midway between these, at Orapesa, are the English and Spaniards, consisting of, according to the *Moniteur*, 50,000, surrounded, by the *Moniteur's* account; for he says the 170 battalions, and 80 or 90 squadrons were "around them." Let us suppose for a

moment this account of the *Moniteur* to be true; what a glorious, what an animating consideration it must be to us, to behold our little army, of 20,000, who, "*fight well,*" with no other aid than 30,000 Spaniards "*of no consequence,*" set at defiance 140,000 of the enemy! They suffer them to cross the bridge at Arco Bispo, and to take a position at Deleytosa, without daring to follow them. Why, with 140,000 they ought to have dispersed the allies, and had possession of both Lisbon and Cadiz in less than three weeks! If this account were true, Buonaparte would not suffer one of his five marshals to wear his head a month longer, and even *Joe Bottle*, as the Spaniards call him, would feel his crown in danger. In their first report of the battle of Talavera, the French said, that the ALLIES WERE THREE TIMES AS NUMEROUS AS THEY WERE; they now say the allies consisted of 55,000 men; therefore, the French were between 18 and 19,000; but, by the above splendid statement, Victor must have had, before the battle, at least 90,000: so much for *French veracity as to numbers!* The fact is, the French were nothing like so numerous as this latter account represents—Soult had not more than 25, or 30,00 men; and, had it not been for the cowardice or treachery of Cuesta, who might have defended the strong position of Talavera for many days, the English would have come rapidly upon, and totally routed them.

I come now to the point, and that, is to review the conduct of the *Times* in its comments on this French article; and they are really very curious and very valuable. The notes of the *Moniteur* appeared before the Editor of the *Times* in so dazzling a light, that they actually deprived the poor man of his reasoning faculties, and made him say some things, which, in his sane moments, he would be ashamed of. They made him say, "while he, (meaning the enemy) allows that we can fight well, he describes the Spaniards as of consequence only in plundering single persons, &c. We may surely, therefore, believe such an umpire as this, when, upon the subject of abandoning the British sick and wounded, he declares that Cuesta did right to leave Talavera; if he had delayed, he had been lost." Truly, this is the most curious piece of logic I have seen for some time. Because the French do what every one would expect them to do; that is, endeavour to sow

dissention between the allies, we are to believe whatever they chuse to say, when speaking of the operations of those allies. But the *Times*, after agreeing with the *Moniteur* as to Cuesta doing right, has this pretty little inuendo: "*it was not, therefore, Cuesta by whom they (the sick and wounded) were deserted;*" the meaning of which is obvious. Lord Wellington basely deserted his sick!! Why do you not boldly say so, good Mr. *Times*?—Hear the *Times* again—"The misconceptions of our *generals* are fully exposed. Mind *generals*, not general, O, no! the general in chief is too great a favourite with the Editor of the *Times*, to have *all* the blame! it must, therefore, be divided among *all* the generals. What a cunning Jesuit it is! mark him again, quoting Lord Wellington's dispatch: "I preferred to go, (that is to meet Soult), from thinking that the British troops were most likely to do the business effectually, and without contest: he exclaims, "*Blind confidence!*" No, no, Mr. *Times*, it was not *blind* confidence, it was a just confidence in his own skill, and in the valour of his troops; and, if you were not blinded by malice, you would see it that in light. Depend on it, Sir, you will gain no credit by seeking every opportunity, like the Botley Demagogue, to vent your spleen against this distinguished officer. You will never make the reflecting part of your countrymen believe, that the surest way to sever your country is, by endeavouring to tarnish the fame of its greatest heroes.—I am, &c.

B. M.

Pentonville, Oct. 16, 1809.

PEACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.—The Jacobins have, alas! another subject for exultation. The fate of Austria is decided by a most humiliating and disgraceful Peace!—Their next triumph will be in the subjugation of Spain, an event which is now, we fear, inevitable!—Ministers are said to have received last night, the distressing intelligence of Austria's humiliation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The excellent Letter of J. J. W. J. on the Roman and English laws, shall appear, if possible, in the next number. The promised favours of various other friends to this undertaking, will be accepted with pleasure.

A series of Letters will speedily be inserted, addressed to Cobbett's leading patrons; pointing out the consequence of such patronage and association at this awful crisis.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF
WILLIAM COBBETT,

THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

*Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America
and in Great Britain.*

“Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant.”

“He is the spider, in the emblem; he fetches poison out of every thing, and had rather go to hell in a rebellious road, of his own finding, than to heaven in the way of peace and obedience.”

CHARACTER OF A WHIG.

CHAPTER III.

A sea view.—A burst of patriotism.—Cobbett mounts the flying horse.—A blazon of arms.—Cobbett libels the navy.—Is advised to have nothing to do with Miss Roper.—His delicacy is shocked.—Cobbett blushes at being suspected of bastardy.—Disclaims patriotism and philosophy.—Pegasus tosses him off, but does not kick his brains out.—Cobbett goes to plough again.—Afflicted with ennui.—Cobbett's gallantry.—Unexpectedly finds himself in London.—Having been disobedient, he becomes ashamed, and repents.—Becomes one of the Devil's minor agents.—Unacquainted with legal pot-hooks and ladders.—Picture of a petty-fogger's office.—Pious invocation.—Cobbett scared out of his wits by an ugly old woman.—A Gray's Inn Venus.—A walk in St. James's Park.—A cunning bird caught with chaff.—About to be transported to Elysium.

AFTER a due season of repose, we proceed to inform the reader, on the credit of our hero himself, that, towards the autumn of 1782, Cobbett went to visit a relation, who lived in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth. “From the top of Portsdown,” says Cobbett, “I, for the first time, beheld the sea, and no sooner did I behold it, than I wished to be a sailor. I could never account for this sudden impulse, nor can I now. Almost all English boys feel the same inclination: it would seem that, like young ducks, instinct leads them to rush on the bosom of the water. But it was not the sea alone I saw: the grand fleet was riding at anchor at Spithead. I had heard of the wooden walls of Old England: I had formed my ideas of a ship, and of a fleet; but what I now beheld, so far surpassed what I had ever been able to form a conception of, that I stood lost between astonishment and admiration. I had heard talk of the glorious deeds of our admirals and sailors, of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and of all those memorable combats, that good and true Englishmen never fail to relate to their children about a hundred times a year. The brave Rodney's victories over our natural enemies, the French and Spaniards, had long been the theme of our

praise, and the burden of our songs. The sight of the fleet brought all these into my mind; in confused order, it is true, but with irresistible force. My heart was inflated with national pride. The sailors were my countrymen; the fleet belonged to my country, and, surely, I had my part in it, and in all its honours: yet, those honours I had not earned; I took to myself a sort of reproach for possessing what I had no right to, and resolved to have a just claim, by sharing in the hardships and dangers.”

How loyal, how patriotic Cobbett was when he wrote this!—He arrived at his *uncle's*, he tells us [this is the first time that we knew he had an uncle] late in the evening, with his mind full of his seafaring project. He “had walked thirty miles during the day, and consequently was well wearied;” but he “slept not a moment.” As soon as it was daylight, he arose and walked down towards the old castle, on the beach of Spithead; and, by giving sixpence to an invalid, he obtained permission to go upon the battlements. There he had a closer view of the fleet, and, at every look, his impatience to be on board increased. “In short,” says he, “I went from the castle to Portsmouth, got into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board the Pegasus (1) man of war.”

Cobbett tells us, that “the captain had more compassion than is generally met with in men of *his* profession.” Thus, a gross libel, upon the noblest profession in the world, appears to have escaped from the pen of William Cobbett, even in one of his paroxysms of loyalty; as, of all men in the world, British sailors are universally allowed to be the most compassionate, the most liberal, the most

(1) Le Pegase. This was the 74 gun-ship, which, in the spring of the year (1792) had been captured by the present Earl St. Vincent, who then commanded the Foudroyant. It was from this capture, that his Lordship thought proper to select the supporters of his shield of honour:—on the dexter side appears the Eagle, with the thunder of Jove, representing the Foudroyant, which he commanded; and, on the sinister, the offspring of Medusa, the Pegasus, which he had vanquished.—The Hon. Captain Berkeley, brother to the present Earl of Berkeley, who had been in the action, at the time of Cobbett's visit to Portsmouth, commanded the Pegasus. It was this gentleman, now a flag-officer, who commanded the Marlborough, on the ever-memorable 1st of June, 1794; and who, at the time of the engagement between the Leopard and Chesapeake, in 1807, most nobly supported the honour of the British flag, on the American station.

generous!—The captain of the Pegasus, however, represented to young Cobbett the toils which he must undergo, and the punishment which the least disobedience or neglect would subject him to. “He persuaded me,” says Cobbett, “to return home, and I remember he concluded his advice with telling me, that it was better to be led to church in a halter, to be tied to a girl that I did not like, than to be tied to the gangway, or, as the sailors call it, married to *Miss Roper*.” Poor Cobbett! He perceived, “from the conclusion of this wholesome counsel,” “that the captain thought,” that he “had eloped on account of a bastard!” The youth’s modesty—yea, even young Cobbett’s *modesty*—was grossly shocked; and, if we are to believe him, he actually “*blushed*!” “*I blushed*,” says Cobbett, and that confirmed him in his opinion; “*but I declare to the reader, that I WAS NO MORE GUILTY OF SUCH AN OFFENCE, than Mr. Swanwick (2), or any other gentlemen who is constitutionally virtuous. No; thank heaven, I have none of the Franklintonian crimes to accuse myself of; my children do not hang their hats up in other men’s houses; I am neither patriot nor philosopher.*”

That Cobbett is “neither patriot nor philosopher,” is another of Cobbett’s *rare* truths; whether any of his children “hang their hats up in other men’s houses,” we cannot pretend to say; but we certainly feel disposed to class him among those *ungentlemanly* beings, who are *not constitutionally virtuous*.

Cobbett tells us, that he *in vain* attempted to convince Captain Berkeley, that *choice alone* had led him to the sea. Captain Berkeley sent him on shore; and the young adventurer then applied to the port admiral, to get his “name enrolled among those who were destined for the service;” but as he was, “*in some sort* [he does not tell us how far he adhered to truth] obliged to acquaint the admiral with what had passed on board the Pegasus,” his “request was refused,” and he “*happily* escaped, *sorely against* his” “will, from the most toilsome and perilous profession in the world.

Ah, Cobbett! lucky dog! thou didst not then know what a great man thou wast destined to be! that thou wast to have thy “picture stuck in the windows, and have *four whole books* published

about” thee, “in the course of *one week*!” How inscrutable are the paths of futurity! Who can tell what *honours* may yet await thee! Cobbett “returned once more to the plough;” but, says he, “*I was spoiled for a farmer. I had, before my Portsmouth adventure, never known any other ambition than that of surpassing my brothers in the different labours of the field; but it was quite otherwise now; I sighed for a sight of the world; the little island of Britain seemed too small a compass for me. The things in which I had taken the most delight were neglected; the singing of the birds grew insipid, and even the heart-cheering cry of the hounds, after which I formerly used to fly from my work, bound o’er the fields, and dash through the brakes and coppices, was heard with the most torpid indifference.*”

Notwithstanding all this, Cobbett remained at home till the following spring, when he bade a long adieu to the plough-tail. “It was on the 6th of May, 1783,” says he, “that I, like Don Quixotte, sallied forth to seek adventures. I was dressed in my *holiday clothes*, [how fine] in order to accompany *two or three lasses* to Guildford fair. They were to assemble at a house about three miles from my home, where I was to attend them; but *unfortunately* for me, [perhaps not for the poor girls] I had to cross the London turnpike road. The stage-coach had just turned the summit of a hill, and was rattling down towards me at a merry rate. The notion of going to London never entered my mind, till this very moment, yet the step was completely determined on, before the coach came to the spot where I stood. Up I got, and was in London about nine o’clock in the evening. [What became of the girls, Cobbett?] It was by *mere accident* that I had money enough to defray the expences of this day. Being rigged out for the fair, I had three or four crown and half crown pieces, (which most certainly I did not intend to spend)(3), besides a few shillings and halfpence. This my little all, which I had been years in amassing, melted away like snow before the sun, when touched by the fingers of the inn-keepers and their waiters. In short, when I arrived at Ludgate Hill, and had paid my

(2) This gentleman’s name will most likely appear more than *once* in the course of this Memoir. Cobbett, we believe, knows *why*.

(3) How the love of lucre seems to have overpowered every other feeling in the base mind of this man, even from his cradle!

fare, I had but about half a crown in my pocket."

"By a commencement," Cobbett continues, "of that *good luck* [many think that he has had the devil's luck, and his own too] which has hitherto attended me, through all the situations in which fortune has placed me, I was preserved from ruin. A gentleman, who was one of the passengers in the stage, fell into conversation with me at dinner, and he soon learnt that I was going, I knew not whither, nor for what." This gentleman proved to be a hop-merchant in Southwark, who had often dealt with Cobbett's father at Wey-Hill; and perceiving the danger which little *Don Quixote* was in, and being a parent himself, he took Billy Cobbett home, wrote to the old man, and endeavoured to prevail upon the youngster to obey his father's orders, and to return home. "I am ashamed to say," observes Cobbett, "that *I was disobedient*. It was *the first time* I had ever been so, and I have *repented* of it from that moment to this;" that is, till some time in the year 1796. Alas! how many *causes* has Cobbett had for *repentance* since that period! "Willingly," he continues, "would I have returned; but *pride* would not suffer me to do it. I feared the scoffs of my acquaintances more than the real evils that threatened me."

Finding the obstinacy—"hereditary ill"—of his young *protégé* not to be overcome, the benevolent hop-merchant began to look out for an employment for him, and was actually preparing an advertisement, for insertion in a Newspaper, when an attorney of his acquaintance, a Mr. Holland, who happened to want "an understrapping quill-driver," called in. A bargain was quickly struck; "and the next day," says Cobbett, "saw me perched upon a great high stool, in an obscure chamber, in Gray's Inn, endeavouring to decipher the crabbed draughts of my employer."

Cobbett tells us that he "could write a good plain hand, but" he "could not read the pot-hooks and hangers of Mr. Holland. "He [Mr. Holland] was a month," says Cobbett, "in *learning* (4) me to copy without almost continual assistance, and even then I was of but little use to him; for, besides that I wrote a snail's pace, my want of *knowledge in*

(4) Every person must allow, that Cobbett is a great adept in learning [*Quere, larning*] whatever Mr. Holland might be.

orthography, gave him infinite trouble: so that for the first two months I was a dead weight upon his hands. Time, however, rendered me useful; and Mr. Holland was pleased to tell me, that he was very well satisfied with me, just at the very moment when I began to grow extremely dissatisfied with him."

Cobbett, notwithstanding his *good luck*, does not appear to have been very happy under the *tuition*, alias *learning*, of Mr. Holland; and we dare say, he very often wished himself at the plough-tail again. "No part of my life," says he, "has been totally unattended with pleasure, except the eight or nine months I passed in Gray's Inn. The office (for so the dungeon where I wrote was called) was so dark, that, on cloudy days, we were obliged to burn candle. I worked like a galley slave from five in the morning till eight or nine at night, and sometimes all night long. How many quarrels I have assisted to foment and perpetuate between those poor innocent fellows, John Doe and Richard Roe! How many times (God forgive me!) have I set them to assault each other, with guns, swords, stakes, and pitchforks, and then brought them to answer for their misdeeds before our Sovereign Lord the King, seated in His Court of Westminster! When I think of the *says* and *soforths*, and the counts of tautology that I scribbled over; when I think of those sheets of seventy-two words, and those lines two inches apart, my brain turns. Gracious heaven! if I am doomed to be wretched, bury me beneath Iceland snows, and let me feed on blubber; stretch me under the burning line; and deny me thy propitious dews; nay, if it be thy will, suffocate me with the infected and pestilential air of a *democratic* (5) club-room; but save me from the desk of an attorney!"

Poor Cobbett! His master, who attended but little in the chambers, always went out to dinner, while he was left to be provided for by the laundress. "Those gentlemen of the law," says Cobbett, "who have resided in the Inns of Court in London, know very well what a *laundress* means." We dare say they do. "Ours was," he continues,

(5) Would Cobbett feel so bitter a dislike to a *democratic club-room* now?—Not unless he were paid for disliking it; and paid *highly* too; for now (God forgive us, as he would say) he is the Lord of a manor; and, instead of being driven, live a brute, himself, he has got brutes of his own to drive.

"I believe, the *oldest* and *ugliest* of the sisterhood. She had age and experience enough to be Lady Abbess of all the nuns in all the convents of Irish-Town. It would be wronging the witch of Endor to compare her to this hag, who was the only creature that deigned to enter into conversation with me. All except the name, I was in prison, and this weird sister was my keeper. Our chambers were, to me, what the subterraneous cavern was to Gil Blas: his description of the Dame Leonarda exactly suited my laundress; nor were the professions, or rather the practice, of our masters altogether dissimilar."

Cobbett further informs us, that he "never quitted this gloomy recess, except on Sundays, when" he "usually took a walk to St. James's Park, to feast" his "eyes with the sight of the trees, the grass, and the water. In one of these walks," he "happened to cast" his "eye on an advertisement, inviting all loyal young men, who had a mind to gain riches and glory, to repair to a certain rendezvous, where they might enter into his Majesty's marine service, and have the peculiar happiness and honour of being enrolled in the Chatham division." Cobbett, cunning dog! "was not ignorant enough to be the dupe of this morsel of military bombast;" but he wanted a change; besides which, he "knew [sagacious little rogue] that *marines* went to sea;" and his "desire to be on that element had rather increased than diminished, by" his "being penned up in London." "In short," says he, "I resolved to join this glorious corps; and, to avoid all possibility of being discovered by my friends, I went down to Chatham, and enlisted into the marines, as I thought; but the next morning I found myself before a captain of a marching regiment. There was no retreating: I had taken a shilling to drink his Majesty's health, and his further bounty was ready for my reception."

When Cobbett told the captain, who, he says, was an Irishman, and proved afterwards an excellent friend to him, that he thought himself engaged in the marines, the captain answered, "By Jassus! my lad, and you have had a narrow escape." He informed him, that the regiment into which he "had been so happy as to enlist, was one of the oldest and boldest in the whole army, and that it was at that time serving in that *fine, flourishing, and plentiful* country, Nova

Scotia. He dwelt long," continues Cobbett, "on the beauties and riches of this terrestrial paradise, and dismissed me, perfectly enchanted with the prospect of a voyage thither."

We now beg leave again to pause; assuring the reader, that Chapter IV. of this eventful history, will open a scene to him, as interesting as the pictured Elysium of Nova Scotia, painted by the glowing eloquence of an Irishman, was to the juvenile *Don Quixote*, five-and-twenty years ago. FERRET.

* * * ERRATUM.—In page 46, line 17, for "the rise of a Right Honourable," read, "the vice of a Right Honourable."

(To be continued.)

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondence between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning.

The following are given as authentic copies of the letters that passed between the above Right Honourable Personages, previously to the duel.

St. James's-square, Sept. 19, 1809.

"SIR,—It is unnecessary for me to enter into any detailed statement of the circumstances which preceded the recent resignations.—It is enough for me, with a view to the immediate object of this letter, to state, that it appears a proposition had been agitated, without any communication with me, for my removal from the War Department; and that you, towards the close of the last Session, having urged a decision upon this question, with the alternative of your seceding from the Government, procured a positive promise from the Duke of Portland (the execution of which you afterwards considered yourself entitled to enforce) that such removal should be carried into effect. Notwithstanding this promise, by which I consider that you pronounced it unfit that I should remain charged with the conduct of the War, and by which my situation, as a Minister of the Crown, was made dependent upon your will and pleasure, you continued to sit in the same Cabinet with me, and to leave me not only in the persuasion that I possessed your confidence and support as a colleague, but you allowed me, in breach of every principle of good faith, both public and private, though thus virtually superseded, to originate and proceed in the execution of a new enterprise of the most arduous and important nature, with your apparent concurrence, and ostensible approbation.

"You were fully aware that if my situation in the Government had been disclosed to me, I could not have submitted to remain one moment in office, without the entire abandonment of my private honour, and public duty. You knew I was deceived, and you continued to deceive me.

"I am aware, it may be said, which I am ready to acknowledge, that when you pressed for a decision for my removal, you also pressed for its disclosure, and that it was resisted by the Duke of Portland; and some members of the Government, supposed to be my friends. But I never can admit, that you have a right to make

use of such a plea, in justification of an act affecting my honour, nor that the sentiments of others could justify an acquiescence in such a delusion on your part, who had yourself felt and stated its unfairness. Nor can I admit that the head of any administration, or any supposed friend, (whatever may be their motives) can authorise or sanction any man in such a course of long and persevering deception. For were I to admit such a principle, my honour and character would be from that moment in the discretion of persons wholly unauthorised, and known to you to be unauthorised, to act for me in such a case. It was therefore your act and your conduct which deceived me; and it is impossible for me to acquiesce in being placed in a situation by you, which no man of honour could knowingly submit to, nor patiently suffer himself to be betrayed into, without forfeiting that character.

"I have no right, as a public man, to resent your demanding, upon public grounds, my removal from the particular office I have held, or even from the Administration, as a condition of your continuing a Member of the Government. But I have a distinct right to expect that a proposition, justifiable in itself, shall not be executed in an unjustifiable manner, and at the expense of my honour and reputation. And I consider that you were bound, at least, to avail yourself of the same alternative, namely, your own resignation, to take yourself out of the predicament of practising such a deceit towards me, which you did exercise in demanding a decision for my removal.

"Under these circumstances, I must require that satisfaction from you to which I feel myself entitled to lay claim.—I am, &c.

"CASTLEREAGH."

"The Right Hon. George Canning."

Gloucester Lodge, Sept. 20, 1809.

"MY LORD,—The tone and purport of your Lordship's letter, which I have this moment received, of course preclude any other answer on my part to the misapprehensions and misrepresentations with which it abounds, than that I will cheerfully give to your Lordship the satisfaction which you require.—I am, &c.

"GEORGE CANNING."

"Lord Viscount Castlereagh, &c."

The following statement was circulated among the friends of Mr. Canning, some days before the preceding was made public.

"It is perfectly true, that so long ago as Easter, Mr. Canning had represented to the Duke of Portland the insufficiency (in his opinion) of the Government, as then constituted, to carry on the affairs of the country, under all the difficulties of the times, and had requested, that unless some change should be effected in it, he might be permitted to resign his office. It is equally true that, in the course of the discussion, which arose out of this representation, it was proposed to Mr. Canning, and accepted by him, as the condition of his consenting to retain the seals of the Foreign Office, that a change should be made in the War Department.—But it is not true that the time at which that change was ultimately proposed to be made was of Mr. Canning's choice, and it is not true that he was party or consenting to the concealment of that intended change from Lord Castlereagh.

"With respect to the concealment, Mr. Canning, some short time previous to the date of Lord Castlereagh's letter, without the smallest suspicion of the existence of any intention on the part of Lord Castlereagh, to make such an appeal to Mr. Canning as that letter contains, but upon information, that some misapprehension did exist as to Mr. Canning's supposed concurrence in the reserve which had been practised towards Lord Castlereagh, transmitted to one of Lord Castlereagh's most intimate friends, to be communicated whenever he might think proper, the copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Canning to the Duke of Portland, in the month of July, in which Mr. Canning requests, 'in justice to himself, that it may be remembered, whenever hereafter this concealment shall be alleged (as he doubts not that it will) *against him*, as an act of injustice towards Lord Castlereagh, that it did not originate in his suggestion; that so far from desiring it, he conceived, however erroneously, Lord Camden to be the sure channel of communication to Lord Castlereagh; and that, up to a very late period, he believed such communication to have been actually made.'—The copy of this letter, and of the Duke of Portland's answer to it, 'acknowledging Mr. Canning's repeated remonstrances against the concealment,' are still in the possession of Lord Castlereagh's friend.—The communication to Lord Camden, to which this letter refers, was made on the 28th of April, with Mr. Canning's knowledge, and at his particular desire. Lord Camden being the near connection and most confidential friend of Lord Castlereagh, it never occurred to Mr. Canning, nor was it credible to him, till he received the most positive asseverations of the fact, that Lord Camden had kept back such a communication from Lord Castlereagh.

"With respect to the period at which the change in the War Department was to take place, Mr. Canning was induced, in the first instance, to consent to its postponement till the rising of Parliament, partly by the representations made to himself of the inconveniencies of any change in the middle of a Session, but principally from a consideration of the particular circumstances under which Lord Castlereagh stood in the House of Commons after Easter, circumstances which would have given to his removal at that period of the Session a character which it was certainly no part of Mr. Canning's wish that it should bear.—Mr. Canning, however, received the most positive promise, that a change in the War Department should take place immediately upon the close of the Session. When that time arrived, the earnest and repeated entreaties of most of Lord Castlereagh's friends in the Cabinet were employed to prevail upon Mr. Canning to consent to the postponement of the arrangement.—At length, and most reluctantly, he did give his consent to its being postponed to the period proposed by Lord Castlereagh's friends, viz. the termination of the Expedition then in preparation; but he did so upon the most distinct and solemn assurances, that whatever might be the issue of the Expedition, the change should take place at that period; that the seals of the War Department should then be offered to Lord Wellesley (the person for whose accession to the Cabinet Mr. Canning was known to be most anxious), and that the interval should be diligently employed by Lord Castlereagh's

friends, in preparing Lord Castlereagh's mind to acquiesce in such an arrangement.

"It was, therefore, matter of astonishment to Mr. Canning, when, at the issue of the Expedition, he reminded the Duke of Portland, that the time was now come for his Grace's writing to Lord Wellesley, to find, that so far from the interval having been employed by Lord Castlereagh's friends in preparing Lord Castlereagh for the change, the same reserve had been continued towards him, against which Mr. Canning had before so earnestly remonstrated. Being informed of this circumstance by the Duke of Portland, and learning at the same time from his Grace, that there were other difficulties attending the promised arrangement, of which Mr. Canning had not before been apprized; and that the Duke of Portland had himself come to a determination to retire from office, Mr. Canning instantly, and before any step whatever had been taken towards carrying the promised arrangement into effect, withdrew his claim, and requested the Duke of Portland to tender his (Mr. Canning's) resignation, at the same time with his Grace's, to the King. This was on Wednesday, the 6th of September, previously to the Levee of that day.—All question of the performance of the promise made to Mr. Canning being thus at an end, the reserve which Lord Castlereagh's friends had hitherto so perseveringly practised towards Lord Castlereagh appears to have been laid aside. Lord Castlereagh was now made acquainted with the nature of the arrangement which had been intended to have been proposed to him.—What may have been the reasons which prevented Lord Castlereagh's friends from fulfilling the assurances given to Mr. Canning, that Lord Castlereagh's mind should be prepared by their communications for the arrangement intended to be carried into effect; and what the motives for the disclosure to Lord Castlereagh, after that arrangement had ceased to be in contemplation, it is not for Mr. Canning to explain."

WHO'S MOST TO BLAME;

CANNING, OR CASTLEREAGH?

Andi alteram partem.

THE venal prints of the metropolis—those very journals which, while Mr. Canning was in power, stooped lowest in their adulation of that gentleman's talents and integrity—now seem to vie with each other, in heaping abuse upon their quondam idol. What is the reason of this?—Was Mr. Canning a better, or an abler man, when receiving the daily and nightly support—if support it might be called—of the interested editors of those papers; or did his resignation of the seals of office render him undeserving of all farther eulogy? To the latter questions, those who have ever been initiated in the *arcana* of newspaper subserviency, will find a ready negative. The change of conduct towards Mr. Canning, displayed in the newspapers, must, therefore, be attributed to some other cause; and we have no doubt that, in due

time, that cause will be fully developed.

In the interim, drawing our inferences from such documents as are already before the public(1), we will take the liberty of enquiring whether Lord Castlereagh may not be admitted to have acted as a gentleman and a man of honour, without conceding the point, that Mr. Canning is a monster of duplicity and intrigue? In other words, putting the moral guilt of duelling out of the question, whether Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning may not both be exonerated from censure, with respect to their recent conduct?

Lord Castlereagh's inefficiency, as a minister, had long been notorious: Mr. Canning's superiority of talent had been equally evident: these, however, are not points of immediate consideration; nor shall we even stop to enquire into the arrangements of the Spanish campaign, or into the conduct of the ill-fated Walcheren expedition. We shall not speak of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning as of politicians, but as of men.

With an affectation of candour, which is frequently assumed as a cloak to malignancy, Mr. Canning's *present* enemies (his *former* worshippers) rest the chief stress of their arguments on the incompleteness of Mr. Canning's *answer* to the allegations of Lord Castlereagh; keeping out of sight the fact, that, what is termed "Mr. Canning's statement," though it was *published subsequently*, was *written previously*, to the appearance of Lord Castlereagh's letter; consequently, on no account ought it to be regarded as an *answer* to the inferences which have been drawn from that letter.

We learn, from Lord Castlereagh's letter to Mr. Canning, dated Sept. 19, that a proposition *had been agitated* [we are not, in this instance, told with whom the proposition originated] for Lord Castlereagh's removal from the War Department; that the said proposition was agitated, without any communication with his Lordship; and that Mr. Canning, towards the close of the parliamentary session, having urged a decision upon the question of Lord Castlereagh's removal, with the alternative of his own secession, procured a positive promise from the Duke of Portland, the execution of which he afterwards considered himself entitled

(1) These documents, from their curiosity and importance, merit preservation; consequently, we have given them complete.

to enforce, that the proposed removal should be carried into effect. We perfectly agree with Lord Castlereagh, that, by obtaining this promise from the Duke of Portland, Mr. Canning pronounced it unfit that Lord Castlereagh should *remain* charged with the conduct of the war; but we cannot with the same facility admit, that Mr. Canning, by continuing to sit in the same cabinet with Lord Castlereagh, violated the principles of good faith, either public or private. The Duke of Portland was equally culpable—if any culpability at all attached to the proceeding—for *granting*, as Mr. Canning was for *requesting*, a promise that Lord Castlereagh should be removed.

Mr. Canning's paramount duty was to his Sovereign and to the Country; and, if he entertained the opinion, that the removal of Lord Castlereagh would conduce to the general interest of the State, will any man be hardy enough to say, that he was reprehensible for proposing that removal? On the other hand, it may be presumed that the *immediate* removal of Lord Castlereagh might have been productive of more inconveniences, than his *temporary* retention of a seat could be; and so long as the *services* of Lord Castlereagh should be considered more advantageous than his *removal*, Mr. Canning's duty to his King and Country required him to aid and support Lord Castlereagh, as his colleague. Lord Castlereagh, indeed, breathes no sentence of complaint against Mr. Canning, of his having thwarted his measures, or of his having neglected to support him in the duties of his station.

Judging of Lord Castlereagh's feelings by our own, we are fully satisfied, that, if his situation in the government had been disclosed to him, he could not have submitted to remain one moment in office, without the entire abandonment of his private honour, and public duty. On this very ground, presuming that the *immediate* removal of Lord Castlereagh would have been attended by serious inconvenience, Mr. Canning's silence was absolutely necessary.

The subject, however, is now to be viewed in another light. Lord Castlereagh acknowledges that, when Mr. Canning pressed for a decision for his Lordship's removal, he *also pressed for its disclosure*, which was *resisted by the Duke of Portland*, and some other members of the Government, *supposed* to be Lord Castlereagh's friends. Here, then,

is at once an admission of Mr. Canning's openness and candour. He appears to have had no wish whatever to conceal his desires, respecting Lord Castlereagh's removal; but, bending to the opinion of the Duke of Portland, and other members of the Cabinet, he consented—on the score of *expediency*, it is evident—not to disclose the promise which he obtained, nor to press for its immediate fulfilment. Had he acted otherwise than he did—had he foolishly obtruded his sentiments upon Lord Castlereagh himself—he would have grossly violated his duty to the public. Cases of expediency, of this nature, must be found frequently to occur, in almost every situation of life.

We can make great allowance for the irritated state of Lord Castlereagh's mind, on discovering what had been going forward respecting him; but, after an attentive perusal of his Lordship's letter, independent of every other consideration, and putting the moral guilt of duelling out of the question, we cannot perceive the conduct of Lord Castlereagh or Mr. Canning, to have been reprehensible. At the same time, we think it greatly behoves the Duke of Portland, and the "*supposed* FRIENDS" of Lord Castlereagh, to come forward and avow *their* motives for concealing the intended removal of his Lordship.

Our next object is, to consider the contents of what is denominated "Mr. Canning's Statement;" and if any justification of that gentleman's conduct could be thought requisite, after the admissions which are contained in Lord Castlereagh's letter, we think it is there fully apparent; notwithstanding, from the "Statement" having been written prior to the appearance of his Lordship's letter, it refers not to the strictures which have been called forth by the appearance of that document.

It appears, from "Mr. Canning's Statement," that so long ago as Easter, convinced of the inefficiency of the Cabinet, as it was then constituted, that gentleman requested, that, unless some change should be effected, he might be permitted to resign his office. "In the course of the discussion which arose out of this representation, *it was proposed* to Mr. Canning, and *accepted BY him*, as the condition of his consenting to retain the seals of the Foreign Office, that a change should be made in the War Department." The time at which that change was ultimately proposed to be made, is denied to

have been of Mr. Canning's choice; consequently, the expediency of Lord Castlereagh's removal, *as to time*, rested with the Duke of Portland and the other members of the Cabinet; it not appearing that any individual amongst them thought his *immediate* removal either *necessary* or *expedient*.

It is also denied, that Mr. Canning was *party* or *CONSENTING* to the concealment of the intended change from Lord Castlereagh; and, certainly, we have no right to doubt the veracity of Mr. Canning, in the assertion, that, up to a very late period, he believed a communication to have been made to Lord Castlereagh, of his Lordship's projected removal. "Mr. Canning, some short time previous to the date of Lord Castlereagh's letter, *without the smallest suspicion* of the existence of any intention on the part of Lord Castlereagh to make such an appeal to Mr. Canning as that letter contains, but upon information that some misapprehension did exist as to Mr. Canning's supposed concurrence in the reserve which had been practised towards Lord Castlereagh, transmitted to one of Lord Castlereagh's *most intimate friends*, to be communicated *whenever he might think proper*, the copy of a letter addressed by Mr. Canning to the Duke of Portland, in the month of July, in which Mr. Canning requests, 'in justice to himself, that it may be remembered, whenever hereafter this concealment shall be alleged (as he doubts not that it will) *against him*, as an act of injustice towards Lord Castlereagh, that *it did not originate in his suggestion*—that so far from desiring it, he conceived, however erroneously, Lord Camden to be *the sure channel of communication* to Lord Castlereagh; and that, *up to a very late period, he believed such communication to have been actually made.*' The copy of this letter," it is added, and of the Duke of Portland's answer to it, '*acknowledging Mr. Canning's repeated remonstrances against the concealment,*' are still in the possession of Lord Castlereagh's friend."

It is evident, that Mr. Canning, with the genuine feelings of honour, found himself placed in a delicate and painful situation. He found that a concealment had been practised, to Lord Castlereagh, and also to himself; and that, though he had been ignorant of the existence of the concealment towards the former, he was in danger of being suspected as its author. Mr. Canning, it is clear, was as

much deceived as Lord Castlereagh was; and that he did not immediately secede from administration, on discovering the cheat which had been practised on him, ought to be ascribed only to the influence of that high duty which he owed to the State.

A positive promise to Mr. Canning appears to have been broken. He *obtained* the promise of a change in the War Department, under the idea, certainly, of its *early*, though not of its *immediate* fulfilment. He was then induced to consent to the postponement of the change till the rising of Parliament; partly, by the representations which were made to him, of the inconveniences which must result from a change, in the middle of a Session; and, partly, from a feeling of personal liberality and generosity to Lord Castlereagh, arising out of the particular circumstances, in which his Lordship stood, in the House of Commons, after Easter. The *time* of the fulfilment of the Duke of Portland's promise was now *positively* fixed, for *the close of the Session*; but, when that time arrived, the *earnest and repeated entreaties* of most of Lord Castlereagh's friends in the Cabinet, were employed, to prevail upon Mr. Canning to consent to *another* postponement. He "most reluctantly" consented to the delay of the promised change, till "the period *proposed by Lord Castlereagh's friends*, viz. the termination of the Expedition then in preparation; but he did so upon *the most distinct and solemn assurances*, that, *whatever might be the issue of the Expedition*, the change should take place at that period; that the Seals of the War Department should then be offered to Lord Wellesley (the person for whose accession to the Cabinet, Mr. Canning was known to be most anxious), and that the interval should be *diligently employed* by Lord Castlereagh's friends, in *preparing Lord Castlereagh's mind* to acquiesce in such an arrangement."

The greater part of this time, it is particularly deserving of notice, Mr. Canning was acting under the firm persuasion and belief, that Lord Castlereagh had received an intimation, of his intended removal; and, as we have already observed, that Mr. Canning did not secede from the Cabinet, on discovering the contrary, ought to be ascribed only to his paramount duty to the State.

The expedition at length terminated; but (what we can readily believe to have

been "matter of astonishment" to Mr. Canning) *even at that period*, so far from Lord Castlereagh's friends having been *diligently employed in preparing his Lordship's* mind to acquiesce in the *positively-promised* change, Lord Castlereagh remained in a state of total ignorance on the subject. The promise to Mr. Canning *had been violated*—*Mr. Canning had been prevaricated with*;—and, *other difficulties* presenting themselves, he had no alternative but that of tendering his resignation.

By all but the most determined Jacobins—Cobbett, and his associate desperadoes—the result of this misunderstanding must be sincerely deprecated; but, after a patient and dispassionate investigation of the subject, the only blame that we can perceive to attach to either party, is to be found in the *hasty* demand of Lord Castlereagh for *satisfaction*, when an hour's cool *explanation* might at once have tranquillised his mind, and prevented the exposure which has taken place.

We cannot but persist in the opinion, that Mr. Canning has been at least as ill-treated as Lord Castlereagh has; though the ill-treatment of the latter appears to have originated with certain members of the Cabinet, *supposed to be his friends*.—These *friends*, it is to be hoped, will account for their conduct(2).

FERRET.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NOTES OF THE MONITEUR, RESPECTING THE SCHELDT EXPEDITION, &c.

THE ignorance of the British government, with respect to the geography of foreign countries, is proverbial; and, to its reprehensible inattention to this point, to which the French justly attach so much importance, must, in a great measure, be attributed the frequent failure of our expeditions. Sir Robert Wilson, in his account of the British Expedition to Egypt, says:—"The greatest misfortune was, the *total want of information* respecting Egypt. Not a map to be depended on could be procured; and the best draught, from which information could be formed, and which was distributed to the generals, *proved ridiculously incorrect*." It was the same in Spain, during the campaign of 1808. At the very time that Lord Castlereagh talked so much egregious

nonsense in the House of Commons, about the passes of the Pyrenees, all the information upon the subject, that was to be found amongst the British army in Spain, consisted of a despicable map, in a wretched book of post roads; though, at that very time, the French were in possession of a map upon a very large scale, which had been constructed, with the utmost care and attention, from a military survey made by engineers in the service of Louis XIV.

We mention these circumstances, because we believe the failure of the Scheldt expedition to be attributable, in a great degree, to similar inattention and ignorance. It is now generally understood, in this country, from the reports of officers employed, that, had the real state of Flushing been known, that town might have been reduced in a few hours, as the garrison, on the first landing of our troops, did not exceed fifteen hundred men, and the fortifications were found to be miserably defective.

(To be continued in our next.)

PROOFS OF NATIONAL RUIN!—The following is an abstract showing that the surplus of the consolidated Fund, for the quarter ending the 10th inst. has been larger than it has ever been in any quarter since the establishment of that fund, having amounted to no less a sum than 3,100,000*l.* as compared with that of the corresponding quarter of last year:—

[IN THE QUARTER ENDED

	Oct. 10, 1808.	Oct. 10, 1809.
Income	£9,062,117	£9,845,300
Charge	6,347,587	6,700,000

Surplus	£2,714,530	£3,145,300
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Besides this, the War Taxes have produced in the last quarter 6,638,627*l.* being 285,000*l.* more than their amount in the quarter ended the 10th October, 1808; and the Property Tax in particular, which seems to have been selected with more cunning than wisdom, on this occasion, by the writer we have alluded to, as a proper handle to excite alarm, and discontent, exhibits a complete refutation of all his assertions, having produced near 500,000*l.* more to the Exchequer than it did in the October quarter, 1808.

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(2) The Newspapers inform us that Lord Camden is about to publish a statement of the affair. Should it appear in time, we shall of course notice it in our next.

“England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride, **THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*Congratulation on the glorious day of Jubilee.—Various reasons why we ought to rejoice.—Mortification of the democrats at the happiness of the people.—A hint for a conjuror!—Observations on Cobbett's generosity and tender-heartedness.—Compared to the Upas-tree and a rattlesnake!—Reasons why the Jacobins abuse the Jubilee.—Albion on the consequences of seditious harangues, &c.—Striking extracts from Cobbett's former writings.—Cobbett accused, by the Americans, of very enormous crimes!—An address to Englishmen.—On the difference between the Roman and the English laws, as exemplified in the conspiracy against the Duke of York.—Another chapter of the life of the Hampshire Demagogue, in which some ludicrous facts are mentioned.—The subject of reform renewed.—Hopes of the Edinburgh Reviewers.—On the conduct of Mr. Pitt towards the reformers.—Remarks on the conduct of the Opposition, respecting the late Ministerial arrangements.—Continuation of the subject of Castlereagh and Canning.—On the Notes of the Moniteur, &c. &c.*

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THE JUBILEE.

A FEW CURSORY OBSERVATIONS ON SUBSCRIPTIONS IN GENERAL, FOR CELEBRATING THE JUBILEE, WITH A REMARK OR TWO ON COBBETT'S OPPOSITION TO THE SUBSCRIPTION IN HIS PARISH OF DROXFORD!

“I give you sixpence? I'll see you damn'd first!”

Vide “The Friend of humanity and the Knife-Grinder,” in the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.

THE glorious day has at length arrived, on which a whole nation of brave and loyal people have, as with one voice, resolved to offer up their fervent thanks to the Supreme Being for his mercy in preserving for their general benefit, through all the arduous trials of a scarcely paralleled reign, their just, upright, and beloved father! With the exception of those whose earnest object and perpetual wish is, to see the country involved in all the horrors of anarchy and revolution, every heart is overflowing with exultation, every countenance is beaming with joy! What a delightful sensation arises in the sympathetic mind, on contemplating both the cause and the consequences of this happy day! How many unfortunate beings, long immured in prisons through the unrelenting severity of their unfeeling creditors, will, with cheerful hearts, anticipate the hour when their prison-doors will be thrown open, and themselves restored as it were to a new world! Here is, indeed, reason for exultation—the families of the hundreds and thousands of beings, who, but for this glorious day, might have passed their lives under an accumulation of human misery, never

will nor can forget it; and, coupling the effect with the cause, they will never hear the name of his Majesty without being animated with loyalty and delight! The liberation of prisoners, however, by private benevolence, is only one of the subjects for exultation; but next to this the mind of the philanthropist will experience the most exquisite sensibility, on beholding a blaze of loyalty and public happiness, in whatever direction he turns his eyes. In spite of all the gloomy, canting arguments, and even desperate attempts of the political and religious demagogues and hypocrites, they have not been able to shake the firm determination of the public to celebrate the day in a manner worthy of the occasion to which it is to be devoted: it is to be a day of festivity throughout the land. Hence, the wretches who laboured to check our universal sentiment of gratitude to our God, and affection to our King, are overcome by the vexation arising from complete discomfiture and disappointment, are “fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,” and are either brooding in sullen misanthropy over their defeat, or giving vent to their mortification of spirit, in terms “full of sound and fury,” not, however, as the poet has it, “signifying nothing,” but, according to my simple judgment, signifying a vast deal!

What has caused an overflow of bile amongst the democrats is, the *subscriptions* which have been raised in every part of the kingdom, to enable our hard-working brethren to join in the general festivity, by affording them not merely a holiday, or day of pleasure, but also by providing for them abundance of old English cheer, with which it was not to

be expected that they could have supplied themselves. This is the very thing, as I said before, that the Jacobins cannot bear to think upon with any degree of patience.—It is the best way of *taking the sense of the people* that ever could have been hit upon; for we shall now no more believe those arch impostors who have so long laboured to persuade us that the whole population were groaning under the weight of national oppression!—The “poor, oppressed, and suffering people of Britain,” with joy and loyalty in every lineament of their countenance, will this day, when drinking with fervour the health of the King, throw back in the teeth of the democrats the detestable and wicked libels with which they have so often insulted them! I should exult to see some dozen or two of these inveterate foes to their country’s happiness standing round any one of the tables at which our populace assemble to enjoy the recreations of the day.—I should like to observe the movements of their index-to-the-mind, the deadly and appalling hue of their phizzes, when the shouts of our happy fellow-subjects rend the air!—I should like to observe a few of them, in particular, at that table which is to be placed on the domains of our Prince, and around which *two thousand Britons* are to be feasted, by the munificence of *one gentleman* only (who, I shrewdly suspect to be him who has justly merited the appellation of “the most accomplished gentleman in the kingdom!”)—The effect would be wonderfully heightened, if “the King of all Conjurors,” or any noted Jacobin, well versed in the *black art*, could, by some optical or catoptrical manœuvre, bring to view at the other end of the Steyne, an exact perspective of any little bit of *happy France*, whereon we might see about a couple of thousand Frenchmen enjoying all the blessings of *liberty* and *equality*, as conferred upon them by “Napoleon the Great,” the idol of French and English Jacobins, (whose hearts are steeled against human misery) but the abhorrence of all the world beside! Then, in order that we might not have all the fun to ourselves, and our poor enemies know nothing about it, our festivities should be reflected upon them, so that they might just see what is going forward, without being able to join in it! What ideas would arise from such an interchange of views! How interesting it would be to us to ob-

serve the grimaces of the Frenchmen; the smacking of their chaps, the snuff falling from their noses, and the water dribbling from their mouths, at the sight of our roast beef and plumb pudding!—Nay, how much farther, and how justly might the idea be carried, were it not necessary to come to facts.

It has already been observed, and is generally known, that the poor are indebted for their jovial day to the disinterested benevolence of their more fortunate neighbours. Some public-spirited individuals in every country-town, or parish, having come forward to promote a subscription, merely sufficient to defray the expences of feasting on so glorious an occasion, the industrious classes of their respective neighbourhood, the effort has been caught at by the democrats, as the last mark at which they can spit their anti-jubilean venom. Accordingly, a subscription of the kind in question having been proposed in the parish of Droxford, wherein the Botley Demagogue resides, that kind and *tender-hearted* master, that enemy to pauperism, who (*credat Judæas?*) pays his labourers higher wages than any other landholder, that “*Friend of humanity*,” on being applied to for his mite, abruptly declares that he will not give a farthing to enable other people’s labourers to drink his Majesty’s health; and that if *his* fellows choose to have “*a drunk*,” they may pay for it out of their own pockets! This is *republican* liberality, worthy of the being who unblushingly asserts that *loyalty* means robbing the public, and that no man can be thankful for his Majesty’s long and glorious reign, without having the means of being a “*public-robber*!”—The vanity and arrogance of this demagogue in his answer to the Magistrate who first spoke to him on the subject, are no less remarkable than the base democratical infamy which attaches to him for the ridicule he has attempted to throw upon the cause and the object of the anniversary which we this day so joyfully celebrate! This attempt is too diabolical to be passed lightly over, but the only reason why I do not regret the pressure both, of time and matter, which prevents me from going through, and holding up to public detestation such an abominable mass of blackguardism and treason, paragraph by paragraph, and sentence by sentence, is that, by perusing the analysis which I might give of it, the blush of indignation might rise upon the cheek of some of my

readers, and by ruffling the mind, disturb for a moment the happiness that would otherwise on this day pervade every generous family. I shall, therefore, for the present pass over this vile farrago of Sedition, and merely take a view of the unparalleled arrogance and vanity of the contentious upstart who has penned it.

As an excuse for *publishing* his reasons why "he does not choose to give any thing at all, he says, he *is satisfied* "that in more than one instance the "statement may sooner or later be conducive to the *public good*."—This remark seems to have arisen from the circumstance of a circular letter having been sent round to the inhabitants, saying "that it would be a pity if, amidst the general joy, the Parish of Droxford should appear *less loyal* than its neighbours!" Now, this seems to me to have been a very proper precaution on the part of the heads of the parish; for they must have been aware that the Upas-tree of Sedition, if left to vegetate at ease, on the soil of its own infamy, would be likely to contaminate by its pestiferous influence, no inconsiderable portion of its surrounding area! The rattlesnake of Jacobinism might have drawn over to him a number of weak-headed mortals, by *charming* them for a moment with his jargon; for nothing is more likely to induce weak men to be on the side of a disaffected declaimer, than to harangue about the utility and propriety of keeping their money in their pockets! The modern Jack Cade, therefore, on this principle, professes to attack "*all Subscriptions that have in view an object of loyalty*;" and he "*is satisfied*," that such attacks will be conducive to "*the public good*!"

Yet, after wading through six pages of the most disgusting self-conceit, and abuse of the rich, it is utterly impossible to conceive from what grounds this satisfaction arises; unless we may suppose that his own *dictum* is sufficient to regulate the opinion of a whole nation! Preposterous arrogance, how art thou, ere now, frustrated in thy views!

It is laughable to peruse a few of Jack's reasons, why he "*decidedly disapproves*" of "*feeding the poor*." 1st, Because *when* HE treats a poor man (*he treat a poor man*! 'Tis well he put the *when* as a conditional) he treats him under his own roof! Well, suppose he does treat a poor man once in a way (we will not stop to enquire whether he means to treat him with bread and cheese, or to give him such a *treat*

as he accorded to Burgess the pauper!)—the question about *treating* does not relate to a poor man, but to the whole village of men, women, and children. If, then every poor man is to be treated on this day, let this sapient "friend of humanity" ask the poor men themselves which mode they conceive to savour the least of restriction; to be treated under the roof of their respective master, like serfs or vassals, or to be at liberty to congregate together in the open air, or at any fixed point, where they would be under no restriction at all, where they may have "*a drunk*," if they please, and an opportunity of freely interchanging their sentiments, of which Jack, himself only a few weeks ago, accused the *Government* of labouring to deprive them. But the fact is, that it is not the *mode* of treating that the democrats are concerned at, for they have sense enough to perceive that however the *treat* may be given, the money must come from *somebody's* pockets. It is the failure of their efforts to prevent the people *from meeting at all* to drink his Majesty's health; and the discovery of the damning fact, that their purpose cannot be effected, which is the true and only reason for all the inveterate abuse of people of fortune, as well as the generous and industrious poor, who are now again denominated a "drenched rabble," &c. just as the "Friend of humanity" in the poem abused the poor knife-grinder, who would not be roused into revolt, on his asking him for sixpence to DRINK HIS MAJESTY'S HEALTH!

The subscriptions that have been raised in London and the country for various purposes of benevolence on this day, are a striking proof of the national sentiment. Every face is covered with the semblance of joy, and the festivities which every where are now commencing, prove, in the most glorious manner, how sincerely his Majesty reigns in the hearts of his people.

F. W. B.

ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF SEDITIOUS WRITINGS AND HARANGUES, AT A TIME OF PUBLIC MISFORTUNE;

BEING THE PREFACE TO, OR THE FIRST OF, A SERIES OF LETTERS, WHICH WILL BE ADDRESSED TO COBBETT'S LEADING PATRONS.

By ALBION!

"I know the man!" SHAKS.

To F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—As we have seldom an opportunity of observing, either in active or spe-

culative life, what effect may be produced, or what obstacles may be surmounted, by the force of a single mind, when it is *inflexibly* applied to the pursuit of a single object, I am at once gratified and instructed by the talent and energy which you employ in your *new* and persevering combat: for, previously to your Political Expositions, it was a subject of painful surprise to every reflecting person, that Cobbett's Paper should, in spite of its violence, wickedness, and absurdity, receive the countenance, and, in some few instances, the *contributions* of men, to whom, I must repeat, its *violence, wickedness, and absurdity* could not fail to be disgusting. But now, I am proud to discover that every writer of respectability has discontinued his assistance; and that several Gentlemen, especially amongst the Clergy, have *prescribed* its admission into their houses!

In consequence of this *secession*, promoted, as it will be, by your meritorious efforts to oppose his doctrines, and to maintain the power of the Crown, and the authority of the Gospel, the degeneracy of this man's paper is proceeding with rapidity: insomuch, that its publication serves at present no higher, no better purpose, than that of affording to the quarrelsome, a field of combat; to the envious and malicious, an instrument of calumny; and, to the Jacobins in general, an opportunity of *declaring* that they are the *best* of men, and of *proving* that they are the most dangerous and the *worst* of subjects.

Of late, there are few persons who are in the habit of reading the *Jacobin-Register*, who have not been satiated, if not sickened, by the ostentatious parade which has been repeatedly made by its conductor of his attachment to his *country*! The *nature* of his attachment, which has long been suspected, you have at length fortunately ascertained; for now, it no longer admits of any question. It is not an attachment to the *rulers* of our Country; these he at all times scandalously calumniates and abuses. It is not an attachment to *her servants*; for the most exemplary and intelligent of *them* have been a never-failing subject of declamatory invective. It is not an attachment to her interests; for some of *them* he disputes, and others he endeavours to fritter away. It may be an attachment to *HER EMOLUMENTS*: this is a fact, Sir, which you have made too evident to be denied, and too notorious to

be concealed! Let Cobbett then, with his *accustomed* policy, make a merit of confessing it: and, when he again finds occasion to boast of his *affection for his Country*, let him honestly avow, that you have torn off the mask, and compelled him to confess that his regards are *confined* to *HER TREASURE*, and that he cares nothing for her political situation or spiritual interests. If, Sir, the favourable opinions you have endeavoured to entertain of human nature, prevent you from conceiving him capable of such flagrant tergiversation as this, I beg to remind you, that in one of "A SERIES OF POLITICAL PAPERS," published by him in the year 1801, and addressed to the Hon. Thomas Erskine, you will find this *declaration*. "TO PUT AN END, THEREFORE, TO THIS DANGEROUS DELUSION (REFORM) APPEARS TO ME TO BE SO NECESSARY AN UNDERTAKING, AN ACT OF JUSTICE AND OF MERCY SO PRESSINGLY SOLICITED FROM ANY AND FROM EVERY MAN, THAT, NOTWITHSTANDING THE ADMONITIONS OF CONSCIOUS INABILITY, I VENTURE TO PRESENT MYSELF AS THE ACCUSER OF REFORMERS, PLEDGING MYSELF TO PROVE, BY INCONTROVERTIBLE EVIDENCE, THAT REFORMATIONS HAVE BEEN, AND STILL ARE, PRODUCTIVE OF EVERY EVIL THAT CAN POSSIBLY BE TRACED TO POLITICAL CAUSES." This *Declaration*, Sir, was not made by the lips, in a moment of surprise and inconsiderateness; but with all the wilfulness and deliberation which must inevitably attach to a sentence, *written down, revised, and PRINTED!!* Now, Sir, as the first act of Cobbett's, after this solemn protestation, was to *be induced* (I will leave you to guess *how*) by the Republicans, to join the Reformists' party, can you or your readers feel astonished at *any other* political transmigration so apostate a soul may be doomed to travel through! It is, however, but honest towards human nature to declare, that so sudden a transition was governed by laws which weak minds consider of the most arbitrary and determined force. *The Crown* DESPISED his support; *THE PEOPLE rejected his Paper*, and few had taste for the *American Works* with which he strove to inundate this country. Under this dilemma he actually wrote, and *acted upon* the following aphorisms:

"He that goeth about to persuade a

multitude, that they are not so *well governed as they ought to be*, shall never want attentive and *favourable* hearers; because such as openly reprove SUPPOSED disorders of state, are taken for principal friends to the common benefit of all; and for men that carry singular freedom of mind. Whereas, on the other side, IF WE MAINTAIN THINGS THAT ARE ESTABLISHED, *we have not only to strive with a number of HEAVY PREJUDICES, deeply rooted in the hearts of men who think we speak in favour of the present state, for the sake of preferment*; but also to bear such exceptions, as minds, so averted, usually take against that which they are loth should be poured into them." Thus, Sir, you find, that this impostor—for posterity will no doubt confirm to him a title he has so justly acquired, gives us the motives of his *past* actions, and the spring of his *future* designs; and, as you very justly observe, "out of his own mouth" he is for ever giving testimony for *condemnation*. But as he disregards such evidence, I must implore you, for the sake of society, to follow up your victory, in *your own way*—Having dragged him from off his eminence, it is in your power to hurl him into that state of humility from which the credulity of mankind (*on which he has so industriously worked*) has caused him to rise! It is in your power to animate AN INSULTED PEOPLE, to awaken the *slumbering laws*, and to give to the altar of your country a victim which has been granted so much time to *fatten for sacrifice*!

Without presuming to direct your judgment by laying down precedents, I cannot resist from observing, that the conduct of the Americans to this man expresses some merit: his tyranny, convulsions, devices, lies, shame, perjuries, &c. &c. were borne with, in that country, with the most unexampled forbearance, for a number of years; NOR WAS IT TILL THE PUBLIC ACCUSED HIM OF ACCELERATING (*by violence of manners*) THE DEATH OF A CONSUMPTIVE FEMALE WHO LODGED IN HIS HOUSE*, and of making himself heir

to her property—nor was it till he violated the laws, by various acts of outrage and defamation, that "*the people*," with one accord, rose up against him; *sued, CONDEMNED HIM*, in their Courts of Justice; and drove him, with shouts and imprecations, from their land!—And is it to be said, that *this* country has less courage and justice than the States which she reared? "*Oh let it not be said!*" And yet there are, who will say, that *DESPARD was murdered* if *COBBETT lives ! ! ! ! !*

As your Register, Sir, will be published on the 25th—a day of glory and exultation, I shall not dim its brightness by the gloomy matter which remains to be stated on this degrading subject: I shall only observe, that, while you continue the prosecution of this criminal, I am determined to drag HIS PATRONS to light, and transmit you a series of letters addressed to Lords Cochrane, Erskine, &c. and to Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, and the *immaculate* Col. Wardle! This, Sir, is a most essential measure, as it is of the first consequence to the public to be acquainted with the *motives* which govern *such GENTLEMEN* in their apparent attachment to *such A MAN*! I mean a *public* attachment, for their contempt for him in *pri-*

more brutal and prejudiced in America than in England, where they will run down with equal violence a Prince or a drunken match-woman) without some *data* to show the origin of, or reasons for, the accusation. Perhaps ALBION may recollect whether any remarks were *printed* on the occasion! That such a charge was made there can be little doubt, for the mere knowledge of the creature's *general brutality of manners* might justify the supposition that the recovery of a timid female, at the point of death, would not be greatly facilitated under *his* roof! The last part of the charge is, in my opinion, the most serious; and I repeat, that it would be desirable to know how it was got rid of! Cobbett has now a peculiar way of refuting any personal attacks. I recollect, he answered the abuse of the "*Satirists*" (abuse which was certainly too vulgar, and too violent to make a man feel) by calling the writers "*fellows who had neither a dinner nor shoes*," but a more remarkable admission of the odium in which he was and is held, occurs in a number of his Register published a few months ago, in which he says, something to this effect (as I have not time to search for the passage, I quote from memory) "*I do not believe that there is any crime that human nature is capable of committing, with which I have not been charged, either here or in America!!!*" Well, then, after this *confession* from his own pen, I feel no reluctance in giving currency to charges which seem to me to be tantamount to those of robbery and murder, as made by "*the American Public*" against William Cobbett; and shall leave my Correspondent and him to settle the matter between them!

* This is an accusation against the demagogue, of which I never heard before. It was a pretty home-stroke for him: but surely he must have repelled it at the time? Cannot my Correspondent inform me *how*? I do not recollect that any thing on this head is recorded in the ponderous twelve volumes of "*Works*!"—One should not, however, be inclined to believe any charge made against an individual, however execrable, by the *Public*, (who as ALBION must know, are even

vate they cannot control and which stands *them* in the amount of the Botley-farms, flocks of sheep from Spain, and *the most solemn assurances OF PLACE ON THEIR getting into power!!!* Bribe thus high, they make him so intrepid in crime, that he disdains hypocrisy, nor attempts to conceal his character! Tormented with violent passions, the effects of which cannot be calculated, and from which *timid* men shrink back, he may be imagined to exclaim with Cromwell, "*Were I to meet the King face to face,*" "I would — — — ——"—And yet, Sir, this wretched being has **LATELY DARED** to call himself "*the King's friend!!!*"

Had your Register, Sir, as I have just observed, not been intended to appear on the 25th—a day devoted to the contemplation of the exalted character placed and *continued* by Providence on the Throne of this Country, to protect us with his care, and to secure to us unparalleled blessings, I would readily prosecute this subject, and assist you in hunting down "*the Wild Beast,*" which **ARISTOTLE** describes as delighting in the destruction of the crowns of Princes! As it is, we shall derive more satisfaction, though not more advantage, from the following Address, and which, I am confident, *you* will deem worthy of insertion on the auspicious day which we are to have the felicity of celebrating!

"**ENGLISHMEN!**—The degradation of Europe shows you the consequences of Change and the fruit of Reformations. The *ambitious knaves*, who flatter you with high notions of your Rights and Privileges, who are *everlastingly* **DINNING** in your ears the blessings of what they call "**FREEDOM,**" have no other object in view than *the gratification of their own ambition*, **AT THE PUBLIC EXPENCE**; and, to accomplish this object, they stand in need of your *corruption*, as a people. There is, you perceive, a continual struggle between *them* and the *legitimate* sovereignty of the country, which restrains them from pillaging, oppressing, and insulting its inhabitants! Hence it is, that they are continually endeavouring to persuade you, that that sovereignty requires to be *checked and controuled*; in which *nefarious* endeavours, they are, unfortunately, but too often successful! How they would act, were *they* once to engross the whole power of the state, you may easily perceive from what has been disclosed to you on the Continent. If you imagine,

that *you* should be able to avoid similar evils, *you most grossly* deceive yourselves. The people of the Continent were as fond of freedom as you are, and they wanted no information that you possess; but, having been too jealous of *Royal Authority*, having lent their ear, and next their hand, to those *Demagogues*, who persuaded them that they were capable of governing themselves, they destroyed the only *safe-guard* of that liberty, for which they thought they were fighting, and the want of which they **NOW** so sensibly feel, and so deeply deplore."

"*Stick to the Crown, though you find it hanging on a bush!*" was the precept which a good old Englishman gave to his sons, at a time when the monarchy was threatened with that *subversion*, which it afterwards experienced, and which was attended with the perpetration of a deed that has fixed an indelible stain on the annals of England!!! Blessed be God, we are threatened with no such danger **AT PRESENT**; but a *repetition* of the precept can never be out of season, as long as there are Whigs or Jacobins in existence, and as long as there are men foolish enough to listen to their insidious harangues!—The Crown is the guardian of the Nation, but more especially is its guardianship *necessary* to those who are destitute of rank and wealth. The King gives the weakest and poorest of us some degree of consequence; as his subjects, we are upon a level with the noble and the rich; in yielding him obedience, veneration, and love, neither obscurity nor penury can repress our desires, or lessen the pleasure that we feel in return. He is the fountain of national honour, which, like the sun, is no respecter of persons, but smiles with equal warmth on the palace and the cottage. In his justice, his magnanimity, his piety; in the wisdom of his councils, in the splendor of his throne, in the glory of his arms, in all his virtues, and in all his honours, we share, not according to *rank* or to *riches*, but in proportion to the love that we bear to him, and to the land which gave us birth, and which contains the ashes of our fathers!!!"

I shall not diminish the effect of this harangue by any farther observations. I shall merely conclude, with the the expression of the wish of every honest man, that, although Cobbett finds it **PROFITABLE**, to persuade the multitude, *that they are not as well governed as they*

ought to be, that YOU will find it to your HONOUR and your FAME to maintain things that are established, (though without abetting acknowledged abuses) and to support the dignity of the mitre and the authority of the crown!—I remain, Sir, your attached Correspondent,

ALBION.

Alton, Hants. 20th October, 1809.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ROMAN AND THE ENGLISH LAWS: AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THE LATE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE DUKE OF YORK.

To F. W. BLAGDON, Esq.

SIR,—As a cool and impartial spectator of passing events and political disputes, and of course attached to no violent party, I feel disposed to embrace the liberty of the Press in expressing the following candid sentiments to you, arising out of a great and important subject which, during the last Session, engaged the attention of the Legislature, and agitated the Public mind.

In addressing you now, I am not unmindful of the maxim we are all early taught; "*ut via ad bonos mores nunquam sera est*," or, in other words, that it is never too late to do a good thing,—and indeed this is my only plea for so late a tender of my reflections upon a question, so long and so justly decided. I allude, Sir, to the late unfounded and scurrilous attack upon his Royal Highness the Duke of York, than which, I very honestly and safely assert, that, of all the vile attempts which have ever been made, to trump; up before a tribunal, a false and malicious accusation, totally unsupported by fair evidence, against an individual, and which so long harrassed the minds and bodies of our Representatives, there never has been one of a more truly flagitious and bare-faced description.—It may well, indeed, be said, that it possessed no just or reasonable feature whatsoever, nor that it bore on the face of it, from first to last, even the smallest semblance of fairness.—In short, there was discoverable in it, none of that *equum et bonum*, which, for decency sake, and, in deference to justice, should not only ever garnish the outside appearance, but influence the real intentions and conduct of public, as well as private accusers in all criminal cases; instead of which, you beheld malice and revenge stripped of every mask, influencing a desperate, disappointed, and abandoned

woman and her adherents, and it may well be apprehended, a deep and wicked plot, with some one, or more, who ought to have known his or their country better (perhaps with the intent to ruffle the feelings of the unthinking crowd, for some ill-judged purpose), forming the prominent features.—Ancient or modern history does not, in fact, furnish an instance of a more black or virulent attempt at calumny against an upright and illustrious personage, holding a great command; and, although it has justly failed of its Lethal aim, it is still a matter, for the honour of our country, to be lamented by all who possess sentiments of loyalty and true patriotism, as well as by every just, humane, and generous mind. The Divine and imperative injunction, "*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour*," was never, surely, more completely and daringly violated, than in this notable instance before us; for, you find there, not only premeditated falsehood set forth and fostered, but very pertinaciously persisted in, and violently supported to a most unrelenting extent. The only instance that, at this moment, occurs to me of a similar attack in modern times (and modern times have been big with strange and preposterous events), so far as respects the great point of truth, was the enfrenzied accusation against the late unfortunate king of France; as, in the accusation against that injured, unoffending, and yielding monarch, there is not to be found *one tittle of truth*!—That, however, was an attack by a licentious and heated nation at large; this, on the other hand, has been a cool and deliberate attack, as if at the mere instance of an individual, or a junto, with the assistance of the false evidence of a vile and abandoned woman, and her associates in iniquity; the burthen of whose song, with her trafficking and imposing correspondents, was ever, *Money! Money! more Money!* and the seal affixed to which, by her artful finger, was *profound secrecy*, (a full proof of the falsity of the charge), under which magic management, it appears, she, in part, obtained her pecuniary object, and thus duped a number of unsuspecting and foolish individuals. And now, Sir, it may be asked, who except the woman that appeared with such unmasked effrontery, before the *Committee of the whole House of Commons*, of this humane and enlightened country, could have acted such a part as she did, both behind the curtain, & pri-

ori, in deceiving the gulls she duped, or, have come with such a bold face, and lying tongue, before the representative body of the nation, to brazen out such infamous and palpable falsehoods, *à posteriori*, and those too against the illustrious Personage holding so high a command, and of such well-known exactness, and scrupulous propriety, in the direction of those very military matters, which formed the subject of the black catalogue of accusations?—and how truly black, I say, must not so vile an attempt at slander, and false accusation appear, when the illustrious Personage, so vilified, was not only at the head of a high command, and most scrupulously and rigidly exact in the direction and arrangement of military affairs, but the second son of our gracious Monarch, whom God long preserve to a loyal, a grateful, and a happy people. And here, Sir, I must observe on the vile, new-fashioned, and unhappy affectation, of some heads in this country (but they are few and despicable), who think that the son of a king should be no more respected, or more politely treated, than the son of any private individual, and that the man deserves thanks for his *boldness* and *spirit*, who will, right or wrong, attack illustrious personages of this description. Those, however, who are in the habit of thinking so, and of abusing *Kings* and *Princes*, merely because they are *Kings* and *Princes*, be assured mean, at this day, (*à la mode de Paris*), nothing less, than to seyer human confidence by *fraud*, if not by *violence*, from the well-tryed and established maxims of monarchical and orderly governments, with the view to substitute, in their room, the most frantic visions of *Independent Equality*, accompanied with anarchy and disorder, robbery and murder, as was the fashion and order of the day during the revolution in France; and, by such means, to fix their demagogue bodies on the heads and shoulders of the gaping crowd.—But of such, even Jacobins themselves should be cautious, as the moving spring of such deceivers is *ambition*, *spleen*, and *vanity*; and they should even have, in capitals, before their eyes, the classic, cautionary motto “*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,” for, very soon would they feel themselves duped, and ruled by such demagogues with a rod of iron.—Such conceited levellers, however, will not find many at this day, in this virtuous, wealthy, and happy country, to se-

cond them; and their ambitious designs will meet with timely and just checks, in the censures of the majority, and wiser part of society. Such designers need only to look to the most savage, as well as the most civilised people, and they will behold a constant, and general respect, for *Kings, Chieftains, Heads of Tribes, &c.*—The thing is evidently ordered so by the All-Wise Author of nature, and of course just and expedient; and indeed experience has in all countries shown it so. Such appearing necessary, for the welfare of mankind, you find, that, man has, from the earliest period, adopted this mode of good government and order, and that republics, even in small states, seldom lasted long.—Both religious and prophane history produce instances in point, as to the expediency of kingly governments and we must therefore admit the Divine sanction *Love God, Honour the King!* This being then clear, are we not bound to pay a proper and marked deference, to kings and princes, and not to feel ourselves at liberty, or licenced, to vilify them *right or wrong*; or to treat them lightly merely because they are illustrious, and that, by so doing, we *prove our undaunted courage and boldness*? Besides, all are bound, under the guidance of the monarch, to obey and support the government, the laws and ordinances of the realm and of the constitution under which they live, under which their society has been formed, and by which their lives and properties are protected and defended. In this country, and under our glorious constitution and laws, *equal justice* must, and will, be done to all, at which no man has a right to complain: in fact, no man can be suffered with impunity to do the least injustice, and the *innocent*, whether great or small, *must be acquitted*.—To prove, therefore, that our laws, as they exist at present, are adequate to meet every exigency, shall be the subject of my next letter.

J. J. W. J.

Bath, Oct. 9, 1809.

Most of the principal Officers, and military characters who surrounded Buonaparte have, we find, by the arrivals of yesterday, returned to Paris. He was expected at Fontainebleau between the 16th and 20th inst. The negociation has been settled with Austria, though the Treaty has not, according to the best information, yet been signed.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,

THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

“Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant.”

“Slow, yet not cautious; cunning, yet not wise; We hate him first, then *pity*, then *despise*? The drudging dunce, a simulator of wit, Lays up his store of repartee and hit; And decks his brain with many a nice conceit, As they skew'r opera-bills on butcher's meat.”

ALL THE TALENTS.

CHAPTER IV.

Cobbett does not get drunk while on duty.—Devours the contents of a book-shop, without possessing the sense of taste.—Dives to the bottom of an essential branch of learning.—Becomes the amanuensis of a colonel.—Studies most indefatigably.—Kept out of mischief, by scientific pursuits.—Says he is not a clumsy fellow.—Obtains a worsted shoulder-knot.—Crosses the herring-pond, and is frightened at the rocks of Nova Scotia.—Corporal Cobbett's overbearing disposition exemplified.—The reader's attention solicited.—Reasons why the present chapter is a short one.—A well-applied couplet.

It has been already seen, that, having been disappointed of being a sailor, and not liking to have any thing to do with the law, “Cobbett would be a soldier.” He “enlisted early in 1784, and, as peace had then taken place, no great haste was made to send recruits off to their regiments.” Cobbett, therefore, “remained upwards of a year at Chatham, during which time,” he tells us, he “was employed in learning” his “exercise, and taking” his “tour in the duty of the garrison.”

Cobbett, we dare say, was, at this period, a very good, moral young man; for he informs us, that his “leisure time, which was a very considerable portion of the twenty-four hours, was spent, *not in the dissipations common to such a way of life, but in reading and study.* In the course of this year,” continues he, “I learnt more than I had ever done before. I subscribed to a circulating library at Brompton, the greatest part of the books in which I read more than once over. The library was not very considerable, it is true, nor in my reading was I directed by *any degree of taste or choice.* Novels, plays, history, poetry, all were read, and nearly with equal avidity.”

Cobbett tells us, with truth, that “such a course of reading could be attended with but little profit: it was skimming

over the surface of every thing.” “One branch of learning, however,” exclaims Cobbett, exultingly, “*I went to the bottom with, and that THE MOST ESSENTIAL BRANCH, TOO, the GRAMMAR OF MY MOTHER TONGUE!!!!!!*” Cobbett's grammar!! *Risum teneatis amici!* “I had experienced the want of a knowledge of grammar,” continues Cobbett, “during my stay with Mr. Holland; but it is very probable that I never should have thought of encountering the study of it, had not accident placed me under a man whose friendship extended beyond his interest. Writing a fair hand procured me the honour of being copyist to Colonel Debeig, the commandant of the garrison. I transcribed the famous correspondence between him and the Duke of Richmond, which ended in the good and gallant old Colonel being stripped of the reward, bestowed on him for his long and meritorious servitude. (1)

“Being *totally ignorant of the rules of Grammar* (2), I necessarily made many mistakes in copying, because *no one can copy letter by letter, nor even word by word* (3). The Colonel saw my deficiency, and strongly recommended *study.* He enforced his advice with a sort of injunction, and with a promise of reward in case of success.

“I procured me a Lowth's Grammar,

(1) The correspondence here alluded to, arose out of the late Duke of Richmond's celebrated plan for defending the dock-yards and the coast. This plan drew upon the Duke much severe invective, from the ingenious author of “*Criticisms on the Rolliad*,” and it occasioned a serious affair between his grace and Colonel Debeig, a very able engineer, who, being piqued at the rejection of his own plans, wrote a long letter to the Duke in very petulant terms. This letter the Colonel afterwards caused to be inserted in the *Gazetteer*, for which he was brought to a Court-Martial, on three charges adduced against him by the Duke of Richmond, who, however, conducted himself during the prosecution with great moderation. The Court found the Colonel guilty on all the charges, and adjudged him to be suspended from his pay and duty as Colonel of the Royal Engineers, for six calendar months.

(2) Cobbett has before told us, that his father had made both him and his brother “get the rules” of grammar by heart.

(3) The writer of this article once had an amanuensis, who, without being able to read, could copy, very correctly, “letter by letter,” or “word by word,” from any European language; the inference to be drawn from which is, that Cobbett, who *could* read, and who, he tells us, had been compelled, by his father, to “get the rules” of grammar by heart, was an incorrigibly stupid, dunder-headed fellow.

[how elegant] and applied myself to the study of it *with unceasing assiduity*, and not without some profit; for, though it was a *considerable time* before I *fully* comprehended *all* that I read, still I *read and studied with such unremitted attention*, that, at last I could write without falling into any *very* gross errors. The gains I took CANNOT BE DESCRIBED: I wrote the whole grammar out two or three times; I got it by heart; I repeated it every morning and every evening, and, when on guard, I imposed on myself the task of saying it *all over* once every time I was posted centinel. To this exercise of my memory I ascribe the retentiveness of which I have since found myself capable, and to the success with which it was attended, I ascribe the perseverance that has led to the acquirement of the little learning of which I am master."

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;" as has been exemplified in the case of many a dunce besides Cobbett.—To those, who have ever read any of Cobbett's "works," or who may now be in the habit of seeing his Register, can any thing be conceived more irresistibly laughable than the account, here given, of Cobbett's grammatical STUDIES? Cobbett "*went to the bottom*" with the "grammar" of his "*mother tongue*!" We should not be surprised were we very shortly to see advertised, "Lowth's grammar, with additions, and annotations, *critical* and explanatory, by William Cobbett, Esquire, of Botley, Hants."

But we must proceed. Cobbett tells us, that this "study" of his was "*attended with another advantage*," for "*it kept*" him "*out of mischief*." What a pity Cobbett does not *study* grammar now! "*I was always sober*," Cobbett confesses, "*and not a clumsy fellow*!" ["Lord, Lord!" as Falstaff says "*how this world is given to lying*!" or, at all events, how Cobbett must have *altered*!] exempt with none of those reproofs which disgust so many young men with the service."

Cobbett, "*not being a clumsy fellow*," was devilish lucky in the army; he was soon raised to the rank of corporal; and, "*as promotion began to dawn*," he grew impatient" to get to his regiment, where he "*expected soon to bask under the rays of royal favour*." "*The happy day of my departure*," says Corporal Cobbett, "*at last came*: we set sail from Gravesend, and, after a short and pleasant passage, arrived at Halifax in Nova Scotia. When

I first beheld the barren, not to say hideous, rocks at the entrance of the harbour, I began to fear that the master of the vessel had mistaken his way; for I could perceive nothing of that fertility that my good recruiting Captain had dwelt on with so much delight."

Quere—Is it not a little strange, that Cobbett, amidst all his multifarious reading—having devoured the contents of a circulating library, two or three times over—should never once have met with a geographical account of Nova Scotia? Most lads, possessed of "*any degree of taste*," of which Cobbett acknowledges himself to have been unfortunately destitute, would, previously to their going abroad, have endeavoured to acquire all the information within their reach, respecting the country to which they were going.

Now for another touch of Cobbett's descriptive powers.

"Nova Scotia," says he, "*had no other charm for me, than that of novelty*. Every thing I saw was new: bogs, rocks and stumps, musquitoes and bull-frogs. Thousands of captains and colonels, without soldiers, and of squires without stockings or shoes. In England, I had never thought of approaching a squire without a most respectful bow; but, in this new world, *though I was but a corporal*, I often ordered a squire to bring me a glass of grog, and even to take care of my knapsack."

Thus Cobbett's overbearing disposition was displayed at a very early period. Raised from the plough tail, to the dignity of a worsted shoulder-knot, the corporal felt himself a man of consequence amongst the Americans, who had once seen better days; but, by the fortune of war, were then compelled to resort to industrious avocations, in order to procure the means of subsistence, though they were still anxious to keep up the character of *Gentlemen*.—We resume our quotation.

"We staid but a few weeks in Nova Scotia, being ordered to St. John's, in the province of New Brunswick. Here, and at other places in the same province, we remained till the month of September, 1791, when the regiment was relieved and sent home."

Reader, we entreat of thee to notice this passage! Here are the events of six or seven years slurred over, in about the same number of lines! Had Cobbett no *motives* for this silence? O, yes, excellent ones, as will be seen hereafter.

Here we are told nothing of his having been made clerk to the regiment, of his having the whole affairs of the regiment upon his hands, of his giving "lectures of instruction" to all the officers, &c. No, thereby hangs a tale; a tale which had not been trumped up, when Cobbett was in America; for, at that period, too many living witnesses might have been brought forward, to give the lie to the foul libeller.

In the present chapter, it was our full intention to expose the infamous fabrications of this tremendous Corporal, while serving in America; to prove that he most amply deserved the "bloody shoulders" which he so much dreaded; and to drag him forth to the public view, in all his native deformity,

"Like Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame."
POPE.

The story, however, is too interesting for us to allow it to be broken off in the middle; and, as our limits will not permit us to give it entire, in the present sheet, we are under the necessity of postponing it.—In the mean time,

"——on the rack of satire let him lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy!"
FERRET.

COBBETT, AND HIS REFORMING ASSISTANTS.

"Their stalking horse is *reform*, but their real object is the overthrow of the monarchy; a scramble for power and riches: and this intention, should they succeed, they will boast of with as unblushing a front as Lauderdale's friend, Brissot, and his gang, after they had made the exciting of the insurrection of the 10th of August one of the crimes for which they put their Sovereign to death, *boasted of having excited the insurrection themselves!* This is one of the blackest deeds in the annals of republican France; but, let the people of Great Britain be assured, that, instead of abhorrence, it has served to awaken emulation in the minds of the degraded and desperate faction, who have still the hypocrisy to bellow for *reform*."

COBBETT'S WORKS, Vol. IX. page 259.

"He (Mr. Pitt) was a youth when he formerly espoused the cause of reform; age and experience had taught him that *he was wrong*."

IB. Vol. VII. page 31.

"I should think myself the most stupid ass that ever browsed a thistle, were I to doubt one moment as to the *unity of the object*, kept in view by ALL the tribes of *Reformers!*"

IB. page 34.

THE pressure of more temporary matter prevents us from immediately following up our proposed analysis of the very striking arguments which have been adduced by the Edinburgh Reviewers, a-

gainst the necessity, or utility, of a reform in Parliament; but, in the interim, we cannot refrain from noticing, how the Hampshire demagogue, and his hireling crew, writhe and wince beneath the lash of those sturdy northern critics.

We have already (see page 56) directed the reader's attention to the efforts of a pretended "SCOTCHMAN," one of Cobbett's hirelings; and, as it appears that the master of the ceremonies is determined to keep up the game, we shall now take leave briefly to advert to another stupid essay, in Cobbett's Register of October 14, under the signature of R. and dated from Staffordshire; but which, on very good grounds, we believe to have been written by the vile apostate himself.

The letter here alluded to [Cobbett well knows how to write letters to himself] commences with observing, that, "although the sentiments of the Edinburgh Reviewers were formerly known to be against the principle of Parliamentary Reform, yet, it was *hoped*, by some of the friends of that measure, who considered that the *talents* of these journalists [Cobbett is well aware of the maxim of Lord Bacon, that "*knowledge is power*"] might have been a *tower of strength* to THE CAUSE," that they might have been drawn over. Poor devils! how ye are galled by the disappointment! The Edinburgh Reviewers, it seems, either "lured to their *former* opinions, by the hope, at no very distant time, of *again* basking in the sunshine of ministerial power [which they probably would have done, had Lord Grey and his friends acceded to the recent overtures of Mr. Perceval] and which, under another system, might be less genial to plants of Scottish growth," or from some other motive, have not thought proper to join the standard of rebellion, erected by Jack Cade, and supported by the whole "hell of democracy." On the contrary, the northern "tower of strength" has been converted into a battery, a sort of martello tower, against the whole gang of modern reformers. "The fact is apparent," says Mr. R. *alias* Cobbett, "that they [the Edinburgh Reviewers] have defended their doctrine, in their last number, with *all the force of their eloquence, and with every exertion of their talent and ingenuity*." Cobbett admits that he is foiled. To overcome the arguments of these sturdy anti-reformists, "is an operation too difficult to be undertaken, but by men of *strong heads*, and *laborious*

habits." Cobbett cannot forget the plough, and the flail, and the handling of brown bess!

The Edinburgh Reviewers are here termed "mere temporisers, soothing the country under its present afflictions, but without a wish to remove the cause of them;" and we are truly told, that "the impression that their late article on this subject is calculated to make, is, that *any* reform must be inadequate to remove, or materially to lighten the weight of taxes under which the country is sinking." This, assuredly, is precisely the impression which the article by the Edinburgh Reviewers has made; a circumstance which goads the reformers to the quick.

Mr. R. *alias* Cobbett, raves a great deal on the old topic of contractors, speculators, place-hunters, cormorant crews, &c. and then exultingly exclaims—"Truth and honesty must triumph at last!" We hope they will; but, in the accomplishment of that event—in the moment when *truth* and *honesty* shall triumph—we must tremble for the fate of *Cobbett*!

"Had Mr. Pitt," says the writer, on whose strictures we are animadverting, "listened, in 1793 to the real voice of the nation, and distrusted a little the suggestions of his own political wisdom, or vanity, he would scarcely have plunged the country into a war, merely on account of the *paltry provocations* of the then unstable and *mad* government of France. But Mr. Pitt falsely calculated upon humbling this haughty enemy, and upon himself cutting a brilliant figure in the negotiations of Europe. If, instead of upholding this measure by extravagant exaggerations of the danger of French principles, and French revolutions, he had kept a *tight hand* upon the *few* factions at home, and had conceded to the just demands of the major and reasonable part of the country; redressed their grievances, and *regulated the representation*, even according to *his own expressed judgment*, he would have established his fame on a much more solid foundation than it rests upon at the present day."

We have shewn, in one of the mottos prefixed to this article, that, in Cobbett's opinion, the sentiments of Mr. Pitt, when a youth, upon the subject of Parliamentary Reform, were "wrong;" that Mr. Pitt's "*age and experience*" had taught him that *he was wrong*;" yet we are here impudently told, by the apostate

parasite of Pitt, that, had that statesman "regulated the representation" (that is, effected a reform in Parliament). "according to his own *expressed* judgment, he would have established his fame," &c.

This is not the place to enter into a discussion, on Mr. Pitt's conduct respecting a reform in Parliament; but, were it necessary, it would be no difficult task to prove, that that conduct was perfectly consistent and honourable. Cobbett, however knows, that Mr. Pitt *did* keep a "*tight hand*" upon the "*few* factions at home;" and he knows that, to the exertions of Mr. Pitt, and of that martyr to ignorance and party malignity, Lord Melville, Britain is, at this moment, indebted for her existence as a monarchy. Cobbett, too, in the second volume of his Register, at the time that he professed to "*detest and loathe* Sir Francis Burdett," that he said he "*would trample upon him*, for his false, base, and insolent insinuations and assertions, respecting his and OUR Sovereign," thus spoke of the man, whose ashes he has since so often, so wantonly, so brutally insulted:—

"It has been the *happy* lot of this country to possess a minister whose *great and comprehensive* mind was competent to the difficulties of our situation; by whose *effective* and *decisive* measures, the *disaffected* have been *crushed*, and compelled to hide their diminished heads; and it will reflect the most resplendent lustre on the British character, to the latest posterity, that *the people had the wisdom to approve, and the fortitude to support them.*"

Cobbett—for, we repeat, we have strong grounds for believing the article, on which we have been commenting, to be his own composition—towards the close of his *letter to himself*, quotes the following passage, from one of the earlier volumes of the Edinburgh Review:—

"Those who expect to see a nation rise as one man, in consequence of the gradual and regular increase of their pecuniary burthens, must found their hopes upon histories of human affairs, and views of human nature, which the rest of the world are not in possession of."

He then adds:—"Being safe, therefore, on this head, they consider that the only thing necessary to secure a smooth and easy current to the present or any system of government, is to

“avoid shocking too rudely the public mind by any alarming encroachments on its liberty; and to leave it unmolested in the possession of its popular opinions and prejudices. IT IS POSSIBLE, HOWEVER, THAT EVEN THESE MACHIAVELIAN EXPOUNDERS MAY BE OUT IN THEIR CALCULATIONS.”

Thus, the cloven foot will thrust itself from beneath the skirt. Cobbett, we doubt not, would rejoice to see the “nation rise as one man,” to hurl the time-honoured constitution of our ancestors into the dust; but we trust that the glorious fabric will yet be found possessed of sufficient *stamina* to resist all the attempts, both open and covert, of all the traitor reformists in the empire, though headed by Cobbett, Wardle, Sir Francis Burdett, and Citizen Waithman.

FERRET.

MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS, AND THE CONDUCT OF THE OPPOSITION.

THE partizans of the Lords Grenville and Grey appear to be exceedingly chagrined, that the present Ministers should have presumed to retain their places, or to remodel the Cabinet, after those Statesmen had thought proper to decline their overtures for co-operation. They should, it is contended, have abdicated their seats; and, as the Grenvilles and Greys had refused to act *with* them, they ought to have given way, and have suffered those gentlemen to act *without* them. We think, and feel, very differently upon the subject.

That the resignation of Mr. Perceval and his colleagues would have been highly satisfactory to the Opposition, we know very well; for it would have been a full confession, that they were wholly incapable of executing the functions of ministers any longer; and it would also have been an admission—a most flattering one certainly—that the Grenvilles and Greys were the fittest, and the only fit men in the empire, to occupy their vacated seats. Mr. Perceval and his colleagues acted with more spirit, and with a more proper degree of self-confidence upon the occasion.

We must confess, that we were much surprised, and not a little chagrined, when we first heard of the overtures to the Lords Grenville and Grey. It seemed to indicate either a lapse of judgment, or a consciousness of weakness, far beyond that of which we had suspected the

Cabinet, even after the secession of the Duke of Portland, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning. Certainly the proposal was not the emanation or result of wisdom; as every observant mind must be perfectly aware, that, had the Grenvilles and Greys so far forgotten their own honour and political consistency, as to accept the proffered share of the government, the ambitious spirits of those men, ever thirsting after power and influence, would never have rested, till they should have expelled their ill-assorted colleagues, or have been themselves expelled. Thus would the Cabinet have been a continued scene of dissension; each party must, at times, have given way, have sacrificed its feelings, its principles, its wishes; and, amidst the civil contest, the interests of the nation must have been neglected.

Coalitions have never yet proved beneficial to the country; and a more unnatural coalition, than that between the Grenvilles and Greys, and the Percevals and Liverpools, we cannot well conceive. The Catholic question, the American negotiation, and many other affairs of minor importance, could not have been fairly or decently disposed of, amongst men so dissonant in their political principles. In fact, it would have been impossible for them to act together with unanimity or cordiality.

On these principles, we applaud the conduct of the Lords Grenville and Grey, in refusing to accede to the overtures of Mr. Perceval.

On the other hand, we are perfectly satisfied with the present Ministers, for not pusillanimously resigning their seats, in consequence of that refusal. The sudden secession of the Duke of Portland, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning, probably, for a moment, staggered the remaining members of the Cabinet; but, in the interval between the application to Lord Grenville and Lord Grey, and the receipt of the answer of those noblemen, they had had sufficient time to recover from the shock; and the result was, that, with the accession of such friendly and congenial aid as they had in view, they still found themselves competent to hold the reins of government.

It is this determination, this consciousness, that have so mortified the partizans of opposition; as, in consequence, their friends have been totally excluded from power.

In our humble opinion, there are, at this moment, materials in the country,

(including the leading members of the present cabinet) out of which an infinitely more efficient administration might be formed, than any that the whole host of opposition could produce.

"It is now said, in some of the high political circles, that though Mr. Perceval appears to have definitely and unconditionally assumed the joint offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is thus at the head of the Administration, his offer to the Marquis Wellesley leaves that Nobleman the option to come in, *in whatever station he may think proper*. Indeed, it is said to be still, as it was in the beginning, the WISH OF MR. PERCEVAL to place the Marquis Wellesley *in the station lately held by the Duke of Portland*. Doubts, however, are yet entertained of the success of the overture; the Marquis Wellesley being supposed to think the services of Mr. Canning essentially, if not indispensably necessary to the constitution of a stable and vigorous Administration."

So says an Evening Paper, of respectable political information; and we are convinced, that no arrangement could be more satisfactory to the public—to those who are really acquainted with the eminent talents of the Marquis Wellesley—than that which is here pointed out. It seems also extremely likely to take place; as we can perceive no reason, why, Mr. Canning should not *again* be honoured with the commands of his Majesty.

FERRET.

WHO'S MOST TO BLAME;

CANNING OR CASTLEREAGH?

IN a former sheet of the POLITICAL REGISTER (see page 89) we ventured to discuss this question; and the inferences which we drew, from such documents as were then before us, were as follows:—that, as far as related to the duel, all the censure attached to Lord Castlereagh, for precipitately *demanding* SATISFACTION, when he ought only to have *requested* EXPLANATION; that, for Lord Castlereagh's remaining in the war department, after it had been generally admitted, that he was incompetent to the duties of his station, neither Lord Castlereagh, nor Mr. Canning was to blame; the former not being aware of the existence of any dissatisfaction amongst his colleagues, and the former believing him to have been duly apprised of his intended removal; that, *by the injudicious and reprehensible*

conduct of certain "*supposed* FRIENDS" of Lord Castlereagh, in concealing the projected change from his Lordship, that nobleman had been most unhandsomely treated; that no blame, for that concealment, fell upon Mr. Canning, who, for a long time, was not even conscious of its existence; that, by the silence of Lord Castlereagh's "*supposed* FRIENDS," and of certain other persons, Mr. Canning had been at least as ill treated as his Lordship had; and that, as an act of common justice, due to all parties, it greatly behoved the Duke of Portland, and the afore-mentioned "*supposed* FRIENDS" of Lord Castlereagh, to come forward and avow *their* motives, for concealing the intended removal of his Lordship.

Under the denomination of

"EARL CAMDEN'S STATEMENT,"

the following article has since been inserted in all the Newspapers:—

"As it may be inferred, from a statement which has appeared in the public Papers, that Lord Camden withheld from Lord Castlereagh a communication which he had been desired to make to him, it is necessary that it should be understood, that, however Mr. Canning might have conceived the communication alluded to, to have been made to Lord Camden, it was never stated to Lord Camden, that the communication was made at the desire of Mr. Canning; and, that so far from Lord Camden having been *authorised to make the communication to Lord Castlereagh*, HE WAS ABSOLUTELY RESTRICTED FROM SO DOING.

"As it may also be inferred, that Lord Camden was expected to prepare Lord Castlereagh's mind for any proposed change, it is necessary that it should be understood, that Lord Camden never engaged to communicate to Lord Castlereagh any circumstances respecting it, before the termination of the Expedition."

Nothing can be conceived more vague and unsatisfactory than the above document. It leaves the question precisely as it stood before; only vindicating the individual character of Earl Camden, from the supposition, that he had clandestinely concealed the projected removal of Lord Castlereagh. Earl Camden, it appears, *so far from "having been authorised to make the communication to Lord Castlereagh," WAS ABSOLUTELY RESTRICTED FROM SO DOING!*" The question will here be naturally asked, BY

WHOM was Earl Camden *restricted*? and, that *that* party, *whomsoever* he may be, should not come forward to answer the question, is to us matter of astonishment. If, however, that party still chuse to remain enveloped in the cloak of secrecy, ought Mr. Canning to be blamed for it? Surely not. We fully agree, that, "what may have been the reasons which prevented Lord Castlereagh's friends from fulfilling the assurances given to Mr. Canning, that Lord Castlereagh's mind should be prepared by their communications for the arrangement intended to be carried into effect; and what the motives for the disclosure to Lord Castlereagh after that arrangement had ceased to be in contemplation, it is not for Mr. Canning to explain."

The base and insidious malignity of the *Times* Newspaper, on this occasion, cannot have escaped the notice of the Public. The Editor of that Paper, in commenting upon "Earl Camden's Statement," given above, says, "The conduct of the *offending* party [meaning Mr. Canning] could not, *unhappily*, be made *much worse*, than *his own* publication represented it; and there is, therefore, the less interest attached to others." *We* have shown, not only from Mr. Canning's "*own*" statement, but, what is of much greater importance, from *Lord Castlereagh's* statement, that the whole tenour of the former gentleman's conduct was unblamable; and we insist, that, in "Earl Camden's Statement," not one syllable impeaches Mr. Canning's rectitude or honour. Earl Camden merely extricates himself, from the imputation of having acted otherwise than he ought to have done; leaving Mr. Canning's conduct, as it before appeared, perfectly upright, fair, and honourable.

FERRET.

MORE PROOFS OF NATIONAL RUIN*.

The following is a bird's-eye view of British Finance, for the year ending on the 5th of January 1809, abstracted from official documents:—

GREAT BRITAIN.

Produce of the Customs	£9,214,131	0	8
Excise	19,824,515	9	0
Stamps	4,821,865	0	0
Land and Assessed Taxes	7,606,192	18	3½
Post Office	1,498,251	2	8½
Duties on Pensions and Salaries	125,479	7	4½
Hackney Coaches, Hawkers, and Pedlars	42,759	3	10½
	£43,133,994	4	2½

This forms the whole produce of the Ordinary and Permanent Taxes.

Next comes the WAR TAXES, under the Heads of Additional Duties of

Customs	-	-	£2,784,544	4	8
Excise	-	-	6,876,798	17	1
Property Tax	-	-	11,398,134	16	1
Arrears of Income Duty	-	-	15,427	7	1

Total £21,074,895 5 1

This is the total produce of the War Taxes.

Besides which, there are other branches of Revenue, among which we observe the produce of the

Crown Lands	-	-	£50,721	9	1
Lotteries	-	-	461,250	0	0

Money repaid by Public Accountants - 121,040 13 1

Money paid for Interest on Loans to Ireland - 2,055,123 6 1

There are also various other smaller items; and of the whole Money raised, the

Grand Total is £6,054,618 2 1

To which add Loans paid into the Exchequer in 1808 10,102,620 15 6

Grand Total of Receipts £77,157,238 17 1

EXPENDITURE of GREAT BRITAIN in the same YEAR, ending Jan. 5, 1809.

NATIONAL DEBT.

Interest and Charges of Management - £20,982,120 16 1

Money applied to Reduction of National Debt - 10,188,606 16 1

Interest on Exchequer Bills 1,610,562 16 1

Total £32,781,590 9 1

CIVIL LIST.

Under this Head are included all the expenses of the Civil Government of the Country, Pensions, Bounties, &c.

Total of this Head - £2,050,409 10 1

Navy Expenditure under all its Heads - 17,467,892 8 1

Ordnance - 5,108,900 3 1

THE ARMY.

Ordinaries - £11,353,299 12 1

Extraordinaries - 5,817,762 2 1

Army Total £17,201,031 13 1

SUBSIDIES.

To Sweden - £1,100,000 0 0

Sicily - 300,000 0 0

Total of Subsidies £1,400,000 0 0

Miscellaneous Services £2,989,166 11 1

Total of Expenditure £73,391,345 1 1

Income - 77,157,238 1 1

Surplus - £2,234,108 1 1

REVENUE of IRELAND for the Year ending Jan. 5, 1809.

Gross Receipt of Taxes £5,779,425 10 1

Loans of the Year - 5,389,728 0 1

Total £11,169,153 10 1

* Vide POLITICAL REGISTER, page 9.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NOTES OF
THE MONITEUR, RESPECTING
THE SCHELDT EXPEDITION, &c.*Continued from page 96.*

These remarks are called forth, by the appearance of certain "Notes" in the *Moniteur*, upon the war between Austria and France, upon the Expedition to the Scheldt, and upon Lord Wellington's operations in Spain. The "Notes" al- luded to do not easily admit of analysis; and our observations upon them must, at present, be very brief.

The chief information that we obtain, immediately relating to the state of Aus- tria, is, that the Archduke Charles threw up the command of the army, and retir- ed, in consequence of the spirit of intrigue and division which reigned in the Cab- inet. This, it must be remembered, is a *French* representation; but we have al- ways entertained too high an opinion of the Archduke Charles, to believe, that he assented to the late humiliating armistice, from a conviction of any necessity which presented itself, in the actual state of the Austrian army; and, as we are well ac- quainted with the talents of the French, in instigating and in promoting intrigue, we experience no difficulty in accrediting the assertion, that the Austrian Cabinet was in an alarming state. To us, it has always appeared extremely probable, that, when the real history of the armis- tice shall come before the public, it will be found to have originated in the consti- tutional pusillanimity of the Emperor Francis, wrought upon by the corrupted and Frenchified minions which surround him. The intrigues of France are always infinitely more to be dreaded than her arms.

The *Moniteur* informs us, that "Flush- ing, provided the island of Walcheren be inundated, must be considered, by every sensible officer, as a place impregnable by a regular siege; or, at least, as present- ing difficulties which the labour of four months would be unable to vanquish."

We beg leave to doubt the truth of this assertion, in its full extent, on the ground already stated (the information of British officers employed in the reduction of Flushing); but, admitting it to be correct, the practicability of our retain- ing that port, against almost any efforts of the enemy, is fully established.

The unwholesomeness of the climate of the Zealand Isles is another point, respecting which the British government

appear to have been wholly ignorant, or inattentive to. The French calculations, as to its effects, approach, unfortunately, too near to the truth.

If we are to judge, from the official dis- patches of Lord Chatham, that officer certainly received very little information from the British government, respecting the obstacles which were likely to present themselves during his progress. The French tell us, and with truth, that the ships at Antwerp did not depend upon the occupation of Walcheren, or of any island: they depended upon the Conti- nent. It was necessary to take Antwerp. "The English," says the *Moniteur*, "who "for this long time past have not travel- "led upon the Continent, consulted in- "formation collected six years ago, and "imagined that Antwerp was still an open "town, as it was when it was only a tra- "ding port; they did not take into their "calculation the works of these latter "years, especially those which the Em- "peror has caused to be raised, since his "journey to Antwerp. Upon establishing "a dock-yard in that town, he ordered "its fortifications to be again raised; it "is now surrounded with a bastioned ram- "part. The ditch filled with water, "which covers this rampart, has been re- "paired; the left of the town is covered "by an immense inundation, which re- "moves the approaches upwards of 1500 "fathoms; the right is supported by the "citadel, which is a fine piece of fortifi- "cation; upon this front several works "have been established; among others, "a fine half moon, with its counterscarp.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I have taken the trouble to procure the Report of the Trial in which a certain Citizen made a conspi- cuous figure; but I do not conceive that it throws, in the forensic phrase, any "new lights" upon his character. His whole conduct, however, shall not be lost sight of!

As it is not clear, from some few letters which I have received, whether the writers have ordered the Register of their own Newsmen, or wish me to find them one if they receive two sets of the Paper, they will please to inform me, in order that the one sent hence in consequence of their letters, may be discon- tinued.

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“England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride, **THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*Some account of the different ways in which the Jubilee was celebrated in London, with reasons why the people should remember it, and impress it upon the minds of their children.*—Cobbett's threat again noticed, and set at defiance.—A singular exhibition described, which was not expected to take place, by any of the friends to the Jubilee!—Congratulation on the overthrow of the Jacobins' hopes.—Criticisms of the Statesman on the exhibition criticised.—Unexpected intelligence respecting the exact number of Jacobins in London!—A most important Letter to Lord Cochrane, in which are traced the causes of his Lordship's political rise and moral decline; and in which is comprised the real character of the Whig Club.—Second Letter of J. J. W. J. on the Roman laws against defamation.—Another chapter of the Life of the Botley demagogue, in which, out of his own mouth, he is convicted of being a liar!—Continuation of certain public documents, &c.

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THE JUBILEE.

“Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton!”—*His Majesty's first Speech from the Throne.*

NOTWITHSTANDING all the artifices, the wailings, the heart-rending lamentations of the democrats, Englishmen, in celebrating the anniversary of their Sovereign's ascension to the throne, had the glorious triumph which the expectations of the loyal had fully anticipated. It was a day of joy and delight from one extremity of the nation to the other.—Not a face could be seen without the smile of exultation; excepting, indeed, the malignant scowl of a depressed and mortified traitor, which here and there met the view of the exulting passenger; but the eyes of the former were immutably and invariably fixed upon the ground, not daring to encounter the looks of the well-disposed population, as if afraid lest the rays of their indignation should strike them to the earth. Never was the sentiment of love or loyalty so general; never were the various modes of its expression more gratifying! Even the day itself, as if designed by Providence to give superior *eclat* to the gladdening purpose to which it was devoted, was the mildest, brightest, finest day which the people of London had witnessed for months, even amongst those which the æstival quarter could most proudly boast of. Thus even Nature exerted her powerful influence to favour the efforts of Art, and heighten the delight which the loyal million experienced on so grateful an occasion.

It is not my object to fill up any of my pages, (which now promise, through the great interest that the public take in

the cause of truth, to revive the dormant genius of modern Juniiuses and Burkes!) it is not my object, I say, to preclude the admission of such literary treasures as are now regularly pouring in upon me, by the insertion of irrelevant matter. But a slight and passing remark or two, upon the glorious day of the 25th of October, 1809, will, I trust, so far from being deemed supererogatory, be expected in a work like this, the principal end of which is, that the antidotes to sedition and treason may be *preserved*, to counteract their poison, for the benefit of our posterity! In speaking, therefore, of the Jubilee, as an event which is past, and which *the present* generation will never forget, I do not mean to give any details of the various festivities, the sermons, the illuminations, or other tokens of sincere and rapturous loyalty, which occurred—on the contrary, my chief object now is, to congratulate my readers on our success, our triumph, our complete victory, over the traitors who laboured so fervently and so furiously to prevent, for so many days and weeks, by their dismal predictions, their gloomy allusions and desperate declamations, this general burst of affection to legitimate Royalty! It will be always worth while for us to remember how ardently the traitors exerted themselves, in the hope that it would not be possible for the sentiments of the public to be procured in an unanimous and national manner; it will be always fit that we should recollect, what incessant and diabolical artifices they resorted to, in order to interweave the sentiments of Jacobinism with those of veneration for their Sovereign—how they strove to remind the people of the successes which

Buonaparte had gained over the enslaved and spiritless nations of the Continent—how insidiously they attempted to dishearten the industrious and the middle classes of society, by reminding them of the distressing burthens of the taxes which we are all obliged to bear, to maintain our common security; as if the taxes had any, even the remotest, connection with the subject for which we had agreed amongst ourselves to rejoice!—But, above all, it ought ever to be a *duty* amongst us, a duty which we owe to our children, to remind them that *one* miscreant, as a *dernier resort*, to damp the general ardour, dared to *threaten us*, with the view to intimidate us from displaying our reverence to our Monarch, by telling us to “produce *any* of our brilliant accounts if *we dare*, and he would publish along-side of them the brilliant accounts of the loyal celebrations in honour of the *Buonapartes*!” Now, readers, Englishmen, lovers of your country, and haters of its enemies, whether foreign or domestic, reflect on what happened last Wednesday; read any of the vehicles of intelligence in which the details of the provincial festivities were, and are still to be, recorded; recollect in particular the unparalleled enthusiasm of the mass of the people of London, on the occasion, and say whether it is possible for any thing more brilliant to be effected, and whether all *description* of the scenes be not beyond the ability of human nature! Now, as this fact must be admitted, with what contempt, detestation, and defiance, ought we to call upon this jacobinical miscreant to *perform* his detestable threat! Let us put him to the test, and see what he can produce. Let us observe whether all, or any of the debased and enslaved presses of the continent will produce any details of the *joy* on the return of their despot to his capital, which will at all bear comparison with the enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty, that were made amongst our brave and free people, even at a moment when they were depressed by the consideration of various and lamentable national disasters! At all events, let us *force him* to put his threat in execution, that we may observe, even through the overstrained and fulsome colouring with which he will bedaub it, what sort of an appearance *compulsory* celebrations will make, when contrasted with those which emanate spontaneously from the heart! But, for my own part, really, I do not think that any effort will induce him to

attempt the execution of his malignant and democratical menace! Not but he and his associates in sedition would glory in any opportunity of insulting the country, by holding up the Usurper as an object of the love and veneration of his slaves, who, in France, as in all absolute and despotic governments, bend their necks to the iron yoke, because they know that the power of their enslaver can, with a mere look, cause them to be separated from their bodies!—It is not, I say, a wish to keep from our knowledge any *fabricated* accounts of *French* rejoicings; but it is the success and *eclat* of OUR JUBILEE which make the English democrats wish that their eyes were dim and their remaining senses paralised, whenever they see or hear any accounts of this glorious celebration!—Hardened in iniquity, and inflated by arrogance and vanity at the manner in which their detestable labours are rewarded by their disaffected admirers, these wretches, in the pride of their hearts, absolutely dared to flatter themselves that *they* could influence a whole country—that eleven millions of people could be guided by their miserable auguries, and suspend, through *their* vile satires and insinuations, their universal display of loyalty. No wonder that the total failure of their hopes and expectations should convert their previous desperation, while awaiting the result of their attempts, into cold-blooded dismay, at perceiving them at once blasted and destroyed! This, however, was the result of the Jubilee.—It overturned, in one day, the hopes which the democrats had cherished for upwards of a twelvemonth—hopes which arose from the very hour when it was secretly known amongst them, that the conspiracy against certain members of the House of Brunswick would assume “a tangible shape!” but which are now destroyed, by the good sense of the people, in the same manner and with as much facility, as the human hand can sweep away the web of a spider!

But it seemed that the people of London and Westminster, as if anxious to shake off the odium that attached to them, as a body, through the efforts of the seditious, to prevent their loyalty from its proper expansion, wished to effect something more than would be indicated by thanksgiving, feasting, and illumination—If, therefore, a Jacobin happened to pass in any sort of carriage, by any spot where a small crowd had assembled, and did not instantly take off his hat and join

in the general fervour, he was singled out for insult; the vehicle was stopped, and, after being *compelled* to utter *huzzas*, he was suffered to depart with the simple punishment of hisses and execrations, as the just reward for his previous obduracy and insult to the public feeling and understanding. But the master-effort of loyal demonstration took place at Charing Cross! It was an effort which ought to be recorded in letters of gold; and, though I am *suspected*, and even *accused*, by my friends, of having either made it, or caused it to be made, I assure the public that I have not the smallest claim either to THE HONOUR OR CREDIT of the idea or its execution! It was simply as follows: a large placard was produced at Charing-Cross, on Wednesday afternoon, which bore, in striking letters, the following inscription:

“MAY GOD DISPERSE THE VOTARIES OF COBBETT AS THE CLOUDS OF THIS DAY.”

This placard was affixed, amidst a joyous crowd of at least two hundred persons, to the horse's mouth, bearing the statue of Charles I. It remained there the whole of the Wednesday evening and night, as well as all the Thursday; *not a single democrat*, however desperate *his views or intentions*, having *courage enough to remove it!* Was not this a supreme triumph for the loyal? Was it not far beyond any thing of the common-place ordinary kind? It pointed out, in few and striking words, to the detestation of mankind, the modern Catiline, the avowed friend of the destroyer of the human race, the staunch advocate and admirer of that foe to God and man, whose ambition continues to saturate the soil of all continental Europe with human blood! Would to Heaven that this detestable and detested democrat, whose infamy had given rise to the above mentioned loyal effusion, had been at some window within any of the radii which might be drawn from the statue of the good and martyred sovereign! As for me, I only wish it were possible that he had been suspended, in an iron cage, at the end of a crane, issuing from the top of Northumberland House, the residence of the descendants of the valiant and noble house of Percy, or from any similar edifice, within hearing of the constitutional and patriotic sentiments of the multitude, who stood, and looked, and read, and laughed, at the placard, during the whole time that it was exhibited. After he had heard the execrations which were

fulminated against him, by “the poor, starved, suffering people” of London, I would have consented to lower him down, without the least injury to his person, and to let him go home, even in Lord Cochrane's carriage, if he had been willing, to ruminate on his defeat, his disgrace, his utter overthrow as a “*man of the people.*”

On my return from the City on Thursday afternoon, I stood for a few minutes to hear and enjoy the observations of my honest and open-hearted fellow subjects, who were gazing on the placard which I have described. While I was looking at it with a sort of exultation, a coal-heaver, in company with a cobbler, as I supposed, for he had before him a leather apron, came towards me, merely as Diddler says, in the farce, to “ask for information!” “Pray, Sir,” said the coalheaver, who is this here Cobbett; that all this fuss is about? My friend, here, says he is a great 'squire, in the country, that writes against Buonaparte!” “Does he?” answered I; “don't believe him!—He's *mistaken*, that's all!” —“Well, then,” was the reply, “will you tell us *who* he is, because we want to know?” I then told them, without any circumlocution *who he was*, and *what he is!* It can be no entertainment to my readers to have a report of the conversation; but they may be sure that I neither forgot to remind my applicants OF THE PORCUPINE nor of the CROWN AND MITRE!

The exclamation of the honest coal-heaver, when I had satisfied him as to his enquiries, was of a nature which I have no inclination to repeat, lest the colloquial and *peculiar* language of hard-working Englishmen should offend the ears of polished readers! It convinced me of this striking fact, (a fact which I had, by the bye, been convinced of eight years ago, when, by venturing myself amongst an infuriate mob, and endeavouring to bring them to reason, by plain argument, I so far succeeded as to preserve Cobbett's house, and not improbably *his life!* they having assembled with the avowed determination to destroy the former, and did not spare their threats against the latter, till pacified by my appeals to their feelings!)—it convinced me that an assemblage of generous Englishmen, however they have been deluded by the arts of designing demagogues, may, *at any time*, be brought to reason, by an exertion of fortitude

and common sense; and that they may be made to abandon even the projects they had determined on, if addressed in the language of temperance and truth! Never, in short, have I been more firmly convinced, than in my *few* addresses to *the people* of England, of the striking fact expressed by Voltaire, that A GOVERNMENT CAN ONLY PERISH BY SUICIDE!!!!!!

In order that we may perceive the effect which has been produced by the simple effusion of loyalty which has drawn from me the preceding remarks, I will merely quote a word or two from that famous, or, as my readers will doubtless call it, *infamous* paper, "*the Statesman*," that echo of second-hand Jacobinism, that *Jackall* of the Botley demagogue, that very pander to all the brothels of sedition, with which our morals are corrupted, that *Key* to every thing which is disgusting and detestable in the amphitheatre of political literature!

"*The Statesman*" as may naturally be imagined, was *astonished* at the successful attempt to bring *his* and "*the King's friend*," Cobbett, into contempt, in the very midst of the capital of London! However, finding that the fact was as has been related—that the placard actually was exhibited to the admiring multitude, he thus apostrophises: After detailing, or rather *pretending* to describe, the manner in which the pasteboard was affixed, he says,—“But, although the “MISCREANT strained his throat till “he was hoarse with *huzzaing*, he could “not get a *solitary individual* to join “him in this incitement to *riot* and *bloodshed*, and the spectators treated the attempt with the *scorn* which it deserved!!!!”

Oh! brave, just, *truth-telling*, independent, *courageous* STATESMAN—Oh! worthy abetter of thy associate in iniquity; what sort of a reward can thy *comrade* bestow upon thee, for this *just* and *accurate* description! But, good *Mr. Statesman*, although we will excuse you on the account of your *bare faced falsehood*, respecting the placard being affixed without a *solitary individual* giving a cheer, yet, for heaven's sake, tell us what you mean by the “incitement to *riot* and *bloodshed*.” Respecting the former part of your statement, if it can be supposed to be *true*, it only shows that you and your coadjutors are a set of most detestable poltroons; for you must evi-

dently have stood by and seen *your partner* disgraced by a *single individual* without having sufficient spirit, *amongst you all*, to rescue his *name* from the ignominy that was about to be heaped upon it!—As to the latter, that is, the “*bloodshed*,” I did, indeed, expect, and actually *hope* that there would be *some* blood shed, to give *éclat* to the Jubilee.—I did think that you and your *amiable* coadjutors, not having fortitude enough to witness the effusions of loyalty which, in every direction, assailed your ears, would at once, being, in the words of Milton,

“Heart struck, with chilling gripe of sorrow,” have prevented yourselves from any future opportunity of witnessing a similar frustration of your artifices! But I have the mortification to perceive that, in some degree, I have mistaken your real character, contemptible as is the opinion which I have formed of it! Though *atheists* at heart, and *deists* avowedly, you still have not sufficient courage, (if I may be allowed to prostitute the word) to deprive yourselves of your existence; and are therefore *self-doomed* to witness, from time to time, the annihilation of all your desperate projects—the subversion of all your detestable hopes! Hence, as the coroner has not, on the day after the Jubilee, had the trouble of sitting on the bodies of some ten or dozen disappointed Jacobins, I am more than ever confirmed in my original opinion, that *the most virulent of traitors* are the *most despicable of cowards*, and that, henceforth, they are condemned in the words of Dryden, to undergo all the pangs of

“Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace!”

As a closing remark upon the Jubilee, it is scarcely necessary to state that the illumination was general and spontaneous.—“*Very few* windows were broken, (the *Statesman* informs us) but there were *some*, particularly in the house of Messrs. WAITHMAN and EVERINGTON, at the corner of Bridge-street, by a mob that evidently *came from the West*, expressly for that purpose.”—The fact, however, is, that the *Citizen* was almost the only *subject*, within the gates of the metropolis, who did not coincide with the popular sentiment; and, as a reward for his obduracy, the indignant public demolished his windows, and probably, would have destroyed his house, had it not been protected by the officers of justice!

My loyal coadjutor, the *Morning-Post*,

has described the festivities of the day, as they occurred in London, with a degree of spirit and truth, which renders its account well worthy of preservation. The exordium, delineating the character and virtues of his Majesty, is really a fine composition; and which, were it not disgraced by one *gross misrepresentation*, as evident as it is needless, ought to be framed and hung up in every loyalist's library or parlour! Does the writer of the article in question *really* believe, in his conscience—can he possibly “indulge the pleasing hope, *“that of the whole million of the inhabitants of our metropolis, NOT ONE HUNDRED can be disaffected?”*—I do not wish to disturb him in the midst of such a delightful reverie; but happy indeed should I be if *my* dreams were of so delectable a nature! What! *not one hundred* disaffected persons in all London! How happy ought the nine-hundred-thousand and nine hundred *well affected* individuals, to think themselves, when they reflect that they can all congregate together, at an hour's notice, and rally round the throne, should it ever be in danger!

We ought to rejoice beyond measure, at the idea that our metropolis is the very focus of loyalty and virtue! But it would be well if those who are *so satisfied* of our metropolitan loyalty, would tell us *where* the disaffected actually have disposed themselves; for if so many *good, people* have got together in London, I should rather suspect that all the rest of the Empire must be corrupted by the *bad ones*! However, I will point out a way by which my *Morning Post* friend may satisfy himself on this head. Let him take a little trouble to ascertain what becomes of all the volumes, sack-loads, and coach-loads, of sedition which the presses of London supply every month and every week. Let him learn *where* are circulated all the thousands of the *Jacobin Registers, Statesmen, Reviews, Examiners, &c. &c.*! but particularly all the masses of treason that weekly issue from that common sewer of infamy, the office of the *Independent Whig*! I shall be glad to hear the result of his researches; but, in the mean time, he must excuse me for *suspecting* that there are *rather more* than one hundred disaffected persons in London!

Cobbett, last week, was very anxious to learn what had taken place, during his Majesty's long reign, at which the people *ought to rejoice*; and he certainly

told us, at some length, at what they *ought not* to rejoice, namely, *taxes*, and the *price of provisions*! The last piece of information might, perhaps, have been dispensed with, as nobody could doubt the fact; but as to the first question which he puts, I am much obliged to the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, who, in their interlude of the Jubilee, have furnished me with the following ready and admirable answer, which appeared on the inscriptions of their banners, and with which I shall conclude, not doubting that to Cobbett, and his gang, it will prove highly satisfactory!

Gibraltar—Seringapatam—Alexandria
Maida—Vimiera—Quebec
Cape St. Vincent—The Nile—Trafalgar
The Channel—The North Seas—India
Asia—Commerce—Manufactures
Sheffield—Birmingham—Norwich—
Manchester
The Arts—Music—Painting
Agriculture—Patriotism—Loyalty
Unanimity—Valour—Liberality—
FREEDOM!!!

F. W. B.

ON THE REMOVING OF LAND-MARKS!

“The devil will quote you Scripture, to serve his purpose.”

To Mr. Blagdon.

SIR,

WHEN Major Cartwright, in his late address to the Freeholders of Middlesex, at Hackney, quoted one of the curses denounced against the children of Israel, by their inspired legislator, viz. “*Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark*”; he applied the curse very liberally where it is least applicable.—If I had not been certain that it would have been deemed, by the *Reformers*, the height of *presumption* to have advanced any thing like a difference of opinion from him and his gang of supporters, I should have liked to ask him what *he* was then doing. Whose *landmarks*, and *how many* was he labouring hard to remove?—He talked of the landmarks of the *Constitution*, yet he did not, in my opinion, endeavour to support, and uphold the three principal ones—The King, the Lords, and the Commons—but, (as Mr. Byng said, when he was asked if he would support the wild fancies of Sir Francis Burdett,) “*the contrary*.”

I have the honour to be, Sir,

A LOYAL FREEHOLDER.

ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF SEDITIOUS
WRITINGS AND HARANGUES, AT A
TIME OF PUBIC MISFORTUNE;

By ALBION!

"I know the man!"

SHAKS.

LETTER II.

TO LORD COCHRANE.

MY LORD,

THE long illustrious line of ancestry from which you are descended; the commission you hold under his Majesty; the services you have performed; the benevolence, magnanimity, and all the endearing qualities which refine, soften, and distinguish your character, have my entire esteem and admiration; and I have nothing to lament, but that the actions of your political life cannot also be applauded. In truth, from the moment you rose in republican opinion, you proportionably sunk in mine; for, I no sooner read your first speech from the hustings, than I pronounced you would never become a great man! It expressed a gloomy precaution, a jacobinical violence, and a *gray-haired* subterfuge, which shook my regard, and made me feel the absence of the bold luxuriance, the bright-eyed fancy, and all the other general characteristics of a youthful hero and a naval genius! Perhaps, of all the revolutions which an adherence to politics has worked on the human mind, none appears to have distorted the disposition in so evident a degree as in the instance of your Lordship. You *were* deservedly respected and adored—you *are* now, with equal justice, pitied and condemned. It surely must be profitable to discover the cause of such calamity; and should the enquiry not have the power to reclaim your Lordship, it yet may serve as a salutary example for the rest of mankind.

To tear the mask from the face of imposture is a task, which it sometimes demands as much fortitude to attempt as ability to accomplish. But no fortitude, and not much ability, are necessary for the execution of the purpose for which this letter is written. The Jacobins, (to whom your Lordship's political rise and moral decline are owing), with that indescreuion which is often the fated concomitant and bane of artifice, have suffered the mask, on several occasions, to slip aside, and have thus betrayed the genuine features of their character. To point out some of these to your attention, is my present object; and if, in the pursuit of this object, I should have occasion to bring to your

view some circumstances respecting these Jacobins, which cause you to experience a sensation of remorse and indignation for being their accomplice, you will be convinced, from that very circumstance, that this endeavour to expose *them* to the public, and to restore *your Lordship* to society, is both just and expedient.

The title of "*Whig-Club*," which they have so long assumed; the names of Howard, Russel, Cavendish, Plumer, Holland, Coke and Byng, which they have so shamefully prostituted, and the lofty professions they perpetually made, procured for them, for a considerable time, from an *unsuspecting public*, a degree of credit and patronage; a deference and authority, of which their real principles and general conduct have proved them entirely undeserving.

Your Lordship, who has been instructed to look up to the "*Whig Club*" with more respect and deference than to the Throne of the Nation, may be astonished to find that I speak of it with irreverence, and that I draw no distinction between it and the ferocious societies of Democrats and Jacobins, to whom even your Lordship can owe neither respect nor admiration. An attentive perusal of this communication will cause that astonishment to cease.

Whoever meditates on the page of history, and remarks the occurrences of this club, must know, that it is composed of a set of wild, infatuated enthusiasts and ambitious knaves, who flatter the people with high notions of their rights, in order to usurp the ministry, and to pillage, oppress, and insult the Crown, the Church, and the State. To accomplish these nefarious designs, the members affect to be men of extraordinary freedom of mind. With them, to be daring is to be great; to be rash is to be courageous; to despise experience is to be free from prejudice; and to condemn whatever has been sanctioned by the veneration of ages is to be illuminated with superior light!! A select number of the "*ambitious knaves*" perform the executive duties, by embarrassing the government, and by exciting the people to revolt. They have also a leader in Parliament, and a newspaper, of which they govern the fate. For several years back, Mr. Fox was their orator, and the *Morning Chronicle* the vehicle of their abuse. For some short time to come, Mr. Sheridan and *Cobbett's Jacobin Register* are to assume those trusts. The qualities requir-

ed in their speaker are such as a gladiator and a Catiline should boast. By his eloquence, he must be able to obtain popularity, and attract adherents; and, by his force, he must show not only a disregard for argument, but also for the fetters of the law, and the morals of the church. As for the paper, it must be characterized by a general diffusion of democratical knowledge, by a dashing style of composition, a tinsel sort of eloquence, together with a deficiency of solid thought, a want of logical precision, and a total ignorance of original and virtuous principles. These colours must be so glaring as not to be mistaken; they must be so high as to shame the modest simplicity of nature, and disguise the genuine dignity of truth. It would appear, too, that the editor must be of a certain character, as, from the choice made of Cobbett, it is evident that he must be "a man become so insensible, from long habits of vice, that his heart must be waxed fat and gross, and, by being placed beyond the imputation of guilt, have nothing to lose; or be plunged so deep, that he cannot rise, even to "bubble on the surface of the stream."

A province also peculiar to the society and to the paper devoted to its interests, is to assail every young man of promise, who approaches the throne, with flattery, and to seduce him from his allegiance. Mr. Fox's corruption was effected by the club, while a youth in the Cabinet; and your Lordship's, by Cobbett, while on the quarter-deck of your ship. This remark recovers me from much digression, and brings me to my original intent.—You had no sooner distinguished yourself, in a conspicuous manner, in the service, than the club fixed their regard upon you, and determined you to be an active instrument of their designs. In consequence, you were invited to town; greeted with acclamations; feasted with dinners; lauded by the venal prints; and elected a Member of the Parliament. And for what, my Lord, were all these offerings made to so youthful an idol?—merely to add a *popular* member to a society, which disgraces the established government, and which would bow the exalted dignity of their country at those ensanguined altars, which still smoke with the sacrifices of monarchy, wisdom, and religion!

I admit, my Lord, that, at the time of this conspiracy against your honour, while intoxicated with popular applause,

and your own voice and sentiments subdued by the shouts and tyranny of your political tutor, Cobbett, you were ignorant of the errors you were about to commit, and of the principles of the men who led you on to their perpetration. You easily seized the specious sophisms of the turbulent and factious. Your ardent imagination magnified them into undeniable maxims, and self-evident truths. You expanded them into a gigantic shape, and thought it your duty to display them before the eyes of the people. You sharpened, or rounded, them into weapons of attack, and charged such artillery with all the inflammable substance your tutor, Cobbett, could furnish. The watch-word of disaffection was given you, the trumpet of disloyalty sounded, and, in the garb of a naval officer, you led the demagogues who deluded you, into battle with the established usages and constituted authorities of your country. You braved your Sovereign, arraigned the admiralty, and you have since, actuated by the dictates of pride, and the swellings of self-importance, accused and injured a meritorious and brave commander.

I would not impose the ungracious task on myself, of breaking up a ground which has already produced so unprofitable a harvest, had I any hopes that the admonitions of friendship or the voice of experience could effect a salutary change in your Lordship. Alas! I have no hopes, but such as your visit to Botley makes it idle to entertain. In truth, my Lord, your intimacy with Cobbett is so inconsistent and extraordinary, so pregnant with humiliation and danger, that posterity will learn it with as much wonder, as honest men now do with sentiments of regret and disdain. Had you cast him off after the election, as Frederick did Voltaire after the revision of his sheets, your friends might be disposed to forgetfulness; but, when you are found cultivating the connection; supplying his table with Spanish lamb and his pastures with Merino sheep; when you are seen under his roof, and travelling *with him* to Winton *in the same* coach, nothing but despair and indignation can fill the honourable breast—from a conviction that you are governed by a determined and wilful spirit of political hostility and moral turpitude. But it cannot be so. I will rather presume that the instructions of Cobbett and the influence of the Whig Club, persuade you to think that you are

acting a meritorious part, which will ultimately make you “the man of the people”.—And yet, my Lord, you have acquired experience sufficient to despise such influences, and to act becoming a man of wisdom and a naval officer. Even your visit to Botley should have produced such desirable effects. You *there saw* Cobbett’s restless spirit; his overbearing and tyrannical temper; his contempt for his wife and children; his cruelty to his servants; and his personal vanity and wearisome talk and contemplation of himself. You *there heard* his imprecations; his seditious intentions, blasphemies, and lies.—In short if your Lordship were yourself to draw, from your visit, his portrait, you would not violate the laws of hospitality, by speaking of his private character, but you would be compelled to describe his public one thus:—

“When I turn to his religious and political opinions, I find all the virulence and asperity of the reformer; all the insolence and even impudence of the asserters of equality; a want of decent, or even of common, respect to dignified characters; a mind hostile and implacable to every establishment, and with a strong *tendency even to sanguinary persecution.*”

From this description, which must decidedly flow from your own unbiassed opinions, you can, in reality, have no respect for the man, and we must look for your Lordship’s degeneracy in some respect to other influences.

To be “*the man of the people*” is a vanity with which the Whig Club, with unremitting industry, endeavour to inflate your lordship; and it is possible that they have so far averted your mind from legitimate objects, that you regard this title with admiration. It is possible, that by their political illusions and extravagant dogmas, you turn from the throne, and bow to “the sovereignty of the people.” However, as this is a subject of too much consequence for litigation towards the conclusion of a letter, and as it is one I prefer discussing with that great law luminary, Lord Erskine, I take leave to refer you to a letter which you will find addressed to that nobleman in an early, if not the next Number of this Register; and from which you will learn, that your opinions of “the sovereignty of the people” are as erroneous and criminal, as you now find your connection with Cobbett and the Whig Club

is ruinous to the interest of society, and to your OWN reputation.

In the mean time, if your Lordship reflects, you will *yourself* discover, in your new friends, sufficient cause for unadulterated contempt and indignation. Observe them attempting, and of course expecting to impose upon you by making professions which are uniformly contradicted by the constant tenor of their practice. While they hold out large promises of liberality and impartiality, do they not betray, on every subject, whether political or religious, so much of the spirit of prejudice, violence, and party, that no one, who is without the limits of the narrow circle of their dangerous connections, can hope to be treated with candour, urbanity, or even common honesty? It only remains for me to propose one question more for your Lordship’s consideration. Ought such men as your Lordship’s new friends, to receive any degree of support, from *those* who profess any concern for the dignity of the crown, and for the promotion of genuine piety and vital religion? If the question be attentively and fairly weighed, it is easy to anticipate your answer—And I am confident that every man, whose concurrence is desirable, will agree with *your Lordship* in asserting, that whoever lays claim to the character of a gentleman, a scholar, and a British subject, is bound to justify his assumption to those titles, by exhibiting the *sternest opposition* to Cobbett, to the Members of the Whig Club, and all others who disgust the loyal by their practice; the pious by their crimes; the well-bred by their vulgarities; and the well-informed by their ignorance.

This letter must not be considered as a personal attack upon your Lordship. I believe I have proved how much I respect you as an officer, and as a man in your private capacity. I address you only as a public character, who has formed *dangerous connections*, and who must be brought, by the chastisement of the pen, to abandon such connections, or to give up all claim to the approbation of his countrymen: for, if you adhere to them, after this *exposition*, it follows that your Lordship is either *knave* or *enthusiast*, and consequently undeserving of public favour and parliamentary trust! Therefore, while your *friends* are *bolstering* your Lordship up, to supply the place of Mr. Fox, and to cast sparks into a nation which they have already rendered but too combustible, re-

flect and follow the examples of Mr. Burke and Lord Selkirk, and you will again meet with respect and admiration; especially from, my Lord,

Your Lordship's close observer,

ALBION.

Alton, 26th October, 1809.

ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE
ROMAN AND THE ENGLISH LAWS:
AS EXEMPLIFIED BY THE LATE
CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE DUKE OF
YORK.

LETTER II.

To F. W. BLAGDON, Esq.

SIR,—The public and private laws of this realm, are ample to meet every crime we know of, matured as they have been, from time to time, by our ancestors; and from the highly-improved minds of our Lords and Commons, our grand and petty jurors, it may well be expected, that, a fair and able scrutiny, as far as human wisdom can explore, will always take place; that the consequent decisions will be generally found as fair and correct as human wisdom can accomplish, and hence *justice* be duly and uprightly administered. But, whilst we expect *justice*, we are bound to *do justice*; and, here I must observe, that, the word *justice*, is a term of more extensive and general understanding, than most people are aware of, or seem inclined to act up to.—Amongst the Romans, in the time of Justinian, it appears to have been fully understood and acted upon.—In its general sense, and as by the Roman lawyer defined—“*Est constans et perpetua voluntas jus suum quiquæ tribuendi**”—We are, under this general definition, bound to render to every man that which is his right and his due—to give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.—But, in its subdivisions, and nicer distinctions, there flow two very material branches, as relative to man's duty in a state of civil society, and which the laws of all countries should have an eye to—The one termed *expletrix*, by the Roman commentators—The other *attributrix*—The former defined, “*quæ quiquæ tribuit, quod jure perfecto debetur.*”—The latter, “*quæ quiquæ tribuit, quod voluntatis et officio magis est, quam necessitatis†.*”—So that it appears we are, under the great head of *justice*, not only bound to do what the *written law* prescribes, and, farther, what in *foro conscientiæ*,

would be deemed our duty, but still farther, as members of a civil community, such acts as may be classed under the technical term, *attributrix* of the Romans—or *voluntary* acts of *beneficence* and *kindness*; depending merely on the *will* of the performer.—We are, it is true, not legally *bound* to do such acts, but they are fairly *expected* of us, in a state of civil society.

If then, I say, Sir, a man will not assign, as in the notable case before us, to an honourable and upright Prince, his due, *jure perfecto*, how can it be supposed he would do strict justice to any one, much less go the length of beneficence to any man? But what are we to expect of that man who would go still farther, and unjustly cry down Princes, merely *because they are Princes*; or, in other words, because they could count their exalted ancestors; for this seems to stick in the throats of some persons.—*A propos*, of this it has been very erroneously observed, in the course of the late serious enquiry alluded to, that, “*in this country, we did not look to our ancestry.*”—For my part, Sir, I know of no country where ancestry is so much looked to, or can be viewed with more praise-worthy or true pride, than in this land of Old England, from one end of the country to the other.—Such paltry language little becomes a Briton at this advanced day of the world, and having in view the state of surrounding nations.—It is no wonder this should be called, by the common enemy, a country of beer brewers and pedlars, when we stand up in our places, in the legislative assembly of the nation, and, in the face of the country, report such things of ourselves—I believe, however, the fact is, that we shall lose nothing in the comparison with others on this topic.—The Britons, who were a very ancient family in this country, and who are now chiefly established in that part of the kingdom called Wales, are clearly no mushrooms of the present day. They have not started up before us, as being famed for their porter brewing—Therefore that *brown stout*, and hardy race, cannot feel the assertions well founded—and, although the occupiers of the inland and flatter parts of the country, may not be of so hardy a race, yet they too can look to their ancestry, to whom, as descendants of Saxons, Danes, and Normans; they can, at various periods in their history, turn back with pleasure and pride!—How many *great, wise, and valiant*

* The Pandects of Justinian.

† The Pandects of Justinian.

men does not the historic page of this country point out, ever since the time of the Norman conquest, which was not an achievement of yesterday? But, to revert, in establishing and exercising justice, however, throughout the land, a great point is, to be cautious, that, *accusations are well founded in fact*—If not, to encourage such, would be opening a door to very hurtful and violent persecutions; for *party virulence* and enmity will frequently carry the human mind to very outrageous and revengeful lengths.

Among the ancient Romans, *false accusations*, at one time, became very prevalent from party fervor; and, in order to put a stop to them, it was found necessary to frame a law sufficient to meet the evil. Accordingly, a law was passed, (as will be found in the Roman Pandects, under the title, *De Accusatione*,) which subjected the *false accuser* to the same penalty as would have followed the guilty accused; such as *infamy*, or any other.—Certainly, that the charges should be fairly made and substantiated, is at all times very expedient, and that *false accusations* should be rigidly checked; but it must be admitted that, with the Romans, the remedy intended to check them was very strong, and that it was going very far, truly; yet, still it must be recollected, that desperate cases require desperate remedies, and that we should, with a most jealous eye, ever guard most strongly against *false* and *violent* attacks, under the mask of fairness, being made on the harmless members of society; and, at all events, discourage, by more than gentle rebuke and censure, all violent charges, when unsupported, as in the case before us, by a most glaring lack of evidence, and evidently unsanctioned by *truth*. Nor should we praise a false accuser for his *undaunted courage* and *boldness*, but most scrupulously and religiously set our faces against him, who, by "*bearing false witness against his neighbour*," tramples upon Christianity and the laws of civil society. And here it may be asked, what was to be expected from the veracity of such a vindictive and abandoned female, not on oath, who displayed, as was well observed, all that "*pertness, levity, wit, acuteness, effrontery, and impudence*," at the bar of the vigilant committee of the whole House of Commons, and which were so candidly admitted to be her prominent qualities? *A propos*, of this it is to be observed, that the punishment to be inflicted on such

false and infamous witnesses, by the Romans, was to throw them from the *Tarpeian Rock*! Our constitution and laws, however, are wisely framed, not to require, or suffer, such summary proceedings. They are calculated for the best purposes of civil and orderly society; and they, who, under any pretence, abuse and misapply them, deserve to meet with general censure.—With us, *false accusers* and *false witnesses* will generally, even before it be too late, be detected, and suffer the punishment they merit, both from the arm of the law, and in the scoffings and rebukes of the public, who always make the case their own, whilst the *innocent accused* will rise refulgent in the general estimation, and that in proportion to his sufferings, and the persecutions exercised against him. For these happy advantages, Sir, we are indebted to our constitution and laws, and for them we are to thank our *Kings* and our *Ancestors*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Clifton, Oct. 9, 1809. J. J. W. J.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT, THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant."

"Now, atrocious, infamous miscreant, 'look on this picture, and on this.' I would call on you to blush, but the rust of villany has eaten your cheek to the bone, and dried up the source of suffusion. Are those the proofs of your disinterestedness and consistency? Is it thus that you are always the same, and that you '*preserve through life*' the right-angled character of MAN?"

COBBETT'S WORKS, Vol. IV. p. 331.

CHAPTER V.

A promise performed—Cobbett brought to the bar.—*An apology for coarse language*.—Cobbett's rapid promotion.—*Gives military lectures*.—*Convicted of being a liar*.—*A beast in a hairy cap*.—*A modest narrative*—Cobbett commands a regiment.—*Performs wonders*—*Does every thing well*.—*Writes most beautifully*.—*Robs the lawyers*.—*Studies more grammar*.—Cobbett's merciful disposition exemplified.—*Studies geometry and fortification, and surpasses the celebrated architects of Laputa*.—*Traverses unknown regions*.—*Pretends to have cured a notorious military disease*.—*Becomes wiser than Solomon*.—*Returns to England*.—*Obtains his discharge*.—*An old proverb applied*.—*Important documents*.—Cobbett's alleged object in obtaining his discharge.—*An opinion of Cobbett's courage*.

AN interesting scene here opens to the reader. Cobbett is on the point of being

dragged forward as a convicted liar (1).

In a preceding sheet (page 32) we announced our intention of profiting by the labours of the author of "*The Rival Impostors*," when we should arrive at that period of Cobbett's life, to which they more immediately relate; and, to the eternal disgrace of Cobbett, whose atrocities had been too long buried in oblivion, we will now fulfil that promise; we will, by giving an increased circulation to the damning proofs which are contained in the admirable pamphlet alluded to, heap additional infamy on the head of the "foul and spotted *****."

Cobbett, thou art arraigned at the bar of truth! but, that thou shalt not have it in thy power to complain, that the minds of the jury have been prejudiced, thou shalt, before the evidence of thy falsehood be adduced, be allowed to tell thy own tale!

In the preceding chapter of the life of this demagogue, we remarked, that, in the account which Cobbett himself published in America, he told us nothing of his having been made clerk to the regiment, of his having the whole affairs of the regiment upon his hands, of his giving "lectures of instruction" to all the officers, &c. Cobbett, when goaded into an attempt at explanation, respecting the famous court-martial which he called for upon his officers, after he returned to England, in his Register of June 17, 1809, thus impudently and arrogantly supplies the deficiency:—

"I enlisted at Chatham in 1784; I joined the regiment, in Nova Scotia, in 1785; I was almost immediately made a corporal; in a few months afterwards I was made a serjeant; and, at the end of about a year and a half, I was made the serjeant-major. While I was a corporal, I was made clerk to the regiment. In a very short time, the whole of the business, in that way, fell into my hands; and, at the end of about a year, neither adjutant, pay-master, or quarter-master, could move an inch without my assistance. The military part of the regiment's affairs fell under my care, in like man-

(1) "Gentle reader," exclaims the author of "*The Rival Impostors*," in his epistle to Cobbett, after using the substantive to which this note refers, "pardon this coarse expression, none other in the English language is sufficiently strong to express my horror and contempt of the miscreant to whom it is applied!" Possessing a sympathetic feeling on the subject, we offer the apology here quoted.

ner. About this time, the new discipline, as it was called; that is to say, the mode of handling the musket, and of marching, &c. called '*Dundas's System*,' was sent out to us, in little books, which were to be studied by the officers of each regiment, and the rules of which were to be immediately conformed to. Though any old woman might have written such a book; though it was excessively foolish, from beginning to end; still, it was to be complied with; it ordered and commanded a total change, and this change was to be completed before the next annual review took place. To make this change was left to me, who was not then twenty years of age, while not a single officer in the regiment paid the least attention to the matter; so that, when the time came for the annual review, I, then a corporal, had to give lectures of instruction to the officers themselves, the colonel not excepted; and, for several of them, if not for all of them, I had to make out, upon large cards, which they bought for the purpose, little plans of the position of the regiment, together with lists of the words of command, which they had to give in the field."

Let us now hear what the author of "*The Rival Impostors*" says. Having quoted the above passage, he immediately proceeds as follows:—

"According to this statement, you were made a corporal in 1785, and as you were made a serjeant in a few months afterwards, you must have CEASED TO BE a corporal either towards the end of 1785, or very early in 1786.

"Now blush, thou unparalleled liar! if not at thy wickedness, blush at the folly, the weakness of thy falsehoods! Sir David Dundas's book was not published till 1788, and the regulations of "the '*new discipline*' which you assert" were sent out to you in little books, which were to be studied by the officers of each regiment in 1785, were not 'ordered and commanded' to be adopted by the army till June 1st, 1792, SIX MONTHS after you had quitted the service, and nearly THREE after your base desertion of your pledge and country! This clearly appears from the date of the circular letter, which first commanded the new discipline to be adopted, written by Sir William Fawcett, then adjutant-general, a copy of which is now prefixed to every book

“ of those regulations, and the original
“ may at any time be seen in the circular
“ letter book of the adjutant-general’s de-
“ partment of the War-office.

“ It is true that, previously to this ge-
“ neral adoption of the *new system*, some
“ regiments practised it in Ireland, but
“ the 54th was not one of them; and, at
“ any rate, you could not have instruct-
“ ed your officers in the *manceuvres* there-
“ of, while a *corporal*, because the book
“ *was not then published!!!* The fact is,
“ that you hoped, by bringing in Sir Da-
“ vid’s name, by the allusion to the ‘*old*
“ *woman*,’ and by making a *corporal* the
“ tutor of his superior officers, to render
“ the Commander-in-Chief ridiculous and
“ contemptible, and to excite discontent
“ and disgust among the gallant defend-
“ ers of those laws which you are endea-
“ vouring to subvert. This is evident
“ from what immediately follows.

‘ Is it any wonder,’ you continue, ‘ that
‘ we experience *defeats*? There was I, at
‘ the review, *upon the flank* of the gre-
‘ nadier company, with my worsted
‘ shoulder-knot, and my great high,
‘ coarse, hairy cap; *confounded in the*
‘ *ranks* amongst other men (2), while those
‘ who were commanding me to move my
‘ hands or my feet, thus or thus, were, in
‘ fact, uttering words which I had taught
‘ them; and were, in every thing, ex-
‘ cepting mere authority, *my inferiors*,
‘ and ought to have been *commanded by*
‘ *me*.’ It was impossible for reflections of
‘ this sort not to intrude themselves; and,
‘ as I advanced in experience, I felt less
‘ and less respect for those whom I was
‘ compelled to obey. One suffers injus-
‘ tice from men of great endowments of
‘ mind with much less of heart-burning than
‘ from men whom *one* cannot help despi-
‘ sing; and if my officers had been men
‘ of manifest superiority of mind, I should,
‘ perhaps, not have so soon conceived the
‘ project of bringing them, or some of
‘ them, at least, to shame and punishment
‘ for the divers flagrant breaches of the
‘ law, committed by them, and for their
‘ manifold, their endless wrongs against
‘ the soldiers, and against the public.”

We hope that the reader is, by this
time, fully satisfied, as to the degree of
credit due to *any* statement that may
come from the pen of Cobbett!—At pre-
sent, we proceed no farther with our fel-
low labourer, the author of “*The Ri-*

val Impostors,” but, when the villanies
connected with the Court Martial fall
under our cognizance, we shall again be
proud of profiting by his assistance.
Every thing, however, relating to the
Court-Martial—that death-blow to the
foul accuser of innocence—must be re-
served for the succeeding chapter.

But we have not yet unfolded to the
reader one half of the multitudinous em-
ployments of Cobbett, while he was a
soldier; nor have we furnished scarcely
more than a taste of his unparalleled ar-
rogance and self-conceit. To satisfy—
or, perhaps, to satiate—the reader with
such delicacies, we must obtrude upon
his notice a long, and, in Cobbett’s eye,
important quotation. In his Register of
June 17, he thus *modestly* records his
supereminent talents and Herculean la-
bours:—

“ I think I may venture to say, that
the lives of very few men have been
marked with *stronger proofs of merit* of
EVERY SORT. In my regiment *I was*
every thing: the *whole corps* was under
my controul; I rendered services, not
only in the regiment, but in the pro-
vinces where we were stationed, *such as*
no one but myself would have thought of.
I remember a set of *Commissioners* be-
ing sent out from England, a part of
whose business it was to make a state-
ment and report of the population, &c.
&c. of the province. They lived about
our quarters for some time; they had
some jovial carousings with our officers;
but, *it was I* who made out their state-
ment, and *drew up their report* to be sent
home to the king; for which, by the
bye, they never gave me even their
thanks. This statement, which, *as was*
the case with every thing that I meddled
with, [clever fellow!] was done in so clear,
correct, and, in point of penmanship, so
BEAUTIFUL a manner, *that I have been*
told, the Duke of Kent, when he after-
wards became Commander in Chief in
those provinces, had it copied; and took
away the original as a curiosity. *This*
was the way in which I did every thing.
I was, of course, very much envied and
hated by the weak and the wicked, and,
as was natural to expect, *I did not*,
amongst people, whom, though my su-
periors in rank, I could not help despi-
sing, *bear myself with much moderation*.
From nineteen to twenty-seven is not
much of an age for moderation, especial-
ly with those, who must necessarily de-
spise all around them. But *the fame of*

(2) “*Quere.* How could a *corporal* upon the
flank of the grenadier company be confounded in
the ranks among other men?”

my services and TALENTS ran through the whole country. Every good man respected me. [How things are altered, Cobbett!] I was invited to visit people in all parts of the provinces. While we lay at Fredericton, in New Brunswick, I had the settling, or rather the preventing, of eight or nine law suits. I had the affairs of a whole regiment to attend to; all its accounts, its parades, its guards, its every thing. I found, however, time for studying English and French grammar (3); I learnt geometry and fortifica-

(3) More of Cobbett's grammar! Mercy on us! We thought he had gone to the bottom with grammar, long ago!—Amongst the beauties which we propose to select, the pretty wild flowers of rhetoric which we mean to cull from Cobbett's "Works," in the course of our history, we shall take an opportunity of amusing the reader by the insertion of some curious specimens of Cobbett's grammar. In the mean time, the following elegant morceau (not in his "works,") which at once displays the clearness of Cobbett's head, and the goodness of his heart, will be found not altogether undeserving of attention. The SATIRIST, for January, 1809, page 44, informs us that, "in the kitchen of the Dolphin Inn, at Botley, Hants, the following notice is posted up, in the hand-writing [beautiful, of course] of William Cobbett:"

"FAIR WARNING.

"Some villain or villains having cut off several young trees, and otherwise damaged the woods in the manor [Corporal Cobbett's manor!] of Fairthorn, I hereby give notice, that the first person who shall be detected in the like, or who shall be found trespassing on any part of the said manor, will be prosecuted by me, let them be who they may; and that nothing shall induce me to forgive them. That no one may hereafter plead ignorance of the same, I hereby give, from the Salisbury newspaper, of the 7th of this month, the following extract:

[The extract alluded to records the public whipping of two young men, who had been convicted of cutting and destroying young trees in the woods of the Earl of Radnor. Poor devils! they had met with the "bloody shoulders" which Cobbett himself, the lord of the manor, more richly deserved!]

"For the second offence the punishment is transportation for life. Now, after this warning let no one complain of severity. If any one is caught, I will listen to neither parents or friends, but am resolved to give every offender the full measure of the law. I hereby offer a reward of Ten Guineas to any person who will inform to conviction against any one committing the above crimes in the said manor [Cobbett's manor!] of Fairthorn.

"I offer a reward of Ten Guineas to whomsoever shall inform to conviction against the villain or villains who have maliciously destroyed part of the bridge [Cobbett's bridge!] at Botley.

"I give this notice once for all. I will never give another. PUNISHMENT is now what remains to be INFLICTED.

(Signed)

"WM. COBBETT."

"Botley, 11th March, 1808."

tion; I built a barrack for four hundred men without the aid of either draughtsman, carpenter, or bricklayer: the soldiers under me cut down the timber and dug the stones, and I WAS THE ARCHITECT; I went through a tract of woods, of above a hundred miles, where no man had ever ventured before to go ALONE; and this I did for the purpose of putting a stop to desertion, by showing the regiment that I myself was able to follow the fugitives, and, accordingly, after that, we had no more desertion to the United States. With all these occupations (of which I mention only a few particulars that occur to me at the moment) I found time for skating, fishing, shooting, and all the other sports of the country, of which, when I left it, I had seen, and knew, more than any other man."

So much for Cobbett's military occupations, &c. exclusively of his gutting the regimental books, in concert with the deceased little Corporal Bestland, for the purpose of instituting a prosecution against his officers, when he should return to England, where, it appears, he arrived, in the early part of November, 1791. "We landed at Portsmouth," says Cobbett, "on the 3d of November, and on the 19th of the next month I obtained my discharge, after having served not quite eight years, and after having, in that short space, passed through every rank, from that of a private sentinel to that of serjeant major, without ever being once disgraced, confined, or even reprimanded."

Cobbett, in his Register of June 17, appears extremely anxious to impress his readers with the belief, that he was beloved and respected, both by the officers and men of his regiment. That he was in high favour with the commanding officer, Major Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the notorious Irish traitor, we can readily believe; for, according to the old proverb, "birds of a feather flock together;" but, as to having been beloved by the men, we have heard a very different story.

Cobbett did not obtain his discharge, he tells us, in his Register above-mentioned, till "after many efforts, on the part of the commanding officer, Major Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and of General Frederick, the Colonel of the regiment [whom he had before instructed in his duty as an officer] to prevail on" him "to remain upon a promise of being specially recommended to the King, as

worthy of being immediately promoted to the rank of Ensign."

The discharge which Cobbett obtained from his good friend, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was as follows:—

"By the Right Honourable Major Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commanding his Majesty's 54th Regiment of Foot, whereof Lieutenant General Frederick is Colonel.

"THESE are to certify, that the bearer hereof, WILLIAM COBBETT, Serjeant-Major in the aforesaid regiment, has served honestly and faithfully for the space of eight years, nearly seven of which he has been a non commissioned officer, and of that time he has been five years Serjeant-Major to the regiment; but having very earnestly applied for his discharge, he, in consideration of his good behaviour, and the services he has rendered the regiment, is hereby discharged.

"Given under my hand, and the seal of the regiment, at Portsmouth, this 19th day of December, 1791.

"EDWARD FITZGERALD."

The subjoined orders, Cobbett also informs us, were issued in the garrison of Portsmouth, on the day of his discharge:

"Portsmouth, 19th Dec. 1791.

"Serjeant-Major Cobbett having most pressing applied for his discharge, at Major Lord Edward Fitzgerald's request, General Frederick has granted it. General Frederick has ordered Major Lord Edward Fitzgerald to return the Serjeant-Major thanks for his behaviour and conduct during the time of his being in the regiment, and Major Lord Edward adds his MOST HEARTY thanks to those of the General."

Cobbett farther informs us, in his Register of June 17, that the object of his "thus quitting the army, to which" he "was, perhaps, more attached than any man that ever lived in the world, was, to bring certain officers to justice for having, in various ways, wronged both the public and the soldier." With this most laudable object in view, if we are to believe Cobbett, he "went straight to London," the moment he had obtained his "liberty," and secured his "personal safety;" of which, by the bye, notwithstanding the vaunted courage of the bully, he appears to have been always extremely careful. Cobbett, we believe, never was in a battle—a military one,

we mean: if he had, we doubt not that he would have verified the old adage:—

"He that fights, and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

We have reasons for entertaining this opinion of Cobbett's courage, of which both Cobbett and the public shall be apprised, in due time. The Court-Martial, however, must first occupy our attention.

FERRET.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NOTES OF THE MONITEUR, RESPECTING THE SCHELDT EXPÉDITION, &c.

Continued from page 128.

"Upon the left bank of the Scheldt there are no houses, but the Head of Flanders has been re-established, and its works are protected by an inundation of 2000 fathoms in extent. The English could not, therefore, take Antwerp without besieging it, without methodically opening the trenches, without working on through the inundations and marshes: in short, without having invested the town; and, if they must invest it on both sides, they would require to have two armies: 1st, One between the Head of Flanders and the town of St. Nicholas, opposite to Brussels and to the road of France; indeed, we know no general bold enough to take this position with less than 80,000 infantry, and between 8 and 10,000 cavalry, since he must have to withstand the army which should arrive from France, and the troops which should stretch out from the Head of Flanders; that is to say, the whole garrison of Antwerp, which in a combined attack, would sally out on that side; 2d, On the side of the town, the investment could not reasonably take place with an army of less than 40,000 men, having in front a corps of observation, to keep in check the army of the Duke of Valmy, assembled at Maestricht, which would draw near Antwerp, and having another corps towards Bergen-op-Zoom against the Dutch. It would, therefore, have been easier for Lord Chatham to take Brussels, to march against Ghent, and to advance as far as Flanders, leaving Antwerp and the French army behind him, than to undertake to invest Antwerp and besiege it."

That there is much exaggeration in this statement, we can readily believe; but, admitting only a small portion of it to

be true, how ample a vindication does it furnish of the conduct of Lord Chatham! On this point, however, we wish not to be considered as offering an opinion. We are without authentic *data*, on which to proceed.

The obstacles which would have presented themselves on the other side of the river, and on the sea-side of Antwerp, are represented as equally formidable.—The following is described as the “system” of the French army, subsequently to the 15th of August:—“The Prince of Ponte Corvo was at Antwerp with 30,000 men, National Guards, regulars, and Dutch troops. The Duke of Cornegliano was at Ghent with the corps of the Head of Flanders, consisting of 25,000 men; the Duke of Istria was at Lisle with 20,000 men.”

“We should have let the English,” says the *Moniteur*, “had they seriously presented themselves, cross the channel of Bergen-op-Zoom, stretch out beyond the inundation of Lillo and march against Antwerp; the Duke of Cornegliano would have proceeded towards the Head of Flanders, and whilst the English would have been making their dispositions to invest Antwerp from Fort Lillo to the citadel, the Prince of Ponte Corvo and the Duke of Cornegliano, protected by the inundations and by the immense works of the town, would have waited for them, and, on the day agreed upon, would have stretched out upon the right; and then the English army would have terminated its destinies: the Duke of Istria would during that time have proceeded to the island of Cadsand. On the 1st of September there were between Flanders and the Scheldt and Maestricht 20,000 men under arms. They were not all regulars, but they were all commanded by men who had served; they were all volunteers, and consisted, for the most part, of former under-officers, and former soldiers who had obtained their discharges, and who had run to arms on the first signal.”

We are subsequently told—with what degree of truth we will leave the reader to judge—that when Buonaparte learned, that an English army had been landed upon Walcheren, he recommended, that it should not be attacked; but that its destruction should be left to the diseases which, in that dangerous climate, would effect more injury than cannon, without costing any thing to France.

SPANISH DOCUMENT.

Continued from page 64.

“Lieut-Gen. Don Francisco de Eguia, my second in command, was posted on my left, with the 3d, 4th, and 5th divisions, under Generals the Marquis de Portago, Don Rafael Manglano, and Don Luis Alexandro Bassecourt, but the latter was ordered to support the division of cavalry of Lieut-Gen. the Duke of Albuquerque, which was detached to reinforce the British army. The dispatches No. 4, 5, and 6, from these Generals, are inclosed for the information of his Majesty.

“I took under my particular orders the centre and the right, without neglecting, however, the superintendence of the rest, and with much satisfaction I noticed the conduct of the Generals of the first and second division of the Marquis de Zayas, and Don Vicente Iglesias, as well as Don Juan Berhuy, and Lieut.-Gen. Don Juan Henestrosa, &c.

“The loss of the enemy was very great. They left on the field of battle from four to five thousand men, and the number of their wounded is computed at 5000 more. Two or three Generals were killed, several wounded, and at least 400 other Officers. We have taken 19 pieces of artillery, and many waggons of ammunition, and the rout was one of the most complete, considering that we were acting on the defensive. The English have lost Gen. Mackenzie, Brigadier-Gen. Langworth, and other Officers of distinguished rank and merit. The total of their Officers, killed and wounded, is 260, and that of their rank and file 5000. Our diminution is much less. Don Rafael Manglano was wounded, and 50 more of our Officers were killed and wounded, and 1,150 rank and file. Our artillery was served with ability and fortitude, and the names of such Officers, whose talents were most conspicuously displayed, are mentioned in the dispatches from the respective Generals.

“I should be negligent of my own duty, if I did not communicate to your Excellency, for the information of his Majesty, that the conduct of the British General in Chief, Sir Arthur Wellesley, and that of the Generals, subordinate Officers, and Soldiers under his command, is above all praise. I have seen the enthusiasm with which these faithful allies have in copious streams poured forth their blood in the defence of our liberty, and no language can adequately express the

sentiments of gratitude with which our breasts are animated. With the highest satisfaction I have noticed my army hailing our companions for the victory obtained, and mingling with exclamations indicative of the warmest affection, the appellatives of our country, and Ferdinand, with those of our powerful and generous allies."

[This liberal and spirited eulogy is succeeded by a list of the Officers and others of the Spanish army, who deserved the high reward of the approbation of their Commander, among whom is distinguished a lad of 16 years of age who killed four Frenchmen with his own hand. We are sorry our limits do not allow our inserting the catalogue of the names of these brave champions of Spanish independence.]

"Dated head-quarters, Olive-hut, Aug. 7, 1809.

"Signed, GREGORIO DE LA CUESTA,

"To his Excellency Don ANTONIO CORNEL."

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

No. I.—(Copy.)

Letter sent in Duplicate to Earl Grey and Lord Grenville.

"Windsor, Saturday, Sept. 28, 1809.

"MY LORD—The Duke of Portland having signified to his Majesty his intention of retiring from his Majesty's service, in consequence of the state of his Grace's health, his Majesty has authorised Lord Liverpool, in conjunction with myself, to communicate with your Lordship and Lord Grey, for the purpose of forming an extended and combined Administration.

"I hope, therefore, that your Lordship, in consequence of this communication, will come to town, in order that as little time as possible may be lost in forwarding this important object, and that you will have the goodness to inform me of your arrival.

"I am also to acquaint your Lordship, that I have received his Majesty's commands to make a similar communication to Lord Grey of his Majesty's pleasure.

"I think it proper to add, for your Lordship's information, that Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Secretary Canning have intimated their intentions to resign their offices.—I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

(Signed)

"SPENCER PERCEVAL."

No. II.—(Copy.)

Answer from Lord Grey.

"Howick, Sept. 26.

"SIR,—I have this evening had the honour of receiving your letter of the 23d, informing me, that in consequence of the Duke of Portland's intention of retiring from his Majesty's service, his Majesty had authorised you, in conjunction with the Earl of Liverpool, to communicate with Lord Grenville and myself, for the purpose of forming an extended and combined Administration, and expressing a hope, that in consequence of this communication I would go to town, in

order that as little time as possible may be lost in forwarding this important object.

"Had his Majesty been pleased to signify that he had any commands for me personally, I should not have lost a moment in showing my duty and obedience, by a prompt attendance on his Royal pleasure.

"But when it is proposed to me to communicate with his Majesty's present Ministers, for the purpose of forming a combined Administration with them, I feel that I should be wanting in duty to his Majesty, and in fairness to them, if I did not frankly and at once declare, that such an union is, with respect to me, under the present circumstances, impossible. This being the answer that I find myself under the necessity of giving, my appearance in London could be of no advantage, and might possibly, at a moment like the present, be attended with some inconvenience.

"I have thought it better to request, that you will have the goodness to lay my duty at the feet of his Majesty, humbly intreating him not to attribute to any want of attachment to his Royal Person, or to diminished zeal for his service, my declining a communication, which, on the terms proposed, could lead to no usefull result, and which might be of serious detriment to the country, if in consequence of a less decisive answer from me, any further delay should take place in the formation of a settled government.—I am, &c.

(Signed)

"GREY."

No. III.—(Copy.)

First Answer from Lord Grenville.

"Bocounoc, Sept. 25, 1809.

"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge your letter of the 23d instant, and understanding it as an official signification of his Majesty's pleasure for my attendance in town, I shall lose no time in repairing thither, in humble obedience to his Majesty's commands.

"I must beg leave to defer until my arrival, all observations on the other matters to which your letter relates.—I have, &c.

(Signed)

"GRENVILLE."

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

While returning sincere thanks to the numerous Gentlemen who have come forward to assist me in, and give effect to, my labours, by the addition of their valuable communications, I call, with pride, the attention of the public to the features which this Paper has assumed. Since the existence of the celebrated Anti-Jacobin Newspaper, there has been no Weekly Vehicle which could be deemed worthy of being supplied with articles from the vigorous pens of certain Gentlemen, who exercise their talents for Political Literature as an amusement. I am happy, however, to discover, that they consider this Register to be a proper receptacle for their effusions, and I trust that they will continue to exert themselves, in extinguishing such of the embers of Jacobinism, as, through the incessant performance of my duty, I may have passed unobserved.

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“ England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride, **THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*Something more about the Jubilee; being a display of the effect which it has had upon the Jacobins—A correspondence between two “birds of a feather!”—Some notable “observations” anatomised.—Cobbett's opinion of the nature of the bribe which induced the people to be happy.—A new criticism on “God save the King.”—The number of men of sense in England ascertained!—Nonchalance of Cobbett respecting the Charing-Cross placard, with a controversy as to who took it down!—Insanity of a “man of the people.”—Jacobin magistrates.—A word or two on the Independent Whig.—On city politics.—On the Austrian “hollow armed truce.”—Important Letter to Lord Erskine, comprising a summary view of his Lordship's political life.—The famous Court-Martial.—Chapter of the Life of the Hampshire Demagogue, &c. &c.*

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THE JUBILEE.

“ He thought it best to set as good
A face upon it as he could!” BUTLER.

I THOUGHT, now that this glorious festival had passed over in so general and generous a manner, to the complete triumph of the loyal, and the utter discomfiture of the seditious, that it would be unnecessary for me to recur to it again: it seems, however, as if the subject would afford no small scope for comment and ridicule for many a week to come! The ridicule, my readers will easily perceive, will arise out of the very laughable shifts to which the Jacobins are put, in order to conceal their shame, dismay, and mortification at the unparalleled joy and enthusiasm with which this festival has been celebrated; and which, as it was carried to an extent, even beyond the expectations of us *honest* subjects of the best of kings, must have operated upon those whose character is exactly the reverse, in a manner that may be readily imagined, but must fall short of any description of the pen. Larochefoucauld I think he is, who says, “we endeavour to get reputation by such faults as we determine not to amend;” and the Botley Demagogue, (for this appears to be the best appellation under which he can be generally distinguished) is evidently acting upon the said maxim, by endeavouring to turn to his credit his jacobinical resistance to our late national fervor of loyalty; but still more by *affecting to laugh at* and *despise* the contempt with which, by this very action, he is covered. Accordingly, by the contents of his last Register, he has dispelled the sentiments of indignation which prevailed against

him, and become all at once an object of ineffable pity. In this light it is our duty at present to hold him up; for he must now be surely cut off from all society except those who glory in being described as their country's most wicked of enemies!—He must be in the situation of the Devil, when he slunk into Paradise in a mist, and assumed the form of the serpent, the better to disguise his designs against the happy inhabitants of that blest abode.

“ No more—

“ With man as with his friend familiar us'd
“ To sit indulgent, and with him partake
“ Rural repast. I now must change
“ Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and
breach
“ Disloyal——”

However, it must not be supposed that the Demagogue is *entirely* friendless: I perceive he has one to whom, with sympathetic chagrin, he can unbosom himself. This one is called *William Bosville Esquire*. So, we see, he has got a name, and as the mob broke his windows, we may presume that he has, likewise, a local habitation; but that he is one of Cobbett's own kidney, I dare be bound; for, from the very exordium of the letter to him, every man might be justified in suspecting him to be both a miser and a Jacobin! Hence Cobbett is highly pleased to hear “that he resisted the mandates of the *venal crew*, on what *they* (the said venal crew, a pretty large one, by the bye, as it comprises all England) called a day of Jubilee! “in spite of the yells of their *drenched mob*, consisting chiefly of *Jews* and *foreigners*, you refused to be guilty of that *basest of all acts*, namely, the ex-

“hibiting of signs of joy while (being a true friend to your country) sorrow and shame were at the bottom of your heart.”—Now, before I proceed any farther, it strikes me that this last part of the sentence might have been spared: it is one of Cobbett’s *truths*, amounting to what every one knows, namely, that “*sorrow and shame*” are at the bottom of every disloyal heart, from one end of the empire to the other.—The paragraph just quoted is the one on which I found my *suspensions* that the said *William Bosville Esquire*, of — the Lord knows where, is what I and my readers understand by a Jacobin!—The following eulogium upon his firmness clearly proves my second position, namely that he is a *miser*, and *therefore* most worthy of such an association as he appears to have formed. “Yes,” continues the Demagogue, “it would, indeed, have been a cruel mortification to hear, that, from any motive whatever, and especially from the *beggarly* motive of saving a few pounds *in glass*, you, who, perhaps, of all men living prove by your practice, that you best know the *real use of money*: it would, indeed, have been a cruel mortification to hear that you should, on any account that can be named or thought of, have been induced to give the proceedings of that day the semblance of your approbation; and, I must confess, that, of all the numerous proofs of *good sense*, independence of mind, public spirit, and a contempt of hypocrisy, which have appeared upon this occasion, none has given me so much *satisfaction* as to hear that your *hospitable dwelling* became an *object of the violence of a herd*, whose attachment and whose services had been purchased *with offal from the shambles*, and with *dregs from the cellar*, to fill whose bellies and to turn whose brains a robbery had been committed upon the dogs and the hogs!”

I have merely thought it worth while to quote the whole of this sentence, that the reader may perceive that Cobbett’s epithets against the Jubilee are quite exhausted; and he is, in consequence, obliged to steal, not merely the ideas, but the very words, of his hard-working coadjutor in sedition, “*Citizen-Independent-Whig*.”—This brain-robbery upon a brother “quill-driver,” which so forcibly shows the barrenness of the Demagogue’s intellect, will be illustrated by a reference to page 73 of the present Register,

where the WHIG’s sympathetic passage is preserved, just as it would have remained for ever, unless it had been seized upon by Cobbett, for the purpose of adding to its beastliness by a small addition of filth from the dunghill of his own brains!

It is made a matter of boast with Cobbett, that *his* sentiments have been made known, relative to the Jubilee: I am, also, heartily glad that they have been made; and I fully agree with him, that his “few observations on the manner of celebrating the Jubilee *ought to be put upon record*.” They will show to posterity what would otherwise scarcely be credited: they will show that there was one “miscreant,” to use the elegant phrase of the “*Statesman*,” who, like a perfect Guy Faux, laboured to effect an explosion amongst us, at a moment when every voice except those of degenerate conspirators, was exulting in pæans of joy for an event which Providence seems to have had in special reserve for us, in order that we might be exalted in happiness far above any other nation of the earth!—After recording his labours, they will also record his overthrow; and on this account I congratulate the public that the “observations” of the Demagogue, on the manner of celebrating the Jubilee “are *upon record*!”

As it will be expected that I should take some notice of these fungi of sedition, yclep’d “*observations*,” I must first inform my readers, that Cobbett is particularly struck with the “*trick* that was resorted to, to excite a shouting among the people.” He may well be struck with it; for it is certainly the most successful “*trick*,” (if it may be called one, and we shall not dispute about words), that ever was played off in this, or any other country: it was a better trick than Buonaparte ever played in his life, except when, in his favourite character of a thief, he robbed his brother Kings of their territories; it was a trick of the most noble, patriotic, and generous description, and the first suggester of it has immortalised himself, as the Jacobins (who, I this moment perceive, met on Monday at the Crown and Anchor), admit that Mr. Pitt did in 1794, by causing the prosecution of the “*acquitted felons*!” The best part of this “*trick*” appears to me to have been the enabling, by individual benevolence, the industrious, but certainly not “*half-starved*” body of our countrymen to

have a holiday and feast. The next result that immortalises the event and the occasion was, the opening of the prison-doors all over the kingdom to many thousands of unfortunate beings, who thus, unexpectedly, have gained their liberty; and the third result was, as I have said before, the ascertaining of the very important fact, that the great body of the community are loyal, from the very bottom of their hearts. Some, indeed, may be of opinion, that this last circumstance is worth all the rest of the "trick" put together; but, if I have placed it the last of the three results, it is merely because it did not at all surprise me, inasmuch as I never doubted the *real* sense of the people! Now, the reader will perceive, that it is the unparalleled success of the manœuvre that has actually *astonished* the democrats; for they would fain have persuaded themselves that it would not do at all! They, therefore, actually *envy*, as well as hate, both those who partook of the event, and those who suggested it and carried it into effect: and they express their passion, as in the case before us, by calling the former "*half starved*," and the latter, the "*Jubilee crew*." It seems, some how or other, that this crew have had the "*impudence*" to persuade the people that they are *happy* and *prosperous*; and the people, without any hesitation, have proved that they believe them.—But the demagogue, who still refuses to believe either his eyes, or his ears, or any of his senses, says "*if the people felt themselves so happy—if they had enjoyed, and were enjoying, such prosperity as to call for a Jubilee, they would, of course, rejoice, they would sing, and dance, and shout, without being fed and drenched by way of hire, to sing, dance and shout.*" Why, this is the very thing they did do; and none but this *one* demagogue *pretends* to doubt it. His friend, Mr. *Whig*, though equally chagrined, has something less of "*hypocrisy*" about him; for *he* seems disgusted at that part of the people which forms his own gang, and, as we shall see presently, is now trying *another* method to rouse them!—But I have not yet done with the *unbeliever* of Botley. There is nothing so mortifying to human pride, as to be refuted in its bold predictions and positive declarations upon any point to which a future period is to give a decision. Thus the Jacobins, disgusted even with themselves at the disappointment

they have experienced, endeavour to seek an indemnity in the abuse which they level at those who have been the first cause of their discomfiture! Cobbett is exactly in this predicament. Before the Jubilee, he exulted in *his knowledge* that the people *would not* rejoice, because they had no cause for rejoicing: but, now being compelled, as SHAKESPEARE says, to "eat his vomit up," it forces out something like an ebullition of gas in the form of "*truth*;" for it makes him confess his own error as to the real character of the people.—"*AS THE THING NOW STANDS*," says he, which even according to *his* logical ability, must mean that it stands differently from what it did before—"*As the thing now stands*, those to whom the gift of a single meal of food and drink was an object worth solicitation; aye, these very *wretches* are *said* to have shouted for joy, on account of *the prosperity they have enjoyed, and are still enjoying.*"—His next attempt, finding that the joy has been general, is, to persuade his adversaries that it was only the *paupers* who rejoiced; because they were fed with "*offal*" and "*dirty drink*!" Perhaps there are a few of his readers who will *affect* to believe that this is true; and it would be a pity to disturb them in the reflections that may arise out of such an opinion. But as to the said *paupers*, never having been a churchwarden, I must confess that I was concerned to find that they are fed upon "*offal*," and drenched with *dirty* drink! This, however, may be one of Cobbett's *truths*, which some people may hesitate at believing. I know, that in our soup-giving time, here in London, all but the very poorest of the poor felt themselves *degraded* by accepting tickets for soup made of the finest beef; and there is a story extant, of a very beggar, who refused a basin of vermicelli soup, because he conceived there were maggots in it! It may, perhaps, be thought irrelevant to say so much upon *pauperism*; but the reader must recollect, that the demagogue makes, of this very point, the only hole through which he can creep, to avoid any of the infamy which the Jubilee has cast upon him. There are no less than four pages in his last paper, all about *giving the poor a belly-full* (which he would not subscribe six-pence towards effecting); and the result of the whole is, according to him, that the people of all England are divided into two classes—that is to say, either "*the Jubilee crew*," or *paupers*."

The manner of the celebration of the Jubilee, amongst *the crew*, is the next topic that calls forth the ire of the disappointed demagogue. He pretends to be a judge of poetry; and declares that “the *stuff*” which has been puked out upon the public in the form of verse “within these three weeks, would add to the disgrace of any nation upon earth.” (Quere: is the *French* nation included?)—As a proof of his poetical judgment, he describes the immortal air of “God save the King” to be “*a piece of clumsy and stupid flattery, without one poetical thought, or elegant expression*; and as might be conceived, he is quite shocked at finding that it was “*sung in some churches!*” Both the excellent ode of Mr. Fitzgerald (which every man of taste allows to be a fine composition) and the poet himself, next incur the demagogue’s scurrility. The ode he calls doggerel, and the poet he abuses, merely because he is a loyal gentleman and a scholar. Thus Cobbett, having given a new proof of his taste and impartiality, we may expect that, in the next Jacobin Review that may be started (as the Edinburgh one, with the sagacity peculiar to its countrymen, has turned too far round to answer the purposes of the reformers) he will hold the post of Reviewer of Poetry; his *novel* criticism on “God save the King” being at once a proof of his genius and his judgment.

Respecting the question, “what has been done, during this long reign, to render a Jubilee expedient?” he says that the advocates for it were obliged to have a long consultation before they could discover; though I told him last week, in about twenty words, *a few* of the things that had been done, at which we ought to rejoice. However, the *Jubilee crew*, it seems, could not discover *any thing* that had been done, and therefore he says, they were obliged to have recourse to what Paley calls A LIE: this lie, it farther appears, was the assertion of the poet, that his Majesty made the Judges independent of the crown; which he, Cobbett, that great legal character, asserts, was effected by the act of settlement, in the reign of William III. Here, I dare say, the demagogue imagines that this “observation” of his will pass down unrefuted! It may, indeed, do so with most of his “votaries;” for he must have been long since convinced that the opinion which Lord Chesterfield expressed to his son, relative to the ignorance of

the rabble, is a just one. “Take it for granted, said the noble sophist, that by far the greatest part of mankind neither analyse nor search to the bottom: they are incapable of penetrating deeper than the surface*!” To prove the accuracy of this assertion, it need only be remembered that Cobbett has been raised as it were from the dust, by the publication of falsehood and sedition, in a shape which the vulgar gaze upon with delight, and place more confidence in, than they do in the gospel; because, in any article scribbled by the demagogue, there is not one logical deduction; but rant is made to supply the place of argument, abuse that of reasoning, and falsehood or fabrication that of justice and of truth. Now every man acquainted with the small portion of the history of his country which appertains to this great and glorious reign, knows that Cobbett is the liar and that Fitzgerald speaks the truth: he foresees that he will be refuted, and therefore, after telling us what the act of settlement is, which he could, of course, find out by referring to even the most insignificant of our numerous Encyclopædias, he says:—“The *twenty-third* act, “passed in the reign of the present king, “made a provision about the Judges’ commissions, in case of the *death of a king*; because, upon such occasions, all “*commissions* granted by the king *dies* “(mind Cobbett’s *grammar*!) with him, “and must be renewed by his successor, “or else they cease!”—Why, what purpose, in the name of common sense, can all this “*humbugging*” answer? (I must, now and then descend to use some of his own colloquial phrases, if it be merely to express my disgust). Whom does he expect to deceive by this cajoling? Is it not the preventing of a king from the power of giving *new* commissions to creatures of his own, that makes the Judges independent of the crown? Did any one ever suppose that this independency related merely to their keeping of their salaries without the power of retaining their places?—But exactly the intention that Cobbett just afterwards attributes to Fitzgerald is what he himself has wasted two columns of his paper to effect, that is “to impose upon that part “of the people who cannot be expected

* Another modern proof of the justice of this remark of Lord Chesterfield is, that the Jacobin Whig frequently makes a leading article out of two-thirds of a Letter of Junius, and the D—l and one of its readers knows it to be a plagiarism!

"to have an intimate acquaintance with such matters!"

It is evident, soon afterwards, that Cobbett, that trusty and worthy "*king's friend*," waxes exceedingly wroth when any allusion is made to the *traitors*, who opposed the Jubilee. The excellent verse of Fitzgerald's Ode beginning

"If there's a *traitor* in the land," &c.

makes the demagogue quite outrageous, and he endeavours to persuade 'Squire Bosville, that both himself and the 'Squire are stigmatized by Fitzgerald as traitors! "So, you see, (says he) that you, who refused to put a single candle in your windows, and, of course, who did not raise your hand for George," on that day, are, according to this pensioned poetaster, a "*traitor*" and a "*detested monster*;" and this *wretch*, whose very bread comes, in part, out of your estates, has the impudence to send you to waste your life away in some black and dismal cavern." Now, perhaps, if every man could be rewarded according to his deserts, this sort of punishment, inflicted upon any two "*FELLOWS*," who would not raise their hand for George on that day, would not be a jot more than they deserve; but the attempt to persuade this Hampshire-hog of a 'squire that he is actually singled out by the poet, makes one smile: It reminds one of the attempt of Sir Lucius to persuade Acres that he is insulted, and must fight a duel; but the latter prefers remaining safe at *Clod-Hall*!" Excepting for such a resolve as this, there is no knowing where poor Fitzgerald's brains might ere now have been blown to!

This Jubilee sticks so confoundedly in Cobbett's gizzard, that it is likely he will experience the fate of the Little Hunchback, who was choaked by his efforts to throw off the fish bone. He still wishes to *flatter himself* "that in *all likelihood* (p. 648.) there were NOT ONE HUNDRED men of sense who did not decidedly disapprove of the thing!" Why, this is ten thousand times worse than my *Morning Post* friend wishing to flatter himself that "there cannot be in all London, ONE HUNDRED DISAFFECTED PERSONS!!!"—But as the French satirist justly says, "we should have but little pleasure were we never to *flatter* ourselves;" and I really think that, except it were for self-flattery, the Jacobins would have no pleasure upon earth!

As a proof of the effect which self-love, or flattery has upon the Botley De-

magogue, and how alarmed he is lest the numerous exposures which are made against him should draw off a portion of his partisans, we have only to notice the harangue which he makes about the *Charing-Cross Placard*, which, I perceive, will be the subject of conversation amongst the merchants, bankers, &c. or the "*Jubilee crew*," if you will, for many weeks to come. The people who caused it to be put up, he says, were more fools than knaves, "or they would not have told the public that I am a man, who is almost, if not quite, *worshipped*, by a part, at least, of the people of England, and that, too, just after not less than *fifty thousand pounds is well known to have been expended for the purpose of circulating, gratis, publication upon the back of publication, and each teeming with the most atrocious falsehoods, the sole object of which publications was to put me down.*"—

This blasphemy about his being *worshipped* shows the extreme fear of the man that, by one loyal effort or another, his hour is almost come! The ridiculous assertion of 50,000*l.* having been spent to write *him* down is neither more nor less than what Paley calls A LIE, and a most stupid lie it is: yet there are *some* who will believe it, no doubt; because Cobbett, in a paroxysm of vanity, wishes to persuade us, that he is "a man of consequence amongst the vulgar!"

With respect to the placard, he is evidently overflowing with bile at the effect it produced; and after ranting about it till he have filled two of his pages, he says that "the *stupid wretch*, the most *vain* (what does his *vanity* consist in?) and stupid wretch in Christendom! who ordered it to be put up, had it taken down!" By this we may suppose that he knows the "*wretch*" who thus, in a moment of good humour, resolved to make a whole city smile at his expence!—But, as to the taking of it down, does it not stand to reason that the said "*wretch*" who hit upon the idea of putting it up, would rather have bribed a watchman to guard it for a whole month round, than have taken a moment's trouble to get it removed? For myself, I really thought that some democratic "*votary*" had stolen over the rails, like a thief in the night, and removed it out of charity towards his political deity! But the public will perceive *who* caused it to be removed, by the facts which are mentioned shortly after this article; and for which I feel highly

obliged to the friend who transmitted them!

Having now said quite enough to convince my readers, that the Hampshire Demagogue is actually *mad*, I shall proceed to some more agreeable subjects. I cannot, however, help merely giving a glance at one or two more of what Paley calls *LIES*. Poor Cobbett! like the madman, so admirably delineated by Hogarth, he thinks himself already an Emperor, and catches at any straw to dash about for a sceptre! He will have it, (he avows, as we see by his *Life*, that he was always very *obstinate*) that “the Jubilee HAS FAILED, that it is now too late for any such scheme, that VERY FEW people in London illuminated at all;” and to make up the climax, he tells us *most seriously*, “that, in the country, not a soul, except those, who, in one way or another, live upon the public, made the smallest stir; but that the *belly-filled rabble* were every where in *high spirits*, and, at Winchester in particular, seemed extremely grateful to his Majesty for having lived long enough to occasion them one hearty meal in their lives!”

Oh! William Cobbett, William Cobbett, Oh!

In my next Number, I shall mention some very curious particulars respecting the conduct of a few Hampshire scoundrels, who hold the King’s commission of the peace!—No doubt *JUST-ASSES*, without brains, who have been corrupted by the arch demagogue; and who went about on the Jubilee night, committing the grossest acts of oppression, and terrifying the loyal inhabitants, in order to prevent them from giving the ordinary testimonies of their joy! F. W. B.

THE CHARING-CROSS PLACARD.

SIR,—The account which you gave in your last Register, of the fixing of the placard at Charing Cross, having excited much merriment in our trade, I shall communicate a circumstance which, while it may surprise the uninformed, will excite risibility amongst those who know “*what’s what*.” I shall not take up your space, by offering any opinion as to who was the “*vainest and stupidest of beings*,” who caused the placard to be affixed; that is neither *here* nor *there*! I shall only say a word or two, as to who caused it to be *unfixed*! The fact is, Sir, that it remained at the horse’s mouth

* Vide Cobbett’s Register of Saturday last.

till Sunday morning, when it was taken down, at the risk of his neck, by a lad in the service of a very respectable tradesman, Mr. RICHARD BAGSHAW, of Bridges-street, the “*Publisher of Cobbett’s Register and Works*!” How long it might have remained there, had such an effort not been resorted to, I shall not take up your room by enquiring; but you will not fail to perceive the *influence* under which it was removed. Cobbett, I perceive, by his last Paper, *affects* to laugh at the attempt which was so successfully made, to hold him up to ridicule in London, while, as he says, he was examining a *sheep-crib* in Hertfordshire!—But might he not have had spirit enough to tell us, that having heard of the placard on Friday, while engaged in his *agricultural pursuits*, he managed to find time to send off AN EXPRESS to his publisher, *commanding him*, on pain of his displeasure, *et cetera*, to cause it to be taken down immediately, on the receipt of his mandate? Yes, Sir, *this is exactly what he did*; which clearly proves that he is not quite so *callous* as he pretends to be, respecting the public opinion! That Mr. Bagshaw’s servant actually did take down the placard, is a fact which can be proved, and which Cobbett himself, with all his effrontery, will not have the hardihood to deny.—If he should have, I will throw the lie in his very teeth; for *I witnessed* the transaction! I am, Sir, your’s, respectfully.

A LOYAL NEWSMAN.

PEACE WITH AUSTRIA.—In my last Sunday Paper, the Phoenix, I apprised the public not to be deluded with any sophistry about the terms of peace being advantageous to Austria; so sure was I that Buonaparte would grind down Francis to the mere shadow of a sovereign. I proved, by describing the countries that had been ceded, as mentioned only in the *outlines* of the treaty, that the peace was as bad for Austria as it well could be; and that we should surely find, when the treaty might arrive, that the terms were much worse than were mentioned in those *outlines*. The treaty was published yesterday; and it will be seen, with the utmost regret, that vast territories on every side of the Austrian dominions have been taken from Francis and given to his former vassals!—This peace may therefore justly be called “a hollow-armed truce,” which it will soon be found *convenient* for one of the parties to abolish!

TO LORD ERSKINE;
ON THE CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES
OF HIS POLITICAL ERRORS.

By ALBION!

“State super vias antiquas.”

LETTER III.

MY LORD,—You are a character so splendidly great, with endowments which throw such a brightness over your life, that even your politics cannot make you contemptible, or prevail upon me to forget the respect which is due to such a man;—descended, too, from an ancient family, and who has grown illustrious by the honourable exercise of the most exalted genius and distinguished talents!—Governed by influences so favourable, I feel a strong disposition to avoid dilating on any subject that may place me in the light of an adversary; but as recent events, and the history of all ages, cry aloud in my ears, that *ambitious knaves* delight in making *such men as your Lordship*, instruments for the *corruption of mankind*, I lose every sentiment of charitable forbearance, and proceed with that zeal and candour which have ever been the characteristics of my opinions.—However, my Lord, in writing this, and the letters which are to follow, I shall preserve a dignity of temper, which shall acknowledge no extreme. I shall keep equally remote from panegyric and satire, and relate *matters of fact* without prejudice, partiality, arrogance, or fear!

Being no biographer, I have not to stoop over your Lordship's cradle, to enquire into your early life, or to pry into *domestic* occurrences, in which I have neither interest nor concern.—I feel it my duty only to contemplate your Lordship as a *public man*; to observe THE STEPS which conducted you to that distinction, and to expose *the principles* by which you were uniformly governed, while committing the errors which call for this communication. The steps I mean are; the Whig Club; the *advocation* of O'Connor, and the pamphlet entitled, “A View of the Causes and Consequences of the French Revolution!”—I shall not stop to anatomize your Lordship on each of these *grades*, with the vicious asperity which an hostile mind might be base enough to delight in. I am content to be liberally rapid, and to reduce my opinions of your Lordship's political crimes into the form of the following *deductions*.

1st, As an Associate, or Member of the

Whig Club, you must consider *the people* the sovereign power, in opposition to the lawful, permanent, and established authority vested in government.

2dly, As an Advocate of O'Connor, you must declare, that, in consequence of *this sovereign will*, the measures of government may be changed, ministers deposed, a king dethroned, and a constitution regenerated!!! And,

3dly, As the Author of “the View,” you must encourage *the encroachments of the people*; while you condemn laws which have been constituted and consecrated by the highest authority, you must also triumph in French successes, and, as if regardless of the dictates of humanity, of justice, and of virtue, you must advance doctrines which *actuated* France to trample on the lives and fortunes of her subjects, and then to rise, like THE SWEEP OF A WHIRLWIND, and drive her gods from their sanctuaries, and her monarchs from their thrones!!

These *deductions*, drawn with reluctance from your Lordship's *associations* and *writings*, are so bold and painful, that I reflect on them with astonishment, and write them down with trembling. Nor could I believe them just, did I not study with too much accuracy for deception, and did I not know, that,

“From the beginning of the world to this day, there never was any *great public or private villany* acted by men, and submitted to, but upon the strength of *some great FALLACY put upon their minds*, by a false representation of good for evil, and of evil for good.”

The great fallacy, imposed on your Lordship's mind, at a very early period, was “*the SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE*.” To this fallacy is to be imputed my first and third *deduction*, and in some degree the second. I say in some degree, because, when you declared before God and a court of justice, that “*the TRAITOR at the bar possessed no sentiments but what were similar to your own*,” your *humanity* discovered that nothing short of so fatal a declaration could snatch him from the gibbet.—Having seen the insufficiency of eloquence; having proved the incapacity of the law, and the absence of every sentiment, save justice, in the court, you nobly interposed, and immolated your own fame to save the life of an unfortunate culprit.—Arthur O'Connor was also the friend of your youth:—habits of sentiment; a *confused idea of rectitude* in the principles of his con-

duct; exaggerated notions of his talents; every feeling which springs from pride and affection, concurred to make you his advocate, and my heart will not allow me to make *his* salvation a charge of criminality against *you*! but I cannot in an equally slight manner pass over my other two *deductions*. However, as I am the first to declare, with you, that your conduct was not dictated by unworthy motives; as I am well convinced that you *thought* the party you joined *meant to tranquilise the agitated part of the public; to restore affection and respect for the legislature, and, by concentrating the views of all reformers, to prevent that fermentation of political opinion from taking A TOO republican direction in this country*, I have no occasion to travel through a waste of argument; it is sufficient for me to prove, that, whatever the Whigs induced you to believe, they still imposed on your mind *a fallacy* respecting the sovereignty of the people; and, as this *fallacy* is the sole cause of all your Lordship's political sins, I shall, for the remainder of this letter, confine myself to its investigation.

The doctrine, my Lord, of *the sovereignty of the people*, or the supremacy of a nation, is an engine for the subversion of the world! and, though it may suit the purposes of the French, in their wild career of ambition, and prepare the countries around them for the continuance of their iron yoke, the Whigs, Jacobins, or Democrats, shall never induce me to believe it calculated for this kingdom.—An enlightened kingdom, bowing to the dictates of reason and religion, cannot indulge in political illusions and extravagant dogmas, which, however flattering to the *pride of the Whigs*, will ever deprive “the people” of those substantial blessings which flow from, *regulated liberty*, and monarchical government..

The sovereignty of the people! What does it imply, my Lord?—Does it not involve a contradiction in its name?—Does it mean, that the body of the people, *for whose controul all the government is instituted*, may, whenever it chuses, shake off the restraint of dominion, and assume the reins of government for itself?—If it do, what position can be more amply fraught with mischief? Brutal force must be considered as political right, and successful insurrections be dignified with the praise of virtue.

But if a nation be *sovereign*, from

whence does it derive its title?—Is it, my Lord, from the will of God? No; for his word expressly disallows it. Is it from the laws of man? No; for the constitution of every state requires obedience from the people. Is it from our own will? If it be, we may justly dispute the claim. WHAT IS THE PEOPLE?” Are they to be found in the schools of learning, or the palaces of greatness? Are they improved by travel or instructed by science? Where do they dwell? Are they to be seen in *any other direction* than in the streets and the villages; in shops, and in farms? Is not the people, then, a collection of human beings, the aggregate, or numerical majority of whom are neither enlightened by wisdom, nor actuated by virtue?—And I ask you, my Lord, shall an assemblage of blind, weak mortals, presume to wrest from Omnipotence the sacred title of King of Kings?

But if the Whigs do not startle at blasphemy, they should blush at nonsense. If a people be sovereign, who are its subjects? Besides, if a nation had subjects and servants, how is it to exercise sovereignty? Is a nation one being? Has it one will? How ridiculous! there surely can be no occasion to multiply such questions as these. To answer any of those already put in the affirmative, would be to shock the understanding of mankind! They all terminate in absurdity; yet, good God! to how low a state may human nature be degraded! by what mistaken notions may man be swayed, when we consider that, in this enlightened age, numerous nations have been ruined by such dogmas, and that *there exists in this mighty kingdom, in the heart of the metropolis, a club of British senators, occasionally blended with demagogues and adventurers*, who acknowledge such dogmas; who debate on such metaphysical subjects; and who, in their feasts and their festivals, pour out the frequent libation to the *idol of Liberty* and to the *supremacy of the nation!!!*

In a moment of enthusiasm your Lordship declared, “To this Club I gloried to belong, as I still do cling, even to the weather-beaten pieces of the wreck which remains of it.”

I shall take no advantage of this assertion, because I am proud to find that, on making it, you say—“I declare, *upon my honour*, that my reasons for becoming a member of that society were, be-

cause that they *professed* to tranquilise the agitated part of the public, and to restore affection and respect for the legislature." This solemn assertion I entirely believe; and I censure nothing in your Lordship's public life, but that you do not suffer the fervid suggestions of a generous, *unsuspecting* mind, to be tempered by the cold dilations of reflection and judgment. Were you to do this, were you to determine to act from the dictates of reason, and not from the impulse of sentiment excited by designing knaves, the court could look upon you with favour, and the kingdom regard you as a *palladium* for its support. What a prospect!—"But my consistency!" you exclaim; "what will become of my consistency?"—Abandon it, my Lord, and the public will regard it as the brightest action of your life. *Consistency!* a bugbear word, adopted, by the Whigs, to deter any desertion from their party, or defection from their cause. *Consistency*, that *solitary Whig virtue*, should be instantly violated by your Lordship, and by every member of the society, who has the good of his country *sincerely* at heart, and who is resolved to turn that tide of Jacobinism which strives to check the awful course of Majesty, and which has, for many years, been advancing against this country with a furious and uninterrupted course! My Lord, *this is an eventful period!* The ocean which environs us is an emblem of our country. The state vessel is far at sea, and although she has a skilful pilot and a good crew on board, still, as the thunder growls, as the storm increases, and democratical quick-sands and rocks abound, every honest heart should look out for her safety, while those, *skilled like your Lordship*, should boldly put off and assist to bring her in triumph into port, or cling to her weather-beaten hulk, wherever it should be found.—This would be a worthy, a glorious duty to see you perform. Your Lordship tells me, you cannot forfeit *your consistency*; and others say, that you have an ambition, too, to be the leader of a society by which you are so much beloved. This I cannot believe. You must know the nature of the affections of the club too well: they grow, like hounds, fond of the man who shows them game, and by whose *halloo* they are used to be encouraged; and he must have strange notions of self-importance that could think it creditable to be whipper-in to *such a pack!* You, my Lord, can have

no such ambition. It remains, then, only for your Lordship to summon strength of mind to disregard the reproaches of the Whigs; to become *inconsistent* and merit the applause of wise and good men. History will justify the measure, and our own times can furnish examples of *renunciations* that are equal to any on ancient record. Perhaps the men who can be charged with fewest failings, either with respect to abilities or virtue, are generally most ready to *abandon* and to allow them. CÆSAR wrote an account of the errors committed by him in his wars of *Gaul*; and HIPPOCRATES, whose name is, probably, in rational estimation, greater than CÆSAR'S, *warned* posterity against a *mistake* into which he had fallen. *So much* (says CELSUS) *does the open and artless confession of an error become a man, conscious that he has enough remaining to support his character.* And so said Mr. Burke, whose spirit has fled from the world, but whose memory is hallowed by his countrymen! My Lord, you know his powers of genius, his depth of erudition, his luxuriance of fancy, his extent of knowledge, his ardent and persuasive eloquence, his rich and sublime compositions, his *predictive sagacity*, and his religious zeal! You knew, too, that he it was whose intuitive discernment, like the spear of Ithuriel, first displayed the demon of the French revolution in all his native shape and deformity; and that he it was who first withdrew from the Whig Club, and abandoned his friend Mr. Fox, and the whole of the opposition party, *on finding* them admire a foreign—and disregard the blessings of *their own* constitution;—a constitution which, he was convinced, the government of France could never parallel, or the most brilliant theories of philosophy confer!—Knowing all this, and conscious, as your Lordship *now* must be, of the dangerous tendency of principles imbibed from the Whigs, you cannot hesitate to follow the illustrious example of Mr. Burke, and to unite, to the splendor of your abilities, that attachment to the crown and devotion to the Sovereign, which illuminated the latter part of his distinguished life. In fine, it is honourable and incumbent on every man *who consults his own dignity*, to retract his errors, and to fear no censure so much as that of his own mind. Besides, as justice requires that all injuries should be repaired, it is the duty of him who has seduced others, by bad ex-

ample or *false notions*, to endeavour, that such as have adopted his errors, should know *his retraction*, and be instructed by his amendment. Nor is the task difficult. Your Lordship has suffered a chain of accidents to draw you into bad measures and worse company! By associating with folly and knavery, you are become, in a partial degree, the victim of both. But you can recover from the contagion. You can fly from the baneful climate where sedition dwells. You can contemplate the glory of the throne, and rejoice that, after the course of turbulent days, chequered with the clouds of error and disgraced by the annoyances of faction, you may flourish in another hemisphere, where you can promote the interests of your country and support the dignity of your Sovereign!

There remains much more to be said, but as I am to write next to Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, and nearly on a similar subject, though with far less *deference*, I shall at present no longer detain your Lordship's attention. I therefore conclude, with sentiments of the highest consideration and respect,

Your Lordship's

admirer to a certain extent,

Alton, Nov. 3, 1809. ALBION.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,

THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant."

"If I do not show those *who have caused* this publication to be made, and to be circulated at such immense expence; if I do not show them to be the *falsest, the most base, mean, and dirty, of mankind*, I will confess myself to merit all those epithets."—COBBETT'S POLITICAL REGISTER, June 10, 1809.

"We may pardon the threats of a simple bully; we may even forgive a sharper or a robber, but when he has the impudence to justify his conduct, and that too with his filthy fist at our mouths, there is no degree of resentment, no mortal means of vengeance, adequate to the insult."—COBBETT'S WORKS, Vol. IV. p. 253.

CHAPTER VI.

Origin of Cobbett's Court-Martial project.—Voracity of a quarter-master.—Cobbett astonishes and terrifies the old serjeants.—Plunders the regimental books.—Afraid of a pair of bloody shoulders.—Troubled with a guilty conscience in his sleep.—Dreams of meeting with half of his deserts; id est, of being tried and flogged half to death.—Secures an accomplice.—Terribly alarmed.—Converts a

Customhouse officer into a smuggler.—Bothers government.—Gets married.—Grows suspicious.—Court-Martial charges.—More of Cobbett's terrors.—Refuses to specify the charges against his officers.—Writes to Mr. Pitt.—Obtains his wish, with respect to the Court-Martial being holden in London.—Cobbett feels himself perfectly satisfied.—Cobbett says he never cheated any body.—The accused parties ordered on trial.

Now for the Court-Martial!—"Aye, there's the rub!"

Cobbett has already told us, how he was employed, while with his regiment in America, as to the duties which he performed, the *services* which he rendered, the *scientific* progress which he made, &c.; and Cobbett shall now inform us, of the motives which induced him to think of instituting certain charges against his officers, when he should return to England, and of the proceedings which he adopted, in consequence of that determination.

"This project [Cobbett was always famous for projects] was conceived," says Cobbett, in the Jacobin Register of June 17, 1809, "so early as the year 1787, when an affair happened that first gave me a full insight into regimental justice. It was shortly this: that the quarter-master, who had the issuing of the men's provisions to them, kept *about a fourth part of it to himself*. This the old serjeants told me had been the case for many years: and they were quite *astonished and terrified* at the idea of my complaining of it. This I did, however, but the reception I met with convinced me that I must never make another complaint till I got safe to England, and safe out of the reach of that most *curious* of courts, a *court-martial*.—From this time forward, I began to collect materials for an exposure, upon my return to England. I had ample opportunities for this, being the keeper of all the books, of every sort, in the regiment, and knowing the *whole* of its affairs *better than any other man*. But, the winter previous to our return to England, I thought it necessary to make extracts from books, *lest the books themselves should be destroyed* [cautious fellow!]. And *here begins* the history of the famous *Court-martial*. In order to be able to prove that these extracts were correct, it was necessary that I should have a *witness* as to their being *true copies*. This was a very ticklish point. One foolish step here, would have sent me down to the ranks with a *pair of bloody shoul-*

“*ders.* Yet it was necessary to have the witness. I hesitated many months. At one time I had given the thing up. I dreamt twenty times, *I dare say*, of my papers being discovered, and of my being tried and flogged *half* to death. At last, however, some *fresh act of injustice* towards us made me set all danger at defiance. I opened my project to a corporal, whose name was *William Bestland*, who wrote in the office under me, who was a *very honest* fellow, who was very much bound to me, for my *goodness* to him [Cobbett’s goodness!] and who was, with the sole exception of myself, the *only* sober man in the *whole regiment*. To work we went, and during a long winter, while the rest were boozing and snoring, we *guttled* no small part of the regimental books, rolls, and other documents. Our way was this: to take a copy, sign it with our names, and *clap* the regimental seal to it, so that *we* might be able to swear to it when produced in court. All these papers were put into a little box, which I myself [I] had made for the purpose. When we came to Portsmouth, there was a talk of searching all the boxes, &c. which *gave us great alarm*; and induced us to take out all papers, put them in a bag, and trust them to a custom-house officer, who conveyed them on shore to his own house, whence I removed them in a few days after.”

Cobbett proceeds to inform us, that, thus prepared,” he went to London, and, on the 14th of January, 1792, wrote to Sir George Yonge, who was at that time Secretary at War, stating his situation, his business with him, and his intentions; inclosing him a letter or petition, from himself to the King, stating the substance of all the complaints which he had to make, and requesting that the said “letter or petition” might be laid before the King. Cobbett says, that he waited, from the 14th to the 24th of January, without receiving any answer at all; but he was then given to understand, that Sir George Yonge wished to see him at the War Office. He accordingly obtained an interview, “Sir George Yonge, says” Cobbett, “*heard my story*; and that was apparently *all he wanted* of me.” We should really suppose that it was; and, as a preliminary step, it appears to have been all that was necessary. Cobbett, however, adds—“I was to hear from him again in *a day or two*; and, after wait-

ing for *fifteen days*, without hearing from him, or any one else upon the subject, I wrote to him again, reminding him, that I had, from the first, told him, that I had *no other business in London*; that my stock of *money was necessarily scanty*; and, to *detain me in London was to ruin me*. Indeed, I had, in the whole world, but about 200 guineas, which was a great deal for a person in my situation to have saved. Every week in London, especially as, by way of episode, I had now married, took, at least, a couple of guineas from my stock. I therefore began to be *very impatient*, and, indeed to be *very suspicious*, that military justice in England was pretty nearly a-kin to military justice in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.”

The letter which Cobbett says he now wrote to Sir George Yonge, was dated on the 10th of February, to which he got an answer on the 15th, “though the answer might have been written in a moment.” “I was, in this answer,” says Cobbett, “informed, that it was the intention to try the accused upon *only part of the charges* which I had preferred; and, from a new modeled list of charges, sent me by the Judge Advocate, on the 23d of February, it appeared, that, even of those charges that were suffered to remain, *the part the most material was omitted*.”

Justice, both to the accuser and the accused, here compels us to insert the charges on which Captain Powell and Lieutenants Seton and Hall were actually brought to trial, at the instigation of Cobbett, notwithstanding the room which they will occupy in this Chapter.—Captain Powell was charged as follows:—

“1st, In making a false muster of *seven men* on the muster rolls, from June to December, 1789; of *seven men* on the roll, from December 1789, to June 1790; of *seven men* on the roll, from June to December 1790; and of *one man* on the roll from December 1790, to June 1791.

“2dly, In mustering persons as soldiers, who at other times did wear a *livery* (or clothing different from military uniform); and who did not at other times do their duty as soldiers, but who were employed in the capacity of *servants* in the regiment, or who were permitted by him to hire themselves as *servants* to the inhabitants in New Brunswick. Twenty men of this description were mustered on the roll to

" June, 1789 ; twenty-four on the roll to
 " December, 1789 ; twenty-four on the
 " roll to December, 1790 ; and twenty-
 " four on the roll to June, 1791.

" 3dly, In making twenty-five false
 " returns to the Brigadier-General com-
 " manding in New Brunswick, between
 " the 4th October 1790, and the 18th of
 " April 1791, of the state of the part of
 " the regiment stationed at Frederick
 " Town, in order to deceive the General
 " with respect to such men as were em-
 " ployed as servants, or were absent from
 " their duty in the service of the inhabit-
 " ants.

" And a charge under the head of
 " " abuses and irregularities, in regard
 " to the monies, &c. belonging to non-
 " commissioned officers and soldiers," in
 " five instances, viz.

" 1st, In misapplying work-money
 " earned by the non-commissioned officers
 " and men of Frederick Town, between
 " May 1789, and May 1791, after having
 " received it from the Deputy Paymaster
 " General on their account.

" 2dly, In unlawfully deducting large
 " quantities of fire-wood from the allow-
 " ance which was issued from the public
 " stores for the non-commissioned officers
 " and men of the regiment, between May
 " 1789, and June 1791, and disposing of
 " it for his own purposes : and further,
 " giving in accounts to the Governor of
 " wood supplied to the public stores,
 " when the wood so pretended to be sup-
 " plied was deducted from the men with-
 " out their consent, and even against
 " their entreaties, while they were suf-
 " fering greatly from want of fuel.

" 3dly, In disposing of two years
 " clothing belonging to the non-com-
 " missioned officers and men, for the
 " years 1789 and 1790, without their ap-
 " probation or consent ; and obliging
 " them (while they were clothed in rags)
 " to accept of an inadequate sum in lieu
 " of the said clothing.

" 4thly, In signing false certificates
 " (and procuring the same to be signed
 " by Brigadier-General Carleton) at the
 " reviews of 1789 and 1790, specifying
 " that new clothing for the regiment for
 " these years had been duly issued out,
 " and put upon the men, and that they
 " appeared completely clothed in it on
 " the day of the review in each year ;
 " which certificates were to be transmit-
 " ted to the agent, to be by him produ-
 " ced to the Clothing-Board in London,
 " and making reports of the regiment's

" clothing for the years 1789 and 1790,
 " purporting that six hundred and eleven
 " suits had been issued out to the non-
 " commissioned officers and men in those
 " years, although not one suit then had,
 " or since has been issued out to them in
 " those years.

" 5thly, In being interested in the sale
 " of bread sold to the soldiers in the bar-
 " racks at Frederick Town, by taking in-
 " to his hands the baking for the regi-
 " ment there, from September 1789 to
 " April 1791, by receiving the men's
 " flour from the public store, by supply-
 " ing the men with less bread than he
 " might have done, and by selling the
 " rest for his own emolument."

The charges against Lieutenant Seton
 were as follow :

" 1st, In making a false muster of se-
 " ven men on the roll to December, 1789 ;
 " of seven on the roll to June, 1790 ; of
 " seven on the roll to December, 1790 ;
 " and of one on the roll to June, 1791.

" 2dly, In mustering persons as sol-
 " diers who at other times did wear a li-
 " very (or clothing different from military
 " uniform), and who did not at other
 " times do their duty as soldiers, but who
 " were employed in the capacity of ser-
 " vants in the regiment, or were permit-
 " ted to hire themselves as servants to in-
 " habitants in New Brunswick.

" Twenty-four of this description were
 " mustered on the roll to June, 1789 ;
 " twenty-four on the roll to December,
 " 1789 ; twenty-five on the roll to June,
 " 1790 ; twenty-five on the roll to De-
 " cember, 1790 ; and twenty-four on the
 " roll to June, 1791."

The subjoined are also the charges
 against Lieutenant Hall :

" 1st, Making a false muster of seven
 " men on the roll to December, 1789 ; of
 " seven men on the roll to June, 1790 ;
 " and of one man on the roll to June,
 " 1791.

" 2dly, Mustering persons as soldiers
 " who at other times did wear a livery
 " (or clothing different from military
 " uniform), and who did not at other
 " times do their duty as soldiers, but who
 " were employed in the capacity of ser-
 " vants in the regiment, or were per-
 " mitted to hire themselves as servants
 " to the inhabitants of New Bruns-
 " wick. Twenty-four men of this de-
 " scription were mustered on the roll to
 " June, 1789 ; twenty-four on the roll to
 " December, 1789 ; twenty-five on the
 " roll to June, 1790 ; twenty-five on the

“roll to December, 1790; and twenty-four on the roll to June, 1791.

“3dly, Making unlawful deductions from the subsistence of the non-commissioned officers and men of a detachment under his command at Frederick Town, between February and May, 1789.”

“But this,” says Cobbett, resuming our quotation from the Jacobin Register of June 17, “was not all. I had all along insisted, that, unless the Court-Martial were held in *London*, I could not think of appearing at it; because, if held in a garrisoned place, like Portsmouth, the thing must be a mere mockery. In spite of this, however, the Judge Advocate’s letter of the 23d of February informed me, that the Court was to be held at Portsmouth, or Hilsea.”

In the following letter to Sir Charles Gould, the Judge-Advocate-General, Cobbett, “remonstrated against this, and demanded” that his *remonstrance* should be laid before the King:—

“SIR,—I am honoured with your letter, dated Horse-Guards, 23d February, 1792, with part of my charges against Captain Powell, and Lieutenants Seton and Hall, of the 54th regiment.

“I should here insert the names of the witnesses I wish to be officially summoned; but the very unexpected and alarming circumstance of its being proposed to hold the Court-Martial at Portsmouth or Hilsea, prevents me from doing this at present.

“I have placed myself in London, Sir, and have continued here ever since the 26th December last, for no other purpose than the prosecution of this affair; never imagining it possible that charges of such importance, and such general concern, would be investigated any where else; and as it certainly is not his Majesty’s desire to embarrass those who come forward in a public action, and appeal to his justice, I hope, upon reconsideration of the matter, the court will be ordered to assemble in London.

“I have no other views, Sir, in this undertaking, than such as arise from a desire to render my country, and the army, a service; and being well convinced of the goodness of my cause, all I wish for is a fair and impartial trial. But this I freely declare I cannot expect at Portsmouth or Hilsea: there the regiment is quartered, there

“the accused must have formed connections, and there all the witnesses I may call upon will be totally in their power. I certainly am entitled to his Majesty’s protection on this occasion. In London I should think myself perfectly safe, and should give my evidence without fear. At Portsmouth I shall be a friendless unsupported individual, surrounded with an host of enemies, and I should look upon my life as being in danger.

“I therefore desire, Sir, you will be pleased to submit to his Majesty my humble request, that the Court-Martial, for the trial of Captain Powell, and Lieutenants Seton and Hall, of the 54th regiment, may be held in London.

“If it be improper, Sir, for you to lay my request before his Majesty, I beg you may inform me of it as soon as may be convenient, in order that I may apply through another channel.

“When I shall receive information, that this my request has been submitted to the King, and shall hear his Majesty’s final determination, I shall immediately send you the names of my witnesses.—I am with the greatest respect, &c.

“WILLIAM COBBETT.

“London, 25 Feb. 1792.”

Sir Charles Gould, as appears from the minutes of the Court-Martial, which have been some time before the public, in a letter dated February 28, apprised Captain Powell, that it had been in contemplation to assemble the Court-Martial, either at Portsmouth, or at Hilsea barracks; but that the prosecutor, (Cobbett) had been urgent, that the trial should take place in London, and that he had offered some reasons for that wish, which he felt it to be his duty to lay before the King. Sir Charles Gould added, that he would write to the prosecutor, and endeavour to obtain from him such specifications as might enable Captain Powell to form a competent judgment with respect to the witnesses upon whom it might be necessary for him to call, as it might be very inconvenient, both to Captain Powell and the Court, to have their proceedings interrupted or stayed by the absence of material witnesses.

Captain Powell, in acknowledging the receipt of Sir Charles Gould’s letter, expressed much surprise at the prosecutor’s wishing the Court-Martial to be holden in London. “I cannot conceive,” says he, “what sufficient reason he can as-

sign, all evidence which I imagine he or we can call upon, being with the regiment. For our part we find it will be necessary to call upon almost every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private, who came home with us from America, so you must consider the expence and inconvenience attending so many people travelling at a distance from the regiment. We are soldiers of fortune, but not men of fortune, and the expence attending such a measure may prove very fatal to our circumstances."

Cobbett states, that, on the 29th of February, the Judge Advocate promised that his remonstrance should be laid before the King; but that, on the *fifth* of March, he received the information, that his remonstrance had been laid—not before the King, but before the accused parties. This is incorrect. Sir Charles Gould apprised Cobbett of Captain Powell's objections against the trial being holden in London, on the *second* of March; at the same time conveying to him an extract from Captain Powell's letter of the preceding day, requesting a specification of the charges against him, and his brother officers. To this letter of Sir Charles Gould's, of the *second* of March, Cobbett, on the 4th, sent the following answer:—"To Sir Charles Gould, Judge-Advocate General.

"SIR,—I have received your letter of the 2d instant, and had I been in town when it arrived, I should have answered it immediately.

"I have considered of what Captain Powell says concerning being furnished with a specification of particulars; but, Sir, unless his Majesty shall annul his warrant, and require me to frame my charges anew, I am persuaded Captain Powell will find it a very difficult matter to get any such specification from me. I am sorry, Sir, I am obliged to differ from you in opinion upon this point; I suppose it is because I am better acquainted with the characters of the accused than you are. You *think* they wish to be previously furnished with further particulars, that they may be enabled to make their *innocence appear*. Whereas the fact is exactly the contrary: it is for the purpose of being enabled to *hide their guilt*.

"I am glad to observe, Sir, that you do not seem to coincide with them in opinion concerning the *place* for assembling the court. Inconvenience

and expence in bringing up the witnesses is certainly a most ingenious objection! Indeed it may bring a little inconvenience and expence upon the *publicans* on whom the witnesses are quartered in their march, but I can not see how it can bring either upon any body else. I know extremely well what Captain Powell wishes the court to be held in Portsmouth for; and his eagerness for it is a sufficient argument against it, if there were no other. It has quite confirmed me in the opinion that I can expect no justice at Portsmouth or Hulsea barracks, and that I ought not to go to either on any consideration, unless his Majesty, after having my request fully and fairly submitted to him, shall positively require it.

"I must beg leave, Sir, once more to request that you will be pleased to lay my representation of this matter before the King, and that as soon as possible.

"I am with the greatest respect, &c.

"WILLIAM COBBETT.

"London, 4th March, 1792."

Cobbett appears to have been exceedingly indignant and dissatisfied. "Plainly seeing," says he, (*Vide Jacobin Register of June 17.*) "what was going forward, I, on the 7th of March, made, in a letter to Mr. Pitt, a representation of the whole case, giving him a history of the obstacles I had met with, which letter concluded thus: "I have now, Sir, done all a man can do in such a case. I have proceeded regularly, and, I may add, respectfully, from first to last: if I am allowed to serve my country by prosecuting men, who have injured it. I shall do it: if I am thwarted and pressed down by those, whose office it is to assist and support me, I cannot do it: in either case, I shall be satisfied with having done my duty, and shall leave the world to make a comparison between me and the men whom I have accused." This letter (which, by-the-by, the public robbers have not published) had the effect of changing the place of the Court-Martial, which was now to be held in London; but, as to my other great ground of complaint, the leaving the *regimental books unsecured*, it had no effect at all; and, it will be recollected, that, without those books, there could be, as to most of the weighty charges, no proof produced, without bringing forward CORPORAL BESTLAND, and the

danger of doing that will be presently seen."

Cobbett's assertion, that the place of the Court-Martial was changed, in consequence of the letter which he pretends to have written to Mr. Pitt, (who, as the author of "The Rival Impostors" observes, "had as much to do with the business as the man in moon,") is false; as will evidently appear, on perusing the following letter of Sir Charles Gould, to Cobbett:

"Judge-Advocate General's office, Horse Guards, 9th March, 1792.

"SIR,—I have now to acquaint you, that *I have had the honour of laying before the King* the representation set forth in your letter to me of the 25th of last month, and that a general Court-Martial will be held *here* for investigating the charges stated in his Majesty's warrant (of which I before gave you notice) against Captain Powell and Lieutenants Seton and Hall of the 54th regiment, as soon as conveniently may be, after some trials, which are now pending, shall have been concluded.

"If there are any witnesses for whom you think an official summons may be necessary, you will make application to me for the purpose; otherwise it is not necessary, nor is it my desire, that you should furnish me with a list of them.

"As to the specification of particulars which Captain Powell represented to me to be material for his defence, and which I communicated to you, because it appeared *to me* to be what in justice he might reasonably expect, I shall not enter into a discussion with you upon the subject; I have done my duty, and no more than my duty in making the same known to you. I certainly do wish (as you suggest) that the defendants should be enabled to make their innocence appear; but with regard to their acquittal or conviction, I have no other wish or presumption, than I must entertain with regard to every person accused, until he is proved to be guilty. I don't know that I ever saw either of the three gentlemen, nor am I acquainted with the connections of either of them. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

CHARLES GOULD.

"Mr. William Cobbett."

Cobbett, as appears by the subjoined answer to this letter of Sir Charles Gould's, was now *fully satisfied*:—

"To Sir Charles Gould, Judge-Advocate General.

"SIR,—I am happy to understand by your letter of the 9th inst. that my request is granted. *I am now upon a fair footing, and have a full assurance that the cause I espouse will meet with a decision founded in justice.*

"The most momentous part of my evidence, Sir, will consist of books and papers, some of which I must apply to you to demand from the proper officers. These are, Sir, 1st, all the muster rolls of the 54th regiment, from June 1787 to June 1791; 2dly, all the annual certified accounts of that regiment for the same period; 3dly, all the distribution accounts for that period; 4thly, clothing returns for the years 1789, 90, and 91, with clothing certificates for the same years; 5thly, two lists of the non-commissioned officers and men who were paid for the clothing of 1789 and 1790, signed by Captain Powell: (the agent for the regiment can produce all these papers, except the review returns and the muster rolls;) 6thly, all the regimental and *companies'* book, containing accounts from 1st September 1787 to 1st October 1791. By the regimental book, I mean the review book, the description book, the register of appointed and reduced, &c. non-commissioned officers, the monthly return book, the orderly book, the distribution and annual account book, the abstract book, the two monthly state books, and the quarter-master's book. By *companies'* books, I mean the books of every company in the regiment, where the particular accounts of the non-commissioned officers and men are kept.

"It will be necessary for the present and the former agent for the regiment to attend the court as witnesses; and there is, Sir, a Mr. Jacob Margas (an out pensioner) whom I would wish to have called up as a witness for the crown. He lives at Colonel Crosbie's, at Sunning Hill, Berks. He is a very principal witness; and I would be glad to be informed by you as soon as convenient, whether his not being an effective soldier exempts him from being obliged to attend your summons; because in that case I will endeavour to prevail on him to attend; but I should be glad to be informed by you, whether, if this should be the case, I may assure him of having his expences on account of his attendance defrayed: as

is most likely he would not leave his home without such an assurance.

"The names of the witnesses from the regiment, Sir, I shall send you as soon as I know the day of trial: and my reason for not doing it now, is, that I shall perhaps thereby expose the poor fellows to the most unmerciful of treatment, *a thing that nothing could prevail on me to do.* The strenuousness with which I have every reason to believe the commanding officer of the regiment espouses the cause of the accused officers will, I hope, Sir, justify this caution.

(To be continued.)

THE INDEPENDENT WHIG.—It was my wish to go rather at length into an analysis of one article which appeared in this *infernal* Paper last Sunday; but I am obliged to stop short, for want of room. It is *another* quack attempt to ROUSE the people into a revolutionary fervour. These Whigs are most humane souls, overflowing with sensibility; but it is the duty of the government to prevent them from tampering with the Constitution, either human or political. No, no; we do not mind the COVENT GARDEN row; but we must have no repetitions of the row of 1780!—If we may believe this Whig, there will be some dreadful measures resorted to very shortly—so dreadful, that he has not even courage enough to tell the public the nature of them! I will explain the secret in a few words: it is my firm opinion, that *as soon as ever there may appear occasion*; AND NOT BEFORE, the vigorous measures of 1794 will be revived, by the SUSPENSION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT!—But what is that to us?—"The Jubilee crew" and the "*drenched rabble*" may sleep quietly in their beds for all this! It is Jacobins, or traitors, alone who will suffer from such proceedings; therefore, while there is opportunity, let them seize it, and, by an amendment in their politics, make atonement for the injuries they have endeavoured to do to their country.

F. W. B.

THE LORD MAYOR'S DAY

"What rage, oh! Citizens! what fury,
"Doth you to these dire actions hurry!"

THERE are some very good old maxims amongst us that have been handed down from generation to generation; and can at any time be applied, with a ludicrous effect, to passing events: such as, "Turn

about's fair play;" "Every dog will have his day;" *cum multis aliis.* In the famed city of London, our day is evidently over, and the day of the Jacobin dogs seems just about to begin; so that we may expect to have some pretty specimens of democratical *barking* throughout the approaching season!

The Jubilee crew, that is the men of real independency, both of fortune and of mind, whose avocations oblige them to reside in our city, must sincerely regret the expiration of Sir Charles Flower's mayoralty. He was a mayor whose integrity and vigour of mind peculiarly fitted him for the office, in these factious and turbulent times, when *cobblers*, and other illiterate refuse, have the audacity to leave their lapstones, to which nature formed them to stick, and force themselves forward as botchers of flaws in the state!—The gentlemen, however, who have always given their support to their King and the Constitution, seem of late, to have resumed their wonted courage; and, as is evident from the excellent speech of Mr. Jacks, they are determined not to be bullied out of their senses! It is just as I observed a few weeks ago, that the sensible citizens will not submit to be *robbed* of the advantages of their industry. Mr. Jacks clearly proved, from different parts of our history, that we have not *so many*, nor such serious abuses to complain of, as our forefathers had at many a former period. Nevertheless, no man wishes that any one of the abuses which we incontestibly have, should remain unreformed: but no rabble politicians, no uncertificated bankrupts, no mob-orators, must be suffered to interfere in so important an operation. When, therefore, any Jeremy Diddler of a Jacobin asks an upright Citizen if he has such a thing as a guinea, he should answer, with Sam, "Yes, and I mean to keep it!"

The grotesque mixture of politicians, some of note and character, with others of no character at all, who are to assemble to-morrow at Guildhall, sufficiently indicates what sort of a party has got the ascendancy, for the present. The sentinels of the Constitution must be vigilant; and watch all the motions of suspicious innovators.

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“ England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride, **THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*Strictures on a late meeting of the “Acquitted Felons.”—Some ideas respecting their motives for assembling at this period—Reform explained—Motives of the reformers of antiquity proved to be the same as those of the present day.—An analysis of the speeches at the Crown and Anchor, with occasional comments.—Jacobin Magistrates exploded—Interesting account of the present state of Jacobinism at Winchester and Southampton.—Letter of Albion to Sir Francis Burdett, containing something to “astonish the natives!”—Remarks on the French Conscription.—Another important Chapter of the Life of the Hampshire Demagogue, containing his ever-memorable correspondence with the Judge-Advocate, the account of the meeting of the Court-Martial, the honourable acquittal of the injured Officers, &c. &c.*

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* * * *The Newsmen, who continually receive orders from the Country for sets of this Paper, are particularly requested not to put more than two Papers into one cover. By a Newsmen rolling six copies in a cover, closed at both ends, a Gentleman at Bath has been charged £1 6s. for postage.*

THE “ACQUITTED FELONS!”

WHETHER it be that the Botley Demagogue have exhausted his stock of venom against our established authorities and loyal individuals; or whether he be collecting a double quantum of bile to vomit in triumph over his insulted country, on the occasion of the fall of Austria beneath the power of the continental tyrant, I cannot pretend to decide. Certain, however, it is, that his audacious pen is for a moment blunted; as, of all the innocuous and stupid farragos that ever threw ridicule upon the press, the leading article of his last paper is the most wretched and contemptible. All the grotesque jumbling together of sentences respecting “an insulted people,” who “have put the power of oppressing into the hands of their oppressors,”—all the beastly nonsense about every man being a brute who “does not see that his country is in danger;” that is, I suppose, who does not allow that Napoleon can and will conquer it!—all this shocking amalgamation of stupidity, including whole columns of abuse against the citizens of London, do not enable the creature to eke out more than four pages of his thing ycleped a Political Register. This paucity or exhaustion of Jacobinism, therefore, in one quarter, affords me an opportunity of observing its mazes in another; and, on looking around me to discover where it

has of late most strongly blazed, I find my attention irresistibly drawn to the meeting of the “Acquitted Felons” at the Crown and Anchor!

The vigorous decrees of the Privy Council, in 1794, which led to the trial of a certain number of notorious Jacobins, (and the only remarkable result of which, if we except *their acquittal*, was the elevation of a poor, illiterate, and starving cobbler, their secretary, to the rank of a master shoemaker) have this year been made the subject of “*a drunk*,” under the pretence of commemorating the day on which the said “acquitted felons” were enabled to cheat Jack Ketch of his just right and privilege. Why they have thought proper to celebrate the anniversary *this year*, beyond any other, I have been racking my brains to discover, without eliciting any one plausible reason; unless it be that they conceive their plans to have advanced to a greater degree of maturity than they have attained since the notable period when the tree of rebellion was shaken to its root, and its buds so suddenly blasted and destroyed. Most assuredly, from the present depressing and calamitous posture of affairs, the democrats may flatter themselves that this is *the proper* period for renewing the “holy right of insurrection;” and hence, as usual, a tavern gluttony is fixed upon, to predicate their system of operations. If we look a little into the matter, we shall find nothing very *outré* in any set of desperadoes meeting to get drunk on the anniversary of that day on which, by the lenity of our laws, they were enabled to return amongst civilised society, and contaminate it still farther by the diffusion of their principles, and the extension of their

crimes! The tavern orgies may be justified, indeed, upon a variety of grounds; one criminal, for instance, may be supposed to be as eager to rejoice at his *good luck* as another; and if the unfortunate wretch who, this very morning, paid the forfeit of his life to the laws which he had outraged, could have succeeded in escaping last Sunday, under the female disguise which he assumed, it would have been thought quite natural of him to have *celebrated* the anniversary of his evasion of justice, for the remainder of his existence. Hence, then, if there had been no insidious object in the meeting at the Crown and Anchor—if there had appeared nothing but an anxiety on the part of the banditti, to congratulate each other on the slipping of their necks out of the halter, I should have let them enjoy their hour of exultation without deigning to mention them in a single paragraph. But I saw that it was soon evinced at the meeting, that the celebration of the acquittal was only a secondary object; a mere cloak, or cover, to afford them an occasion of making public harangues about the necessity of a *reform*! Accordingly, we find that all the speeches, all the business of the day, hinged upon this important topic, so necessary to be held out as the rallying point for our rebels and traitors.

The necessity of a *reform*, as it is called, but which certainly means neither more nor less than a *complete revolution*, has been the incessant theme of Jacobin declamation for the last twenty years. Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Whitbread, and all the worthies who have, from time to time, paid their devoirs at the shrine of *Whiggism*, have descanted on the *blessings* which we should experience from a complete *political régénération*; and that they did not convert into proselytes many more men of consequence and influence than those who actually did repair to their standard, may be, in no small degree, attributed to the vigorous pen of Mr. Burke, in particular, who opened our eyes to the danger of our situation, by showing the connection between our Corresponding Societies here and the Jacobin Clubs at Paris, in the time of Robespierre and Marat. But the great statesman, whose warning voice sounded the tremendous thunder of truth in our ears, having experienced the inevitable lot of mortal nature, the harpies, whose wings he so successfully clipped, have recovered their energies; and, deriving

confidence from the absence of any regular opposition to their views, boldly declare their hopes, that the great day is at hand, which will demolish the fabric of our glorious Constitution, and reduce to the level of Jacobin barbarism, a fabric which has been raised by a consummation of human wisdom, and cemented by the practical experience of centuries!

To me, however, it is not half so astonishing to find that the democrats of 1794 have cherished their darling hopes for the space of fifteen years, and now delude themselves with the idea that they can be reduced to practice, as it is to perceive that there are any well informed Englishmen so callous or so purblind as to entertain any doubt as to the actual expectations and intentions of these political banditti, who evidently can prescribe no limits to their project below the complete destruction of the government. I recollect that the *moral*, sagacious, and juvenile Lord Holland said, as long as twelve years ago, when speaking of re-invigorating our “departed, dead constitution,” that “*the thing might be done in an hour*,”—and so it might, in the exact way that the Jacobins wish, if the sentinels of the constitution were to slumber on their posts: but even though, since the time of Pitt, there has not been any notable display of vigour on the part of the existing government, it does not augur much in favour of the *courage* of the Jacobins, that they have made no active, citizen-like attempt upon us—that they have not seized upon any fortunate hour to begin the execution of their desperate enterprise—But they have, doubtlessly, grown wise by the result of their experience, and have convinced themselves of the utility of *caution* in all their future operations; not chusing to hazard, by violent and sudden proceedings, *another* blessed specimen of a trial by Jury! Besides, they may naturally be supposed to have profited in no small degree by the events which have of late years occurred in their Utopian territory, on the eastern side of the channel, where the sanguinary adventurer, who was formerly their demigod, has had the sagacity to profit by human weakness, and convert the “holy right of insurrection” into a ladder, to convey him, through rivers of blood, to the summit of mortal ambition! Now, if these wretched idiots had not been, all along, deluded by their base and blind thirst for a revolution, they might have easily prognosticated in what way the career of Na-

pooleon would terminate, or rather, to what degree his ambition would be elongated. They had only to look back into the history of Rome to have convinced themselves that Buonaparte was only following an example that had been set before him by the revolutionisers of antiquity. It would be as great a climax of human absurdity to assert or suppose that this little conqueror would not have followed the steps of his ancient predecessors, as it would be to believe that any of the noted speaking or writing demagogues of our day, would not, when the lately-mentioned "*hour*" should arrive, undermine each other in every possible manner, and render their country a scene of anarchy and desolation, to gratify their personal vanity and ambition:—Even a jacobin or democrat, must, I should think, admit, that Julius Cæsar was a much greater man than Buonaparte; for he possessed talents of the mental kind, which the slaves of the latter have never, in all the excess of their adulation, ventured to attribute to *their* idol;—nor can the *Lilliputian* tyrant, in this respect, even be compared to our Cromwell, who first murdered his king, and then made both tools and fools of the people. Too fatally just, indeed, is the remark of Salust, that the outrageous contentions of daring factions always terminated in the tyranny of a bold and desperate genius, who subjugated every thing to his will and pleasure; the first triumvirate, he observes, ended in the dominion of Julius Cæsar, while the second paved the road for Augustus. Besides, have we not the instances of L. C. Cinna, Marius, and Sylla; the first of whom, by deluging Rome with human blood, succeeded in making himself four times consul; and the latter, after displaying the utmost degree of arrogance and outrage towards the sovereigns whom he had overcome, returned to Rome, and in one day massacred seven thousand citizens, to whom he had promised pardon; but whom he afterwards chose to consider as *rebels*? Is not this the very track that the citizen-murderer of Toulon and Jaffa has followed from the commencement of his political career? Nay, he has gone farther, for, in more instances than one, he seems to have taken this very Sylla for his model; for the latter tyrant, like himself, was an extraordinary patron of the arts and sciences; and, wherever he met with plunder of this description, he always sent it carefully to his capital.

This system of aggrandizement, as pursued by Buonaparte, having stagnated and in some degree disgusted the original Jacobins, they wish to pass it over as if it had never taken place; and, accordingly, we do not hear, at their public meetings, any allusions to the "*great man*" who was to regenerate the world:—on the contrary, they confine themselves, with a sort of tremor, to their own prospective operations. At the gormandizing assemblage of these *radical reformers*, which took place on the 6th instant, there was such a sickening portion of rant as we find by the details in the Jacobin Papers, that the perusal of it absolutely turns one's stomach. In the first place we are told that "the day was celebrated by nearly 200 gentlemen!" What a prostitution of language! If I had been under the constraint of writing a report of the business, I should certainly have described them as 200 *ragamuffins*, forming a rabble

"—Fit for treason, stratagem, and spoil!"

for, with the exception of the chairman and some five or six of his partisans, it would not appear, by *the names*, that there was any fellow in the room who could buy or get credit, for a bottle of wine; though, by a knowledge of "*The art of living in London*," he might have been able to raise the wind sufficiently to procure a dinner-ticket, to celebrate this *glorious anniversary*!

Dinner being over, some of the *gentry* got to *speaking*, as might naturally have been expected. The chairman *began* by telling his mob, that "the state of the country was *most alarming*;" and that nothing could rescue us but *reform*!" "Of this *he believed* (vain hope!) that a great majority of the country was now convinced!" This is only another instance of the extent to which men will go, when they want to *flatter themselves*! He concluded by drinking the healths of the different "*acquitted felons*!"

Mister Hardy (one of the 200 *gentlemen*) "*felt it incumbent upon him*" to give a history of Jacobinism, not quite so elaborate as the Abbé Barruel's, to be sure, but delivered under the appellation of "*Parliamentary Reform*." [A Cocker give a history of the attempts to procure a Parliamentary Reform!]
—All that we learn from *this* speech is, that he, the said Citizen Hardy, being *suspected* of being a traitor, that terrible villain William Pitt, "*sought his life*," but he was "*happily rescued*." This *very novel and*

important information being communicated to the two hundred gentlemen, all of whom must have heard it at least two hundred times before, the Citizen reseated himself before his bottle. He was followed by some Methodist vagabond, calling himself *the Reverend J. Joyce*, who "*begged* to say a few words," the purport of which was, that a note being found in his pocket, addressed to Mr. Horne Tooke, and containing the words, "WE SHALL ALL BE READY ON THURSDAY!" he had been imprisoned six months, *without any reason*, though he cannot help SUSPECTING, that it was in consequence of "HIS KNOWN ATTACHMENT TO PARLIAMENTARY REFORM!" I strongly suspect so too; but the *reverend* gentleman is a personage certainly too insignificant to induce me to say any more on this part of the subject.

A song was then sung, composed for the occasion, but as none of the Jacobin Papers have *ventured* to publish it, we may readily imagine *what sort* of a composition it was.

The mobocratic Counsellor Clifford then reminded the gentlemen of the vast sums Sir Francis Burdett had lately given away, to keep his *popularity* a little longer afloat; and concluded with drinking his health, as "*the best friend of the King!*" Whether this was meant as a negative insult to the Botley Demagogue, I cannot presume to decide; but it shows that, even in the opinion of the Jacobins, the King has *friends* of very DIFFERENT SORTS! Cobbett is self-designated "*the King's friend*;" but the Burdettites, by giving to their idol the superlative appellative of the King's *best friend*, evidently insinuate that Cobbett is not quite *so good* a one as he ought to be!

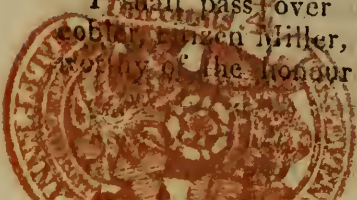
Citizen Waithman could not refrain from demanding *his* share of applause; to procure which, he informed the gentlemen, that he saw the necessity of reform more and more every hour; and that *Mister Hardy* and the other gentlemen, had also been friends of reform and enemies of war!" Now if this speech be not the very quintessence of oratory—if it be not the "*multum in parvo*" of Jacobinical eloquence—I should like to know what is! The citizen-orator, of course, came in for his share of applause.

I shall pass over the Common-hall Cobbett, as a creature unworthy of the honour even of a single

line; a mere dolt, a semi-idiot, "a thing of shreds and patches," "a fool;" and shall at once drop my talons upon another Jacobin, of whom I suspect I know something.

"Mr. John Wright, as one of the Members of the Corporation of the City of London—would not detain the company longer than to state, the perfect coincidence of his sentiments with those which they had heard from the *worthy Alderman and Gentlemen* who last spoke. [One would suppose from this, that they were all drunk; and, as usual, under *such circumstances*, were speaking five or six at a time!] for whose *talents* and *patriotism*, he begged leave, at the same time, to profess his greatest respect. In the Court of Common Council, his *humble efforts* should never be wanting to support such measures, as were calculated to protect, or promote *those principles of liberty for which Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney on the scaffold*—those principles he had ever maintained, and would support to the last hour of his life." [Mr. Wright was of course very loudly applauded.]

Aye, reader, this is the *slang*; this is it;—the *principles of LIBERTY, for which Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney on the scaffold!* Why, I really thought that the revolutionisers had worn this sanguinary declamation even to rags and tatters; as we had not heard it for some years before; but now we see it is *revived*, as a watch word, or prelude, no doubt to their systematic efforts to restore "*the principles of liberty all over the world!*" But as any appeal derives an importance proportionate to the *rank* or *respectability* of the declaimer, I should wish that some of my readers would inform me who this "Mr. John Wright, Member of the Corporation of London," actually is; or if they will inform me who he *is not*, it will answer just the same purpose! I remember, that some eleven or twelve years ago, there was a John Wright, a bookseller in Piccadilly, who at that time was *reckoned* a very loyal man; and, it seems he was one of those who, in the phrase of the Botley demagogue, would not be "*loyal for nothing*;" for the government gave him all its little, temporary publications; and he was also the publisher of the famous Anti-Jacobin newspaper! But, as strange things occur in this queer world, it came to pass, about ten years ago, that the said John Wright happened



to have his name printed in a certain part of the *London Gazette*! From that time he ceased to be what is called a *public character*; but, in the year 1802, to my personal knowledge, this John Wright was employed by Cobbett, to assist him in getting ready the matter for his paper; and from that time up to this very hour, the said John Wright continues, in London, as the acting editor of "*Cobbett's Weekly Political Register*;" his duty being to supervise *Cobbett's grammar*, and as often as may be necessary, to turn nonsense into *common sense*!—Now, as a *gentleman*, (not one of the two hundred) who has a better knowledge than myself of all the existing democrats, lately assured me that the John Wright, whom I have described, was *once* a most notorious Jacobin and leveller, a member of the Corresponding Society, &c. &c. and that he *afterwards* found it to his interest to *turn loyal*; and then again resumed his original profession of a seditious demagogue; it strikes me, that the John Wright, Cobbett's *sense-maker*, is the very identical John Wright, *soi-disant* "member of the Corporation of London!" It is of no consequence to me, whether I am right or wrong as to these political "Portraits of Cervantes," I shall not deign to ask pardon either of one or the other: but, if there be but *one* John Wright, then the notable allusion to Hampden and Sydney may be easily accounted for!

This tavern-jargon must, I should conceive, convince the most apathetic, that Jacobinism is far from being extinct! In fact, when we observe the incessant activity of the democrats, and perceive the open encouragement they obtain from the legions of scribblers who are enlisted under their banners—when we are obliged to see in every coffee-house and place of public resort some infamous jacobin newspaper or publication, and to have our understanding outraged by hearing the vile declamation of those who assume, as their own, the sentiments which appear in print before them—when we see and hear all this at every step we take, ought we to, or can we, doubt, that under the futile mask of *Reform* lurks the horrible demon of Revolution?—We must not permit ourselves to entertain a question on the subject.

F. W. B.

JACOBIN MAGISTRATES!—In the last remarks which I had occasion to make relative to the Jubilee, I briefly al-

luded to the conduct of certain individuals in Hampshire, who hold his Majesty's commission of the peace. These men, it might have been expected, would have exerted all their influence to second the loyalty of the people in their respective neighbourhood, instead of counteracting the popular feeling which every where manifested itself on that glorious day. Their conduct, however, on the occasion alluded to, clearly shows one consequence of the Botley Boreas having been so long suffered to blow about, with impunity, his pestiferous blasts of sedition. I have good reason for believing that there is not, in all England, a county in which the sentiments of opulent landholders and farmers have been so perverted by the efforts of Jacobinism, as in this very county of Hants.—We can excuse the sedition which prevails in manufacturing towns, where labouring people are obliged to congregate, and amongst whom, from the very nature of their life and the pressure of the times, sentiments hostile to the existing government may be expected to prevail; but in such an opulent county as Hampshire, to observe the richest inhabitants perpetually ranting about oppressions and abuses, in all the strains of the first infuriate demagogues of the French revolution, is truly abhorrent and disgusting. How long the really independent gentlemen of this devoted county are doomed to bear with the taunts, the insults, and fabrications of their numerous Jacobin neighbours, it is not possible to conceive; but, surely, if they possess the ordinary feelings of men, it may be expected that they will combine to resist and refute, by every possible means, such dangerous sentiments as have been infused among the illiterate part of the inhabitants. If they do not enter into such a combination, the object of which must be both to speak down and write down their opponents, their county will, on all meetings of a public nature, bear an exact resemblance to the inside of our Theatre, where the voice of reason and of truth is completely drowned by the beastly clamours of a senseless and exulting mob. With respect to the interference of some magistrates on the Jubilee night, I shall communicate the statement which has been transmitted to me by a correspondent, and leave my readers to reflect on the obvious consequences of such men, as are therein described, being empowered to administer the law to Englishmen in the name of their Sovereign.

I cannot but regret that my correspondent did not transmit me *the names* of these fellows; as, if I had obtained them, I should have thought it a duty to my country to give them publicity, and to hold out the propriety of their being immediately struck out of the list. The following is the letter to which I have alluded:—

SIR,

As you have watched the progress of Jacobinism with the most scrutinizing attention, and have done more than any any other person towards exposing the arts and deceptions of those miserable wretches, who profess themselves disciples to its pestiferous and paralyzing principles, I take the liberty of giving you some remarkable instances of the conduct of certain persons, residing *not* 20 miles from Portsmouth.—I have no doubt but you will have many similar intimations given you from different parts of the kingdom, from which you will be able to draw such deductions, in your valuable Register, as will fully justify you for the opinion you have already promulgated respecting the manner in which the loyalty of Britons was likely to be damped by the voice of disaffection, on the late glorious Jubilee.

The place alluded to possesses a vast population, and, speaking in the aggregate, there is not a spot in his Majesty's dominions where loyalty and true British feelings were more conspicuous:—but these genuine tests of every thing that is good and laudable in a free and happy people, are sometimes most unfortunately eclipsed by those of a directly opposite tendency, which are predominant in the hearts of certain persons, who have full possession of the municipal representation of the town.—Under such refrigerating and unsocial auspices, it is not to be expected that the loyalty of the inhabitants should shine so resplendently as where it is cherished and promoted on a more genial soil. This will be fully illustrated by the following statement: On the public meeting that took place respecting the mode by which the day ought to be celebrated, it was decreed that subscriptions should be entered into for certain benevolent purposes. So far so good. A gentleman present, (by no means deficient in loyalty) but certainly mistaken in this point, expressed his doubt about the propriety of illuminations, which unfortunately led to a decision, that, though they could not be interdicted,

yet that they would not be countenanced, or encouraged.—In the evening, one private house only, and one room in a tavern, where several gentlemen dined, were lighted up, when one magistrate, in particular, who was writhing with torture at the general burst of loyalty that was evinced, ordered the lights to be put out.—At both places, however, compliance was spiritedly refused; but, upon receiving such a reply at the inn, the proprietor thereof *was desired to recollect THAT LICENSES WERE IN THE GIFT OF THE MAGISTRATES!*—This, however, did not produce the desired effect, as the innkeeper indignantly refused to accede to so unjustifiable a mandate, notwithstanding the wicked and arbitrary threat of an undue exercise of magisterial power.

At the different public-houses in the town and neighbourhood, many little parties had been made, at which hundreds of his Majesty's loyal subjects intended to enjoy themselves by the innocent amusement of dancing—but though *dancing* could not be prevented, yet a *fiddle* could, and orders were absolutely sent to all those houses, forbidding any such exhilarating and joyous sounds!!! I leave you, Sir, to make your remarks upon such wicked and rancorous conduct: draw these democrats and jacobins forward to public view, in their true colours; they only require to be fully exposed, and I know of no one more capable than yourself of doing this, in a proper way,

I am, &c.

A LOYALIST.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, Esq.

SIR,—I inclose you a letter for Sir F. Burdett, and I return you many thanks for the attention with which you are pleased to distinguish the communications I have lately transmitted to you.—I am but just returned from an excursion to Southampton, and am happy to observe, that your literary labours have caused a gloomy cloud of discord and dissension to overspread the Whigs of this county. Auspicious may it prove, and happy be the presage of their dispersion, and their ruin! But let it not inspire a sanguine and premature confidence, which, by relaxing the ardour of pursuit, may in the end, defeat your hopes, and rob you of the glorious object of your toils!—Besides, at this crisis, there are those who are yet free to chuse their political line;

and, if properly incited, what doubt can long remain, in favour of which they will decide?—Is not the support of the Whigs but another term for meanness and treachery? Is not that of the crown the very echo of virtue and integrity?—The former is indeed a phalanx of baseness—the latter, the sacred league of wisdom and of honour!—I should here observe, however, that *the established authorities ought to give you every assistance possible in the prosecution of your important design.* The clergy in particular should exert themselves, and deny all manner of countenance to Cobbett and his friends. In the place of this, with regret, I perceived, that some few of them in Winchester looked at his paper, while others frequent a certain coffee-house in that city, where Cobbett is registered, and where *You* or the *Post* are never received. And it is said that *the Dean*, although known to be the first scholar, and as loyal a subject as any in England, suffers a Jacobin Register to contaminate his house!—This apathy or inconsistency may be fatal to the church!—It may cause her to sleep on the precipice, or on the surface of that mine which Cobbett is labouring to explode!—If the clergy call this declamation, let them go to Southampton, and ask—“Is there not a bookseller in this town, a disciple of Cobbett, and the president of a society, and who publicly declares, that the shortest way to save the nation is, by *supplying* the place of the *taxes* with the *revenues of the church*? And let them farther ask, whether the following wild and dangerous composition be not the preamble to that society’s *social contract* or system of laws?

“Well has it been imagined, that every human *entity* has universal, fixed, and innate ideas from the first, infused in every created soul *common to all*—equal *to all*—perfect *to all*—as perfect to the savage in his cave, as to an Englishman in the senate!—Thus has universal nature endowed the whole stock of the human race with equal and impartial powers, to receive and to enjoy the perfect completion of universal *rights*; those *rights*, which our *first* thoughts inspire, and which should not be checked by the authority of princes or by the bondage of priests! To dispense, and perfect these vast original blessings, to the whole world at large, is the great work reserved FOR COBBETT in our own times. Now, then, let every nation

“and people of the earth confederate in one universal crusade, to *rescue* these sacred birth-rights from barbarous violation! The spirit of liberty is gone forth! Her voice is the universal language of mankind.—Let it be heard in the *echoed thunder* of the world—till *universal Cobbettism* incorporate with human nature, and blend its essence with the soul of mankind!!!!”

I repeat it, Sir, let the clergy ask the above questions in the streets of Southampton, and they will soon learn where the author of such *dangerous extravagance* resides. Let them demand the same information in various other towns:—*the answers may serve to rouse them from that supineness in which they now exist!!!*

For yourself, Sir, proceed undismayed. Labour, vigilance, and patience are your badge! Reputation the palm!—And, if you sink in the cause of loyalty, welcome the stroke! it will transmit your name to posterity with a martyr’s glory and a patriot’s fame!

Your attached correspondent,
Nov. 13th, 1809. ALBION.

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

“*Hæc ego non credam Venusina digna lucerna?
Hæc ego non agitem?*”

LETTER IV.

SIR,—To suppose that, in so momentous an æra as the present, such a man as you should be passed by in fastidious negligence, would be to affront the understanding of the public. And yet, had not an *accident* thrown a written paper in my way, in which you are mentioned, I might have had to reproach myself for suffering you to slumber a longer time in obscurity and retirement.—I must recall the word “*slumber*,” for the *accident* alluded to confirms me in an opinion I had every right to entertain, that you, and the *leading Whigs*, instead of *slumbering* in solitude, have been more than ever on the *qui vive*; and that you have been augmenting your parliamentary LEGION, with a vigilance and activity which would do honour to a better cause.—It appears, too, that the spirit of *proselytism* has animated *you* in particular, all the summer, and that what Dryden says of the libertinism of Charles the Second—

“*To multiply his image through the land,*” is true in a worse sense of Sir Francis. I observe, in a worse sense, as I am

proud to know that, although the country respects the natural offspring of her princes, she will never cherish, or maintain, the wild and spurious issue of her knaves and enthusiasts. I am told that this assertion has exceptions. If it have, they are similar to the few which disfigure those in society, who caress deformed and loathsome objects, and who have *no taste* for such as are distinguished by endowment of mind, symmetry of form, and beauty of countenance.—However, as the passion for propagating your political image appears so strongly to predominate, I will not oppose,—but accord it all the assistance in my power. And, as you cannot draw your own portrait without the aid of a mirror, which might lead your pencil into a false expression of the *chiaro-scuro* tint and carnation, I shall undertake the office of painter, and gibbet up your picture as high as the *oversetting* ambition, which swallows up all your other appetites, can possibly desire.

To commence. From Horne Tooke, your political nurse, you learned to think, that every thing was pardonable to active talents, and that nothing was more useful than a *singular* sophistry and an arrogant presumption.—From Tom Paine and Price you obtained a taste for that philosophy which prefers an ideal semblance of right to tried order and expediency; that philosophy which makes man *too free* in his *belief*, and *too licentious* in his *sentiments*, and which throws the whole body and frame of society into confusion and disturbance.—From Junius and Hume, from Rousseau and Voltaire, you imbibed irreligion, vanity, and a total want of all serious principle, and such a misconception of the refinements of civilization, of order, and government, that you think men should be *let loose upon each other*, in defiance of all civil power, just rule, and legal restraint.—Fox next taught you to throw the veil of florid eloquence and of sophistical argument over that practical good sense, which, in politics, it was almost natural for him, *even unconsciously*, to exercise.—The *Whigs* then instructed you to believe, that, as their club was composed of “*the weather-beaten wreck*” of those families whose ancestors were the *authors* of the Revolution; and of the settlement in favour of the *House of Hanover*, you, AS A WHIG, ought to endeavour to hold the crown in tutelage, and to leave to the Sovereign *nothing more* than the empty honours

and the merely nominal powers of the government; and Cobbett, a miserable adventurer, without ancestry, without character, without any thing but impudence, obscenity and blasphemy, is infusing principles into your mind, which will finish the portrait, and make you a dangerous *engine* in the hands of the Whigs, and as destructive an enemy to your native country as Hannibal or Mithridates was to Rome!

Such, Sir, is the picture which you are so anxious to have exhibited, imitated, and adored!—Having executed it with all possible exactitude, or with a regard to resemblance not followed by every artist, I proceed to enquire into the public life of a man, who considers himself of such importance. And what is the result of my enquiry? Flushed by the flattery of *so many* seditious instructors, you commenced your career with the impression, that “*God* created the universe, and that *you* were to dispose of it and to put it into order!” *Hence* your imprudence, your unbridled licence of language, your rending of the leaves of “*the Red Book*,” and your plunging, desperate doctrines! *Hence*, too, those speeches, in and out of parliament, which, to persons of discernment, showed, you to be a man ripe and ready for any and all kind of ———!—To atone for such enormity, and to hinder the public from alienating themselves entirely from you, your friends perpetually cry, “*he’s honest*.” I must confess, I doubt it. Or, if you are honest in your *own* opinion, I neither think, nor can pronounce, you honest to your *Sovereign*, or to your country; for, you *must know*, that your *political delusions*, from whatever source they come, by whatever means they may be propagated, and in whatever degree they may prevail, can never be conducive to the interest or honour of the nation. Admitting, then, that you possess the *honesty*, of which your friends *make* such a cry, I ask you, on the strength of it,—can your doctrine enlarge our understandings, or strengthen the integrity of our hearts? Can it lessen our wants, or increase our comforts?—At home, can it ever make us happy?—Abroad, can it ever make us feared or respected? Experience, sad experience, says, No.—And, what is more, Sir Francis, as you may not respect my opinion, I can tell you that Cobbett goes still more *en avant* than what I do, and *says*, that your *political delusion* is the cause

of all our calamities and disgraces, domestic and foreign; that it is a slow, but deadly, poison to Britain; that, amidst those blessings, which are the envy of her neighbours, it makes her peevish, mal-contented and mad; and that it mines her constitution and convulses her frame, while it enervates those councils, and palsies those arms, with which she would, otherwise, annihilate her foes!—Yes, Sir, this is Cobbett's opinion, not rashly uttered, in "*a drunk*," but written down, *revised*, and *printed*!—You tell me that he expresses very different sentiments, and gives *opposite* political instruction to yourself, and to "the people" in his Register. That may be. I have nothing to do with falsehood or contradiction. You must settle that matter between you, at Botley. I shall only presume to observe, that before you placed implicit confidence in such a man, it would have been prudent in you to have made yourself acquainted with his character. Mr. Blagdon, the Editor of this sound, patriotic Paper, would have taken the trouble of showing you the *Charletan*, seated on a triumphal car, drawn by public Credulity; supported on one side by many-mouthed Profession, or the other by the demon of Tyranny.—A hypocrite Janus, with two faces, one turned to the people, another to the treasury, with many tongues, speaking contrary sentiments and languages!—But the truth is, Sir Francis, you have never had any *proper* guide to direct you to unerring maxims, and I doubt whether you will now accept of Mr. Blagdon's aid. The benighted traveller looks anxiously forward to the light that may direct his footsteps; the mariner views, with attentive eye, the needle, ever constant to its invisible ruler in the north, and steers, securely by its guidance, through the dangers of the trackless ocean, while you are content to wander through the forest of uncertainty, and to be tossed on the waves of political life, without searching for a *steady light* to illumine your path, or to direct you in a course so difficult. The consequence is, the frightful image I have just described, and the *miniature* of which I compress into this question,—Has not the whole tenor of your life composed a *systematic* hostility to the peace, honour, and dignity of your Sovereign, and to the glory and aggrandizement of your country?—I shall not answer this question myself. I only remark, that

if you do not answer it in the affirmative, you will shock the opinion even of your Whig associates, and prove to the world, that you are destitute either of judgment or of truth.

Having cast my eye over what I have written, I am the first to allow that I have dealt more in *generalities* than in *particular* facts; and that, in saying, "I doubt your honesty," I made use of a language not current between one gentleman and another. The first error I shall correct, the latter I shall expose *the cause of*!

In looking for a *particular* fact, for I shall confine myself to *one* out of the numbers which present themselves, I shall disregard the *falsity* of the report respecting the House of Correction in Cold-bath Fields; the *colourable* majorities of the Hustings, the *sedition* in the House of Commons, the *fictitious* rights claimed in harangues, and the *blasphemy* expressed against "*the Red Book*," to exalt the frantic shouts of a lawless multitude! I pass over these, and beg to bend your attention to a transaction, with which the public has, as yet, no manner of acquaintance, but which will exonerate me from the charge of treating you in an ungentlemanly manner, and of not grounding my allegations on facts.

At the time, Sir Francis, that you hurled *open* defiance against whatever was venerable among us; at the time that you boasted, that you stood upon a rock, from which you could not be removed by any *hired* Magistrates, Parliaments, or Kings, there existed a set of malevolent spirits in the *metropolis*, who entered into an infamous conspiracy against the purity of the Princes of the blood; whom they grossly calumniated, in order that the public might, in time, lose that reverence and respect for them which checked the progress of republicanism, and all the other evils which accompany so destructive a flood. This horde of political conspirators gave birth to other wretches, who wrote threatening letters to *several* branches of the royal family, with a view to extort money; and one literary villain, in particular, with the same intent, sent a manuscript work to a *Princess*, which, when returned with the silent contempt of conscious virtue, was applied to a beautiful young creature of distinction, and in a manner so stigmatizing, *although false*, that she sunk under the implication, and died of a broken heart! And so bold did another wretch become, that he made a *specific charge* of 2000l.

from His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, for the suppression of an infamous libel, which the author, otherwise, was determined to print. Notwithstanding the little success with which these nefarious proceedings was encouraged, still, as a *mistaken lenity* hindered the culprits from being prosecuted *as felons*, it excited others to attack His Royal Highness the Duke of York, and to endeavour to extort money from him on a variety of false pretences. Of this latter number there was one very extraordinary person; he was a man of considerable acquirements and accomplishment of manners, but whom the Duke *superseded* for a total neglect of his military duties. This person, with consummate skill, drew up a memoir, wherein he proved, *from suborned evidence*, that the Duke obtained from him (on the plea of promotion) through Mrs. Clarke, a considerable sum of money, and afterwards *superseded* him, while on foreign service, in order to get rid of him and the obligation altogether! Copies of this *memoir* were sent in, from time to time, to the office of H. R. H. with specific demands of money for its suppression. No answers, however, were returned. Colonel Gordon, at length, wearied with such vicious importunity, directed the Duke's counsel to proceed in the case; but, the intended defendant absconding, the affair dropped.—And what has all this to do with you, Sir Francis? I request a moment's patience.

In the spring of the year 1808, you received a letter from this self same *superseded* officer. The substance of it lies before me. It states, that he was juggled out of 300l. and otherwise treated in the most tyrannic and inhuman manner; that he was sent to join a foreign regiment, and there broke; without the advantage of a Court-Martial, or any kind of *hearing* whatever. It also goes to show, that he had ample evidence to back his assertions, and concludes by beseeching you to impeach his Royal oppressor, and to obtain for him redress from the House of Commons.

You will allow, Sir, that his letter to you, of which the above notes are but a rapid *precis*, was written in a most masterly manner; and that you gave it all the faith and sensibility you possess. This is certain, that it *imposed upon you*, and you probably exulted for a time in having the means of *humbling* a prince, and of elevating yourself, by opposing oppression and advocating the cause of

the oppressed! But, instead of proceeding farther in *affirmations*, you must allow me, respecting what is to follow, to prefer, for reasons which your sagacity cannot fail to discover, the mode of asking you a few questions. I, therefore, demand to know, whether it be not true, that you collected a hideous mass of *systematic* evidence, equally iniquitous, though certainly not so to your knowledge; and that you had every *engine* in readiness to commence the first scene of a popular contention, the last act of which would probably have ended in the outrage of faction, and the devastation of civil war?—But did you not proceed? No, Sir Francis; *we know* you did not! for, just at this time, was it not suggested to you, by your friends, that, although the King would not be *dragooned* into a disposition to take you into his councils, still he might be *flattered* into such a measure! and, as a proof of this gracious temper in his Majesty, your attention, it is whispered, was directed to Mr. Fox, Lord Erskine, &c. &c. and you *were shown an appointment for the War Department, which was made out for a principal Whig during the administration of his patriot relative, Lord Grey!!!*—It was also observed by the *Whig junta*, which met on the proceeding, that, in consequence of the atrocious calumnies you were in the *habit* of uttering, both in and out of the house, charges from you would have no weight; in other words, that you had cried, “wolf! wolf!” so often, that no person would attend to your complaint; and that, to give the accusations the *novelty* and importance essential to the ruin of the intended victim, they must come from a less *notorious*, though not less desperate, mind.—Hence, *and from hence alone*, arose the appointment of Colonel Wardle to be the Duke's public accuser!—a subject which I shall take up in my next letter, and which I shall address to that *immaculate* gentleman himself!

Now, Sir, to return to you, may I ask, as you decidedly and *firmly believed*, that you were in possession of evidence to prove a prince *unworthy* of his station, and of a great *public* trust, was it honest of you to decline his prosecution? And, as a fellow-subject stated to you, that he was *suffering* under a *grievance* which no power but the *Parliament* could redress, was it humane of you to abandon him to his *parish*, and not to present his case to the house? What had become

of that over righteous zeal, which persecuted Governor Aris, and of that abundant bounty, which kindled such a flame in favour of the miscreants confided to his trust? What had become of that daring courage, which rescued O'Connor from the gallows; and of that *sensibility*, which induced you to weep under the scaffold of Despard? What had become of that *patriotism*, which waged eternal war against *tyranny*, and of that *milk of human kindness* which extended itself to all "the people," and to the *suffering seamen* stationed throughout the fleet?—Courage! humanity! public spirit! resolutions and oaths!! what! were you divested of them all? Were you left humble, naked, and prostrate at the foot of that throne you so often stormed with violence, defamation, and reproach! and exposed, in all native deformity, before "that people," to whom you so often declared your *devotedness* and *independence of mind*? Yes, Sir; you have proved yourself a mere hungry Whig, seeking for prey in the precincts of power.

But, Sir, it is decreed, that there is a Rubicon which you cannot pass; and that you may die, as you have lived, with full permission to shoot your arrows at that very constitution, which the fortress that defends you was erected to support. The *house-breaker*, who has promised his assistance in a burglary; the *assassin*, who has engaged to perpetrate a murder; and the licentious *democrat*, who conspires with the enemies of his country, are now classed alike, and are to remain, despised and unnoticed, till found in the performance of deliberate guilt, or till seen in the most *unequivocal* state of humility and repentance. You thus have a choice.—It is to be observed, however, that the country is not to be imposed upon by vague promises of reformation, or the most solemn assurances of regenerated lives. I have given credit to Lord Erskine's assertion on his honour, and I will cheerfully extend belief to any thing that Lord Moira and Mr. Whitbread *may assert on their simple word*; but I shut my heart and conviction against *every* other Whig, and I entreat every honest man to keep the following historical fact in memory, as a government for his conduct towards that dangerous class of beings:

"Cromwell, when accused of such crimes, fell down upon his knees, made a solemn prayer to God, attesting his innocence, and his zeal for the interests of

Parliament. This he did with great vehemence and many tears; made a long speech, and then retired from the house, *with his mind made up on its destruction, as well as on a final resolve, to drink the blood of the king!!!*"

This enormity numbs every faculty. I must conclude. It may be profitable, first, to state, Sir, that if you *should happen* to forget the superseded officer's letter, you will have to remind your honourable friend, who predicated a motion on THAT VERY LETTER, to forget it also. The motion was to this effect, "That no Officer should be dismissed his Majesty's service without the publicity of a Court-Martial." You may also say what became of that officer and of his evidence? Much to his honour, *the action weighed too heavy on his mind*; HE CONFESSED HIS GUILTY INTENTIONS TO COLONEL GORDON, WITHDREW HIS MEMOIR, AND WENT TO EXPIATE HIS OFFENCES IN AMERICA, FROM WHENCE HE HAS SENT THE AMPLE CONFESSION WHICH HAS BEEN PUT INTO MY HANDS; AND FROM WHICH I HAVE DRAWN THE PRINCIPAL OF THE ABOVE DETAILS.

I cannot refrain from mentioning, that, had the Duke of York made use of this unfortunate officer's *statements* and discoveries, he could have given a quite different complexion to the proceedings of the house. But a regard for the talents and misfortunes of the man, and a respect for his family, which had rendered the state many services, imposed on His Royal Highness an honourable restraint, and he never suffered the affair to be divulged!!—History has on record very few such instances of greatness of mind!

If you do not, Sir, benefit by so glorious an example, you should at least learn, from your own fatal experience, that, when the lust of Whig ambition is to be gratified, its cravings are not appeased with slight oblations. On the votive tablet of this passion you have already marked many sacrifices. *Inscribe no more*, or, in the decline of life, like him who grew *instantly* grey, from the apprehension of his conduct, you will exclaim,

"O! Nox, quam longa es, quæ facis una senem."

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

ALBION.

Nov, 13, 1809.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,

THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

“Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant.”

“If I do not show those *who have caused* this publication to be made, and to be circulated at such immense expence; if I do not show them to be the *falsest*, the *most base*, *mean*, and *dirty*, of mankind, I will confess myself to merit all those epithets.”—COBBETT'S POLITICAL REGISTER, June 10, 1809.

“We may pardon the threats of a simple bully; we may even forgive a sharper or a robber, but when he has the impudence to justify his conduct, and that too with his filthy fist at our mouths, there is no degree of resentment, no mortal means of vengeance, adequate to the insult.”—COBBETT'S WORKS, Vol. IV. p. 253.

CHAPTER VII.

The Court-Martial resumed.—Cobbett absconds.—The Court assembled.—Names of the members.—Expectation disappointed.—An unsuccessful hunt.—Second meeting of the Court.—Cobbett's father found to be the landlord of a hedge alehouse.—Address of persecuted innocence.—An honourable acquittal.—Projected prosecution of the prosecutor.—General Frederick's opinion.—Recapitulatory memorandum.—A case for the lawyers.—A legal opinion.

THE pressure of temporary matter compelled us to close the preceding Chapter abruptly; even without concluding the important letter of Cobbett, in which the demagogue professed himself to enjoy “a fair footing,” and to “have a full assurance, that the cause” which he espoused would “meet with a decision founded in justice.” We now close this document, as follows:—

“I take this opportunity, Sir, of informing you, that I shall think it my duty to point out to you as persons not proper to sit on this Court-Martial, *any officers belonging to regiments that have served lately in British North America, those of the 57th regiment in particular.* I can give very particular and substantial reasons for this, but I trust you will render that unnecessary, as it would undoubtedly be *very unpleasant.*”

“Give me leave, Sir, to trouble you a moment in reply to the latter part of your letter. Sir, I had not the least reason to suppose that a *person of your exalted rank* could be swayed by a natural partiality towards men who stand

“accused of such heinous crimes; but having good reason to believe that *every method* had been taken to represent my accusation as malicious and groundless; and fearing that your mind had received the ill-impression, I felt myself a good deal hurt, and thought it incumbent on me to act as became an honest man in the cause of justice.”

“*If my accusation is without foundation, the authors of cruelty have not yet devised the tortures I ought to endure. Hell itself, as painted by the most fiery bigot, would be too mild a punishment for me.*”

“I come forward, Sir, in this business with the *best grace* that can possibly accompany a man's actions: if I were not always a steady assertor of the soldier's rights; if I were not always an opposer of the depredations on the soldier and the public, and if my practice did not always agree with my profession, *if any man can prove that I ever cheated him of a farthing*, or ever winked at such practices in any one else, I will say that I am a villain, and that the officers that I accuse are good and virtuous men. I am, with the greatest respect,

“WILLIAM COBBETT.

“London, 11th March, 1792.”

In answer to the above, Sir Charles Gould, in a letter, dated *Horse-Guards, March 15*, states, that he shall “make official application for the production of the papers and books,” represented by Cobbett to be material for supporting his charges; “except,” says he, “that you will permit me to observe, that the production of any books of anterior date to matters stated in the charge, seems to be unnecessary. The enquiry, I conceive, is neither intended by the King's warrant for holding the Court-Martial; nor can it, consistently with the provisions of the mutiny act, be extended to any matters more than three years antecedent to the date of the said warrant.—As to your question concerning Mr. Jacob Margas, I cannot entertain a doubt of his giving his attendance pursuant to a letter of summons; but, with regard to government's making allowance to him, or to any other witness, for the expence of his attendance, I am not enabled to give you any assurance.”

In a letter of the same date, and with much minuteness of detail, Sir Charles Gould made a formal application to Lord

Edward Fitzgerald for the documents required.

On the succeeding day, Cobbett addressed the following letter to Sir Charles Gould:—

“SIR,—I agree with you that the production of any books of anterior date to matters stated in the charges are unnecessary; and my requesting you to cause them to be produced, has originated in my having, until this minute, looked attentively at the copy of charges sent me from your office; imagining that, as far as they went, they were true copies of what I had given in. I now find, and I confess to my astonishment, that the greatest part of my charges, under the head of false musters, is left out. I know the *mutiny act* tolerably, but I find nothing in it to authorise the excluding of those parts of my accusation that I allude to. I told the Secretary at War that I could give sufficient reasons for not making my complaint sooner, which would most undoubtedly entitle me to a hearing now. But this I shall not contend for at present, *being as much unwilling as any one can be to delay the assembling of the court.*

“I am sorry, Sir, that you have not given me a more categorical answer with respect to Mr. Margas. If I made myself understood by my letter of the 11th inst. I wished to be informed whether he was *obliged* to attend your summons or not; and that in case he was *not obliged*, whether I might assure him of having his expences defrayed. You say, Sir, that you cannot entertain a doubt of his giving his attendance, but you do not tell me *that he is obliged to attend.* I am left in an uncertainty here; I am not assured that he *will* attend your summons, nor am I impowered to request his attendance myself. I repeat, that he is a very material witness for the crown, and I wish to be informed, Sir, if he be *obliged* to attend your summons or not; and if not, I request that you will have the goodness to inform me to whom I must apply for an assurance that his expences will be defrayed, that I may be enabled to *ask* his attendance with some probability of obtaining it.—I am with the greatest respect &c.

“WILLIAM COBBETT.

“London, March 16, 1792.”

The Court-Martial was at length finally fixed for Saturday the 24th of March. In a note of the 19th of that month, Sir Charles Gould definitively assured Cob-

bett, that *Jacob Margas would attend the Court-Martial as a witness*. In a letter of Cobbett's, also of the 19th, acknowledging the receipt of Sir Charles Gould's note, and inclosing a list of witnesses, (amounting to between fifty and sixty,) whom he had thought it necessary should be summoned, Cobbett says:—“I think it my duty to inform you, Sir, that a *private concern* obliges me to go into the country, from which I cannot conveniently return till about Friday next; but any commands you may have for me will be forwarded, if left where your letters to me have hitherto been, and will, upon reaching me, *be immediately attended to.*”

The Court-Martial, as will fully appear by the following statement, copied from the books at the War Office, was assembled, in due form, at the time appointed:—

“COURT MARTIAL.

“At a meeting at the Horse Guards on Saturday the 24th day of March 1792, of the undernamed officers convened in pursuance of a special warrant from his Majesty, bearing date 15th day of Feb. 1792, for the purpose of composing a general Court-Martial for the trials of Capt. Richard Powell, Lieut. Christopher Seton, and Lieut. John Hall, of the 54th regiment of foot, upon sundry charges therein expressed.

“Major-General Charles Crosbie, appointed to be President.

“Major-Gen. Wynter Blathwayt.

“Major-Gen. George Morgan.

“Col. John Watson Tadwell Watson, of the 3d regiment of Foot Guards.

“Colonel Anthony Farrington, of the Royal regiment of Artillery.

“Lieut.-Col. George Nugent, of the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards.

“Lieut.-Col. Aubrey, Earl of Burford, of the 34th regiment of Foot.

“Lieut.-Col. John Whitelocke, of the 13th regiment of Foot.

“Lieut.-Col. John Bridges Schaw, of the 68th regiment of Foot.

“Lieut.-Col. William Mansell, of the 29th regiment of Foot.

“Major John Elford, of the 51st regiment of Foot.

“Major Charles Green, of the 31st regiment of Foot.

“Major John Blake, of the 24th regiment of Foot.

“Major James Wiseman, of the 53d regiment of Foot.

"Major William Browne, of the 14th regiment of Foot.

"Major Edward Madden, of the 15th regiment of Foot.

"Major John Thomas Buller, of the New South Wales Corps.

"Sir Charles Gould, Judge - Advocate General.

"His Majesty's warrant, in this behalf, was read.

"Upon enquiry made, whether the prosecutor and defendants were in readiness, it was announced that Mr. William Cobbett, late serjeant-major in the 54th regiment, but now retired from the service, who had preferred the several charges against the said Captain Richard Powell, Lieutenant Christopher Seton, and Lieutenant John Hall, respectively, and who had undertaken to support them by proper evidence, *was not yet arrived*. After *waiting more than an hour*, in expectation of his coming, a messenger was dispatched to his wonted lodgings in quest of him, which messenger on his return made report that *the said William Cobbett was not to be found*, and that the answer obtained at the house where he had lodged was, that *he had removed from those lodgings on Wednesday evening last*, since which *he had not been seen or heard of, nor was it known where he now resided*.

Upon receiving this *unexpected* intelligence, the Judge-Advocate General forbore to swear the members of the Court-Martial, and requested their assembling again on Tuesday morning next, thinking it advisable that the trial should be deferred till that time, to afford opportunity for enquiring into the cause of the said William Cobbett's not attending in pursuance to the notice given him. And the several persons who had been summoned, as witnesses at the requisition of the said William Cobbett, were directed to give their attendance on Tuesday morning next, at ten o'clock, in expectation that the trial would then take place."

In consequence of this "*unexpected*" non-appearance, and to give every facility to the cause of justice, Sir Charles Gould dispatched the following letters, in order that Cobbett might profit by the postponement of the Court-Martial, so as to arrive on the Tuesday:

"Horse-Guards, 24th March, 1792.

"SIR,—You are hereby acquainted, that a general Court-Martial has been held here, this day, agreeably to the intimation which has been left for you

at your lodgings, for the purpose of investigating the several charges which had been preferred by you against Capt. Powell and Lieuant and Paymaster Christopher Seton, and Lieutenant and Adjutant John Hull, of the 54th regiment of foot, when, to the *great astonishment* of the several officers who were to have composed the Court-Martial, you did not appear to make good those charges, and, upon enquiry, it was found that you had removed from the lodgings to which you had desired me to address any letters I might have for you. I now give you this further notice, *having taken pains to get this letter to your hands*, that the Court-Martial will again meet here on Tuesday next, at ten o'clock, that there you may, if you have any thing to offer to them, give your attendance.

"I am, &c. CHARLES GOULD."

"Mr. Wm. Cobbett, No.—, Felix-street."

"Judge-Advocate's Office, Horse-Guards, Saturday, 24th March, 1792.

"SIR,—You are hereby acquainted that the officers who were appointed to compose a general Court-Martial were convened here this day at ten o'clock, agreeable to notice which had been addressed to you, and left for you at your lodging in Felix-street, near Westminster bridge in addition to that which I had before given to you in a former letter, and they waited here considerably more than an hour in expectation of your appearing to make good the charges which you had preferred against Captain Richard Powell and Lieutenants Christopher Seton and John Hall, of the 54th regiment of foot, nor did they separate until a messenger, who had been dispatched to you at your said lodging, to acquaint you that the Court Martial were waiting for you, had returned and brought word that you was not to be found, I now give you this further notice, that the said general Court-Martial will be re-assembled here on Tuesday morning next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon precisely, when, if you have any thing to offer, you will be heard, and when you are hereby required to give your attendance.

"CHARLES GOULD,

Judge-Advocate General.

"Mr. William Cobbett,

No. —, Houndsditch."

The Court-Martial was again assembled, and sworn, as before, on Tuesday morning; but no "William Cobbett" appeared.

"The Judge-Advocate General (also

sworn) stated to them," say the books at the War Office, "that he had caused diligent but ineffectual enquiry to be made after William Cobbett, who was pledged to make good the charges preferred against Captain Richard Powell and Lieutenants Christopher Seton and John Hall respectively, not only at his former lodging, being the first place where he had desired that any official letters might be left for him, but also at such other places, where there seemed to be a chance of obtaining intelligence, and that he had likewise caused a written notice of the trial being deferred till this day, to be left at his said former lodging, to be delivered to him in case of his calling there, and a duplicate of the same notice to be left at an house in Houndsditch, where information was obtained from the postman of that walk (or district) that post-letters were to be delivered for him, although he did not reside there.

"The Judge-Advocate General also stated, that upon intelligence being given at William Cobbett's former lodging, from which, as before-mentioned, he had removed on Wednesday evening last, that Captain Lane, of the 54th regiment, had sometimes visited the said William Cobbett, a note had been addressed to the said Captain Lane, at his house in Sloane-square, Chelsea, requesting the favour of information from him or from his servant (if they could furnish it) where the said William Cobbett was removed to, or was likely to be found or heard of: to which inquiry Captain Lane had returned answer, importing that neither he nor his servant could point out where Mr. William Cobbett was to be found, at the same time expressing surprise that he had not attended at the Court Martial that day when the trial was expected to come on.

"The Judge-Advocate General also informed the Court, that Elizabeth Wools, at whose house William Cobbett had lodged, had been prevailed upon to give her attendance, and is now in waiting, in case the Court may wish to make any further inquiries from her personally respecting the said William Cobbett.

(*To be continued.*)

FRENCH CONSCRIPTION.

THE address of the Arch-Chancellor of France, delivered to the Conservative Se-

nate on the 3d of October, and the accompanying report of the War Minister, respecting a new levy of 36,000 men, are objects of some curiosity, and deserving of some attention.

This levy is imposed upon the new classes of the conscription of the years 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, and 1810.—The address was delivered prior to the receipt of the intelligence, that peace had been actually signed between Austria and France; and, as to the probability of that event taking place, some doubt appears to have been entertained. "*Whatever,*" says the speaker, "may be the issue of the negotiations at Altenburgh, there are strong indications that the English, after having been driven back from our territories, will endeavour to prolong the war in Spain. The numerous battalions which his Majesty opposes to them in that kingdom, need only be kept up to their full complement, in order to baffie all the attempts of the enemy.—*If* the peace be renewed between France and Austria, it will be impossible, without *great inconvenience*, to suddenly transport the brave troops who will have conquered it, from the Banks of the Danube to those of the Guadalquivir."

The *inconvenience* attendant on the removal of an army would never, for one moment, have occupied the attention of Buonaparte, had he not perceived *danger* also in the removal; and, though Austria has been reduced to such a state of insignificance, that no reasonable fears can be entertained from any hostile effort that she might make, the determined resistance of the Tyrolese is an object of considerable uneasiness to Buonaparte, and to his traitor-tool, the King of Bavaria. Until the Tyrolese shall have been subjugated—an event which, from their advantageous localities, cannot very rapidly be effected—it will not be safe to withdraw the French armies from the quondam territories of Austria.

We are told that, out of the conscriptions of the years 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, and 1810, more than 30,000 men still remain, who, though drawn for, have never been called into active service. The proposed levy of 36,000 is to be taken from those classes, the remainder of which are to be declared free from future service. "Thus, Sir," says the Minister at War, "will your armies be maintained in the respectable state in which they now are placed, and a considerable number of conscripts will be entirely re-

leased from the duties of the conscription. Your Majesty will also have at your disposal the 25,000 men contained in the class of 1811, whom, I think, should not be called out, unless events should deceive your hopes and pacific intentions."

The following is given as the exact state of the present conscriptional force of France:—

"The Class of 1806, consisted of 423,000, according to the lists of conscription.

"That Class, comprising 15 months..... 423,000

"That of 1807..... 852,005

1808..... 361,000

1809..... 362,000

1810..... 362,000

Total..... 1,860,000

"Of these Classes, until the present moment, there have been raised but 520,000 men.

1806..... 102,500

1807..... 102,500

1808..... 102,500

1809..... 110,000

1810..... 110,000

520,000

"There consequently remain still at home of the given Classes 1,347,000 men."

The Report which introduces the above statement is, in substance, very similar to the Notes which have lately appeared in the *Moniteur*, respecting the *Scheldt* expedition; and it forms, also, a sort of retrospect of the late campaign. The tone of this article is not confident; and, if any credit could be given to appearances, the French government at this time entertains a hankering after peace. But we have had too many proofs of the hypocrisy of France, to place any faith in the goodness of her intentions; and certainly this will not prove the period for converting our swords into ploughshares.

The reasons assigned in this report, for not sending the French troops from Germany into Spain, are curious:—"Sire, the various fields of battle, where your legions conquer, are *too distant* from each other, to allow, without great difficulties and losses, incidents in long marches, one of your armies to form a junction with the other; and your majesty, satisfied with the zeal and exploits of the troops under your command in Germany, wishes to spare them a renewal of their toils

in Spain. The French armies, on the other side of the Pyrenees, besides, are composed of 300 battalions and 150 squadrons. It is therefore sufficient, without sending new corps into that country, to fill up the compliment of those that are there. Thirty thousand men, assembled at Bayonne, will fully answer that end, and repel the forces which the English could bring against them.

The Minister, in this report, resorts to the old practice of the French government, in exaggerating the forces of its adversaries. "Your Majesty's armies," says he, "are as terrible to your enemies by their number as by their courage. But who would advise France not to increase her exertions in proportion with those of hostile powers? In order to give such advice, dictated by the most imprudent security, it would be necessary to forget that, a short while ago, Austria had 700,000 men in arms; and to make that gigantic effort, that power had not feared to expose its population to almost total annihilation, and to endanger the greatest parts of its possessions. It would be necessary also to forget the share which England has taken in the continental war, displaying at the same time *three armies*; the one on the coasts of Naples, the other on those of Holland, and the third in the heart of Portugal."

In the subjoined concluding paragraph of this Report, the outcry for peace is particularly loud:—

"During the last twelve months, more British blood has flowed than since England broke the treaty of Amiens. Engaged in the battles of Spain and Portugal, from which, *both her duty and her interest* forbid her to retire, she will see those countries become the graves of the most noble warriors. Grief at their loss will at last create in the minds of the British people a just horror and detestation for those men who have dared to denounce the threat of eternal war. It will awaken a longing for a general peace, which every man of sense can see is not far distant, should the English continue to wrestle with us on the Continent."

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“England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride, THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*A disappointment extraordinary, and the reasons for it explained; with a few remarks on the courage of Colonel Wardle, and a comparison between him and various heroes of antiquity—A cursory view of Cobbett's lamentation on the fall of Austria, with his kind advice to other nations, that they may avoid her fate.—Letter from Peter Porcupine, junior, in defence of the Hampshire Magistrates; being an answer to the letter of “A Loyalist,” which accused some of them of jacobinism.—Letter on the absolute necessity of continuing the war against France, as the only means of preserving this country from certain destruction!—Refutation of a late attack upon Mr. Canning, by a writer for the Morning Chronicle—The remainder of the Chapter of the Botley Demagogue's Life, the first part of which was inserted in Number 7.—Continuation of political Correspondence.—The Treaty between France and Austria, &c. &c.*

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THE LETTER TO COLONEL WARDLE.

—It is with considerable reluctance that, for reasons which I am sure every one of my readers will deem perfectly satisfactory, I have resolved to decline, for a short time, the insertion of two Letters of ALBION to the immaculate Colonel who has of late become so great a subject of notoriety; but who will assuredly owe a great portion of his future and posthumous celebrity to the contents of this new biography. The first of these letters was to appear in this day's Register; and, being anxious that the Colonel should derive all the benefit of the extensive publicity, I had taken the usual means of making known my intentions, by causing, at a considerable expence, advertisements to be inserted in all the principal London papers. That I could have had no motive for practising a deception, as far as relates to the advertising of the letters, my readers must be well convinced; and if even the Colonel himself do not acknowledge the advantage which he will derive from the unpremeditated forfeiture of my promise to the public, posterity will have reason to add to the catalogue of his failings and his vices, that of his being the most *ungrateful* of mankind!

Before I conclude this *apology extraordinary*, I shall have sufficient opportunity to convince the most incredulous reader that, when I say the Colonel owes me a debt of gratitude for my *forbearance*, I speak an incontrovertible fact! There never yet, perhaps, was a criminal about to suffer the sentence of the law, who would not, either openly or secretly, rejoice at the notification of a *reprieve*, at the very hour when he was expecting to

be made a public spectacle; and, however the said Mr. Wardle may affect to be *careless* on the subject of the withholding of the above two most important letters, I am certain that he mentally or internally feels the full extent of the obligation. With a perfect knowledge of all the attributes of *true courage*, which are peculiar to his character, I cannot altogether admit that he possesses that *foolhardiness* ascribed in ancient history to a certain king of Lacedemon, who, having gained a slight battle with the Mantineans, was so vain and elated, that he thought he could, with his single hand, destroy a corps of a thousand Argians, whom he observed running away; and against whom he would have exposed his imbecile person, had he not been withheld by Pharax. There *was*, indeed, a time when this *immaculate* Colonel might have flattered himself that his nod would have been sufficient to shake the firmness, and destroy the popularity of princes; but that time is no more.—The fact undoubtedly is, that our Colonel's *courage*, or rather arrogance, has received a very powerful damper by certain late occurrences; and it is not all the hopes of ultimately convicting the Wrights and Mrs. Clarke of a *conspiracy*, that can raise it to its former level. I am very confident that mankind will receive an awful lesson from what will transpire during some approaching trials; and, I am, in reality, too generous an enemy to attack, at an unfortunate moment, a man who seems already to have deprived himself of every means of escape! But, as the reader may not exactly comprehend the drift of this preamble or exordium, I shall proceed at once to declare, that I have pur-

posely kept from the press, for a few weeks, the two Letters to Colonel Wardle, from motives of the most *charitable* and *magnanimous* nature! Somehow or other, while revising the said letters for the press, I was so interested in the *unparalleled* feats of their hero, when in Ireland, that the important trial, which is about to take place, but which, I see, is postponed "for a few days," and in which this hero is again the defendant, never once occurred to my recollection! Now, as these letters, which I have in my possession, completely ready for printing, are *very extraordinary things*, and will, as sure as I have at this moment a pen in my hand, become the subject of conversation from one end of the empire to the other, a circumstance flashed upon my mind, while my devil was waiting to carry them to the press, that induced me to seize them with avidity from his grasp, and consign them to my iron chest, "*sine die!*" The reader will, by this time, no doubt, have become very anxious to know what the circumstance could be, that could induce me to deviate from my promise, and disappoint the public expectation! It was this. On Monday evening, just as the packet of manuscript was about to be dispatched, the good genius of Colonel Wardle suddenly appeared before me, in the shape of some London evening newspapers, and the very first paragraph that met my observation was, the conversation in the Court of King's Bench, respecting the deferring of the trial of Wrights *versus* Wardle, till the plaintiff's counsel could have time to answer the numerous matters in the affidavits of the defendant. Now, it had happened, that in my extensive intercourse with people of different sentiments and connections, I had heard some very *odd things* respecting the connection between that ever-famous demirep Mrs. Clarke, and the *immaculate* Colonel; and, assimilating these very odd things with an abundance of others still more "passing strange," which occupied the pages of the MSS before me, I conceived that the publication of the letters in question, at the present moment, when the Colonel stands before the nation, in the light of a *defendant*, would not be exactly consistent with that justice and honourable impartiality which I have ever been anxious to manifest in all my transactions, public and private. In short, knowing the fallibility of human nature, I had every rea-

son to believe, that THE PUBLICATION OF THE LETTERS AT THE PRESENT TIME MIGHT INFLUENCE THE MINDS OF THE JURYMEN WHO MAY SIT ON THE IMPORTANT TRIAL ALLUDED TO!—and hence, on this ground alone, I have resolved that not one line of them shall appear in print till the Colonel have received the full measure of the law!

How the doughty champion of reform may take this act of simple justice towards him, on my part, it is not easy to divine. But if pride did not oppose its influence, it might not be too much to expect from him a letter of thanks on the occasion of having spared him, to enjoy, for a few weeks longer, his waning and ephemeral popularity! On this, however, the public may depend, that nothing shall prevent the publication of the letters in question, at a proper time. Horace (l. 2. od. 13.) pointedly depicts the eagerness of mankind, to avoid the casualties which on all hands await them, when he says,

"Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis
"Cautum est in horas."

But all the caution of the redoubtable Colonel will not preserve him against the anatomising scrutiny of the political satirist. There is a sort of *fatality* which generally attends great public characters and, the Colonel only stands the same chance as other *heroes* who have gone before him. King Henry II. of France was killed by exposing himself at a tilting-match; and one of his ancestors died through being knocked down by a hog: Æschylus being told that he would be killed by the fall of a house, resolved to live in the open air, and at last had his brains knocked out by the falling of a tortoise-shell from the claws of an eagle! —Philip II. of France was choaked by a plum-stone, and an Emperor (I believe of Germany) was killed by the scratch of a comb: while the fate reserved, in our days, for this paragon of patriots is, to expire under the mortification inflicted by a *goose-quill!*

The resolution which I have formed, to suspend for a time the publication of the abovementioned two Letters, is not, however, without its advantages, as I am thereby enabled to insert, not only the favours of several valuable correspondents, but also some important State Documents, which have rapidly accumulated since the first appearance of this Register. The next letter of "ALBION" will be

addressed to the Earl of Moira, and will appear in Number 10, to be published on the 6th of December.

THE DEMAGOGUE'S EXULTATION AT THE FALL OF AUSTRIA.—The only connected sentences in the last Jacobin Register, which I conceive to be at all worthy of the notice of "the good and loyal," are those which the arch-demagogue has vomited relative to the peace with Austria:—and, one or two of which, I shall merely point out, as forming one of the links of that chain of infamy which will accompany the name of the writer to future ages. My readers will not fail to observe, that I was exactly right in my surmise of last week, when I suspected that something, which would take a double portion of time to manufacture—something that would be more than usually detestable, was about to issue from the Botley anvil. The thing is just what I supposed it would be—an inveterate mass of insult to fallen Austria, and, through her, a most base and detestable libel upon the only government in Europe that has a claim to veneration! The demagogue is afraid that the fate of Austria will have no effect upon the old governments "that are *as yet* unsubdued:" (it was judicious of him to make a plurality of old governments, though we know full well that what he means is *the* old government which, through its mistaken lenity, he is suffered to labour to destroy). If any one of the said old governments were to happen to be revolutionised, the demagogue asserts that *the only* consequence would be, that the nobles and great men would be reduced to actual starvation, "for want of victuals and drink [Poor gentlemen!]" and, under an allusion to the *Prince of Peace*, he tells us, that, if the old system had been *sooner* altered, this prince would have had "to work for his bread, to dig, or, if not skilful enough for that, to fill a dung-cart, or rake the kennel!"

But although the extreme of degradation is the point to which the Jacobins would exult in seeing all the princes of the earth reduced, except those of Napoleon's making, yet they carefully conceal the *second* result of their government-mending system. We never see in the Jacobin Register, any thing relative to the *new-set* of "public robbers," who would then rush from obscurity, to fire the churches, and plunder every man of his property; to say nothing of the *little excesses* of a different nature, which the

"holy-right-of-insurrection"-men would feel themselves at liberty to give way to!—However, as it may "*yet*" be some time before *this* "old government" can be overturned, I do not think it necessary to take up the attention of the reader, from other matters, by going at length into a discussion of the *plain* axioms which the Botley demagogue has just laid down; and as he laments (p. 738) that *men in general* have not seen the matter in the *same light* as he has, perhaps it will require many more of such *bright* effusions as his last, to *illuminate* their minds, and render them capable of believing that "THE FRENCH CANNOT BE WORSE THAN THE FORMER MASTERS" OF THE GOVERNMENTS THEY HAVE OVERTURNED, OR MAY "*YET*?" SUBJUGATE! F. W. B.

"JACOBIN MAGISTRATES."

TO F. W. BLAGDON, Esq.

SIR,—The correspondent who subscribes himself "A Loyalist," in your last number, has not acted with candour or fairness, in the charge he has made against the Magistrates for *the County of Southampton*; nor do I think you have shown your usual caution or accustomed liberality, by entitling the article "JACOBIN MAGISTRATES." It would certainly have been more becoming in "The Loyalist," to have stated explicitly the circumstances to which he alluded. He must have known that there were many towns, "*not twenty miles from Portsmouth*," in which resided several loyal and independent *County* Magistrates, who would have encouraged the public expression of loyalty on the 25th of October, by *illuminations*, had it not been from the clamour of some, and the *puritanic cant* of others,—especially of certain *over-righteous*, meddling persons, who associated with the disaffected, to put an extinguisher upon them. The "Loyalist" had better have said, that he did *not* allude to *County* Magistrates, but to a transaction which *is reported* to have taken place at the Fountain Inn, at *Portsmouth*; where a highly-respectable and independent merchant presided at a dinner which was given on that occasion.

Your correspondent probably does not recollect the election, in 1806, for this county, during the *Foxite* administration, when, in a certain district, "*not 20 miles from Portsmouth*," the "*sign-post*," was the *finger-post* to the Hustings;" if he had, he would have been more accus-

tomed to the conduct he reprobates, and would not, perhaps, have expressed so much surprise at the circumstance alluded to. Nor, indeed, does he seem to be apprised of the *tremendous* animadversions which the Demagogue of Botley vomited forth on that occasion, and the severe reprobation, nay, castigation, which he gave the individuals who were understood to have so indecently and unjustifiably attempted to influence the conduct of the electors, who were publicans. In the present instance, this *pretended* champion of public freedom passes over, *without notice* in his Register, the flagrant interference alluded to, by your correspondent, "The Loyalist;" although the circumstance was well known throughout *Ports-down* division, the day after the Jubilee!

Your other correspondent, "ALBION," is also too indiscriminate in his censures. I doubt much the fact of "*the Dean*" either reading or encouraging that vile collection of sedition and immorality, called COBBETT'S POLITICAL REGISTER; and I know that many loyal and independent daily and weekly papers* are taken in, and very generally read in Winchester; which, it affords me great satisfaction to say, is one of the most loyal towns in the King's dominions. Had the prosecutor of honest *Jesse Burgess and his aged mother*, (who, by the bye, was there for a short time on the 26th of October, to see the cudgelling, though *he says* he was in Berkshire the day before), or even "ALBION" been present at the celebration of the Jubilee at Winchester, and of the entertainment (*not relief*) which was given on that auspicious day to the poorer classes of the people, they would have seen and felt the truth of my assertion. They would have heard it repeatedly declared, that the village tyrant, Cobbett, had only one supporter and follower *in that town*, and he a fellow whose departure from it, would excite as little regret as the *punishment did which led to his residence in that loyal city!* They would have heard, throughout the various classes of the people, expressions of the most sincere attachment to His Majesty, and of the strongest determination to oppose all factious attempts to restrain the just exercise of his prerogative, in church and state, and to harass and perplex his government. To the mayor and corporation of Winchester, the high sheriff of the county, and to the several respecta-

ble and independent individuals, who so conspicuously came forward on that happy occasion, notwithstanding the *previous threats* of the tyrant of Botley, every praise is due. Their conduct, and the determination to celebrate ANNUALLY, in that city, the anniversary of his Majesty's *accession*, will, it is presumed, satisfy "ALBION," that he has been misinformed of their conduct and principles; and that the odium thrown out by him, in your last paper, against the inhabitants of Winchester, was unmerited. He may, unfortunately, have heard of a silly, unmeaning sentiment, which was given at one of the Meetings at Winchester; namely, "The cause of the poor," and have attributed to it, a signification and tendency, which, *it is devoutly hoped*, were not meant by the individual who gave it. If, however, "Albion" had seen *the manner* in which it was received, he would not have doubted the loyalty, patriotism, or independence, of those who heard it. He would have been convinced they were not to be influenced by the miserable clap-trap expressions, which are now so frequently and publicly used by the *third*, and worst party the country ever had to contend with.—As to the YEOMANRY of Hampshire, very few indeed, if any, of them are attached to the principles or conduct of Cobbett. The circumstances which have recently transpired, with respect to his connexion with the *West India Planters*, have lowered him much in the estimation of the *few barley-growers*, who formerly associated with him; and, when the whole of that transaction is made known to them, they will, no doubt, have the same opinion of his *integrity, purity, disinterestedness, and public spirit* which you have!!!

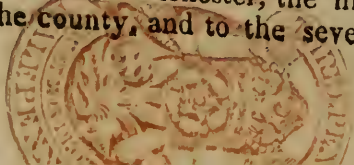
These hasty remarks I have addressed to you, in the hope that others, more able than myself, will come forward, and rescue the Magistrates of *this county* and the inhabitants of *Winchester*, from even the *slightest suspicion* of Jacobinism and disloyalty.

PETER PORCUPINE, JUNIOR!
Gosport, Nov. 18, 1809.

ON A PEACE WITH FRANCE.

SIR,—At this epoch, when a most disgraceful Treaty of Peace, on the part of Austria, with the Tyrant of France and of the continent, has been proclaimed to an

* The Post, Courier, Sun, Pilot, your Register, Yorke's Review, &c. &c.



astonished world, and that we are again to behold the strong sinew of the British arm contending, *single handed*, with the hydra-headed monster, it may not be amiss to take a view of the actual situation and strength of the British empire, and to glance at the absurdity and inexpediency of our offering, and, the ruin that would follow, our embracing, any thing pacific with the common enemy. With this intent, Sir, do I now address to you, the following observations, on *the necessity* of continuing the war, in order, that, through your valuable Register, they may receive publicity. It must be admitted by all, that the subject of peace or war with France, is now become of much more importance than ever; and it, therefore, is a question in which every individual in the empire must, at this moment, feel very deeply concerned and highly interested—Much has already been said, both within the walls of Parliament and without, on the expediency and inexpediency of a peace with the common enemy, at various times; and we have most strangely, frequently heard, not only the parties on *both sides* of the houses of Parliament, but many of the leading persons out of Parliament, in these realms, concur in the one mistaken general idea; namely, that, a peace, even with the present ruler of France, would be a measure desirable, if it could be obtained without, what has been called, *compromising the honour of the country*!—What that undefined and very extensive expression particularly means, I must confess, I cannot in any way divine: I cannot conceive how a peace could be made without a compromise of honour.—But, Sir, the party undergoing the name of the Opposition, within the walls of Parliament (and of course the opposition without) has, at all times, been *loud* in the *desire*, that *pacific* measures should be proposed and carried forward to perfection, as speedily as possible, with the present ruler of that ill-fated country, where, by the nod of the *iron-crowned* despot, the IRON ROD has its full sway, and where, of course, *abject slavery* is in its highest state of refined perfection:—That, however, even the violent raging flame of *party opposition* should hurry men, who, from their state in society, ought to be looked upon as true lovers of their country, and as steady protectors of their country's honour, to think of, or wish for, a peace upon what must be considered disadvantageous terms with the avowed destroyer of all that has

been acknowledged good and great in civilised society, is, indeed, matter of surprise to me—But, that the well-known and declared friends to their country, at the moment of exercising the reins of government for the honour and welfare of the people, and also, as far as may be possible, from the physical force of the empire, for the protection and welfare of injured and oppressed nations, should, either from ideas of commercial benefit, from conciliatory wishes, or from any other motive, incline to give ear to the idea of peace, *upon any terms whatsoever*, with the open ravager and desolator of the earth, is a thing which, I must say, still more raises my astonishment.—That the majority of the country, however, would not follow the Opposition, in or out of Parliament, in their *ardent* pacific sentiments, I am well convinced; and I am prone to conclude that, as men, living in the same civil society, are, from example and habit, much inclined to think and judge alike, especially on great national concerns, the upright, honest, and sensible people of these united realms would not feel inclined even to coincide with the *half-yielding* sentiments of the other party within the walls of Parliament, on this *vital* question, by approving of a peace with France, under her present dynasty and ruler (who can scarce be expected to enter cordially into the true spirit of peace with this or any other country.)

Hence, Sir, I am well convinced, that a peace, upon any terms should be entirely, and at all times, rejected; as I must believe, that a peace, even upon the *very best of terms*, would be ultimately *ruinous* to the empire!—When I allude to the best of terms, I mean not only the *uti possidetis* with regard to us, but even to suppose that the enemy might bind himself, at no time, to possess more than 10 or 12 sail of the line, (a matter that should ever be insisted on) and to restore pillaged crowns and territory to the plundered nations. But, even in this case, we should very shortly feel the bad effects of a peace with France under her present deceitful ruler: For, we should very soon have a horde of French emissaries, of the wily Napoleon's chosen band, stalking about amongst us; while the country would suffer much by emigrations thither; which consequences, alone, though apparently of trifling moment, would, in my mind, much more than counterbalance, from the bad effects

they would cause, any supposed advantages that this country might reap from the fancied commercial and pacific intercourse. That the nations on the continent have, at various times made, one after the other, most degrading compliances, with the *quasi* pacific proposals of the all-devouring conqueror, is fatally true; but it must be remembered, that, at the time when they submitted, they were *driven to the wall*, and, of course, were to expect every severity and degrading imposition from the relentless Tyrant; and, hence, to make the best terms they could.—They had the enemy within their gates—But, Sir, do you imagine that the rulers of those countries would have entered into such disgraceful treaties of peace, with the destroying and unmerciful monster, had they not been overpowered, or, had their boundaries been so happily defended, by an insurmountable and natural barrier as ours? Can any man in his senses conceive, that, from their first brave onset, and determined resistance in self defence, they would have ultimately missed the *iron rod*, if they had been as invulnerable at their frontiers, and as able to defend themselves within as we are? No; dire necessity it was that urged them, one by one, as they rose up against the tyrant, in defence of their rights, and were defeated, to comply with whatever terms his cruelty dictated.—They, no doubt, thought and decided, according to the well known adage, that, “*half a loaf is better than no bread*,” and thus they fell, never more, I fear, to rise. The case is, however, widely different with us.—This kingdom, with her two united wings, *Ireland* and *Scotland*, can, like the powerful and lordly eagle, stand in proud defiance of the little blood-thirsty hawk; and, although his vengeance against this country be declaredly great, can eye him with glances of scorn, despising his pitiful threats, or make him, at pleasure, feel the weight of a just and potent indignation.—As long as we possess our wooden walls, we may bid defiance to the claws and teeth of the monster; to which we may add our legions of valiant men, ever ready, and more than able, to give him a meeting, should he, by the *power of magic*, at any time, be able to land the whole of his chain-bound forces on British ground.

I hope, then, as a friend to my king and country, that we shall hear no more of pacific compliances on our part.—This country cannot be injured by war, and it

is our bounden duty, as high-minded and valiant Britons, and as honest men, both as treading in the footsteps of our ancestors, and as the guardians of the rights of our posterity, to avoid and resist every acknowledgment of legitimate power and authority in the Usurper of France.—Were we to enter into a pacific treaty with that ravager of the continent, we should, *eo instante*, become accessaries to his aggressions, and stand guilty of, as we should be partakers in, all his crimes both past, present, and future, and thus become his followers to perdition.

The other nations, as already observed, have merely, *ex necessitate rei*, complied with the imposer's terms, and become the *unwilling* accessaries, by such acknowledgment, to his robberies and murders, (and certainly all unjust attacks and spoliations of kings and emperors, whether by open war, or in any other manner, involve the crimes of murder and robbery in the instigator): But *we* could have no such plea, for, we should be the *willing* yielders, and of course full partakers of all his guilt.—The *necessitas non habet legem* would be quite out of the case here, and we should be justly branded with *infamy*—Upon this principle alone did I, Sir, for one, deprecate the last paltry pacific experiment which we made.—It was *an experiment*, truly, and as such let it remain; but it was an experiment that cost the country dear, and tarnished her honour.—It was a disgraceful crouching, so to say, to the then declared enemy of the British empire, and of civilised nations; and who, I had then no manner of doubt, appeared only to comply with our yielding terms, (so disgraceful to us, who at that moment stood conquerors wherever our gallant armies had trod) for the sole crafty purpose of undermining our strong holds, both at home and abroad. And here I must ask, lest any should harbour doubts, are we not at least to pay some attention to the *undisguised* and *wicked declarations* of that despot, as breathing slaughter, vengeance, and extirpation, especially to Englishmen? What then could be expected from a pacific treaty with such an unprincipled, subtle, and revengeful enemy? By comparing, however, great things with small, we often behold them in a clearer manner, and the fact strikes us more forcibly.—Suppose then, you, Sir, had residing in your neighbourhood, such a wanton and vindictive being as Buonaparte, threatening

vengeance to you and your family, do you think it would be wise or proper to suffer him or his followers in iniquity to enter your premises, or to shake hands with him, and allow of a free intercourse between his family and yours? Certainly not!—Very likely he would set your house on fire, or administer, *secretly*, some deadly potion to your family, at the moment that you received him in an unsuspecting and friendly manner—But, still farther, suppose the being in question were absolutely a *noted and daring robber*, the captain of a gang, who had pillaged and murdered throughout the country around, would you not almost deserve hanging, to enter into a friendly intercourse with him at all? Just so it is with the mighty robber and murderer on the continent—Nothing then, I say, could justify any treaty with him, but self-preservation, *necessity* alone?

J. J. W. J.

(To be continued.)

WHO'S MOST TO BLAME;

CANNING OR CASTLEREAGH?

SOME of our readers may perhaps stare at seeing this interrogatory head again, repeated. "*Decies repetita placebit*," says Horace; but indeed it is from no motive of vanity that we have shown it so much favour. Our opinion has already been fully expressed, respecting the late unfortunate difference between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning; the statements of those gentlemen have both been long before the public, the candid and unprejudiced part of the community is fully competent to decide on their merits; and, conceiving the rectitude of Mr. Canning to be fully apparent to all but the wilfully blind and obstinate, for whom we do not profess to write, we feel it altogether unnecessary to advance another syllable in his vindication.

We cannot, however, refrain from noticing the unremitting attacks which are made upon Mr. Canning; attacks which, considering the quarter whence they proceed, we are convinced that he must regard as the greatest compliments which could be paid both to his talents and integrity. We sincerely wish, that the consciences of his enemies were as easy as, from a proud feeling of the *mens conscia recti*, we believe his to be.

It has been for some days more confidently rumoured than ever, that, on the Marquis Wellesley's arrival in England, an arrangement will be made, for admit-

ting both him and Mr. Canning into the Cabinet; and it is this combination of talent which the oppositionists dread. The unprincipled, the unmanly attack upon Lord Melville, by the grovelling and malignant retainers of the Foxite party, is well remembered; and the *motives* by which that attack was impelled *will never be forgotten*. It was not that the "patriots" *believed* that Lord Melville had defrauded the country; it was not that they cared by whom, or how much, the country was defrauded; but they knew, they dreaded, they trembled at the commanding genius of his Lordship; and, with feelings truly diabolical—truly *jacobinical*—truly COBBETTIAN—they determined, if possible, to immolate him at the shrine of party. Unhappily, they succeeded; and thus a great and good man—one of Britain's *best* friends, and firmest supporters—was hunted out of the political world.

Similar motives are those which now actuate the assailants of Mr. Canning. It is not because they *believe* his character to be faulty, that they abuse him; it is not because they *believe* him to have acted unhandsomely towards Lord Castlereagh; but they are aware of his genius, of his talents, and of his *integrity*—that bane of jacobinical effort.

"If Mr. Canning (says the writer of an elaborate article, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* a few days ago) as the Public *have reason* to believe, aims, &c." Here's the rub! If Mr. Canning should shortly fill some important station, as, we confess, we *have reason* to believe he will, the jacobins will certainly have no cause to triumph; for, as the *protégé* of the immortal Pitt, a portion of whose mantle he may be considered as possessing, he bears a deadly enmity towards the *sans culottes* system, which would level thrones, and place all power and authority in the hands of desperate and sanguinary demagogues.

Mr. Canning is known to be an *anti-jacobin*; a circumstance of itself sufficient to mark him out as the object of party attack; and, now that he is likely again to come into power, he is doubly obnoxious.

Hitherto, the shafts of his opponents have fallen innocuous around him; but the jesuitical policy by which they are impelled requires to be noticed, and to be guarded against.

A detailed statement of the late proceedings in the Cabinet, from the pen of

Mr. Canning himself, has long been spoken of; and this expected statement is most insidiously alluded to by the jesuitical writer in the *Morning Chronicle* "It is indeed dangerous," says he, "for him to admit, that his cause is of a character which a first statement cannot support. *But the Duke of Portland is dead—Mr. Canning possesses ingenuity—and as dead men tell no tales, I think it more than probable that another EFFORT towards his vindication will be made.* In framing it, however, Mr. Canning will do well to recollect, that *throwing the blame on one who can no longer defend himself, can neither convince the public, nor those with whom he may wish to unite, that he can be confided in.*"

This is worthy of the arch demagogue of Botley himself; and, substituting "*little Corporal Bestland,*" who also is "*dead,*" for the *Duke of Portland*, the sentences above quoted might be supposed to have been extracted from one of Cobbett's confidential letters.

The Duke of Portland is dead—Mr. Canning possesses ingenuity—and dead men tell no tales. Base insinuation! the offspring of a mind that must be lost to every honourable and virtuous sentiment! We repeat, that we feel it totally unnecessary to offer one syllable more, in vindication of Mr. Canning's conduct; for we conceive it to have been already most fully vindicated; but we have thought it a duty, to ourselves and to the public, to submit these few brief remarks, for the purpose of pointing out, and guarding the unsuspecting against the motives of a disappointed and irritated party.

FERRET.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,

THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

CHAPTER VII.

Continued from page 221.

"She was thereupon called in, and, in answer to several questions proposed to her by the Court, gave an account (upon oath), that she is the wife of John Wools, an Hoop-maker, and resides at No. 3, Felix-street, southward of Westminster-bridge; that William Cobbett had lodged at their house near twelve weeks; had he remained there

"two days longer, he would have completed that period; that he had removed from his said lodging on Wednesday evening last, when he told her that he was going to his father, who was very ill, but that he should see her again in two or three days, not meaning again to lodge there, but merely to call upon her; that since that time she had neither seen nor heard of him, nor does she at all know where he is, that the postman had been desired to take charge of his post-letters, and have them conveyed for him to some house in Houndsditch; that the said William Cobbett had been visited by three persons only, whilst he was lodger at the house, namely, by a Mr. Green, who had used to bring him pamphlets and books to read, by Captain Lane, and a person of the name of Austin, whom she had understood to be a serjeant of the 54th regiment. Being asked, whether Captain Lane used to be frequently with William Cobbett? and whether he had been lately there in particular? she said, not frequently; that the last time she had heard of Captain Lane's having been there, was on the Monday next preceding the Wednesday on which William Cobbett quitted the lodging; she mentioned having heard it, as she was not herself at home at the time.

"Being asked where William Cobbett's father resides? She said she has understood that he keeps a public-house, known by the sign of the "Jolly Farmer," at Farnham.

"She produced three letters addressed to William Cobbett, which had been left at her house since he quitted the lodging, and which remained unopened; they were three letters addressed to him from the Judge Advocate's office, and being now opened, were found to be a letter dated 21st March instant, to inform him that — Hacket, late of the 6th regiment of foot, one of the witnesses whom he had desired to be summoned, was so ill in St. George's hospital, that he would not be able to attend the trial on Saturday (the 24th). A letter dated 23d instant, inclosing a list of the officers who were appointed to compose the Court-Martial, and reminding him that the trial remained fixed for the next morning at ten o'clock. The third letter was of last Saturday's date, written after the separation of the members of the Court-Martial, to in-

“form him that the trial had been put off by reason of his non-attendance, until the Tuesday following (this day) at ten o’clock, when, if he attended, the court would hear him, and proceed on the trial.

“As expectation could no longer be entertained of William Cobbett’s appearing to make good the charges which he had preferred, and as there was on the contrary much reason to suppose that he purposely absented and secreted himself, the Court-Martial now thought it proper to put the defendants upon their trial, inasmuch as their witnesses had already been detained three days; and accordingly

“Captain Richard Powell (being in arrest) was now called forward, who admitted that he is and was at the time in question a captain in the 54th regiment of foot, and the following charges were exhibited against him, namely, a charge of false and improper musters and returns in three instances, viz.

[Here follow the charges, which we have already given, at page 182.]

“The Judge-Advocate General having, before the exhibiting of these charges, stated that William Cobbett had, by a letter dated the 19th of this instant March, pointed out the several witnesses, whose testimony he considered to be material in support of the prosecution; and that in consequence of the said William Cobbett’s requisition, such persons had been directed to attend, and also, that with an exception of three, or at most four, who were sick, and of Sergeant Austin, who being absent from the regiment upon leave, had not received a summons, were now in waiting, and such care had been taken that such several persons should be present in the court-room during the exhibition of the charges; and it was publicly announced that Captain Richard Powell was now upon his trial, and that if any person had any evidence or information to offer in support of any of the charges, he would be heard, and would receive all due protection from the court: and in reading the said charges, a pause or rest was made at the end of each, to give an opportunity for any such interposition; the persons so attending, in consequence of the aforesaid requisition, being in number *forty*, namely—Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Major of the 54th regiment of foot; the agent to the said regiment; Jacob Margas, now an out-

pensioner of Chelsea hospital; Cameron, Smaller, Moore, Manlove, and Gosling, Serjeants; R. Wright, Melton, Bestland, Thompson, Murray, Hewlett, Nares, Erliss, J. Wright, Baker, and Morton, corporals; Cornish and Jordan, drummers; Bishop, Filby, Lambeth, Rennil, Divers, Bunyan, Goss, White, Ailcock, Goodall, Dodman, Gallacher, Allen, Dunnagan, Connell, Eggleton, Vice, Howard, and Beale, private soldiers, all of the 54th regiment.

“A further pause was also made when all the charges had been recited, to afford a further opportunity for any person to come forward in support of any of them, but no person tendered himself for that purpose.”

Lieutenants Seton and Hall, were in like manner arraigned; but no person stood forward to accuse them. The three defendants then obtained permission to withdraw, and after a short absence returned into court; and Captain Powell, in the joint names of all three, offered the following address:

“GENTLEMEN,—Permit me, for myself and the other two gentlemen now appearing before you on the same account, to make a few observations on the very singular and unfortunate predicament in which we now stand: we do not mean to complain, although we have great cause to lament, that after an absence of many years in the service of our country, returning with the fullest approbation of our conduct from the station we have been so long upon, we should, upon the representation of a non-commissioned officer of our corps, which he did not dare to bring forward till after he had obtained his dismissal, and which he has not ventured to appear in support of, have been brought to a Court-Martial without a previous inquiry into our conduct. We lament also, that upon the false suggestion of this man we have been put to a great expence; and the inquiry has become more public by being put upon our trial in this place, and not at Portsmouth, as we requested.

“We do not however complain of these unfortunate circumstances, because we are convinced it was never imagined any man could be so abandoned and profligate to prefer an accusation from a malicious design alone.

“Having devoted the greatest part of our lives to the service of our country, and for the last sixteen years on foreign

“duty, we cannot but consider ourselves peculiarly unfortunate in having our characters (hitherto unimpeached) held out to the world accused of crimes which we detest.

“Conscious of our innocence, we have not shrunk from investigation, and to you we look up, we hope with just confidence, for such an honourable acquittal as may in some measure do away the pain and anxiety we have suffered from such cruel and unjust accusation; and that this Court will, at the same time, mark the conduct of the prosecutor in the strongest terms of displeasure and reprehension.”

The War-office books proceed as follows:—

“THE COURT MARTIAL, having regard to the circumstances of this extraordinary case, and especially to the entire dereliction of the prosecution by the person who alone preferred, and had solemnly pledged himself to prove the several charges against the said Captain Richard Powell, Lieutenant Christopher Seton, and Lieutenant John Hall, *is of opinion, that the said several charges against those officers respectively are, and every part thereof is TOTALLY UNFOUNDED*; and the Court does MOST HONOURABLY ACQUIT the said Captain Richard Powell, Lieutenant Christopher Seton, and Lieutenant John Hall of the same. (Signed)

“CHARLES CROSBIE, Major General.”

In a letter of the 2d of April, Sir Charles Gould informs General Crosbie, the president of the Court-Martial, that he had had the honour of laying the proceedings of the Court before the King, that his Majesty had been pleased to approve of the honourable acquittal of the defendants, and that the Court-Martial was in consequence dissolved. “I did not fail,” adds Sir Charles Gould, “to submit the idea and wishes of the Court-Martial respecting the circulating of the sentence in public orders, *which did not appear to his Majesty to be necessary*; but *I have reason to think something more effectual towards vindicating the character of the officers will be attempted, if upon consulting the crown officers it shall appear practicable in this case, namely, a prosecution of Cobbett, who, as far as in him lay, made a mockery of public justice, AND HAS AVAILED HIMSELF OF A JUDICIAL PROCESS FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF THE MOST GROSS SLANDER.*”

It is now of some importance, to see the opinion of General Frederick, respecting the issue of the Court-Martial, the characters of the defendants, and the improbability of the prosecutor being able to substantiate his charges. The following is his letter to Sir Charles Gould upon the subject:

“Bath, April 5th, 1792.

“Dear Sir,—I am greatly obliged to you for your letter, and sending me a copy of the sentence of the Court-Martial on Captain Powell and the two Lieutenants of the 54th regiment. It is a great satisfaction to me that this *very extraordinary affair* has ended so much to the honour of those officers; not that I had THE LEAST DOUBT OF THEIR ACQUITTING THEMSELVES, and that the intended prosecutor *would not have been able to have substantiated ANY ONE of the charges he had alledged against them.*

“I have the honour to be, &c.

“MARISCOT FREDERICK.”

“Sir Charles Gould, &c. &c. &c.”

The following recapitulatory memorandum of Sir Charles Gould is, in this place, particularly deserving of insertion:—

“I was, from the time of the warrant being transmitted to me, referred by the Secretary at War to William Cobbett, as the person who would manage the prosecution, and would point out the necessary witnesses, and had pledged himself to make good the charges, and I was furnished from the War Office with his address and place of abode.

“According to that direction I sent a letter to him as soon as the warrant came to my hands, namely, on the 23d February, acquainting him therewith, and desiring him to furnish me with the names of such witnesses as he wished to be officially summoned.

“According to that address or direction, the messenger delivered my letter, which produced an answer dated the 25th February.

“Several letters were afterwards exchanged between him and me, upon the subject of the trial, and particularly as to the place at which the Court-Martial should be convened. Cobbett urging that London was the most proper place, and the defendants rather wishing it to be holden at Portsmouth: his arguments prevailed, and a Court-Martial has in consequence been assembled here.

“My several letters to him in the course of this correspondence were sent to him at the same lodging, and that he received them daily appears from their being regularly answered.

“In a letter of the 11th of this month (March) written in answer to one of mine, wherein I had recommended a more accurate specification of one or two of the charges, the better to enable the defendants to arrange their defence, and which he had declined to furnish; conceiving from what I had urged that I might entertain some doubts of the fairness and rectitude of his conduct, he made a strong asseveration, and the only part of his correspondence which seemed rather unnecessary and rather eccentric.

“On the 17th of March I again reminded him of furnishing me with the names of such witnesses as he wished to be officially summoned; which letter concluded with an intimation that the Court-Martial would be convened on Saturday the 24th instant.

“Of this letter (left at the same lodging) he acknowledged the receipt in a letter of the 19th, furnished me with the names of his witnesses in consequence, and tells me he is going from home until Friday, but that in the meantime any commands I may have for him, if left where my letters to him had hitherto been left, would be forwarded, and would, upon reaching him, be duly attended to. See letter of the 19th.)

“Accordingly on Wednesday evening, the 23d, a letter was left for him there, to inform him that a witness, whom he had represented to be a soldier of the 6th regiment, and who was then a patient in St. George’s Hospital, would not be able to attend the Court-Martial on Saturday, by reason that the surgeons deemed it necessary that his leg should be amputated.

“And another letter was left for him there on Friday the 23d, containing for his information a list of the officers who were appointed to compose the Court-Martial, and particularly reminding him that the Court-Martial would meet on the morrow morning, at ten o’clock.

“It now appears that William Cobbett having absented himself from the Wednesday evening, these two last mentioned letters have not been received by him, and still remain unopened.

“The steps since taken to get at Cobbett are, sending repeatedly to his lodging, getting intelligence from the postman where post-letters were to be sent to him; sending to that place in Houndsditch, and leaving a letter for him to let him know the Court-Martial would meet again on Tuesday morning; also leaving the like notice for him at his former lodgings; and lastly, making enquiry after him from Captain Lane, of the 54th, with his answer.”

That the intention of prosecuting Cobbett was serious, will appear from the following copy of the case which was submitted to the Attorney and Solicitor General, upon the conduct of Cobbett, with their opinion thereupon:—

“Mr. William Cobbett, late Serjeant-Major of the 54th regiment, in or about the month of January last, exhibited an information, containing several very serious charges, against Captain Richard Powell, and Lieutenants Christopher Seton and John Hall, all of the said 54th regiment, and undertook to prove the same before a general Court-Martial. Several charges of a similar nature were, at the same time, preferred by the said William Cobbett against the said Lieutenant-Colonel of the said regiment, whose death, which took place much about the same time, renders it unnecessary to make further mention of that part of the case.

“The said William Cobbett several times attended the Secretary at War, pressing an investigation of his said charges against Captain Powell and Lieutenants Seton and Hall: and from the knowledge he appeared to possess upon the subject, from the situation he had held in the regiment, and from his earnestness, obtained a certain degree of credit for being able to develop the abuses if such really existed; and the defendants at the same time urging an inquiry for the purpose of proving their innocence, a selection was made of the principal charges so preferred by the said William Cobbett, and his Majesty’s warrant was obtained for the trial of those three officers by a general Court-Martial.

“In consequence thereof a regular official notice was given to the said William Cobbett, that a general Court-Martial would be held for the trial of the said three officers respectively at his instance, and he was called upon to point out such witnesses for whom he

“judged an official summons would be necessary, in order to his being enabled to substantiate the several charges.

“It was at first proposed that the trial should have taken place at or in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth, where the said 54th regiment was then stationed; as not only the defendants themselves, but the principal part of those who might naturally be expected to be called upon as witnesses, were there upon the spot. But an urgent remembrance and request of the said William Cobbett, supported by arguments which he offered, prevailed for holding the Court-Martial in London, contrary to the wishes and representations of the defendants.

“With this measure the said William Cobbett declared himself perfectly satisfied, and then proposed the names of such witnesses for whom he wished an official summons, fifty-two in number; all of whom were summoned or received orders to attend, with the exception of one serjeant of the 54th regiment, who, as having been absent from the regiment on leave, it has since appeared did not receive any summons; and, with an exception of about three or four soldiers, who were prevented from giving their attendance by illness, all of them did actually give their attendance on the day of trial, when the Court-Martial met for the purpose of proceeding upon the trial, and most of whom were called from Portsmouth to London, expressly in obedience to that summons, besides those who were cited as witnesses on the part of the defendants.

“Notice was also given to the said William Cobbett of the day appointed for the sitting of the Court-Martial, and repeated notices were left for him at his usual place of abode, and where he had by letter expressly desired letters upon this business to be left for him, but which last mentioned notice it has since appeared did not come to his hands, the said William Cobbett having, in the mean time, withdrawn himself and absconded.

“Several letters from him to the Judge-Advocate General, relative to the business during the period which intervened between the times of the issuing of the warrant, and of his absenting himself, will show clearly that he had pledged himself to prosecute the charges with effect, and that it was incum-

“bent on the defendants to be prepared to repel the same by every proper means in their power.

“On the day which was appointed for the business, a General Court-Martial, consisting of seventeen officers of distinct corps, none under the degree of a Field Officer, was purposely convened, and, together with the several persons who had been summoned as witnesses, waited more than an hour in expectation of the prosecutor’s attending to offer proofs in support of his charges: a messenger was then dispatched to his usual place of abode, where letters had been used to be addressed to him, and where he had particularly desired that letters on other business should be left for him; which messenger returned with intelligence that the said William Cobbett had left his said place of abode two days before, not meaning to reside there any longer, and that he had not since been seen there, or heard of.

“The trial was thereupon put off until the Tuesday following, at ten o’clock, and every means which could be thought of were used, for the purpose of giving notice to the said William Cobbett of the trial being deferred until that day, when, if he would give his attendance, he would yet have an opportunity of being heard, and of making good his charges: but the said William Cobbett did not then appear, nor has any thing been since heard from him: not one of the several persons who had been summoned at his instance, as witnesses, offered a single syllable in support of any one of the articles of charge, although they were distinctly read in the presence of all of them; and it was expressly announced to them that they would be heard; and, as many of them were of a subordinate character, they were also assured of every just protection the court could give them. The defendants were consequently acquitted.

“There is every reason to suppose that the accusation was destitute of foundation, and wilfully and maliciously set on foot for the purpose of calumniating the characters of the three officers in question, and of putting them to expence, the accuser not hesitating, in order to obtain this end, to deceive the crown, and make a mockery of public justice.

“The opinion of the Attorney and Solicitor General is desired, whether un-

“der the circumstances above stated, Cobbett can be criminally prosecuted for his conduct; and if he can, what is the most advisable mode of proceeding against him, in order to deter others from the like attempt.”

“OPINION.

“We think that Cobbett, unless he could be proved to have conspired with others wilfully and maliciously to prefer these charges, could not be criminally prosecuted. The parties injured by his conduct, which is certainly most highly blameable, might maintain actions upon the case against him.

“JOHN SCOTT.

“JOHN MITFORD.”

“25th May, 1792.”

In the succeeding Chapter, the reader will be presented with Cobbett's *attempted* VINDICATION of his conduct, accompanied by such animadversions as so extraordinary a case may seem to require.

FERRET.

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Continued from page 160.

No. IV.—(Copy.)

Second Answer from Lord Grenville.

“Sept. 29, 1809.

“SIR,—Having last night arrived here, in humble obedience to his Majesty's commands, I think it now my duty to lose no time in expressing to you the necessity under which I feel myself of declining the communication proposed in your letter; being satisfied that it could not, under the circumstances there mentioned, be productive of any public advantage.

“I trust I need not say, that this opinion is neither founded in any sentiment of personal hostility, nor in a desire of unnecessarily prolonging political differences.

“To compose, not to inflame the divisions of the Empire, has always been my anxious wish, and is now more than ever the duty of every loyal subject; but my accession to the existing Administration could, I am confident, in no respect contribute to this object; nor could it, I think, be considered in any other light than as a dereliction of public principle.

“This answer, which I must have given to any such proposal, if made while the Government was yet entire, cannot be varied by the retreat of some of its Members.

“My objections are not personal—they apply to the principle of the Government itself, and to the circumstances which attended its appointment.

“I have now, therefore, only to request, that you will do me the honour of submitting, in the most respectful terms, these my humble opinions to his Majesty; accompanied by the dutiful and sincere assurance of my earnest desire at all times to testify, by all such means as are in my

power, my unvaried zeal for his Majesty's service.—I have, &c.

(Signed)

“GRENVILLE.”

No. V.—(Copy.)

Letter from Mr. Perceval to Lord Grenville.

“Sept. 29, 1809.

“MY LORD,—I lost no time in communicating to Lord Liverpool your Lordship's letter of this day.

“It is with great concern that we have learnt from it, that your Lordship feels yourself under the necessity of declining the communication which I have had the honour to propose.

“In proposing to your Lordship and Lord Grey, under his Majesty's authority, to communicate with Lord Liverpool and myself, not for the accession of your Lordship to the present Administration, but for the purpose of forming a combined and extended Administration, no idea existed in our minds of the necessity of any dereliction of public principle on either side.

“Your Lordship may rest assured, that in communicating to his Majesty the necessity under which you feel yourself of declining the communication which I had the honour to propose to your Lordship, I will do every justice to the respectful terms, and the dutiful and sincere assurance of your Lordship's unvaried zeal for his Majesty's service, with which the expression of that necessity was accompanied.

“I cannot conclude, without expressing the satisfaction of Lord Liverpool and myself at your Lordship's assurance, that the failure of this proposal is not to be ascribed to any sentiment of personal hostility.—I have, &c. &c.

(Signed)

“SP. PERCEVAL.”

“Lord Grenville.”

TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

Napoleon, by the Grace of God, and the Constitution of the Empire, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, &c.

Having seen and considered the Treaty concluded, determined, and signed at Vienna, on the 14th of this month, by the Sieur Nompere de Champagny, our Minister for Foreign Affairs, in virtue of the full powers to that end given him by us, and the Prince John of Lichtenstein, Marshal of the Armies of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, equally provided with full powers, which Treaty is of the following tenor:

His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, Mediator of the League of Switzerland; and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, being equally animated with the desire of putting an end to the war which has arisen between them, have resolved to negotiate forthwith a Definitive Treaty of Peace, and for that purpose have appointed as their Plenipotentiaries, namely:

His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, the Sieur Jean Baptiste Nompere, Count de Champagny, Duke of Cadore, &c. his said Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs; and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, the Sieur Prince John of Lichtenstein, Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, &c.

Who, having previously exchanged their full powers, have agreed upon the following Articles:

Art. I. There shall, from the day of the exchange of the ratifications of the present Treaty, be peace and friendship between his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, their Heirs and Successors, their States and Subjects respectively for ever.

II. The present Peace is also declared to be common to his Majesty the King of Spain, his Majesty the King of Holland, his Majesty the King of Naples, his Majesty the King of Bavaria, his Majesty the King of Wirtemberg, his Majesty the King of Saxony, and his Majesty the King of Westphalia, his most eminent Highness the Prince Primate, their Royal Highnesses the Grand Duke of Baden, the Grand Duke of Berg, the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg, and all the Princes and Members of the League of the Rhine, the Allies, in the present war, of his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine.

III. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, cedes, as well for himself, his heirs and successors, as for the Princes of his House, their heirs and respective successors, the principalities, lordships, domains, and territories, hereinafter-mentioned, and also all titles which may accrue from the possession of the same; and all properties, whether manorial or held by them under an especial title, lying within the said territories.

I. He cedes and transfers to his Majesty the Emperor of the French, to form a part of the League of the Rhine, and to be placed at his disposition for the interest of the Sovereign of the League:—

The territories of Saltzburgh and Berchtoldsgeden: that part of Upper Austria situate on the further side of a line running from the Danube, at the village of Strans, therein comprehending Weissenkirch, Wedersdorff, Michelbach, Greist, Mackenhoffen, Helst, and Jedina: thence in the direction of Schwandstadt, the town of Schwandstadt on the Alps, and thence ascending along the bank of that river, and the lake of the same name, to the point where the lake touches upon the territory of Saltzburgh.

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria shall only retain in property the woods belonging to the Satz Cammer-Go, and forming part of the manor of Mondsee, with liberty to cut and carry thence the brushwood, but without enjoying any right of sovereignty upon that territory.

2. He also cedes to his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, the county of Garitia, the Manor of Montefalcone, the Government and City of Trieste; Carniola, with its dependencies on the Gulf of Trieste, the Circle of Willach, in Carinthia, and all the territories lying on the right bank of the Saave, from the point where that river leaves Carniola, along its course to where it touches the frontiers of Bosnia; namely, a part of Provincial Croatia, six districts of Military Croatia, Fiume, and the Hungarian Littorale, Austrian Istria, or the district of Castua, the islands depending on the ceded territories, and all other territories, howsoever named, upon the right bank of the Saave—the middle stream of the said river serving as the boundary between the two States.

Lastly, the Lordship of Radzuns lying in the Craunbunderland.

3. He cedes and makes over to his Majesty the King of Saxony, the territory of Bohemia, depending upon, and included in the territory of the kingdom of Saxony; namely, the parishes and villages of Guntersdorff, Tanhantranke, Gerlochsheim, Lenkersdorff, Schirgiswuld, Winkle, &c.

4. He cedes and makes over to the King of Saxony, to be united to the Duchy of Warsaw, the whole of Western or New Gallicia, a district round Cracow, on the right bank of the Vistula, to be hereafter ascertained, and the Circle of Zamosc, in Eastern Gallicia.

The district round Cracow, upon the right bank of the Vistula, shall, in the direction of Podgorze, have for its circumference the distance from Podgorze to Wieliczka. The line of demarkation shall pass through Wieliczka, and to the westward touch upon Scawina, and to the eastward upon the Beek, which falls into the Vistula at Brzdegy.

Wieliczka and the whole of the territory of the Salt-pits shall belong in common to the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Saxony. Justice shall be administered therein in the name of the Municipal Power; there shall be quartered there only the troops necessary for the support of the Police, and they shall consist of equal numbers of those of both nations. The Austrian Salt from Wieliczka, in its conveyance over the Vistula, and through the Duchy of Warsaw, shall not be subject to any toll duties. Corn of all kinds, raised in Austrian Gallicia, may also be freely exported across the Vistula.

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and his Majesty the King of Saxony, may form such an arrangement with regard to these boundaries, as that the San, from the point where it touches upon the circle of Zamosc, to its confluence with the Vistula, shall serve as the line of demarcation between both states.

5. He cedes and makes over to his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, in the easternmost part of Gallicia, a tract of territory containing a population of 400,000 souls, the city of Brodi being, nevertheless, not therein included. This territory shall be amicably ascertained by Commissioners on the part of both Empires.

IV. The Teutonic Order having been abolished in the States of the League of the Rhine, his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, in the name of his Imperial Highness the Archduke Anthony, abdicates the Grand Mastership of that Order in his states, and recognises the dispositions taken with regard to the property of the Order, locally situated out of the Austrian territory. Pensions shall be assigned to those who have been on the civil establishment of the Order.

V. The debts funded upon the territory of the ceded provinces, and allowed by the States of the said provinces, or accruing from expenses incurred for their administration, shall alone follow the fate of those provinces.

VI. The provinces which are to be restored to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, shall be administered for his behoof by the Austrian constituted authorities, from the day of exchanging the ratification of the present treaty; and the Imperial domains, wheresoever situated, from the 1st of November next. It is, nevertheless, understood, that the French army is

this country shall take for their use, whatever articles cannot be supplied by their magazines for the subsistence of the troops and the wants of the hospitals; and also whatever shall be necessary for the conveyance of their sick, and the evacuation of their magazines.

An arrangement shall be made between the high contracting parties respecting all war contributions, of whatever denomination, previously imposed on the Austrian provinces occupied by the French and allied troops; in consequence of which arrangement the levying of the said contributions shall cease, from the day of the exchange of the Ratifications.

VII. His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, engages to give no obstruction to the importation or exportation of merchandize into and from Austria, by way of the port of Fiume; this, nevertheless, not being construed to include English goods or manufactures. The transit duties on the goods thus imported or exported, shall be lower than upon those of all other nations, the kingdom of Italy excepted.

An inquiry shall be instituted, to ascertain whether any advantages can be allowed to the Austrian trade, in the other ports ceded by this Treaty.

VIII. The titles of domains, archives, plans, and maps of the countries, towns, and fortresses ceded, shall be given up within two months after the period of the Ratification.

IX. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, engages to discharge the yearly interest, arrears, and capitals, invested in securities of the Government, States, Bank, Lottery, or other public establishments, by subjects, companies, or corporate bodies in France, the Kingdom of Italy, and the Grand Duchy of Berg.

Measures shall also be taken, to completely liquidate the sum due to Mont St. Theresa, now Mont Napoleon, at Milan.

X. His Majesty the Emperor of the French engages to procure a full and complete pardon for the inhabitants of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, who have taken a part in the insurrection; so that they shall not be prosecuted either in person or property.

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria equally engages to grant a full and complete pardon to those inhabitants of the territories of Galicia of which he returns into possession, whether civil or military, public officers, or private individuals, who have taken part in the levying of troops, or the formation of judicial or municipal administrations, or in any other proceeding whatever during the war, which inhabitants shall not be prosecuted in their persons or property.

They shall have permission, during a period of six years, to dispose of their properties, of whatever description they may be; to sell their estates, even those that have been considered inalienable, such as *fidei commissa* and *majoratus*; to leave the country, and to carry with them the produce of these sales, in specie, or effects of any other description, without paying any duty for the same, or experiencing any difficulty or obstruction.

The same permission, and for the same period, shall be reciprocally allowed to the inhabitants and landholders in the territories ceded by the present treaty.

The inhabitants of the Duchy of Warsaw, possessing landed estates in Austrian Galicia,

whether public officers or private individuals, shall enjoy the revenues thereof, without paying any duty thereon, or experiencing any obstruction.

XI. Within six weeks from the exchange of the present Treaty, posts shall be erected, to mark the boundaries of Cracow, upon the right bank of the Vistula. For this purpose there shall be nominated Austrian, French, and Saxon commissioners.

The same measures shall be adopted within the same period upon the frontiers of Upper Austria, Salzburg, Willach, and Carniola, as far as the Saave. The Thalweg (stream) of the Saave shall determine what islands of that river shall belong to each power. For this purpose French and Austrian commissioners shall be nominated.

XII. A military convention shall be forthwith entered into, to regulate the respective periods within which the various provinces restored to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria shall be evacuated. The said convention shall be adjusted on the basis, that Moravia shall be evacuated in fourteen days; the part of Galicia which remains in possession of Austria, the city and district of Vienna, in one month; Lower Austria in two months; and the remaining districts and territories not ceded by this Treaty, shall be evacuated by the French troops, and those of their allies, in two months and a half, or earlier if possible, from the exchange of the ratifications.

This Convention shall regulate all that relates to the evacuation of the hospitals and magazines of the French army, and the entrance of the Austrian troops into the territories evacuated by the French or their Allies; and also the evacuation of that part of Croatia ceded by the present Treaty to his Majesty the Emperor of the French.

XIII. The prisoners of war taken by France and her Allies from Austria, and by Austria from France and her Allies, that have not yet been released, shall be given up within fourteen days after the exchange of the ratifications of the present Treaty.

XIV. His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, guarantees the inviolability of the possessions of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, in the state in which they shall be, in consequence of the present treaty.

XV. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria recognizes all the alterations which have taken place, or may subsequently take place in Spain, Portugal, and Italy.

XVI. His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, desirous to co-operate in the restoration of a Maritime Peace, accedes to the prohibitory system with respect to England, adopted by France and Russia, during the present Maritime War. His Imperial Majesty shall break off all intercourse with Great Britain, and with respect to the English Government, place himself in the situation he stood in previous to the present war.

XVII. His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and his Majesty the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, shall observe with respect to each other, the same ceremonial in regard to rank and

other points of etiquette, as before the present war.

XVIII. The Ratification of the present Treaty shall be exchanged within six days, or sooner, if possible.

Done and signed at Vienna, Oct. 14, 1809.

(Signed) J. B. NOMPÈRE de CHAMPAGNY.

JOHN Prince of LICHTENSTEIN.

We have ratified, and hereby ratify the above treaty, in all and every of the articles therein contained; declare the same to be adopted, confirmed, and established; and engage that the same shall be maintained inviolable.

In confirmation whereof we have hereto affixed our signature, with our own hand, being countersigned and sealed with our Imperial seal.

Given at our Imperial Camp at Schoenbrunn, Oct. 15, 1809.

(Signed)

NAPOLÉON.

By the Emperor,

CHAMPAGNY, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

H. B. MARET, Minister Secretary of State.

Certified by us,

The Arch-Chancellor of State, EUGÈNE NAPOLÉON.

TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY:

The humble and dutiful Address of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled.

"Most Gracious Sovereign,

"We, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons, of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, approach your Majesty's sacred person with our most lively and unfeigned congratulation on the recent Anniversary of your Majesty's Accession to the Throne of these realms; with joy and gladness we hailed the day on which your Majesty entered into the fiftieth year of your Majesty's reign, not only over the persons, but in the hearts of your Majesty's subjects.

"When it pleased the Almighty Ruler of Princes to place the sceptre in your Majesty's hands, the brave, free, and loyal people, whom your Majesty was ordained to govern, received with pleasure your Majesty's first declaration to the Great Council of the Nation, that born and educated a Briton, the peculiar happiness of your Majesty's life would ever consist in promoting the welfare of your people, and your Majesty's resolution to maintain our most excellent Constitution, both in Church and State, with an assurance that the civil and religious rights of the subject were equally dear to your Majesty with the most valuable prerogatives of the Crown."

"We experience and acknowledge the blessings of this security to our religion and laws, and that great character of liberties which in virtue of the glorious revolution your Majesty's illustrious house was chosen to defend. Through the lapse of nearly half a century your Majesty has proved yourself, on every occasion, unwearied in the maintainance and practice of all the principles so graciously pledged.

"It is a proud subject for your Majesty's faithful citizens of London to record, that, in the midst of all our unexampled struggles, your Majesty is enabled to say, now, as at the commencement of your Majesty's reign, that your Majesty can see with joy of heart the commerce of these Kingdoms, that great source of our riches, and fixed object of your Majesty's never failing care and protection, flourishing to an extent unknown in any former war.

"Deeply impressed with gratitude to Almighty God for the innumerable blessings he has been pleased to pour down upon this highly favoured nation, and more particularly for his wonderful and great goodness, for having continued his divine protection to your Majesty until this joyful period, we, your Majesty's faithful Citizens of London, have implored Heaven to accept our fervent prayers of praise and thanksgiving, and to continue that same providential care and protection to your Majesty for many years yet to come.

"Believe, Sire, that it is the warmest wish and most fervent prayer of your Majesty's Citizens of London, that Providence may long continue to this nation so distinguished a mark of divine favour, and that in the fulness of time, when your Majesty shall be called from your earthly to a celestial crown, the memory and example of so beloved a Sovereign may secure to a grateful people the imitation of your Majesty's virtues, in the successors of your Royal House, till time shall be no more.

"Signed by order of Court,

"HENRY WOODTHORPE."

To which Address his Majesty was pleased to return the following most gracious Answer:

"I thank you for this testimony of your zeal and affection for me and my Government. It has ever been my anxious care to maintain the rights and privileges of every class of my subjects; and it is a great satisfaction to me to reflect, that, in the midst of all our unexampled struggles, and notwithstanding the duration of the wars in which, for the safety of my people, I have been engaged, the Commerce and Manufactures of my City of London have been carried to an extent unknown at any former period."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The valuable MSS. of "An Old Englishman" have safely arrived. The future favours of Ferret, Albion, and J. J. W. J. will be thankfully accepted.

ERRATUM in No. 7, col, 199, -line 21 from bottom, for *superlative appellative* read *superlative appellation*;—There are some other trivial errata not worth mentioning; as the good sense of the reader will enable him to detect, and correct them with a pen.

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“England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm; and see better days, they will remember, with pride,—**THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*The tables turned.—Retrospect of the Demagogue's exultation last February, with its present striking application to himself and his fellow-labourers.—Important public document, containing the Attorney-General's opinion of the conduct of Colonel Wardle.—The Letter of “ALBION” to that immaculate Officer, in which is shown that his attack upon the Duke of York was not his first attempt to acquire popularity; with some queries respecting a certain pilgrimage performed by him!—Review of an interesting political pamphlet, on the Principles and Conduct of the War, in which various arguments are adduced to show the necessity of a vigorous continuance of the war.—Another Chapter of the Life of the Botley Demagogue, in which he is given full and fair play, being allowed to defend himself against the charges of his enemies, in the best manner he can!—Notices to Correspondents, &c.*

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A PILL FOR THE JACOBINS!

“Spare him no longer!” **PIZARRO.**

“It may be thought, perhaps, by some, that it would be better for me to wait; to reserve my observations on this head, until it be seen whether Mr. WARDLE be able to substantiate his charges; especially as that may perhaps be known before this sheet can possibly reach the press! I AM OF A DIFFERENT OPINION; because, whatever the result may be, there is much in the report which appears to me loudly to call for that observation, with which it is my intention to close this article!!!” *Extract from COBBETT'S REGISTER, of February 4, 1809, col. 162.*

So, the tide in the affairs of the Jacobins, it seems, instead of leading them on to the summit of their expectations, and wafting their prejudiced and malignant idol back again to that goal, from which the current of common sense so rapidly hurled him, has actually driven him so far beyond the pale of popularity, that even GAY's *Bear in a Boat* did not make a more pitiable and contemptible figure than does at this moment the upright, patriotic, honourable, disinterested, immaculate Colonel!

“What!” said the Demagogue the other day, “shall we show delicacy towards fellows like these?”—And, what? I say, shall we, the unprejudiced and honest subjects of the best of Kings, show either delicacy, respect, or mercy, to Jacobins, either collectively or individually, whose conduct merits the execration of mankind, and has actually put them beyond the protection of the law? No, no, if you please, Gentlemen; we will not object to return good for evil; but do not let us just now overflow with “delicacy towards fellows like these!” For my part, not being just at present in a very charitable humour, I feel inclined

to retort upon the Botley Demagogue and his immaculate coadjutor, exactly that sort of mercy which they, only a few fleeting months since, intended to show to the Royal personage whom, they malignantly flattered themselves, they had got beneath their fangs! No, no; said in substance, the Demagogue, last February, we have no business to wait for the result of the tedious investigation of the national representatives; let us proceed in the grand work of inflaming the public mind; let us excite their passions to such an extent, that they may never drop to that level of liberality which has hitherto characterised them! And to excite this prejudice, to fan this flame, he had the impudence to assert in his Register of Feb. 4th, col. 163, that “*there was no time to be lost!*” Now, I do solemnly declare to the public, that profiting by my historical knowledge of what has been effected, at various periods in war, in politics, and in literature, by rapidity of movements and vigour of execution, I am as great an enemy to procrastination as the Botley Demagogue can possibly be; hence I am determined to strike while the iron is hot, and give the closing blow to the rivets which shut up for ever from public regard the popularity of the assailant of his Prince's professional reputation!—This notification will account for a sudden change which will be perceived in my motions of to-day. I have left the ground on which it was expected that I should open my weekly campaign; and, instead of *skirmishing* with the General and his party*, I have wheeled round,

* A Letter to the Earl of Moira was advertised, as intended to appear in this day's Register; instead of which will be found the Letter to Col. Wardle, on which the judgment of the Public was “suspended” last week.

and opened the "Albion" battery in full force upon the more insidious enemy of my country!

The fact is, that the proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, last Thursday, have thrown much new light upon the conduct and character of Col. Wardle. In my last Register I was under a small error, inasmuch as I did not reflect on the circumstance that the rule, which was moved for, to procure a new trial, in the case of Wright *versus* Wardle, remained to be argued against. It appeared to me that the rule had been granted; and all-confident as I was, that the *second* trial would terminate exactly in the same manner as the *first*, I with-held the Letter which will be found in the present Number, for the very satisfactory reasons which I last week inserted. Agreeably surprised, however, at my mistake, and exulting at the clear and decisive explanations which were given by the Judges, I was convinced that the motives of my forbearance can no longer exist, and that, were I now to postpone the publication of the Letters in question, my readers might suspect me of trifling with their feelings. The avidity of the Botley Demagogue to write down, through the efforts of the immaculate Colonel, his Royal Highness the Duke of York immediately occurred to my memory; and never did he pen a sentence more applicable to be retorted in his very teeth, than the one which I have placed at the beginning of this article! Certainly, whatever the result of the *new* attempt at the *Conspiracy-business* may be, there is much in the report of the late proceedings in the Court of King's Bench, which appears to me to call loudly for the reflection of every real patriot in this empire; and, in order to give it all the publicity in my power, I have inserted it in detail in this Paper; having merely omitted a few repetitions in the speech of Mr. Marryat, which did not at all bear upon the question.

There is no occasion to go back into the political history of the immaculate Colonel for the last eight months, to remind the public of the causes which so suddenly levelled his popularity with the dust—a short-lived, momentary fame, which sprang out before our astonished eyes, with all the volatile exuberance of a rocket, but sank like the irresistible gravitation of its stick! It was the trial which he had the "*folly*" to hope would be renewed, that first opened the eyes of the people, as to the character and

motives of this restless reformer, and all the sophistry and spleen of Cobbett and his whole gang of Jacobin scribblers, will not deprive him of one particle of the disgrace which the *discoveries* which were made on that trial have entailed upon him. Instead, however, of taking up the time of my reader with farther preliminary observations, I shall at once introduce to his notice the report of the proceedings of Thursday last. I shall begin with the speech of the Attorney-General, precluding it with the very remarkable compliment which the Botley Demagogue paid to the speech of Wardle, when he brought forward his charges against the Duke. "The speech (said he) was at once concise, plain, and impressive; the allegations were unequivocal, the motives undisguised, and the principles such as do honour to the heart of the speaker. There was no *hypocrisy* in this speech, no affected solicitude that the charges might prove false; the persuasion in the mind of the speaker evidently was, that he was stating *truths*!" Well, Cobbett; what do you say to this? Could you ever have imagined that the *high flown* compliment which you made on the speech of your *immaculate* satellite would have been applied with so much *justice* to the speech made *against him*, by the official guardian of our laws against the efforts of unprincipled innovators? Ah! Cobbett, the *cacoethes scribendi* has been a great misfortune to thee; and, under a spirit of prophecy, I feel convinced that it will yet be a greater!

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH, ON THURSDAY, NOV. 23.

"The ATTORNEY-GENERAL said, he was to show cause against this rule, and unless Col. Wardle could prevail on the Court to administer justice to him by a rule different from that which prevailed in ordinary cases, it was impossible for him to entertain any hope of success in this application. He was quite sure that from the facts known to his learned counsel they had given him no hopes of success, and he was quite sure also, that if the facts which have since transpired, and which he should lay before the Court, had been laid before it, the Court would never have granted this rule to show cause, because on the facts his clients, the plaintiff, and his witnesses, stood in a very extraordinary situation,

and different from that in which they stood when this trial took place; not that they had any apprehension of the consequences of standing forward on this occasion, but their situation was new and most extraordinary. Col. Wardle, before this motion was made, had preferred a bill of indictment at Hick's Hall, against not only the plaintiff in this action, but also against those who gave evidence at the trial of this cause. He was correct in saying this, for it was matter of record in the Court wherein he was now speaking, the indictment having been removed into it by *certiorari*. It was an indictment for a conspiracy of the plaintiff and his witnesses to get a verdict for him by means of perjury, which verdict was now under the consideration of the Court. The removal of that indictment enabled the Attorney-General, he said, to see on whose testimony it was found, and he found the same persons on the back of the indictment as those who are now brought forward to state facts in support of this application, and on whose testimony Col. Wardle hoped to induce the Court to grant him a new trial. Now, with great deference to the Court, he would take leave to ask them whether they would entertain this fishing bill of Col. Wardle to extract out of Mr. Wright and his witnesses all the facts which they will state in answer to his application, in order that Col. Wardle may know *how far he may safely go in swearing*, when he shall be examined as a witness upon the indictment for a conspiracy. He asked the Court whether, if they knew that Col. Wardle had indicted these very persons for a conspiracy, and then came forward with a motion, calling upon them to state all they know of the transaction on which they are to be tried, to aid him in his attack against them in a criminal proceeding, the Court would have granted a rule to show cause. "I hope," said the Attorney-General, "that Col. Wardle is not *now* out of Court, as he states himself to have been at the trial. I hope he will not always have that excuse to offer; or that he was betrayed by those who had the care of his case, for which reason he came for the extraordinary interposition of the Court in his favour."

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—"I hope no idea is any where entertained that the Court granted this rule to show cause on an idea that Col. Wardle was betrayed by any body who had any share in the conduct of his defence at the trial; no such

idea suggested itself to us when the rule for a new trial was granted."

Mr. ATTORNEY-GENERAL—"No, my Lord, that could not be imputed to my Learned Friends who conducted the defence of Col. Wardle, for more honourable men never practised in the profession. Indeed, Col. Wardle himself did not say *in direct terms* that he was betrayed by them, but there was a *kind of insinuation* in his affidavit as if he thought that his attorney did not do his duty, and this he seemed to countenance by *changing* his attorney. I hold that," said Mr. Attorney-General, "to be a *trick*—to be part of *the contrivance* of Col. Wardle in this case, *with a view of inducing the Court to believe what Col. Wardle dares not swear*: that he thought his case was not properly conducted on the former occasion by that attorney. But I am drawn for a moment from the observation I was making to your Lordships. Col. Wardle complains that the witnesses who proved the case before your Lordship, and Jury, did not *state truth*; plainly saying, in other words, that they were *guilty of perjury* on that occasion—that he says in effect, but he has *not dared to indict them for perjury*: and he has *the folly* to suppose, that if he can induce our witnesses to state all they know upon the whole of this case, he may make use of it afterwards against them, by knowing what he and his witnesses may afterwards *with safety* swear upon the trial for conspiracy, he will be able to convict them *to a certainty*. Was such a contrivance ever heard of? Was such an *impudent* proceeding ever before heard of in a Court of Justice? To indict the plaintiff, and all his witnesses for a conspiracy, to procure a verdict—imputing to them, that *they* had procured a verdict by perjury of the witnesses examined for the plaintiff, that they might be prevented from giving evidence of the transaction here, lest they should disclose the whole of their defence to him when they come to be tried upon the criminal charge made against them—that he may know how to attack them afterwards with something for which they cannot be prepared. There is in this a species of *contrivance*, which your Lordship would hardly suspect of any man, without evidence to induce such a suspicion—by which Col. Wardle thinks, that he shall either prevent these persons from being witnesses against him on the discussion of this Rule, or if there are such witnesses, that *he shall*

be able to take advantage of them afterwards on the trial for a conspiracy. He could prevent the wife of the plaintiff from being a witness. I really know not how to describe such a transaction, or in what terms to express the sense that I have of the *folly* and the *wickedness* of it. Your Lordships will consider, that this indictment is hereafter to be tried, and I believe that Col. Wardle had *some apprehension of his own fate*, on his being a witness in the criminal prosecution which he has instituted upon this subject, therefore he wished to know, whether there was something behind all this; and therefore he moves for a new trial, for which there is not the least colour, to draw from the plaintiff whatever strength there is in his case, to enable him to arrange hereafter the criminal case which he wishes to make out against the plaintiff. *I hope Col. Wardle is within hearing.* If he be in the Hall, I will take care that he shall hear what I say; and I would not say this if it were not for the *excuse* which Col. Wardle made on account of his not being present in Court at the time of the trial, and therefore I beg your Lordship to consider Col. Wardle as now being in Court, giving his own instructions to the learned gentlemen who are to discuss this subject in his behalf; he saying that his own instructions were not given to them at the trial. This rule is moved for against Mr. Wright, the plaintiff in this cause, and I say it is brought forward against him and against his witnesses, for the purpose of enabling Col. Wardle to see how far he may with safety go on the evidence which they shall give on the trial of the indictment which he has preferred against them; but, my Lords, my learned friends and I feel the situation and the peril of our client from the course which Col. Wardle has taken in this business. We told him that he was called on to answer a criminal charge, and that his witnesses were included in the peril; that persons so situated in a civil case, were never put into such a situation as they stand in now in a criminal one, and that your Lordships, when you came to be informed of these particulars, would see that these civil proceedings were instituted for the purpose of facilitating proceedings of a criminal nature, or that the proceedings which are of a criminal nature were instituted to influence the case of Col. Wardle in the civil part of it; your Lordships would discharge this rule on this statement of the facts, and

we added, that if these facts had been communicated to your Lordships at the time of moving for a new trial, you would not have granted the rule to show cause. But the Attorney-General said, that the answer of Mr. Wright was that for which he should always think well of him, the substance of which was—that he knew the peril to which he must be exposed, indicted as he and his witnesses were for a conspiracy, by coming forward to state, in this civil cause, all they knew of the transaction; but such was his consciousness that his cause was founded upon truth, that he would run all hazards, and state the whole of his case in showing cause against this rule. Had all these facts but been known to the Court when the motion was made for the new trial, the Court would never have granted the new trial.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL then referred to the letter of Col. Wardle, addressed to the people of the United Kingdom, which he said was penned on the day of the trial, and published the day following; he ridiculed the idea of this address to the people of the United Kingdom, upon the subject of an Upholsterer's bill, who had brought an action against a gentleman, who, after promising to pay him, had refused to do so, and which a Jury had, by their verdict, said *he ought to do.* The letter was—

“TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

“Honoured as my parliamentary conduct has been by the approbation of so many of my countrymen, I feel myself called upon, in consequence of an event that yesterday took place, immediately to address you, and that *in vindication of my character*, rendered open to attack from the verdict of the Jury upon the evidence of Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Wright, the brother of her upholsterer, in a cause in which I was defendant, in the Court of King's Bench. The detail of the evidence the public prints will afford. It is with me to state, that my counsel, satisfied in their minds that the Jury would not, upon such testimony as had been given by the plaintiff's brother and Mrs. Clarke alone, find a verdict against me, did not comply with my entreaties (repeated to them in writing during the trial, in the strongest terms) that Major Dodd, Mr. Glennie, and other respectable witnesses subpoenaed by the plaintiff and myself, might be examined, as I knew their testimony would be founded in truth, and in direct contradiction to what had been sworn against me. Under such circumstances the verdict was obtained. There only remains for me now, before my God and my country, to declare, that it was obtained by *perjury alone*; and I do *pledge myself* to prove the fact the earliest opportunity the law will allow me to do so. Anxiously, therefore, do I look forward to that period; and

I trust that till then *the public will suspend their judgment upon the case.*"

Now the ATTORNEY GENERAL said that this letter *was not true*, for that Colonel Wardle *did not earnestly entreat* his Counsel in writing to call these witnesses, for that he left his Counsel to their own discretion whether they would call Major Dodd and the other witnesses or not, of which there was the best proof that could be given, from an incident which happened while Mr. Serjeant Best was addressing the Jury in behalf of Colonel Wardle. He, the Attorney-General, leaned towards Mr. Park, to learn whether any witnesses were to be called for the defendant or not; when Mr. Park said he knew not what to do—he had no opportunity of consulting with Mr. Serjeant Best, while he was addressing the Jury; and he, Mr. Park, had been left to his own discretion, as well as Mr. Serjeant Best, whether they should call witnesses or not. *But now* Col. Wardle *would have it be believed*, that he did give these positive directions to his Counsel which he did not, and he *affected* to have been *surprised* by the verdict, and by the evidence, when there was no foundation for any such surprise; and if the Court were now sitting in judgment upon Col. Wardle upon a charge of perjury, upon the affidavit which he had made in the support of the application for a new trial, such was the state of the facts, that *the Court would find it difficult to declare that Col. Wardle ought to be acquitted of that offence.*—The Attorney-General then took a view of the whole of the evidence in this case, and declared, that such was the state of the case, that notwithstanding the *boasting* of Col. Wardle of *what he would do*, Mr. Wright and his witnesses looked forward with eagerness to the trial for a conspiracy, AND WERE CONFIDENT OF AN ACQUITTAL; so confident, that they desired him, *notwithstanding the advantage it might give to Col. Wardle, to state the whole of their affidavits made in opposition to this rule.*

"The Court held, that the stating of the affidavits made in a civil cause, by those who were defendants in a criminal suit, arising out of one and the same set of transactions, would be bringing the parties improperly into jeopardy, and creating a dangerous precedent; and therefore held that these affidavits should not be read.

"Mr. Serjeant BEST then entered upon

the case in support of the rule, and made a long and very able speech to show the necessity of a new trial being granted in this cause. He said that the ground on which he had put this case was, that the verdict had been obtained by evidence of which the defendant could not be aware, and *therefore* it was a surprise upon him; and that in consequence of what was sworn at the trial, and upon which the verdict was founded, the defendant was led to seek, and had *the good fortune* to find, much new matter in evidence, such as if it had been offered at the trial, the verdict would have been for the defendant."

The rest of his arguments went to show, that the affidavits of Mr. Glennie, Major Dodd, Mr. Curt, and Sir R. Phillips, justified the contending for a new trial; and he maintained, that there would be a failure of justice, if there should not be a new trial granted.

"As to the confidence which the Attorney-General expressed his clients to feel at the approaching trial for conspiracy, he had to say, with a firmness equal to that of the Attorney-General, that Colonel Wardle had as eager a desire for the arrival of the hour of that trial as Mr. Wright and his witnesses; and that, whatever might be the event of this motion, the facts of this case would remain as they now stood; and he declared, on behalf of Colonel Wardle, that this case was supported by the same conspiracy, founded on the same perjury for which Colonel Wardle meant to bring the parties to justice. After the observations which had fallen from his Lordship, he would not occupy the time of the Court any longer. His client, he was afraid, must submit to lose these damages; but he was willing to make this sacrifice, under the confidence that he would have an opportunity of showing that a foul conspiracy had been formed against him. He should not reply to the severe remarks which had been made by the Attorney-General, but should merely observe, from the affidavits which had been produced, that, as had been said on another occasion, 'a great deal of infamy must attach somewhere.'"

Mr. PARK followed on the same side. He observed, "that it was proved on the trial, that it was not till the 16th or 18th of November, that Mr. Wardle was introduced to Mrs. Clarke; and yet Curt says in his affidavit, that he met the plaintiff, Wright, on the 9th of November, going

to Westbourne-place, for the purpose, as Wright stated, of taking measure for the carpets and fenders in Mrs. Clarke's house at that place. If this evidence be true, why then this man Wright had acknowledged that he had begun to furnish Mrs. Clarke's house, and that some time before she knew such a person as Mr. Wardle."

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—"It appeared on the trial, that Wright had sent in several articles before the defendant was known to Mrs. Clarke, and these were directed to be struck off the debt."

Mr. PARK—"Yes, my Lord, but servants' beds were mentioned, and not carpets; of which we had heard so much on the trial. The learned counsel then alluded to his own conduct on the trial, and observed, that he had never received any peremptory instructions from his client to call Messrs Glennie and Dodd; he understood that that was left to his own and his learned friend's discretion. He did not mean to rest the claims for a new trial on the ground of his client having been taken by surprise, but rather upon this very circumstance of the affidavits, stating that Wright had given credit to her, which was a flat contradiction to what appeared on the trial. Besides, his client had filed a Bill in Chancery against Wright, and it was a most important fact to observe, that Wright, in his answer to that bill, admits that no credit was given to Wardle in his books. In them there appeared nothing of the debt which he claimed."

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—"The defendant might have filed his bill before the trial, and would then have obtained this information. The Court cannot look at that now."

Mr. PARK then submitted, that were a new trial granted, they should be able to prove that Wright had been bail for Mrs. Clarke in near forty actions for debt, of various amount; and how was this consistent with the pretence that he would not trust her?

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—"It was easy to suppose that Wright knew he became bail for her without any risk; he knew she was a *femme couverte*, and not liable. People in his way are tolerably acute in these matters."

Mr. PARK would trouble the Court with only one more observation. From the affidavit of Curt it appeared that Wright actually gave his draft to the amount of 106l. to Mr. Curt for the fix-

tures in Mrs. Clarke's house at Westbourne-place; and also that Wright actually paid the first and second quarters rent for the house, by drafts or checks on his own banker. These checks could be produced in Court—they were evidence that could not *lie*—much stronger than parole testimony, to show that Wright had mixed himself with Mrs. Clarke's transactions, and had credited her to a great extent, long before she knew Mr. Wardle. All this showed that he was in the constant habit of giving her full and ample credit.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—"Was not this Curt the most natural witness for the defendant to have brought forward at the trial? One would have thought the defendant's attention would have been naturally directed to such a witness."

"Mr. MARRYATT, on the same side, began by adverting to the observation of the Attorney-General, that this was a scheme of Col. Wardle's to get at the evidence upon which the Plaintiff and his witnesses meant to rest their defence on the indictment for a conspiracy; and remarked, that Col. Wardle had committed himself as effectually by this device, if it was one, as he could have hoped to have committed the other parties, as he had told the circumstances upon which he intended to rest the prosecution. But the question in the case was, whether there had not been sufficient new matter discovered to lay the foundation for a new trial? With regard to the circumstance of a want of the means of communication with his counsel, under which Col. Wardle stated himself to have laboured, he might have been in the hall, and yet deprived of the opportunity of having that prompt and speedy communication which the nature of the evidence, as it proceeded, might have required. Col. Wardle could not *exactly* know the circumstances which were to be brought forward against him. The interval between the demand and the trial was short, and Col. Wardle had not much time to prepare himself. The demand was made on 1st of June, and on the 3d of July the cause came on for trial. The demand was general.

* * * *In consequence of the length and importance of the other matter, which it is necessary to insert in this Number, I am under the necessity of postponing the speeches of the Judges till next week.*

TO COLONEL WARDLE;

SETTING FORTH HIS MILITARY EXPLOITS, AND MANY IMPORTANT CIRCUMSTANCES HITHERTO TOTALLY UNKNOWN TO THE PEOPLE.

"*Sic furis CACI mene effera; nec quid in assum
Aut intractatum scelerisre dolire!*"

LETTER V.

SIR,—The notoriety of *great men* naturally leads us to a review of their lives; and it is not only an act of justice to them, but of utility to their contemporaries, to recapitulate, and set before them, the several steps by which they became admired, execrated, or renowned. For there has, perhaps, rarely passed a life, of which a narrative, *stripped* of adventurous decorations and disguises, would not be useful; as there is no man but has, in the mighty mass of the world, great numbers in the same condition with himself, to whom his mistakes and miscarriages, escapes and expedients, would be of immediate use and consequence.

The history of most public characters can be traced from the cradle to the grave; and the biographer can, with ease and felicity, set forth *how* they became celebrated for power; *why* they were leaders of the people; *whether* they were wise in council and eloquent in debate; and for *what* particular virtues or vices they were applauded or condemned.

At the same time it is to be regretted, that there are other *great men* whose adventures can never be accurately ascertained. I mean such as rush upon the public stage in the *meridian* of life, and announce their *existence*, for the *first time*, by some unexpected and extraordinary ACT! Thus, RAVAILLAC was unknown till he assassinated his master, Henry the IVth. ANKERSTRÖM was a stranger in Sweden until he murdered Gustavus the Great. GUY FAUX rose out of obscurity, by labouring to blow up the parliament-house. JACK THE PAINTER had no claim to immortality till he attempted the destruction of the fleet; and YOU, Sir, whom I have the honour of addressing, were considered an obscure individual, until you aimed a blow at the reputation of your Prince!—Being necessarily classed in this association, a letter to you can afford few materials for amusement; but, as I take up my pen to detect falsehoods, to expose mistatements, to pluck off the *mask* of patriotism and public spirit, and unveil to the world your projects and designs, in all their natural deformity, there can be no arrogance in pronounc-

ing, that this sketch shall be found instructive to mankind.

Before I lose sight of the *villains*, with whose names posterity shall read that of yours on the chronological list of infamous events, I cannot refrain from remarking, that, during periods *so remote* from each other, as those which separated such sanguinary deeds, nothing can be considered more extraordinary, than that you should, with them, have been actuated by the same sentiment, and governed by the same advice. For it is known, that Ravailiac was the disciple of a Jesuit; Ankerstrom of an illuminati; the Painter and Faux of a Jacobin; and you, Sir, of the Democratic Whigs, who infest the age in which we live! But you have the merit of having improved on such great examples, and of making use of a power more subtle and more pliable than the fire or the sword. You attack your Prince with a weapon more cold and deadly; with a *Whig instrument*, that murders without the mark of blood; that pals its victim in the covering of public sacrifice, and makes you, in the eye of the ignorant, like Brutus, who stabbed the mighty Cæsar for his country's good. You attack with *calumny*, and as calumny is, in my opinion, a crime, which, for its madness, as well as guilt, ought to shut a man out of civil society, I am not disposed to lay it to your charge, without going into proof, that it forms a component part of your character. Previously to this, it is essential to observe, that your attempt to assassinate the Prince's good name was by no means your *first public début*.—*An astonishing degree of ignorance prevails on this head!!!*—Why, Sir, I am but just returned from visiting a part of the empire (Ireland) *where*, when you were acquiring the dazzling popularity of military fame, you were considered (how *justly* you can best decide) as the *demon* of battle; as *him*, who *first* waged that sanguinary species of warfare, which irritated even *the innocent*, and which made the kingdom, all around, present one entire scene of devastation;—a people, waiting for misery upon misery, and calamity upon calamity—and this from your hands! In the place, then, of being an adventurer unknown, it appears that you are a man whose actions are written in blood, and, that as long as rape and rapine exist, as long as orphans and widows mourn, and as long as fields and villages are made waste, so long will

your name be recorded, so long will your memory live! Such, too, was your idea of *loyalty*, and such your hatred of *republicanism*, during the time of the Irish rebellion, when you were major of the Ancient Britons, that you fought to *murder*; you conquered to *destroy*!—Liberty, the most chastened, fled at your approach, and death attended all your victories! “No age, no sex, no condition was spared. The wife weeping for her butchered husband, and embracing her helpless children, was pierced with them, and perished by the same stroke. The old, the young, the vigorous, and the infirm, underwent the same fate, and were confounded in one common ruin. In vain did flight save from the first assault—destruction was everywhere let loose, and met the hunted victims at every turn! In vain was recourse had to contrition, to repentance, to tears; for death was everywhere seen to be dealt, although protection *was expected* when *implored*!” But death was the slightest punishment inflicted by those under your immediate command: all the tortures which wanton cruelty could devise; all the lingering pains of body, the anguish of mind, and the agonies of despair, were inflicted; and you zealously strove to show *loyalty* and *devotion* to your sovereign, by sanctioning the commission of enormities, for which depraved nature and perverted religion have hardly left us a precedent or a name! Tacitly encouraged in these atrocious proceedings by the silence of Lord Camden, it was with much difficulty that the illustrious Cornwallis could persuade you that he had instructions from the best and most gracious of masters, to suppress the licence of your regiment in particular, and not to suffer YOU, or any other OFFICER, to show zeal for his service by a violation of the principles of humanity, or of the laws of nations and of war. To YOU, Sir, who expected *promotion* from your prowess; to you, who looked for *admiration* from your acts, this declaration must have been a deadly blow, as well as a fatal barrier to all your future views. Flushed with blood, reeking with garbage, and loaded with scalps, you *wished*, perhaps, to imagine, that you had nothing more to do, than to rush into the presence of your Royal Master, and receive the award of all your mighty deeds, had not this magnanimous declaration of the noble Marquis restored you to a juster way of thinking of your Sovereign,

and a greater degree of sobriety of mind.—It appears, notwithstanding, that this salutary change was not effected till you proceeded from outrage to outrage; till rapacity and cruelty had exhausted themselves, and till the heads of a court-martial were preferred against you, for tyrannic and ungentlemanly conduct, by the Commissary, to whom you apologized in the presence of Generals Needham and Lake; Colonels Handfield and Moore, and several other officers of rank and distinction; and whom you also thanked for being prevailed upon, by the entreaty of the above-named gentlemen, and by your own abject concessions, to abstain from prosecuting you upon charges, which you discovered to be founded on facts, that would mark you with the infallible characteristics of cruelty, *meanness*, and *oppression*.

No evil being so insupportable as that which is accompanied by consciousness of guilt, you abandoned the *crusade*, with a mind gangrened by disappointment and remorse, and entered on a *pilgrimage* of extraordinary extent. In point of time, it surpassed any ever made by Bunyan and other repentant sinners of his race; and, in point of space, must have been equal to the circumference of the globe!—From 1798 to 1803, no trace of you is to be found; and, were it not for the lamentation of the Irish for their altars which you upset, for their houses which you burnt, for their population which you destroyed, for their virgins which you violated, and for their fields which you laid waste, it might have been supposed that you sprung, like Genii, from the earth, or descended like Angels from the heavens, to succour the distressed, and improve the condition of the land*! In truth, so ignorant *were* the English of your Irish exploits OR OF YOUR FORMER EXISTENCE, that they fell into this delusion—and, as delusion once admitted, *has no certain limitation*, they became outrageously enthusiastic, and worshipped you with a devotion due to a saint!—How you passed the *ten years’ pilgrimage*, or where were your

* You will please to observe, Sir, that, by attributing to you all these horrid deeds, I have no inclination to persuade the world that you possessed powers *supernatural*! I mean it to be expressly understood, that the crimes were committed, not by you as an individual, but by the band (or I should rather say *banditti*) who were under your command, and for whose conduct, in every respect, you were, and ought to have been, responsible!

sojournings, I am ignorant; but of this I am certain, that you made your appearance in London in a savage and perturbed state of mind. Shocked at the past, disgusted at the present, and dreading to contemplate the future, you knew not which way to turn or to what class of men to look for society and encouragement. Overpowered with chagrin, you eagerly listened to the first offers of relief. The *Whigs* assailed you! You closed with their schemes—you believed their promises.—Like one that had no longer any confidence in himself, you were glad to repose your trust in any other, however, vicious, that would undertake to guide you.

At this particular period, the minds of the *Whigs* were wrought up to a pitch of fury against the *Crown*, which could scarcely have been exceeded, if they had, in fact, been long subjected to the most severe and wanton tyranny. The direction, too, which they gave their rage, was the most mischievous that could be devised by malignant ingenuity. They were exasperated, not merely against the *Crown*, a political party, or the minister of the day, but against the *Princes of the Blood*;—a respect for whom is the source of all confidence in society, and the cement that gives stability to its institutions. To effect their diabolical purpose, they determined to select a particular victim, and having fixed on one (H. R. H. the Duke of York) whose public conduct was irreproachable, it was resolved, “that calumny should be diffused by all arts and methods of propagation; that nothing should be too gross or too refined, too cruel or too trifling to be practised; that no regard should be had to the rules of honourable hostility; that every weapon should be accounted lawful; and that those who could not thrust at life, should keep themselves in play with petty malevolence, to tease with feeble blows and impotent disturbance!!”—On passing these dignified resolutions, there remained a still more important question for debate. That is, who was the most proper person to act for the society, by publicly accusing the Royal Duke, and by preferring such charges against him, from time to time, as they might think fit?—Much embarrassment rose out of this enquiry. Mr. Whitbread had too much honour; Sir Francis Burdett was too much despised; and to employ Mr. Sheridan, who is considered “the dog” of the community, would be but *baying*

at the wind. The truth is, the affair was deemed too dirty, or too dangerous, for the *distinguished*, and too difficult, or too important for the *contemptible Whigs*. Under this dilemma, as I before observed, they ingratiated themselves with you; they flattered your vanity, and made you believe, that, although you might not possibly strike with force, still that they would poison your weapon, and render it capable of giving a mortal blow to a lie and a prince! To abandon metaphor, they turned over to you that hideous mass of systematic evidence I mentioned in my last to Sir F. Burdett; and they recommended—they urged you strongly, to cultivate an acquaintance with a notorious female, in whose breast, it was presumed, were deposited the secrets necessary for the destruction of the Royal Duke. It must be confessed, Sir, that your proceedings, on so important a mission, amply justify the opinions entertained of you by the *Whig Club*, and your zeal in *their employ* can only be equalled by the outrages, murders, conflagrations and devastations with which you expressed your *loyalty*, when exercising the duties of an officer in a more remote part of the king’s domains. In compliance with your instructions, you introduced yourself to Mrs. Clarke, and purchased her society without having any passion for her sensualities. Like the admirers of Madame Du Barry, you were content to follow her footsteps, to tend her table, assist her toilette, attach her sandals, and cast a fugitive glance on beauties, *which her antipathy to you*, or the *pre-occupation* of your mind, hindered you from enjoying. Your object was to rifle her secrets, not to revel in her charms, and, to effect this, you traduced her protector; you exaggerated her wants, which you attributed to him, and you contrived to excite in her artificial appetites, that you might have the merit of gratifying them. Having thus debauched her mind without violating her person, and having been amused with idle stories and *stolen papers*, which a heated imagination magnified into sufficient evidence against the Duke, you soon became unsatisfied with negative felicity, and you abandoned the beauties of nature to glut a hungry intellect, the cravings of which could only be gratified by base and artificial stimulations. Furnished with what you conceived to be “testimony of guilt,” your attention was transferred from pleasure to interest; you left the house of

Mrs. Clarke, and devoted every hour to the enjoyment of business. Prudence and foresight exerted their influence.—Every motion referred to the wished-for end!—The accomplishment of the *great design* appeared in view!—The *gradations* to eminence diminished!—Wealth and power danced before your eyes!—The voice of Fame rung in your ears, and, in ambitious anticipations, you heard the plaudits of the Whigs, and the frantic shoutings of lawless multitudes! Nor were such reveries altogether unattended by a realization in the result; for, so ignorant were the parliament and the people of your true character; of your connection with the Whigs, or of the causes and consequences of that connection, that they supported you in your career; encouraged you to proceed from error to error; and, in the place of cautioning a criminal that he might be condemned to the Tower and the block, they erected altars, and offered up incense to a deliverer!!

In former periods, however loudly we may exclaim against the corruption of those times, no Whig dared to have gone those lengths which you have done, nor would the parliament or the people support him in such a progress: No, Sir, his head would have paid the forfeit of his misdeeds; for there was then a spirit, a vigour in the constitution, which I trust is not yet altogether lost; I trust that some of that noble blood, which flowed in the veins of our ancestors before the putrid race of Cromwell contaminated the sacred stream, yet remains to warm and to animate posterity. And I trust that, when you next appear in the House of Commons, the national delusion will have passed, and that this letter may assist to rouse the sleeping genius of my country, and unbind those eyes which have so long been closed against the rays of justice and of truth. Instead, therefore, of soliciting amendment, I ardently hope that you will proceed in your ill-advised course. Would to God that your errors were complete, the measure of your iniquities full, and that you were this instant to receive the reward which most assuredly awaits your unparalleled conduct! It is “a consummation devoutly to be wished,” and one that every honourable man beseeches Heaven to see accomplished!

I must confess, Sir, notwithstanding my long and melancholy experience of the corruption of mankind, I could not hear, without astonishment, the language held forth against a prince in your speech-

es, first echoed in debate, and afterwards published in venal papers.—And I now pronounce, that if you pursue this species of semi-treason, and meet with encouragement from the parliament and the people, a period, big with horror, pregnant with ruin to this country, is nigh at hand! A period which the Whigs may usher in with songs of triumph, but which will be seen with despair and torture by the community at large!—Against such enemies, and such an event, strength and confidence must act in the place of forbearance and conciliation. *Louis XVI. lost his crown and his life, by not timely resisting the foul-mouthed fiends of calumny and Jacobinism!!!* Therefore, Sir, be prepared for the sword of truth—it is the only weapon which our merciful Monarch suffers to be wielded in his peaceful and flourishing dominions. But it must be a two-edged sword, or it will never prevail. It must not only disperse the falsehoods with which *innocence is attacked*, but it must also pierce the covering with which the enemy attempts to *disguise himself*, and it must expose him to the just detestation of mankind. This is, indeed, an ungracious task, and it disgusts and deters those, who, through indolence or false delicacy, flatter themselves that *moderation* will afford them protection in such a conflict. Yet, what can moderation do against a foe whose character, Sir, like that of yours, is *desperate activity*, and who hesitates at nothing to gain his ends? What can be more absurd than to employ *moderation* against an adversary, who is under no restraint whatever, and who scruples not to use means the most disgraceful and atrocious? Such an adversary can be resisted only by *exposure*—by exciting against him the indignation of the world. His atrocity constitutes, at once, his strength and his weakness. It will render him invincible, unless it be made the point of attack; it will subject him to defeat, if it be incessantly displayed, in its true colours to the country at large. To scruple, then Sir, with such an antagonist as you, to secure all the advantages that truth can afford, instead of moderation, would be a folly or treachery I should blush to be guilty of: I shall therefore continue my attack, and, in a *second* Letter to you, which I shall request Mr. Blagdon’s permission to insert next Wednesday, in his incomparable Register, I shall exhibit your political apostacy, and prove that you are, not only an enemy to princes,

but to social order and national independence!

If I be reproached for warmth, let it be remembered that the contest in which I am engaged, is not to be maintained by an exercise of the mild and amiable virtues, the ornament of serene and tranquil times, but that it demands rather the exertion of those which constitute the bold, manly, and resolute character. Every lenient and peaceable method has already long been pursued. Authority has been treated with submission, haughtiness has been soothed with humility, and profligacy has been tempted to reformation by allurements of pardon, and even by the prospect of praise; but in vain, for the Genius of Britain still turns with weeping eyes, from scenes, which exhibit the Cavendishes, the Howards, the Russels, &c. patronizing a man who publicly declares himself the enemy of their princes, and whose cause is openly supported by the foulest accumulation of systematic calumny that ever profaned the earth, or insulted the Heavens!

I remain, Sir,

Your critical Observer,

Nov. 20th, 1809.

ALBION.

POLITICAL LITERATURE.

The Principles and Conduct of the War.

AT the commencement of the POLITICAL REGISTER, one of the advantages held out to its readers was, the early notices which it would contain of such pamphlets, &c. as might demand the general or particular attention of the public. This feature has never for a moment been lost sight of; but such has of late been the paucity of political tracts, that for several weeks scarcely a single *brochure* has presented itself. We have now, however, two or three in our eye, brief analyses of which cannot fail of exciting a certain degree of interest.

The one immediately before us, is the production of an acute observer, and a candid and intelligent writer.

The "Principles and Conduct of the war" form a subject which comes home to the feelings of every Englishman who wishes well to his country; as, in the commencement or continuance of hostilities, it is important that we should be satisfied of their justness and necessity. —Our author professes it not to be his intention to enter into the origin of the present war; conceiving it to signify but little, whether it were at first under-

taken to restore the Bourbons, to arrest the progress of enthusiasm and infidelity, or to support our allies against a wanton and unprovoked attack. "It is enough," says he, "that we are engaged in an arduous contest with a most powerful and determined enemy, who has already overrun the greater part of Europe, and whose wild and unprincipled course has been checked by no motive either of justice or humanity." We perfectly agree with him, too, that "if there be any one who objected to the first causes of the war, he must allow that, lately, almost every month has produced some additional motive for its continuance."

After taking a brief retrospect of the conduct of France and her unprincipled chief, he enquires, "how then can Great Britain make peace with France, when such abandonment of principle is enforced by power so gigantic? It is not that I dread, on the supposition of peace, the effects of a sudden invasion, though that might certainly be expected, or the destruction of our government by the plots and machinations of France.—There is every reason to conclude, from what he has done, that Napoleon would undertake such enterprises, or any other, more destitute of principle, if he thought them conducive to his object—universal power. Though the misery of such a state would be great, I am not alarmed at his final success by such measures. Peace is to be deprecated on other grounds. The last hopes of the continent are turned towards Great Britain. We can make peace only by the abandonment of those allies who have looked up to us for assistance; and by peace the dependence of Europe would be sealed. Shall it be said that the independence of Europe is not worth the sacrifices we are making, or that our allies have been so much subdued, that we have nothing left but to take care of ourselves? Do we forget, that the cause of Europe is our own; and that by supporting our allies, we most effectually secure ourselves?"

Certainly, it is not with contingent, but with present danger, that we are threatened; for the Corsican, who, at this moment, meditates new triumphs, new titles, new honours, has realised all that seemed chimerical in the plans of Louis XIV.; the designs of Richelieu have been completed by the Protector of the Rhenish confederacy, the servile imitator of the illustrious Charlemagne; and, unless Britain should a *second* time

avert it, the family compact will finally be sealed by the expulsion of Charles and Ferdinand from the throne of Spain.

Well then may it be asked, whether, in this hour of danger, Britain shall “depart from the salutary maxims of her ancestors, and, shrouding herself in the narrow limits of her own selfishness, witness in inaction the complete destruction of that system which it has so long been her pride and her glory to have supported?” Every honourable feeling that animates our bosoms forbids it!

Our author judiciously remarks, that the administration of Mr. Pitt acted upon the same principles as that of William III.: *viz.* “to maintain the independence of Europe against the influence of France.” He remarks, too, with equal justice, with a truth most mortifying to the dregs of a certain party, that “no sooner was Mr. Fox in power, than he adopted the identical maxims by which the conduct of his adversary had been directed, and which he had opposed during the whole of his political career.”

Yes; this was the son of Chatham’s proudest triumph; the greenest laurel in his wreath of fame! So base, so servile, was the Foxite administration, so poor in its own resources, that, before it was well in the seat of power, it not only adopted the wisest and the most able measures, *to a certain extent*, of the Pitt Ministry, but it increased, it rendered more onerous and more obnoxious, the most onerous and most obnoxious burden that had been laid upon the people by its predecessor! Is it to be wondered at, then, that the eyes of the nation were at *last* opened; that they were at *last* convinced of the wretched inefficiency of these *soi-disant* “men of the people?”

It would have been well for England, however—well for Europe too—had the Foxite Ministry adhered still more closely to the system of its predecessor; had it regarded the spirit rather than the letter of that system. But, as imitations almost invariably fall short of their originals, so did the Foxites fail in their efforts; for, as the author of the tract before us correctly observes, it was “*not to the abandonment*” of the principle on which Mr. Pitt acted, but to the “*in-crease*” of the measures of Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, “that a great part of the miseries of Europe are to be im-

minality, of the Fox and Grenville Ministry; pertinently insisting, that, “from this alienation of Russia, the necessity of the expedition to Copenhagen arose, not the alienation from the expedition.”

Having treated of it as a settled point, that, in the present state of things, war is absolutely necessary; and insisting, that the concurring testimony of all history, and the authority of all illustrious statesmen, is uniformly in favour of continental co-operation; he proceeds to examine the measures which have been pursued, during the late campaign, by the present Ministers. In this examination, considerable historical knowledge is displayed; but our limits will not suffer us to follow the writer in his detail. Some of his remarks, however, shall be submitted to the reader.

“It is not the policy of England,” says he, “to send a large army to the peninsula.—The destruction of the French in Spain should not be considered as the work of a single campaign:—we have still a most difficult game to play with that high-minded people. A large English force would at once paralyze the efforts of the Spaniards in their desultory warfare, in which they have been so successful, and draw upon us the jealousy of the government.

“It was not until the expiration of a contest which lasted thirty years, that the liberty of Holland was finally confirmed. The English never deserted that cause, though on the brink of ruin:—when the sovereignty absolutely went a begging throughout Europe, it was maintained by Elizabeth with advice and money, and with armies sufficient to support, but not so great as to tempt the people to inactivity. Baylen, Saragossa, and Gerona, are lasting memorials of what Spaniards have done, and incontestable proofs of what they will do hereafter. The same pride and confidence which led the Spaniards to resist without leaders, arms, or regular government, and with an enemy in the heart of the country, would render them jealous if a large British force were sent to Spain. Early in the war, this was exemplified by the refusal of any aid on our part, towards the reduction of the French ships in Cadiz. Besides, we should endeavour to make the Spaniards soldiers, and that cannot be done by fighting ourselves, and letting them look on, like spectators at a tournament. A small force of disciplined English is a point round which

author traces the alienation of to the inefficiency, not to say cri-

a regular Spanish army can be formed. It shows our earnestness in the cause, encourages them to persevere, and gives the war a character, not of insurrection, but of organized hostility:—it was this principle that guided our conduct in the first expedition to Spain. We sent money, arms, and ammunition;—and, having liberated Portugal, advanced into Spain, not, however, intending to enter the lists singly with Buonaparte.”

The results of the Spanish campaign, observes our author, in a subsequent page, have “been highly favourable to the allies, and these results were obtained principally by the battle of Talavera. The retreat was unmolested. The legitimate government has been secured; Ferrol, Corunna, and the whole of the north freed from its oppressors: the southern provinces of Spain have been protected; and the loss on the part of the enemy has been from fifteen to twenty thousand men. The French are still concentrated; the conquest of Spain is as far from being completed now as when the first French army entered the country.”

Adverting to the Scheldt expedition; and contending against the opinion of the Edinburgh Reviewers, that, with the view to assist Austria, we ought to have sent 50,000 men to the Baltic, against the Russians, or to Hanover, to encourage the King of Prussia, our author thus expresses himself:—

“Great Britain was not to risk the substance for the shadow: she was to do all she could for Austria, consistent with the safety of her allies. If she foresaw the relative strength of the contending parties precluded all idea of co-operating with the Austrian armies at a great distance from home, and on a very large scale; her duty was, to chuse a scene of action near her own coasts, and to give the succours he could afford with as much celerity as possible. The Ministry therefore adopted a plan which united these requisites, which would probably relieve Austria from the pressure of the Dutch army, if not of a more considerable portion of the force of Buonaparte, which enabled England to continue her protection to Portugal and Sicily, and her assistance to Spain, opened a channel for corresponding with the malcontents of Holland and Flanders, which had not, like an attack on Brest or Boulogne, a mere British object in view, and which was the very precise and identical plan marked out by the Austrian government.

An expedition was prepared to attack the island of Walcheren, or the fortress of Antwerp. When the armistice was signed, this expedition was upon the eve of sailing; had it been destined to Germany, it must have been relinquished; but by the foresight which provided for contingent failures, it sailed in spite of the armistice, and added what may prove an acquisition of value to the British crown. That it did not accomplish more—that Antwerp did not fall, may in part be attributed to the armistice, and the capability of a large army being immediately assembled to cover that fortress. If other reasons exist, surely, in the absence of all documents, it would be the height of injustice to condemn previous to investigation.”

Our author also defends the movements of the British force in Sicily; though certainly, without meaning, in the slightest degree, to detract from the merit of Sir John Stuart, or even of the instructions under which he acted, it must be admitted that the effect of those movements was but of inferior importance.

Alluding to a recent domestic event, our author very truly remarks, that, “to every lover of his country it opened a painful prospect, when the late unfortunate distraction in the Cabinet threatened to subvert this Ministry, and to introduce the late Administration, however distinguished *some* of its members might be, for talents and political weight.

“From those parts of their conduct which have been adverted to in the train of my preceding arguments, we may estimate their fitness to conduct the government of the country at this eventful moment. Our armies would, in all probability, be recalled from Spain; the island of Walcheren would be abandoned; the character of Britain lost for ever in Europe; and the conquest of the continent finally sealed.”

After expressing a wish, that, “some arrangement may yet be made,” in order to apply the “talents” of Lord Castlereagh “*more effectually*” to the public service; and after regretting, “that the nation should, at this moment, be deprived of the eloquence and genius of Mr. Canning,” our author thus concludes:—

“Yet we have still an administration, composed of men educated in the school of Mr. Pitt; attached to the true principles of British policy; and whose past

conduct has given an earnest of future success—success as great as the times in which we live, can warrant us in expecting: a Ministry at once firm in things of importance, but gentle and conciliating in trifles; willing to listen, but slow to innovate; anxious to acquire and deserve a character of fair and open dealing; studious to reduce expence, without diminishing the lustre of majesty; free from religious bigotry, but careful to preserve, whole and entire, the established church in every part of the empire. Such a Ministry may alike despise the cavils of party, and the frantic ravings of faction. The first it may answer by argument, the latter restrain by firmness.”

To this Ministry, however, it may be added, the acquisition of the ardent, vigorous, and capacious mind of the Marquis Wellesley will prove a “tower of strength.”

FERRET.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,

THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

“Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant.”

“Those who are simple enough to listen to a demagogue, seldom care about his moral character. With the rights of the citizens, their virtue, and their sovereignty, eternally vibrating on his lips, he may, for aught they care, have a heart as black as Tartarus. If he writes, let him fill his pages with frothy declamation, and vaunting bombast, with the canting jargon of modern republicans, and it matters little what arrangement he makes use of. Ambiguity and confusion are even an advantage to him; they are a labyrinth in which he loses the wretches whom he has enticed from duty. In short, his business is to awaken in his reader, jealousy, envy, revenge, and every passion that can disgrace the heart of man, to lull his gratitude, reason, and conscience asleep, and then let him loose upon society.”—**COBBETT'S WORKS**, Vol. II. p. 282.

CHAPTER VIII.

Cobbett's attempted vindication.—Exposed, by the author of “The Rival Impostors.”—Afraid of being prosecuted for sedition.—Charged with drinking “the destruction of the House of Brunswick.”—Cobbett's pretended ignorance.—His head filled with corruption.—Knows nothing at all about politics.—Falsely pretends to tell truth.—Complains of injustice.—Discovers that “dead men tell no tales.”—Convicted of numerous lies.—Threatened with his deserts.

WE will now hear what Cobbett, the absconder, has to urge in his defence.

We will hear him *attempt* to prove, that the “public robbers,” as he impudently designates the publishers of the damning Court-Martial, are “the *falsest*, the *most base*, *mean*, and *dirty* of mankind;” and, should he fail in his proof, let him labour under the merited stigma of being, as he assuredly is, “the *falsest* the *most base*, *mean*, and *dirty* of mankind,” himself.

Cobbett, in his Jacobin Register of June 17, says—“On the 22d of January, I wrote to Sir George Yonge for the express purpose of having the books secured; that is to say taken out of the hands and put out of the reach of the parties accused. On the 24th of January, he told, me, that HE HAD taken care to give directions to have these documents secured. On the 18th of February, in answer to a letter, in which I (upon information received from the regiment) complained of the documents not having been secured, he wrote to me, and I have now the letter before me, signed with his own hand, that he would write to the Colonel of the regiment about the books, &c. ‘Although,’ says he, ‘I cannot doubt but that the regimental books *have been* properly secured.’ This was on the 18th of February, mind; and now it appears, from the documents which the public-robbers have put forth, that the first time any order for securing the books was given, was on the 15th of March, though the Secretary had told me he had done it on the 24th of January, and repeated his assertion in writing, on the 18th of February. There is quite enough in this fact alone to show the public what sort of a chance I stood of obtaining justice.”

Commenting on this passage, our very able predecessor in the exposure and detection of the apostate, the author of “The rival Impostors,” says, “Now, Sir, let me ask you how you reconcile the assertions that you *waited* from the 14th to the 24th of January, and that Sir George Yonge *merely heard* your story, with the statement in your 905th page, that on the 22d of January you wrote to Sir George Yonge, and that he *told you* on the 24th, that he had taken care to give directions to have the books secured? Really you should preserve, at least, the appearance of consistency in your impudent falsehoods, otherwise, even the most unlearned of the Hampshire swine will detect you.”

Cobbett, in his Jacobin Register of June 17, proceeds as follows:—

“Without these written documents nothing of importance could be proved, unless the non-commissioned officers and men of the regiment should happen to get the better of their dread of the lash; and, even then, they could only speak from memory. All, therefore, depended upon those written documents, as to the principal charges. Therefore, as the Court-Martial was to assemble on the 24th of March, I went down to Portsmouth on the 20th; in order to know for certain what was become of the books; and, I found, as, indeed, I suspected was the case, that they had *never been secured at all*; that they had been left in the hands of the accused from the 14th of January to the very hour of trial; and that, in short, my request, as to this point, the positive condition as to this most important matter, had been totally disregarded.—There remained, then, nothing to rest upon with safety, but our extracts, confirmed by the evidence of *Bestland*, the corporal, who had signed them along with me; and this I had solemnly engaged with him not to have recourse to, unless he was first out of the army; that is to say, out of the reach of the vindictive and bloody lash. He was a *very little fellow*; not more than about five feet high; and had been set down to be discharged when he went to England; but there was a suspicion of his connection with me, and, therefore, they resolved to keep him. It would have been cruel, and even perfidious, to have brought him forward under such circumstances; and, as there was no chance of doing any thing without him, I resolved not to appear at the Court-Martial, unless the *discharge* of *Bestland* was first granted. Accordingly, on the 20th of March, I wrote, from Fratten, a village near Portsmouth, to the Judge-Advocate, stating over again all the obstacles that had been thrown in my way, complaining particularly that the books and documents had been left in possession of the accused, contrary to my urgent request and to the positive assurances of the Secretary at War, and concluding by *demanding* the discharge of the man whom I should name, as the only condition upon which I would attend the Court-Martial. I requested him to send me an answer by the next day, at night, at my former lodging; and told him, that, unless such an answer was recei-

ved, he and those to whom my repeated applications had been made might do what they pleased with their Court-Martial: for, that I confidently trusted that a few days would place me beyond the scope of their power.—No answer came, and, as I learned in the meanwhile, that there was a design to prosecute me for *sedition*, that was an additional motive to be quick in my movements. As I was going down to Portsmouth, I met several of the sergeants coming up, together with the music-master; and, as they had none of them been in America, I wondered what they could be going to London for; but, upon my return, I was told by a *Capt. Lane*, who had been in the regiment, that they had been brought up to swear, that, at an entertainment given by me before my departure from the regiment, I had drunk “*the destruction of the House of Brunswick*.” This was false; but, I knew that was no reason why it should not be *sworn* by such persons and in such a case. I had talked *pretty freely*, upon the occasion alluded to; but I had neither said, nor thought any thing against the king; and, as to the *House of Brunswick*, I hardly knew what it meant. My head was filled with the *corruptions* and the *baseness* in the army. I knew nothing at all about politics. Nor would any threat of this sort have induced me to get out of the way for a moment; though it certainly would, if I had known my danger; for glorious “Jacobinical” times were just then beginning. Of this, however, I knew nothing all. I did not know what the *Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act* meant. When you have a mind to do any thing, every trifle is an additional motive. *Lane*, who had enlisted me, and who had always shown great kindness towards me, told me they would send me to Botany Bay; and, I now verily believe, that, if I had remained, I should have furnished a pretty good example to those, who wished to correct military abuses. I did not, however, leave England from this motive. I could not obtain a chance of success, without exposing the back of my poor faithful friend *Bestland*, which, had I not pledged myself not to do, I would not have done. It was useless to appear, unless I could have tolerable fair play; and, besides, it seemed better to leave the whole set to do as they pleased, than to be made a mortified witness of what it was quite evident they had resolved to do.

"Such is the *true* history of this affair, which, had the public robbers given it as it stood, unmutilated, not a word should I ever have published by way of defence or explanation. . At the time when I was writing against PITT and MELVILLE, the robbers then talked of *exposing* me with the account of this transaction, which I never wished, nor had any reason to wish, to keep a secret, and which I then called upon them to make known to the world. 'There is,' said I, 'nothing 'that I should like better, than your 'publishing the *whole* of the documents 'relating to that affair. You have not 'only my free leave to do it, but my 'request to do it.'

"They knew better. They knew, that, with whomsoever should read *all* these documents, I could not fail to *rise in esteem*; because they proved me to have been, *in all times of my life*, an enemy to public robbers, whether on a great or a small scale. Mark what these robbers have now done. The intelligent reader will easily find out *who* the robbers are; and I beg him to mark how they have acted in this instance.—Of TWENTY-SEVEN letters, written by me, these miscreants have published FIVE, and those of the least importance. My petition in the form of a letter, *to the King*: my letter *to Mr. Pitt*, as long as one half of all the rest; my *last letter to the Judge Advocate*; and all my letters *to the Secretary of War*; all the *charges*, occupying the space of several pages, all these are *suppressed*, and with them, all the grounds and motives of my coming forward; all the remonstrances, that I made against the discouragement I met with; all the *conditions*, upon which I pledged myself to prove guilt; and finally, all the reasons which I gave for not appearing, when those conditions had been violated."

"Whether the letters," says the author of "*The Rival Impostors*," in his epistle to Cobbett, "which you state to have passed between you and the Secretary of War; previously to the 23d of February, actually were written or not, is wholly immaterial, as they can be of no service to you in your defence, the documents of your own writing which we, '*Public Robbers*,' have caused to be published for the purpose of proving you a scoundrel, all being of a *subsequent date*,"

After a most happy analysis of the proceedings of the Court-Martial, through which we sincerely lament that our li-

mits will not permit us to follow him, as far as Cobbett's letter to Sir Charles Gould, of the 11th of March (vidé page 215) the author of "*The Rival Impostors*" thus addresses the absconder:—

"Now, Sir, please to observe, that you, in *this* letter, dated *so late as the ELEVENTH OF MARCH*, declare yourself to be on a *fair footing*; and that you *have a full assurance that justice will be done*.—You will also observe, that it is in *this* letter you pledge yourself by the *most solemn and dreadful imprecations* to substantiate your charges—*those very charges* which you acknowledge to have received a copy of on the 23d of February.
(*To be continued.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letters from friends of this undertaking, have accumulated so greatly upon me within these few weeks, that I must intreat the writers to be satisfied with a general answer. It really is not in my power to *write* private answers to many of such letters; so completely am I a slave to Literature. Those gentlemen who have expected such answers, will therefore, I hope, accept my apology, and banish the idea, that my neglect is the consequence of want of respect.

The Gentleman who says he was present at a Bookseller's-shop in Southampton, when Cobbett "*grinned horribly a ghastly smile*," at the sight of my Register, and after abusing me for ten minutes, almost split the counter with a blow of his fist, is requested to transmit me the particulars, but *without exaggeration*: I should like to publish them!

The Letter signed "*Charles Jones, Hants*," but bearing the post-mark of Newbury, must not pass unnoticed, were it only to convince the writer how much I am *gratified* by the receipt of all such communications. Mr. Jones says he is a friend to my Paper, and a *hater* of Cobbett—also that he is "*no parson*." After a deal more about what he *is* and what he *is not*, (but which he might have explained in three words, by declaring that he is a *notorious Jacobin*,) he abuses me for "*writing only five columns*" for my last Register. Pray Mr. Charles Jones, *how do you know* what quantity I write for my Paper?—You "*take in the Morning Post, and this Register, and are convinced that no government ever had such miserable defenders*!" Then *why* do you take in our Papers? Ah! poor Charles, poor Charles, you are the most *stupid* Jacobin I ever met with: you cannot disguise yourself even by your *lies*!

The second part of J. J. W. J's. Letter on Peace, shall appear next week

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“England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride,—**THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*Description of some unexpected acts of vigour, to suppress Jacobinism, with remarks upon their absolute necessity, at the present momentous crisis.—Account of a new democratical Sunday-paper, with conjectures as to its Editors.—Consequences to be apprehended from the various and continued exertions of the seditious.—Decline of the Demagogue's Register.—Continuation of the Report of the Proceedings relative to Colonel Wardle.—Letter of “ALBION” to the MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY, being a vindication of the conduct of Mr. Canning, in regard to his late pamphlet.—Farther remarks of J. J. W. J. on a peace with France, showing that there is no necessity for such a measure.—Continuation of the Life of the Botley Demagogue, in which his paltry attempts at vindication are completely refuted.—Farther examination of the opinion of the Edinburgh Reviewers, respecting Parliamentary Reform.—Austrian Document, &c.*

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The Public is respectfully informed, that the First Number of this Register (which has already been twice printed) IS AGAIN OUT OF PRINT! A Third Edition shall be produced as soon as possible; and in the mean time I have to request, that all new Subscribers will accept their sets without it. When it is ready, I will give notice in the paper.

INTENDED PROSECUTION OF NEWSPAPER LIBELLERS!

AT length it seems that the period of forbearance is at an end; and that the guardians of the state have suddenly awakened from that torpor in which (notwithstanding all the forms, shapes, and attitudes, that the demon of Sedition had assumed) they have been so long enveloped. They at last begin to think that “Jacobinism,” of “different sorts and sizes,” as Cobbett says, may, by its incessant operation, undermine the fabric of our glorious constitution, and prepare us for that horrible subjugation which has become the fate of most parts of the continent. However, as their eyes have at length been opened to a full prospect of our danger, I hope that the arm of JUSTICE will interpose in time, and rescue us from the impending calamity, with which we have so long been threatened!

When I look at the various and perpetually-increasing vehicles, by means of which French principles are propagated amongst us, I find it impossible (notwithstanding my concern at their influence) to prevent a contraction of those muscles which produce what is called risibility. They always remind me of the minor things which that inimitable caricaturist,

GILRAY, throws into the back ground of his eccentric and admirable productions. Whoever may be the principal objects in the scene, you are sure to see behind them a variety of imps, or creatures, as deformed as the imagination can conceive, who, as it were, with a view to second the efforts of the leading banditti, employ themselves in hissing, spitting, vomiting, *et cetera*, at the King and Constitution!—but whenever there is an appearance of danger, you are sure to observe them flying off into obscurity, and leaving their leaders to their fate.—Nevertheless, it sometimes happens that, in their retreat, they get caught, like bats, in a net or a trap, and then, in a moment, all their revolutionary fervour seems to forsake them:

“They run and howl,

“And clap their tails between their legs!”

or else, in desperation, they continue in their career of outrage, till they court a merited destruction.

Now, whether there have been policy in waiting thus long, in order to get hold of certain literary imps, or whether it would not have been more advantageous to the state to have nipped their blossoms of sedition in the bud, I shall not stop to enquire, but will leave the question to be decided by more profound observers of human nature! That disaffection has attained an alarming preponderance must be evident to persons of the meanest intellect, and to the *non chalance* with which the Jacobin press in this country has been regarded by the government, may be attributed that general disposition of the great mass of the people to cry up every action of our enemies; and hold them forth as the only great nation on the

earth, while they deprecate whatever efforts we may adopt to check the ambition of these enemies, and actually persuade *themselves* that they are groaning under indescribable tyranny and oppression! The mischiefs, therefore, which are caused by such detestable effusions as are issued daily and weekly in London, are incalculable; and, if it were not for the vigour which, it appears, is now about to be adopted, it is evident that the Jacobin scribblers would have proceeded in their libelous career, till measures *must* have been resorted to, in order to suppress it, that could not fail to alarm every person who knows how to appreciate the real freedom of the British press.

Amongst the *Sunday* papers which are devoted to the delectable purpose of rendering the people dissatisfied with the government that protects them, is one called "*the Examiner*." By a peculiar eccentricity in its politics and scurrility in its other departments, for without a plentiful portion of abuse, against whatever is, or whoever are, good and meritorious, no publication will please the taste of the vulgar, this paper has made some noise. Its *singularities*, however, having attained what has been so admirably denominated, "*a tangible shape*," the Attorney-General, whom some thought to resemble a lion asleep, has suddenly put out his paw, and astounded several of the second-rate Jacobin politicians with a blow, that is technically denominated an information! My readers will, however, hear with much pleasure, that this state-lion has made his first grapple with the Botley non-descript, and hence it is not to be wondered at, that the miserable jackalls and reptiles, that have attached themselves to his course, and followed in his scent, should have become, as it were, thunderstruck at that effort which has drawn both their leader and themselves into the same vortex. But it is time to dispense with metaphôr, and to inform such of the public as may not yet have heard the fact, that CRIMINAL INFORMATIONS HAVE BEEN FILED AGAINST THE EXAMINER, *for a libel on his Majesty, in haranguing about a regency*; AGAINST THE MORNING CHRONICLE, *for copying part of the said libel*: AGAINST THE TIMES (and may the Devil, with Earl St. Vincent to boot, help *them* out of the scrape!) *for a libel on the Admiralty*: with, I believe, one or two more well-merited prosecutions, that we shall hear of in good

time. For these acts of *vigour*, at a period so critical, government assuredly deserves the highest praise; but, compared with the prosecution of the Botley Demagogue, that, of all the other scribblers, sinks to insignificance. Here, indeed, the thunder of the law may fall upon a creature who has laboured to draw it upon himself, with more eagerness than ever the Titans of antiquity showed, to acquire the indignation of Jupiter; and, whatever may be its force, it will fall upon him without exciting a single scintillation of pity from any human being, except his *French* and English fellow-desperadoes!

The lamentations of the young men of the Examiner, clearly prove what I have just observed; namely, that to gain the patronage of the mob for any publication, it is *necessary* to libel the government of the country! "We will confess," (said they in their last Sunday's Paper,) "*that we are young men, seeking a competency!*" and that "*the Examiner prospers,*" &c. Now, surely, this is a clear confession that these young men's *experience* has taught them that the *only* road to drive upon, in order to gain a competency by literature, is *the road of Sedition!* They are right! Yet, I wonder it never occurred to them, that they might drive so fast and *unskilfully*, as to chance to be *overturned*. At any rate, they are foolish young men; and, as they have no inconsiderable share of talent, I am sorry that they did not prefer keeping it in embryo, rather than have misapplied it to so base a purpose!

I have often considered literary Jacobinism to be exactly like a hydra. You no sooner *stun* or lop off one of its numerous heads, than up starts another, as it were, to set your efforts at defiance. Whether it were in anticipation of some of the vehicles that are under prosecution being *stagnated by the law*, or from what other motive I cannot guess; but, on Sunday last, up rose a *new* deformed monster of sedition, entitled "*The British Political Review!*" The Jacobins are fond of having *Sunday* for their publications, because on that day there are so many thousands of idle vagabonds ready to swallow their poison. As I ought to consider nothing of this kind *too contemptible* for notice or exposure, I shall inform the public what are its prominent features.

That it is a spurt of Jacobinism, by some Irish traitors, I have no doubt whatever: but whether it be the production

of those traitors *who were inveigled-over, in our fleet, to Walcheren, to fabricate* accounts of the distresses of our army, I have not just yet discovered! A propos! I pledged myself to the public, some time since, in an article which I wrote for the *Phoenix*, to sift to the bottom the *means* by which these Irish traitors got into the expedition, and the *purposes* for which they went out with it! They may rely upon it that I have not forgotten my pledge. The new Paper, in question, however, is, in my opinion, a mite contributed by some such wretches towards the overthrow of the constitution; but it will not answer. The fellows expose themselves too clearly:—they show that they are *disappointed turn-coats*; for they tell us that the meanness “of scribbling for a party, is only equalled by its unprofitableness!” and that “the labours of a zealous partisan are no longer rewarded as they were a century ago, by the *pecuniary liberality* of those to whom his services are devoted!” I have no doubt that this is a *truth* which these fellows have derived from *their* experience; and so they have *shifted about!* But “to let the cat out of the bag” at the very beginning of their career, is surely no proof of their being entitled to the appellation of *conjurors!* for what confidence can even the *Jacobins* place in them, on perusing their avowal, that *nothing* is to be got by writing on the side of the government, when their coadjutors in sedition think that *they* have persuaded the public, that the *government road* is the only one which leads to fame and fortune!—That those who write on behalf of the government are not, at this period, properly rewarded, however they *may* have been at *other periods*, cannot be doubted; and this is the reason why such herds of unprincipled scribblers range themselves on the side of the disaffected. It was the *real* and *original* reason why the Botley Demagogue became, *this last time*, a Jacobin! For his inordinate ambition was not satisfied with the *four thousand pounds of the public money which he received in 1803, for writing a single pamphlet against Reform and the French*; he presumed to set a value upon his gross and wretched talents, which the government of that time knew to be far above their deserts; they therefore despised him for his attempts at extortion, turned their backs upon him, and cast him out upon the world! And hence, by turning in revenge

against his king and constitution, he has proved how well he knew the *superior advantages* that were to be acquired by the diffusion of the principles of democracy!—The inference is simply this, that the government of the present day, either hold the Jacobins in too much contempt, to give even *negative* encouragement to those who have the ability, the inclination, and the perseverance necessary to expose and refute them, or they are absolutely *afraid* of affording *negative patronage* to literati, who come forward to support the constitution, lest, as they have been so often the dupes of knaves and double-faced traitors, their mode of encouragement, whatever it may be, might be laid open to the world, their intention vilified and misrepresented, and themselves held up to the disaffected, as objects of satire and ridicule! Supposing, however, this to be the actual state of the case, and I have great reason to think that it is, then it must be admitted that there is a lamentable want of *fortitude* on the part of the government altogether. Thus, the Jacobins, *knowing* the fact to be exactly as I have stated it, take every advantage of the pusillanimity of our governors, and, in spite of a *few trials for libels*, will ultimately WRITE THEM DOWN, by tempering the *violence* of their attacks with *cautious sophistry!* so as to corrupt and inflame the public mind, without rendering *themselves* cognisable by the law of libels, as it *now* exists! Hence, dreading, as I do, the consequences of apathy on one side, and undermining activity on the other, I must confess, that without any *interested* motive, I should be glad to see that sort of vigour renewed by which the *immortal PITT* preserved this kingdom from destruction! I should like to see a daily newspaper or two forthcoming, under the *acknowledged* patronage of the government of the country; just such a thing, for example, as NAPOLEON’S *Moniteur*. I wish the people at the head of our affairs, for instance, would have merely spirit enough to give me a sack full of “JACOBIN GUINEAS,” as Cobbett calls them, (or a bushel or two of the *depreciated* bank notes would do equally well) to make ducks and drakes of, in the cause of my fellow-Englishmen; and I would not care if all London were to observe me coming out of the Treasury with the sack upon my shoulders! They should see how soon, by the dispersion of RATIONAL LITERATURE *every*

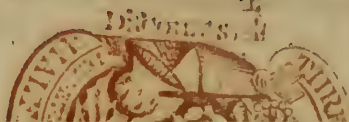
day, I would compel the numerous swarms of Jacobin scoundrels, in the metropolis, to "*bite the dust*;" in other words, by the incessant exposure of their detestable artifices, to **WITHDRAW** their deluded adherents, and thus, by *sheer ruination*, reduce the scribbling demagogues to that insignificance from which they would never have arisen, in any degree, formidable to the state, had not gradual and pitiable **RELAXATION** taken the place of the *real VIGOUR* of the years 1794 and 1795!!! As it is, the Attorney-General may institute a few prosecutions, and the obscure and insignificant libellers may be convicted and imprisoned; but what will be the *ultimate* consequence? Nothing less than *an increase* of Jacobinism with tenfold fury! The already corrupted portion of the public will be induced to believe that the convicted culprits are the *victims of despotism*; and they will recommend and encourage their seditious rhodomontades with redoubled interest! Wilkes would have passed into obscurity, for he was neither a writer nor an orator worthy of posthumous celebrity, had it not been for the sudden sensation which was excited by his violent conduct: but the times are materially altered:—the modern Jacobins must not *only* be *lawed* down, (my readers will excuse me for *making* a participle which was never before introduced into the English Grammar)—no, they must, **ALSO** be *written down*! Every effort, in short, must be employed to effect their annihilation! If, therefore, I could be arrogant enough to suppose the Ministers were to ask of me, "what would *you* advise us to?" I would answer, "show some **EXTRA** vigour, corresponding with the awful crisis at which we have arrived! Let us have no whining, simpering, methodistical jargon, no *timidity*, no *milk and water measures*; but exert the influence which you possess, from your situations!—*If necessary*, let us **IMMEDIATELY** have a "**VIGOUR BEYOND THE LAW!**" Let the first proceeding of the Senators, when they assemble, be, the **SUSPENSION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT!!!** Destroy, as it were with a breath, those infamous and destable foci of sedition, the *Debating Societies*, which make converts to democracy every day in the year! Come forward, I would say, and show the Jacobins that you do not merely disregard their active energies, but that you

have the means effectually to counteract their artifices; prove to them that you have the power, if *you think* that necessity requires you to exert it, to sweep their embodied principles from the face of the earth, as a whirlwind drives before it accumulated heaps of sand—*Send the Democrats, in whole phalanxes, to the chambers of Cold Bath Fields!*—In short, **CRUSH THEM AT ONCE**, by the power which you possess, with the same ease I could crush a snail with the sole of my shoe! If you *hesitate*, you are lost; for if you do not look around, and adopt such measures as may be commensurate with the present unparalleled corruption of the public mind, **THE JACOBINS WILL VERY SHORTLY CRUSH YOU AND YOUR WHOLE SYSTEM**, as sure as there is a God in heaven!"

This is what I would say to Ministers, supposing it *possible* that they should require to know my sentiments; and with this advice *to those whom it may concern*, I close my present lucubrations!

FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON.

COBBETT'S INFAMOUS REGISTER.—The Demagogue's paper of last Saturday affords a striking example of the impunity with which the Democrats can, *at present*, outrage the feelings of Englishmen. I do not think that any rebel, even in the worst periods of our history, ever had the audacity to publish a work so completely *French*, as is the Register in question. To let it pass without exposure would be a breach of that promise which I have made to the public, and which, I understand, it is expected that I shall *regularly* perform. Having, however, been drawn into a longer series of remarks than I expected, on the subject just discussed, it is not possible this week, to commence another topic, which cannot be reduced into a limited compass. In my next Paper, however, the detestable principles of the Botley crew shall once more be laid open to the world. In the meantime, I can, with exultation, assure the public, from *the best authority*, that the above *infernal* publication is rapidly retrograding to that level, which, except through some strange infatuation amongst the public, it never would have passed!



REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN THE
COURT OF KING'S BENCH, ON THURSDAY,
Nov. 23.

Continued from page 268.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—"He might have called for a bill of particulars."

Mr. MARRYATT continued to argue that Wright must have been perfectly aware of Mrs. Clarke's real situation, from his having been bail for her in several actions, and having debited the goods to her mother, Mrs. Farquhar, as well as having insured them and her other property for her.—Mr. Marryatt further observed, that Curt had contradicted Mrs. Clarke by the deposition in his affidavit, that Mrs. Clarke had told him that the new house in Westbourne-place was to be furnished by Mr. Wright, and not by Col. Wardle. Daniel Wright had stated, that the goods which had been originally given on hire, had been converted into goods sold, and placed to the account of Col. Wardle. Yet it appeared from Mr. Wright's own admission, by his answer in Chancery, that there was no account with Col. W. in his books. He said that the Plaintiff would have given no credit to Mrs. C. and yet it appeared that he had been bail for her in many instances. Sir R. Phillips had been engaged in a treaty with Mrs. Clarke, for the publication of a certain book, and had afterwards been applied to by a Noble Person, whom he need not name, for the suppression of the book. Sir Richard stated, that, in the course of the transactions respecting this publication, Mrs. Clarke had declared that she was indebted to Mr. Wright for this very furniture.—These facts had been discovered since the trial, and some of them could not have been found out before by any reasonable diligence. The defendant then, he submitted, had new matter to offer, which he could not have before discovered, in addition to several circumstances which he might, perhaps, have found out—and was, besides, taken by surprise. He therefore hoped, that the rule would be made absolute, and a new trial granted.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH said—"I think that the Court would establish a most dangerous precedent, much to the disadvantage of the administration of justice, if this attempt to obtain a new trial were successful; for then it would only remain for defendants to lie by, to hear the case of the plaintiff, and without bringing any

evidence at the trial, to make an application to the court, on the ground of present capacity, to contradict the facts sworn to at the trial, and require that the case might be heard a second time upon motion for a new trial, on the ground of the present capacity of the defendant, who had neglected to use ordinary diligence in his defence at the trial. Whereas the Court, in granting a new trial, expects that the party moving for it, should have used his opportunity of bringing forward his defence at the trial; for the Court expects that the party shall not be deficient in the ordinary and customary attention to the subject of his defence at the trial. But where that attention is bestowed, and the party is actually surprised, the Court, his Lordship said, in case the party was actually surprised, by the course which things had taken, was in the habit of granting a new trial." But, his Lordship asked, what pretence of surprise existed in this case; in which a party, determined to use ordinary diligence, might not have been prepared to meet the proof. Here his Lordship went over all the heads of evidence which had been stated in the affidavits to be new in point of matter since the trial. That of Mr. Curt, who stated facts concerning the plaintiff's having taking a house of him for Mrs. Clarke. Col. Wardle *knew Curt to be the landlord, and therefore there was no pretence for saying, that it was owing to surprise at the trial his evidence became necessary*; he was most naturally pointed out as a witness for the defendant at the trial, if he wanted to prove the facts stated in his affidavit; and as to what Mrs. Clarke swore at the trial, Col. Wardle must be supposed to have contemplated his relative situation with Mrs. Clarke, and therefore ought to be prepared to refute her testimony, if she swore any thing that was false, relative to what passed between him and the plaintiff, in the presence of Major Dodd; and as to the house which Mrs. Clarke occupied while Col. Wardle was acquainted with her, nothing could be more natural than for him to look at the lease of the house, and then to have subpoenaed the landlord, who would have related on the trial every thing which appeared in the affidavit on that subject. This was no ground of new trial, on account of *surprise*, it was the effect of the defendant's negligence, and this motion was in that respect an application to the Court, not

to administer relief to diligence or to vigilance, but to negligence and supineness. As to the subject of the assurance on the house being charged to the defendant, he was apprised of that by the bill of particulars of the plaintiff's demand which had been delivered to him, and he might have been prepared to meet it at the trial; and if the bill of particulars was defective, it must have been amended upon summons taken out before a Judge for that purpose, but that article was disallowed by the Jury. As to the discovery which had been made by Wright's answer to a bill which had been filed against him in Chancery, by which it had been said he admitted that Col. Wardle was not charged in his books, notice might have been given to Wright to produce his books at the trial, or the bill in Chancery might have been filed sooner, injunction might have been obtained against Wright's proceeding at law, until the coming in of the answer to that bill, and, therefore, that could be no inducement to the Court to grant a new trial. For all these reasons, the ground did not appear to his Lordship to be made out; that the case at the trial came by way of surprise on the defendant, for there was nothing at the trial, to meet which the defendant might not be reasonably expected to be prepared. As to his not having actual communication with his Counsel, he might most potentially have done so, by taking about twenty steps to come into Court; for it was not doubted that he was walking in the Hall, and it appeared by the affidavits of his own witnesses, that they were directed by him, to appear in Court; and this further appeared by Col. Wardle's own letter. In short, the defendant knew the whole of the plaintiff's case, and might have been prepared to meet it, so that there was no real ground for a new trial, and if the Court should grant one, there would be infinite danger in the precedent; for which reasons his Lordship was clearly of opinion that this rule ought to be discharged.

Mr. Justice GROSE was of the same opinion.—There was sufficient evidence given at the trial to sustain a verdict, and there was no pretence for saying that the defendant had been taken by surprise, consequently he ought to have been prepared to meet it; and if he had not, but took his chance by resting his defence upon a speech to the Jury, without calling evidence, and afterwards repented

of that course, and thought it would have been better for him to have examined witnesses, the fault was his own, and that was no ground for granting a new trial. He agreed with his Lordship in the observations he made on the particulars of the evidence, and was clearly convinced, there ought to be no new trial in this case.

Sir SIMON LE BLANC said, that this application came under very peculiar circumstances. It was very extraordinary, that this application for setting aside the verdict, on the ground of *surprise*, should come forward at a time when there was an *indictment pending for conspiracy*. This circumstance alone would be sufficient to make the Court extremely cautious in granting the new trial. He took the rule, however, to be, generally, that when an application of this sort was made, on the ground of *surprise*, or evidence discovered since the trial, it was incumbent upon the party to show, that no exertion of ordinary industry and diligence could prevent them from such surprise, or have discovered the evidence in time for the trial. This was, however, not attempted to be done on the present occasion. He could not have been *surprised* either as to the nature of the action, or of the principal witnesses that were to be called upon to prove it. His attention, or the attention of his Attorney, should, therefore, naturally have been directed to the books of Mr. Wright, with respect to the person to whom the credit was given, and to Mr. Curt, who was the landlord of the house at Westbourne-place, who now had sworn about the payment of money for fixtures, and who might have been naturally supposed a person capable of giving information as to the delivery of the furniture in his house. If new trials were to be granted in such a case as this, when the party was not surprised as to the nature of the case, and yet did not think it proper to contradict the plaintiff's witnesses, defendants would, in other cases, have a very considerable advantage. They would have nothing to do but lie by and hear the case made by the plaintiff's witnesses; and, after a verdict had gone against them, bring forward a number of witnesses to impeach the witnesses of the plaintiff. They would have this great advantage, that the plaintiff's witnesses would be pledged and bound down by what they had never sworn; whereas the new set of witnesses would

see what had been already sworn, and would shape their evidence accordingly. The defendant must take the consequences of his own neglect; and if even injustice had been done in this case, it would be better that justice should not be attained in one individual case, than that all the rules of the Court should be violated, and the security of all other property destroyed.

Mr. Justice BAILEY entirely concurred with the opinion of the other Judges, that the production of any papers, facts, or witnesses, which could be had at the former trial, was no ground for a new trial, as the defendant had not been in any wise taken by surprise by it.—Rule discharged. Mr. Wardle was not in Court.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—Although you have been pleased to signify your intention of publishing, this week, a former letter of mine to Col. WARDLE—still I beg to encroach on your goodness, and to request that this letter may *also* be inserted in the next number of your rising Register*. It is the vindication of a *much-injured character*: it is the *only vindication* extant; and therefore cannot too speedily be laid before the Public; for those circumstances which Mr. Canning's *delicacy* has induced him to conceal, I, being free from any such influence, THINK PROPER TO PUBLISH TO THE WORLD! Hence, while all the venal and jacobin Papers in London oppress this eminent Statesman, let it be your pride, Sir, to be his friend and advocate.

* Whatever ALBION may condescend to transmit to me, shall always meet with respectful attention. Unfortunately, however, I am obliged, occasionally, to make a sacrifice of merit; being limited both in respect of *space* and *time*. The insertion of his second letter to Col. Wardle, this week, as well as the present most masterly vindication, would have caused the exclusion of those *continuations*, the chain of which ought never to remain imperfect beyond the period of a week.

TO THE MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY*

CONVEYING INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT OF MR. CANNING, WITH WHICH THE PUBLIC ARE AS YET ENTIRELY AND COMPLETELY IGNORANT!!!

BY ALBION.

"Et mea, si quid loquar audiendum
Vocis accedat bona pars." HORACE.

LETTER VI.

MY LORD.—The state of warfare in which this country has been necessarily engaged, for the last seventeen years, has, amongst other evils, engendered one of a very peculiar and formidable nature—it has sown the seeds of dismay and distrust, and rendered it impossible for a Ministry, however qualified and endowed, to give content and satisfaction to the people. It has made the country abound with men of restless tempers; of envious and implacable dispositions, who, pleased with nothing that is not absolutely of *their own* performance, extract the most heinous crimes out of the most innocent transactions:—they make disappointments culpable—allow no merit to success, and insist upon *contradictory* accusations!

Is it not notorious, my Lord, to all the world, that, in every session of Parliament, the sums asked by Ministers, to carry on the war, were treated, by some, as excessive and extravagant; and by others, as parsimonious and mean. At this rate of reckoning, it is impossible for them to be innocent:—If they grant subsidies—that is apparent prodigality;—if they withhold them, they are accused of an ill-timed and destructive economy—their deliberation is dangerous inactivity, their quickness is the effect of violence and hurry.—But, surely, when it appears, that people are *resolutely bent* to allow that *nothing* shall be right, it may be very fairly presumed, that their bare assertions are no competent evidence that *any thing* is wrong.

Whatever projects were of the proposal of Ministers, previously to your Lordship's accession, though, in respect to matters most agreeable to the interests of the people, were treated as wild, impracticable, and ridiculous; and whatever schemes they rejected, would have been infallibly attended with success. The supporting of public credit was no testimony of their wisdom; the mildness of their administration, no proof of their love of freedom;—their firmness in carrying on the war, is declared to be no mark of

courage. In short, whatever they advised was weak, or *mal-à-propos*; whatever they attempted in vain, *was* foreseen by every body but themselves; and whatever they executed with felicity, was the effect rather of chance than of design. When they were zealous for the war, it was to render it unsuccessful; when they declined making a separate peace, it was from temerity and indiscretion; when they appeared disposed to accept a general one, it was produced by timidity and despair!—This long series of heavy charges, without any support but from facts distorted, and fictions as improbable as they were groundless, prove the guilt only of their contrivers; and show how ready some men are to misapply parts, and expose their own great abilities, to fight other people's quarrels unsought, and gratify an unprovoked and an undeserved resentment.

I presume, my Lord, to make these few cursory observations, in order to account for the cry that has prevailed against *all* administrations for a number of years back, and particularly to show that the odium heaped on the late Ministry was more the effect of this perversion of the public mind than of neglect and incapacity on its part. And I am the more particular in pressing the necessity of seeing things in a *just* light, as I find that almost every paper is *predetermined* to deceive, and to impose on your Lordship's belief. In consequence, they vilify the best measures, and condemn men of the greatest wisdom, judgment, integrity, and truth. And as their principal victim is, at present, your Lordship's learned friend, Mr. Canning, I shall make this letter serve as a tribute to his talents, and prove how grossly ignorant the newspapers are of the cause of his recent actions, as well as of his public conduct and private worth.—This obligation is more imperious upon me, who feel a strong conviction, *who know, to a certainty*, that there exists a *motive*, an honourable motive, which must for ever deny Mr. Canning the possibility of exculpating himself. In fact, delicacy of mind and dignity in judgment, condemn him to a mere recital of dates and events; and, although correct dates and diurnal events are stubborn things, still will they never predominate, or set their yoke on the licentious neck of calumny and hate. Under circumstances, tyrannical and arbitrary as these, Mr. Canning composed his exculpatory pamphlet; and, I must

confess, that my readings have never afforded me so fine an example to follow, or so distinguished a precept to pursue. At a time when he could have seduced us by eloquence, and cleared himself by *revelation*, he rejects all adventitious apparatus; he confines himself to the drudgery of a vulgar journalist, and locks up in his own bosom those secrets and circumstances which would infallibly restore him, in triumph, to the public esteem! My Lord, there is a modesty, a delicacy, and an integrity in this proceeding, which have so much of my admiration and regard, that I am determined to obtrude on your Lordship, and amply expose what your honourable friend has been so solicitous to conceal. I will expose the *true cause* of his treatment of Lord Castlereagh, and show *why* his pamphlet and his apology have been branded with the epithets of contemptible and mean!

Notwithstanding what I have said in the exordium of this letter, still it cannot be denied, and must be lamented, that the frequent indisposition of his Grace of Portland often destroyed that golden balance of power which should ever direct the particular services of the Members of the Cabinet. That is, it necessarily accorded or transferred that authority and duty to another, which, unfortunate infirmities refused his Grace capacity to perform. Nor was the distribution of these vicissitudes equalised among the Ministry. Mr. Perceval contented himself with the honourable execution of the business of his own department. Mr. Canning had not presumption sufficient to invade the province of others, and the rest of the Ministry, save Lord Castlereagh, found sufficient employment in their respective spheres. Much then devolved on that nobleman; for, accustomed from his infancy to office, and possessing some ambition and considerable contumely, he courted the weight which oppressed his Grace, and was at once War and Prime Minister. Under this situation, Mr. Canning reviewed the aspect of affairs, and, with the deepest melancholy, saw the necessity of some change in the administration. A generous diffidence hindered him from speaking out boldly:—had he not been governed by such delicacy, Lord Castlereagh would not have had to charge him with hypocrisy and subterfuge; for he would have heard the *following sentiments*, which were, beyond any contradiction, those of his liberal opponent, al-

though he thought proper not to express them.

“Let the last campaign be the fair and substantial grounds of argument, to decide upon the extensive and important question between me and Lord Castlereagh.”

“As to its expeditions to Spain and Walcheren, it is apparent to the whole world, that the daring spirit of action, which once distinguished the councils, and elevated the valour of this country above her ancient enemies, is now fatally changed to rash enterprize in one country, and to cold and ignominious caution in another! In both, it is now no longer conquest or death. It is lingering shame, and protracted disgrace. That army, which once commanded the homage of nations, is now become the object of pity or contempt. Those arms that, for ages, snatched uncertainty from fortune, are at length the splendid pageant of defensive pride, or wasteful inactivity and sloth. It would be as ungenerous as unjust, to attribute to our commanders, by sea or land, the ill-success that has attended their endeavours. They have done all, (and, indeed, more than all) that they ought to have done, in obedience to the plans of such a Minister. The bravery of our troops, if it have not altogether equalled, has left nothing to reproach it in the annals of antiquity. Neither the Grecians nor Romans ever fought with more zeal and ardour, in the public cause, than our Britons have fought under the controul of Lord Castlereagh,—a Member born, indeed to command—to be obeyed—and to be despised.”

Such, my Lord, were Mr. Canning's genuine opinions of the circumstances of the War Department—circumstances which were to him lamentable indications of the necessity of a change, however such a change might be attended with difficulty and anguish. It was a situation when policy demanded the most calm consideration; it was not a moment to run hastily into measures, to which his individual exertions were inadequate: at such a moment it was his duty to consult his colleagues, and offer his best advice to his dignified friend, his Grace of Portland. He, therefore, implored his Grace to look back to that glorious period of the Pitt Ministry, which succeeded the American war, when every flattering circumstance contributed to royal happiness, and when the prosperity of a loyal and affectionate people, through a flourishing and extended empire, formed the pride,

the glory, and the terror of the world! He exhorted him to compare the present ruinous state of military affairs with that envied condition in which it had been in former times! and then to form a judgment of *that* man, who had led his Majesty, the Parliament, and the nation, into military operations which had produced such direful and calamitous effects; a man who, (as the effects of his measures prove) had lavishly squandered the public money; spread an enormous effusion of human blood; abused the nation's confidence; partly alienated the affection of the people, and thus may be said to have tarnished the lustre of the crown, and the councils of the kingdom! He humbly entreated him to remove *that* Minister, who had so dangerously conducted military enterprise, to put a stop to the system of policy he pursued, and seriously think upon some method of reforming a department which, with rapid strides, was hastening the country to ruin!

That his Grace of Portland wavered, instead of following such noble admonitions, is a truth for ever to be deplored. And why, says Mr. Canning's enemies—why not abandon the Duke and the Cabinet, and openly appeal to his Majesty in so important a cause? Neither step could, with any propriety, be taken. Nothing can reduce a generous mind to mortifying alternatives. The Duke of Portland was to him as a father, as an instructor, and a friend! Should he abandon him in the hour of peril—in the hour, too, when *infirmity* was hurrying him to the grave, and apply to his Sovereign for the correction of evils, which his patron had power to redress? No, my Lord, these, as I have just observed, were alternatives not becoming a liberal mind. Mr. Canning rejected them, and pursued the only line of conduct proper to be pursued. With equal delicacy and firmness, he *exposed, remonstrated, and implored!* This ungracious task he *frequently* performed; and, having at length succeeded in promoting the good of his country, by obtaining the *promised* dismissal of Lord Castlereagh, it was very judiciously left to Lord Camden, that Nobleman's benefactor, to prepare his disposition for the reception of so disgraceful an event. Mr. Canning, in point of age, was nearly the youngest member in the Ministry: it was proper that the good he meditated should operate in silence, and it would have been arrogant and

presumptuous in him to suffer the *full* extent of his services and intentions to be blazoned into *publicity* and *fame*. There was much modesty, but no duplicity whatever in his conduct. *The truth is, my Lord, a scene of duplicity, evasion, and subterfuge, has been acted by his adversaries, which, for depth of intrigue and malignity of design, has no parallel in the history of Cabinets!!!* Lord Castlereagh WAS, from the very *first* onset, from the *first* dawn of that light which betrayed his incapacity and darkness, made sufficiently acquainted with the determined resolutions of his opponent. And why, your Lordship, naturally asks, why did he not express *immediate* resentment? Why did he not *instantly* resign his place of trust, and satiate his injured feelings, as he since has done, by seeking to shed the blood of him to whom he attributed the decay of his greatness? My Lord, *the motives* which governed my Lord Castlereagh, on this occasion, *are so obvious*, that I am astonished they have not obtruded themselves on your Lordship, and on the public, long before this; and I regret that it remains *for me* to display them. I regret this the more, as I am not at liberty to give up my authorities *in a public manner*; but, should Lord Castlereagh presume to asperse, or to contradict my statement of this proceeding, I shall perhaps be driven to the adoption of measures which may place the subject beyond any manner of question or dispute!!! Yet it may be deemed needless for the author of the Letters to Lords Erskine and Cochrane, to Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Wardle, to give any testimony of his principles, as it is allowed that those letters bear *sufficient evidence* of his integrity, and that his political knowledge *must* be drawn from the most pure and distinguished source. But "*the motives*"—Your Lordship is impatient for *the motives*, which restrained the account of Lord Castlereagh's impetuosity and violence. They were simply these, my Lord.—When the gloom first gathered over his Lordship's head, he would *instantly* have abandoned the region of the vain, and called Mr. Canning to account for exposing him to its rage, had he not been governed by hopes, which promised to afford him the most exalted honours, and the permanent possession of a high place. These sanguine hopes rose out of the *Battle of Talavera* and the intended reduction of *Antwerp*. And it must be allowed that, had not the victory of the *one* proved fruitless, and the siege of the *other* abortive, Mr. Canning would have been hooted out of office, as a jealous alarmist, and his Lordship would have been at this moment the *Premier* of the State!—"Do not quit the ministry," exclaimed this Noble Secretary's friends, "until you prove the issue of these two events. If you succeed—you are more firmly established than ever:—if you fail—you can, as now, be but only turned out of place!" The consequence of pursuing this advice is too well known to your Lordship, to need any mention here. I shall only observe, that a blacker piece of intrigue is not to be found in the annals of mankind. At the first intimation of disgrace, although tremblingly alive all over, and acting under a sensibility approaching to anguish, his Lordship AVOIDED an explanation, by which, he knew, he must be hurt; but, *some months after*, when calamity and disappointment haunted him out of office, he feels injuries, *never* committed; and resents affronts, *never* intended. Disgusted with himself, he seeks retirement; or, weakened by chagrin, he acts with an indiscriminating imprudence, which knows no circumstances, bounds, or place!

Those of Lord Castlereagh's friends, *whose heads have been deepest in this guilty counsel*, have the impudence to ask me, "If it had been possible for Mr. Canning to clear himself, why did he not embrace the opportunity of doing so to his colleagues and to the public, in his late address?"

These objections, my Lord, are already answered in the early part of this letter. I shall, however, strengthen them by arguments still more forcible. Ministers labour under a very sensible disadvantage; they are not at liberty to betray secrets, or to tell *all they know*, upon any provocation whatever. They must never suffer the resentment of their own wrongs to become prejudicial to their country or to their characters. In short, they are bound by as many ties to *patience*, as their adversaries are excited by different motives, to *insult*, and even to *injure* them. It is, therefore, no wonder that Mr. Canning is silent on the *PRINCIPAL* point of a dispute which so much affects him; for his fame only runs a hazard from the falsehoods his enemies take the liberty of throwing out; but he would be really betrayed and sacrificed, if, suffer-

ing himself to be thrown off his guard, he should either recriminate, or, to manifest his own innocence, divulge what it was his duty to conceal! I must, however, admit, that some instances might be produced against this practice; but, I may venture to say, my Lord, that most, if not all, of these would appear arguments in favour of that practice; since, where ministers have indulged themselves in such liberties, they have generally paid more dearly for them, than if they had been tranquil under abuse. The famous Condé, Duke d'Olivarez, was supplanted and turned out of his ministry, upon pretences that were, for the most part, false; yet the best historians agree, that he would have infallibly recovered the full exercise of his power, if he had remained quiet under the loss of it; but he wrote an *eloquent* vindication, which hurt, indeed, his enemies, but himself much more; for it laid open the *secrets of state* in such a manner, as rendered it impossible for a prince, who still honoured him with his affection, to repose any confidence in him again.

Upon these principles, therefore, I account for the conduct of Mr. Canning while in power and when out. When the former was his station, he was never found to be *wanton* or *vindictive*; and now, while in the latter situation, he never suffers *envy* or *resentment* to prompt him to any thing unworthy his former greatness.

But really, my Lord, the enemies of this distinguished statesman insist on so many CONTRARY ACCUSATIONS, that it is impossible to enlighten, or even to satisfy them. Judge of my surprise, after what I have written, to perceive, that of a dozen papers and pamphlets avowedly against him, now before me, *six* accuse him of saying *nothing* in his defence, and *six* abuse him beyond all measure for *prolixity*, and for betraying the most important secrets of the state! Confused by such *contrary accusations*, I had recourse once more to his vindication, and I again pronounce it to be the most honourable production that I have ever met with of the kind. Without the parade of refinement or affectation of singularity; without the glow of revenge, or spirit of resentment, it is at once simple and luminous, and must carry conviction to every mind, whose concurrence may be considered as estimable. Above all, I deny that it reveals any one secret. Indeed, so prudent and circumspect was the judicious

author, that he confined himself to the *precedents* of the *affairs* of the great Sully, in the time of Henry IV.; and of the immortal Chatham, in his quarrel with the Earl of Bute; and gave no more to the public than the dates and transactions which bore absolutely upon the question in dispute. The first blush, the distinguishing features of the work, betray CONCEALMENT, and a desire to clear the writer, *but not at the expence of any other man or set of men*. When the public know, *from this letter* and from what may follow, how amply Mr. Canning *could* have vindicated himself, I trust they will render him justice, and prove, by the publicity and warmth of their approbation, how ardently they desire to see him replaced among his colleagues, the ministers of the nation.

Under *all* the circumstances I have recited, my Lord, it is a great consolation that the enlightened choice of our country has confided its highest trust to your Lordship—to a man so distinguished by his talents and services; whose loyalty is known, and whose disposition to advance the public weal cannot be equalled. Accept, my Lord, this tribute of my esteem, and believe me to be, with the most distinguished consideration of respect,

Your Lordship's
devoted and obedient servant,
December, 1809. ALBION.

ON A PEACE WITH FRANCE.

Continued from page 237.

Some of the friends to pacific overture, though of ever so base and degrading a nature, pretend to justify their crouching conduct, and to gloss over their fawning opinions, by vague and ill-founded allusions to the finances of the country, and the fancied oppressive burthens on the people, which, I must needs say, proceeds from nothing else, viewing it in the best possible light, than *vulgar error*. But they must, indeed, be unprincipled, who would not rather even suffer every hardship and privation, in a just cause, like the brave Spaniards, or other brave people, who defend their king, their country, and their rights, than compromise their own individual honour, and, with it, that of their country, by entering into such a sordid peace, in order, forsooth, to rid themselves of their *temporary pecuniary burthens*, even supposing that the public expences, in support of the war, affected them in that manner. This would, indeed, be highly ignoble conduct, and un-

worthy of Britons! But, fortunately, the fact is, that, though the war taxes be great, the country is very well able to bear the expence attendant even on *active* war; and as the war taxes evidently act as a stimulus to increased industry, and ultimately fall only on the IDLE RICH, they cannot be deemed oppressive; but rather as indirectly tending to the wealth of the great body of the people, and consequently of the nation. Should, however, this be thought a mistaken idea of the effect of the war taxes, which yet, on a minute scrutiny, I think will not be found the case, and that the expences attendant on *active war* prove too oppressive, there remains still another kind of warfare, and which, perhaps, might be preferable, as contending with our present foe, to active war, and infinitely so, to any description of a *quasi* pacific treaty, I mean, Sir, a *defensive* war: and had even such a system been thought of, and acted up to, instead of a *disgraceful* peace, or any kind of peace, when such was attempted, and at that time a message of proud defiance sent to the Usurper, signifying, that we would no longer *seek* a contest with him as dishonourable, but stand with our hands upon our swords, I conceive it would have been highly to the honour, as well as pecuniary advantage, of the country; as, by that very unwise and unfortunate attempt at peace, there was a considerable loss sustained, by the dismantling and disbanding of our fleets and armies. Had such lofty conduct, I say, been pursued, on our part, you might then, Sir, have expected to see the *imperious Buonaparte* crouching to this country (if any thing he does be deserving of a thought), as is usual with persons of his cast; but who, on the other hand, if politely dealt with, on any compliance with their desires, generally bear you down, and return you blows for bows.

A peace then, I declare, would at all events be *ruinous* to this country. On a peace, all our sinews of war would be unnerved—all would be unhinged, whilst the enemy, in disguise, (the *anguis sub herba*) would be working double tides, as we lay like *Holofernes's* guards—our army, our volunteers, and even the greatest part of our navy, would then speedily be laid aside, not only as being unnecessary in peace, but in order to reduce our expences, our public and oppressive burthens, as they are ingeniously and absurdly called by knaves and fools—Even

that navy, so important for the protection of the country against all inroads, would, I say, be deemed useless in time of peace; and, whilst ours was getting into disrepair, most likely a powerful navy would be erecting in France, in order to surprise us sleeping. War, on the other hand, with maritime powers, is the best support of our navy, a most necessary defensive force in our insular situation, and without which we can expect no lasting security against the threatened attacks of the blood-thirsty and revengeful foe, who never has been known to lay aside a foul determination, nor to lose sight of revenging even a *fair victory* gained over him.—Every man must see the importance of our navy, and that by war, at least a defensive and maritime one, in the present state of the world, can we only expect to maintain our *exclusive right* to a superior navy—to command the seas—to defend our territories.—Why then, and to what purpose, *embrace*, and *shake hands* with that Tyrant of the continent? Why think of willingly sanctioning the murders, the rapines, the usurpations, and all the other high crimes of so foul an assassin? Why crouch, as I may well call it, if we listened to overtures of peace, to so haughty a despot, who cannot even suffer friendly powers to go unmolested, or, when speaking of them or any other, utter a word of truth? What faith even to be placed in so impudent a violator of and swerver from the faith of treaties and abuser of friendly alliances? If an important and lasting advantage, derivable from a peace with France, independent of the consideration of a *compromise of honour*, was not evidently to flow from such a treaty, why think of it all, or harbour the idea for one moment? But, Sir, if on the other hand, such a treaty could be viewed as nothing less than the absolute sacrifice and compromise of the honour and exalted character of the British nation and people, in the eyes of surrounding nations, as well as in our own eyes, without any real or permanent security or advantage, why not scout, with disgrace, every pacific overture made by the enemy of the British empire, and of mankind every where, and deem those either knaves or fools who would now propose, advise, or support such pacific measures?

I hope, Sir, I shall see men of all parties (and truly the nation is disturbed and disgraced by *party*) grow wiser, and

let their privations be what they may, whilst seeing the *necessity* of war incessant, cry aloud with one voice, from one end of the empire to the other, that, "war, even horrid war, is the only thing that can be OUR SAFEGUARD AND SECURITY WITH THE UNPRINCIPLED USURPER AND TYRANT OF FRANCE, AND THAT NO PROPOSALS OF PEACE, UPON ANY TERMS WHATEVER, CAN OR WILL BE MADE OR LISTENED TO!!!"

With this hope, I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Clifton, Nov. 13, 1809. J. J. W. J.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,

THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

CHAPTER VIII.

Continued from page 288.

What then do you mean by insinuating now, that your ardour in the cause abated, because you learnt, *on the 15th February*, that part of your charges had been suppressed. The only charges that were suppressed related to transactions which, as you stated, had been committed three years previously to your preferring them; and, therefore, *the Mutiny Act* prevented their being examined into.

"It is remarkable, that although you say a vast deal about a Mr. *Margas* in this letter, you do not even mention the name of little "*five foot*" *Corporal Bestland*, whose discharge you now pretend to have been so anxious to obtain, and who you now state was such a *very material witness*."

In a subsequent part of his epistle to Cobbett, the author of "*The Rival Impostors*" thus proceeds:—"Now let me entreat you to examine well the *dates* and *contents* of these documents, and then point out, *if you can*, the *interval* from whence we "*public robbers*," have *stolen* the TWENTY-TWO letters which you *cruelly* accuse us of having *suppressed*.—I confess myself, even with the assistance of a pair of excellent spectacles, unable to discover any break in the chain of the correspondence, not *one link* appears to be missing, for each *succeeding* letter refers immediately and *exclusively* to that which *precedes* it. I therefore most unequivocally assert, that

your accusation (like all those which you preferred against Captain Powell and Lieut. Hall and Seton) is *wilfully false and maliciously infamous*!

"You selected *Corporal Bestland* for a *scape goat*, because you knew he was DEAD, and therefore could not contradict you!

"Your story relative to the *books* is not even calculated to delude those who are totally unacquainted with the manner of keeping regimental accounts; for you acknowledge that you and *Bestland* had true copies of all the documents that were necessary for your purposes, and although he were, as you *pretend*, afraid to come forward and swear to their correctness, unless he obtained his discharge, you were fully competent to do so; and, unless your *real* character were known to the members of the Court, your oath would have been quite sufficient—if any erasure or interlineation appeared on the face of the books, that circumstance would have been strong presumptive proof against the officers whom you had accused. But, Sir, all those who are acquainted with military affairs know, that it was impossible for the defendants to keep back the books, or to alter them in the smallest degree, without detection. All such documents are religiously preserved by every regiment, and as the commanding officer of the 54th, at the time of the Court-Martial, was your particular friend and associate in rascality, Lord E. Fitzgerald, the books were of course in *his* custody, and he *actually* produced them in Court on the day of trial, when *Corporal Bestland* and all your other witnesses were present."

Another extract or two, from the Epistle, to the writer of which we are already so much indebted, and we shall have done.—"From Elizabeth Wools' evidence," says he, addressing Cobbett, it is clear that you did not *abscond* till Wednesday, March the 21st, although you assert that you wrote from Fratton to the Judge-Advocate on the 20th, stating, that you should expect his answer to be left at your lodgings on the 21st. Now, Sir, you will observe that the afore-said Elizabeth Wools produced in court three letters unopened, one of which was left for you at your lodgings on the 21st of March, just after your departure; therefore (even supposing you had written, as you *pretend*) it is evident that you never took the trouble to enquire if the

Judge-Advocate had sent any answer. Besides, she distinctly stated that she had neither seen nor heard any thing of you, since the hour you absconded.

"You say, that Captain Lane told you, it would be sworn that you had drunk '*destruction to the House of Brunswick*,' (a very natural toast certainly for the author of the '*Soldier's Friend*,' and the tool of the traitor Fitzgerald) but how could you, after having told us how much you had read, and what a wonderful clever fellow you were, declare that you were so ignorant as not to know what the *House of Brunswick* meant? (See page 907.) You also declare your ignorance as to the meaning of *suspending the habeas corpus act*, which, by the bye, had not at that time been *suspended*, although, when it was subsequently was so, during your paroxysm of loyalty, you violently applauded Mr. Pitt for adopting such a salutary measure.

"Your motives for alluding to it now, are sufficiently evident."

Cobbett, with an affectation of triumph, exclaims, "Mr. Windham and Mr. Yorke have been, since my return, and the former was before, *Secretaries at War*; they had the whole history in their office; and yet nobody in the country has ever *spoken*, and, I believe, *thought*, better of me, than Mr. Windham and Mr. Yorke have. I remember, that in dining with Mr. Pitt, at Mr. Windham's in *August*, 1800, the former asked me about *Lord Edward Fitzgerald*. We talked about him a good deal. I gave the company present (of which Mr. *Canning* was one) an account of his conduct, while at the regiment; I spoke in very high terms of his zeal for the service, and I told Mr. Pitt, that Lord Edward was the only sober and the only *honest* officer, I had ever known in the army."

"Do you imagine," says the author of "*The Rival Impostors*," in answer to this passage, "that Mr. Windham and Mr. Yorke, while secretaries at war, had nothing to do but to turn over the musty records of their office? I can tell you, Sir, there was not even a *clerk* in that department of Government, who had any recollection of the circumstance; which was first communicated to us, '*Public Robbers*,' by an officer of the 54th regiment; and it was not without considerable trouble, that we were enabled to obtain the documents.

"The officers of the army are greatly

obliged to you for asserting, that "*Lord Edward Fitzgerald* was the only *sober* and the only *honest* officer you ever knew in the army;" particularly when they recollect, that *since you procured your discharge*, you have branded him as a rascal and a traitor *! But this was during your loyal and anti-reforming *paroxysm*!"

Cobbett again triumphantly exclaims—"Can it be believed, that I should have put myself to all this trouble and expence, merely for the purpose of bringing a parcel of officers and soldiers to London, and making fools of them? Besides, if this had been the case, how comes it, that I have remained in England now, for *nine years*, and have *never* been called upon by any one of the *accused parties* to unsay what I have said of them in 1792? True, it is now so long as *seventeen years* since the charges were preferred; but it was only *eight years* when I returned to England. If, therefore, either the *parties* or the *Government* had had any reason to complain of me, why did they not do it immediately upon my return?"

"In reply to these very ingenious queries," subjoins the author of "*The Rival Impostors*," "I beg leave to say, that you did not put yourself to trouble and expence to *make fools of the officers*. It was diabolical *revenge* which instigated you to accuse them falsely. They had strongly reprobated your tyrannical conduct to your inferiors, and threatened to have you reduced to the ranks, and *flogged*."

"This was their *only crime*; and this was what your malignant heart could neither forget nor forgive. You well knew that Captain Powell was *DEAD* before you returned to England. Indeed, as you had been absent above *seven years*, the statute of limitations would have prevented any of the injured parties from supporting an action against you: and the Attorney and Solicitor General, as appears by one of the documents published, had declared, that, notwithstanding the undoubted atrocity of your conduct, as your villany was exclusively your own, you could not be prosecuted *criminally* for a conspiracy."

Cobbett, thou art indeed the *falsest*, the *most base*, *mean*, and *dirty* of mankind!"

FERRET.

* "*Yide Porcupine's Work*"

AUSTRIAN DOCUMENT.

PRAGUE, NOV. 1.

Our Emperor has published the following General Order.

"I have put an end to the war, in order to restore to my people the blessings of peace, and no longer to expose their prosperity to the fortune of uncertain events. You have shewn your fidelity, and your unshaken attachment in the midst of every danger, and thus have you drawn closer and made still more indissoluble the ties which bind the Sovereign to the happiness of his people. In my army, upon whose achievements I shall ever reflect with heartfelt gratitude, I recognise the supporters of my throne, and the protectors and guarantees of the future tranquillity of my subjects. In the three last sanguinary engagements, they acquired the esteem and admiration of the whole world. Your innumerable proofs of inflexible fidelity and attachment to my person, gave you the strongest claims upon my affection; they are to you, the surest pledges of my gratitude.

"The means of promoting your prosperity, and distinguishing you, shall accordingly be the most important object of my future cares. To reward the services of every individual, according to the wish of my heart, whilst the happiness of all is equally dear to me, is at this moment impossible. But, in the mean time, my army shall receive the highest proofs of gratitude and satisfaction which, under existing circumstances, it is possible for me to give. Besides the promotions that have already taken place, and the gratuities distributed to the troops, I have ordered a number of crosses of the order of Maria Theresa, and gold and silver medals of distinction, together with particular presents, to be distributed in each of my armies. I have also appointed a chapter of the order to be held, and nominated Commissioners for disposing of the medals, in the presence of whom every individual, who is conscious of merit from distinguished acts of bravery, may assert his claim. One and all shall experience impartial justice.

"I confidently expect that they will continue to cherish the same spirit of discipline, ever allied with true valour; the same patriotism and harmony with their fellow citizens, which have hitherto animated them; that their justly earned consciousness of their own worth and

dignity shall not be impaired; and that one and all of their commanders shall zealously co-operate with me in maintaining that spirit of order and internal regulation, which can alone secure to us a permanent peace and the esteem of our neighbours.

(Signed) "FRANCIS,"

NORTHERN CRITICS *versus* PARLIAMENTARY REFORM; or,

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, COBBETT, AND WARDLE EXPLODED, BY THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

WE resume our task of accompanying the Edinburgh Reviewers through their remarks on the *non-necessity* of Parliamentary Reform.

Taxation is a subject which interests every individual, in every class of society; taxes are always paid with reluctance and grudging by the ignorant; on which accounts, our modern reformers, who preach to the mob, and whose followers are the children of ignorance, hold forth a reduction of taxes as one of the immediate effects which would result from a change in the representation of the country.

But the Edinburgh Reviewers do not accord with Messrs. Wardle, Cobbett, Burdett, &c. on this point. "With regard to the taxes," say they, "it appears to us in the highest degree chimerical, to imagine that *any* change in the plan of representation should sensibly lessen their amount." Do not Messrs. Wardle and Co. know this, as well as the Edinburgh Reviewers?—Certainly they do; but, if they were to avow their knowledge and belief, they would lose one of their most successful lures to the cause of disaffection, sedition, and rebellion. "The greater part" of the taxes, justly observe our northern critics, "are actually levied to pay the interest of the debts which have been contracted; and a vast proportion of the remainder is required for the maintenance of the war in which we are engaged. That war," they continue, "and almost all the other wars by which our debt has been created, has hitherto been most unquestionably popular; and, it is reasonable therefore to presume, would have been carried on to at least as great an extent by a legislature more immediately under the influence of popular feelings."

We can readily conceive, how sentiments such as these must gall the frequenters of the Crown and Anchor; more

particularly when they are known to issue from the pens of those, whose support they are most anxious to obtain.

Sinecure places and pensions, as one of the causes of taxation, and as tending to increase the influence of government, form another stalking horse, on which our reformers prance about with considerable effect. The Edinburgh Reviewers, however, though they admit, that the multiplication of offices and salaries has a tendency to increase the influence of government, and that in *former* times they were occasionally multiplied for that purpose, express their opinion, that no slight accession of strength which could be gained by such corrupt profusion, could ever compensate the loss of popularity and of general credit which necessarily resulted from an increase of this burden." They think, too, that "though there may have been an undue tenaciousness in the case of certain old sinecures, and certain places, the emoluments of which have increased beyond all calculation," "the obvious policy of economical measures, in the present state of things, is to the full as good a security for their adoption as the warmer zeal and higher sense of duty that are expected from a reformed legislature."

The Reviewers express themselves to be "very much confirmed in this opinion," by the "*extraordinary* statement of Mr. Wardle, at the close of the last session of parliament, that a saving might be effected in the expenditure of the country, to the amount of 16,000,000*l.* per annum. They say, that on looking into Mr. Wardle's items of proposed deduction, they find that they do not consist so much in the retrenchment of unnecessary expenditure, as in a *radical* alteration of many points of our general policy; and with respect to our army and navy, they perfectly agree with every man in the kingdom, not possessed of such *uncommon* sense as Mr. Wardle, that, "if the war is carried on at all, both the numbers and pay of our army ought to be *increased*, instead of being *diminished*; and that any *retrenchment* of the funds appropriated for the navy, must be attended with the *utmost hazard*."

So much for Mr. Wardle's most stupid of all stupid plans of reform!

The Edingburgh Reviewers, however, say, that even if they "agreed entirely with Mr. Wardle, that the whole of the sums he has mentioned might be retrenched without danger to the public,

still, as it seems impossible to maintain that they have been hitherto expended from motives of corruption, it would by no means follow, that a *reformed* House of Commons would see the propriety of the retrenchment."

(*To be continued.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letters of J. A. and of Philo Angelus are intended for insertion, as soon as ever room can be found for them. Many other favours are carefully preserved.

I accept the challenge of "CHARLES JONES," and without caring whether he be "Jacobin, Parson, or Anti-Jacobin," as he speaks so much of *talents*, I will put *his* abilities to the test! But let him go well over his ground. I will not abuse any public character, because CHARLES may bear him *personal animosity*! I think he had better keep to himself his *private* reasons for disliking the character in question! But as he really speaks, in his Letter of to-day, very much like an *Anti-Jacobin*, and is aware of what may be effected by the Press "in hunting down and exposing *those infamous pests of society* Jacobin writers," I offer to insert whatever he may produce in aid of the grand cause to which this Register is devoted; provided always, that I may think his writings are adapted to the purpose in view. The more Correspondents I have, the more the public are likely to be pleased with the variety that comes before them. Nay, farther, if I choose to be "*loyal for nothing*" myself, I do not wish others to act upon such a plan! My Correspondent may receive a liberal compensation for his writings—if they deserve it, and he require the recompense.

THE PUBIC DOCUMENTS.

The Subscribers may be assured that all the Public Documents which ought to be preserved for reference, will be inserted in the course of the Volume. There is no alternative but either keeping them back till opportunity offers for inserting them, or publishing them in a *double number*. The latter mode I will not adopt, if there be a possibility of dispensing with it. Mr. Canning's Pamphlet is classed amongst the number of the documents in question.

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“England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride,—**THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*Congratulation on the events of the Conspiracy business!—Reasons why the Report of the Proceedings ought to be preserved in a form fit for the perusal of our posterity. The Report condensed from all the different newspapers of yesterday.—Important Letter of “ALBION” to the CHAIRMEN OF GRAND JURIES, containing a review of an interesting pamphlet entitled, “Seven Charges to Grand Juries, &c.” which pamphlet was published several years ago, and received the sanction of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. New facts communicated by ALBION, relative to the effects produced by seditious Newspapers, at the time of the Rebellion in Ireland; with an appeal to the benches of Magistrates, that they may stop the licences of all public-houses in England, which take in the numerous vehicles of treason, that emanate from London!—Various answers to Correspondents, &c.*

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THE SUSPENDED JUDGMENT LET FALL ON THE RIGHT HEAD!

“’Tis all a libel, Paxton, Sir, will say.”

POPE.

“Come, swear it! Damn thyself.

—be double damn’d!

SHAKS.

WARDLE—“Good people of the United Kingdom, suspend your judgment for the present, till I get this woman placed in the pillory! I never did any thing naughty with her, no more than the child unborn. *It was all for the good of my country!* I assure you I’m as firm a patriot as ever purchased a convex mirror or a red Turkey carpet!”—**THE PEOPLE**—“Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he!”—*Extract from one of Tegg’s Caricatures.*

COBBETT, stand off!—“We are not at leisure,” as Shakspeare says, at least to-day, to give even a momentary glance at the unparalleled exertions which you and your gang have been making, for the last fortnight in particular! There is more important game in view; the halloo of genuine loyalty must now be made to reverberate throughout the land, as an announcement of the overthrow of at least one wild beast of democracy, whose form bears some slight resemblance to that of human nature, but whose actions may be compared with those of the cautious, slinking tiger, who creeps from ambush, and darts upon his prey, in the moment of unsuspecting security.

Most sincerely do I congratulate my country upon the decision which has been given by a British Jury, against a being whose cruel and vindictive artifices to ruin the Son of his King were never equalled by the worst and most obscure of traitors, in the most disloyal periods of our history; and whose malice extended its ramifications towards the

individuals who had thwarted his views, like those of the Zoophytes of the Southern Ocean, which first lure, and then draw to destruction the animals that come within their range!

Thank Heaven and a British Jury, infamy has at last met its reward; and the momentary fame, so shamefully acquired, has, by the now complete degradation of its votary, vanished “into air, thin air.”

For myself, I really consider the result of the trial in question, to be a victory gained by the Constitution: for never did Sedition make such rapid strides, as while this pseudo-patriot scattered his audacious calumnies amongst the vulgar, and made himself the idol of a senseless mob! In his whole career he seems to have been actuated by the advice of **JUVENAL**, who points out the road to fame to be, the commission of acts that ought to be rewarded by imprisonment and transportation!

“*Audi aliquid brevibus, Gyaris et carcere dignum, Si vis esse aliquis—*”

The great advantage of the decision of Monday will, however, be, that the deluded advocates of this man’s duplicity will feel ashamed of their former weakness, and will resume the exercise of that judgment which his clamours and artifices have for so many months “suspended.”—They will not fail to recollect, that, even from the outset of his reforming career, the integrity of Wardle was, at best, very equivocal; for, by his own confession, he resorted to immoral and hypocritical means to obtain his evidence; means, which any honest or honourable person would have been ashamed of:—Though a married man, he

avowed that he had solicited (and as it now appears, he actually *purchased*) an intimacy with a strumpet whose profligacy was unequalled, that he might prevail upon her to afford him the means of ruining the generous and open-hearted character, under whose auspices, like a serpent, she had basked!—How much it is to be lamented, that the *elucidations* which have been thrown upon this base conspiracy by the two trials of the Wrights, were not made during the investigation in the House of Commons! What trouble it would have spared the gentlemen who so ardently pursued the inquiry! how greatly would the public business have been facilitated, and what a unanimity there would have appeared in the ultimate decision; while, instead of the resignation of the Commander-in-Chief (whose public conduct was on all hands allowed to be unimpeachable) having been accepted, the honour and dignity of the Parliament would have been compromised without his continuance in office; inasmuch as he would have appeared to be the victim of a set of wretches, who had descended to greater depths of infamy to effect his overthrow, than ever was attempted by the most abandoned spies and informers of any Government upon earth.

Surely, by a proper application of the facts that have lately transpired, aided by a perseverance in the various means which we now possess, such as a combination of *literature* and *law*, the demon of Jacobinism may be stunned and rendered harmless!—I shall be anxious to discover what sophistry the disheartened banditti will now produce to support their fallen idol! But perhaps none of them will have courage enough to offer a sentence in his behalf, till the Botley Demagogue (who, in February last, thought “that *every part* of the inquiry, “from the *beginning* to the *end*, should “be made as public as possible!”) shall have delivered his sentiments on this unlooked-for ending! Come, then, thou NISUS of all modern Jacobins, come forth, and let us see if thou canst protect thy poor sinking EURYALUS from the contempt and the pity with which he is now enveloped!—We wait with impatience for this new specimen of thy Herculean labours. In the mean time, as you had the pleasure of giving publicity to the *beginning* of this eventful history, so the task has fallen upon me to commu-

nicate its *end**! I therefore hasten to fill my pages with its details.

To give any thing more than an abstract of these proceedings cannot be expected of me; for two whole sheets of my paper would be inadequate to comprise the ample reports which yesterday furnished. And I also wish it to be expressly understood that I give them, not because they will have the charm of novelty when they reach my readers, but because it is absolutely necessary that every friend to his country should have the substance of such documents always as it were under his thumb: that he may be able to refer to them with the same ease as he could find out any specified chapter in the Bible. This, indeed, is the principal advantage of my Register. It is the very feature of the Demagogue’s, by the *misapplication* of which he is enabled to do so much injury to society; and by the adherence to which, in a *contrary* degree, I hope, in time, to be able to counteract his infamous speculations. In short, whatever tends to promote the cause of Jacobinism is sure to be given in detail by the Demagogue, even to the most insignificant rant of the drunken mob-orators at the Common-halls, and the jargon of the seditious promoters of the riots at Covent-Garden Theatre. It is, therefore, not merely an act of justice on my part to insert such facts, of an *opposite* tendency, as he would most earnestly pray might never see the light, but it is a *duty* which I owe to the public, never to let such occurrences as the present pass off without recording.

The proceedings which follow, relate to the criminal prosecution of Mrs. Clarke and the Wrights, by the *immaculate* Colonel Wardle, for a *conspiracy*! The indictment recited that the defendant, Francis Wright, having sold certain articles of household furniture to Mrs. Clarke, the defendants conspired together to charge Gwyllym Lloyd Wardle with the price of them; and, in pursuance of that conspiracy, Francis Wright brought an action against Mr. Wardle, which coming on to be tried, the other defendants, Mary Ann Clarke and Daniel Wright, appeared as witnesses in the cause.—The testimony they gave was then set out in the indictment, the material parts of which were, that Colonel

* The Second Letter of ALEION to WARDLE will doubtlessly be deemed a very appropriate Epilogue to the whole Tragi-Comedy.

Wardle had undertaken to pay for those goods, by means of which false testimony the defendant, Francis Wright, obtained a verdict against the prosecutor.

This is what may be called an outline or delineation of the case.—My first intention of commenting upon particular passages as they should occur (and which is the mode adopted by Cobbett) is rendered totally unnecessary by the very lucid and eloquent exposure of the Attorney-General, and the superlative summary of Lord Ellenborough, which must bring in irrefragable conviction upon every honest man's conscience.—The only privilege, therefore, which I shall reserve to myself is, that of printing in italics, certain points of remark, as well as questions or answers, that the reader may, instead of a superficial glance, ponder over them, and give vent to his occasional sensations of ridicule or disgust!

Mr. ALLEY was the counsel for the plaintiff, in consequence of Serjeant Best being subpoenaed as a witness. After the usual string of *lamentations* about his *inability* to do justice to so important a cause, he begged to call the attention of the Jury to the parties on the present indictment. The first of them was Col. Wardle, the prosecutor. He was a gentleman of an honourable mind and feeling; a man who had *served his country both in the senate and the field*. In the senate, by the honourable and patriotic path he had pursued, he had merited and gained the applause and esteem of his country—as a soldier he had also served his country no less loyally and honourably; for, when rebellion had raised its head in the kingdom of Ireland, Colonel Wardle, accompanied his regiment to that island, and then *did his duty no less zealously* than he had since done in the senate. The other parties, the defendants, on this record, were Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke and Mr. Francis, and Mr. Daniel Wright. The defendant, Francis Wright, was an upholsterer, in Rathbone-place, and Daniel Wright, his brother, now thought proper to describe himself as a servant to Francis, and not a partner, though it might very well be doubted if he had not dropped his character of partner, that he might serve his brother as a witness in a late action against Colonel Wardle. The other defendant was Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke. Of her he knew not how to speak, or how he should describe her. He wished not to speak ill of her, and well of her he could not speak. He

must be indebted to her for her own description of herself. She was, to use her own language, a lady living "*under protection*." She had indeed lived under protection of Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen; she had been protected by brokers, navy agents, ay, and army agents too; and her wiles had enabled her to fix a deep impression on a noble and illustrious Personage, in whose kindness she for some time was indulged with all the elegancies and luxuries of life, but, like the viper in the fable, when she had acquired life and strength, she stung the bosom of her noble and generous Protector, and repaid his fond indulgencies with abuse and foul attempt to sully his illustrious character, and destroy his existence as an honourable man in his rank in society. These were the parties before the Court. He was aware it might be said, because indeed it had already been insinuated, that an indictment for a conspiracy was not a proper line to have been adopted, but that an indictment for perjury ought to have been preferred, if any perjury had been committed on a former trial; and it had also been said, that his client had pledged himself to that mode. This, he took leave to say, could only happen *by a misunderstanding* of Mr. Wardle's Letter to the People of England. In that letter he stated, that a verdict had been obtained against him by perjury; and this he pledged himself to prove in due time and place, and he now confidently asked the Jury whether he had not redeemed the pledge. It had also been objected that, by including all the parties in an indictment for a conspiracy, it was depriving them of the testimony which they might be enabled to have. But there was nothing in this objection, for if no evidence should be adduced against any one of the parties, his Lordship would direct an immediate acquittal, and thus enable the acquitted party to become an evidence for the others. But he and his Learned Friends who assisted in this prosecution were far from wishing to shrink from the advice which they had given. They had felt it their duty to advise an indictment for a conspiracy, for otherwise the most guilty would escape. Francis Wright, the man who had pocketed his client's money, had not been a witness in the former cause, and an indictment for perjury would not have reached him, although he, of all the others, was the person the most desirable to be punish-

ed, inasmuch as he was the principal mover, and the person chiefly benefited by the nefarious transaction. Having now cleared his way, he would endeavour to narrate the facts of the transaction. He here entered into a long detail of the case, with many able comments, the summary of which was as follows:—That Mrs. Clarke having spent some time of the summer of the last year in the country, returned to town in the winter, and the defendant Francis Wright, to whom she was previously known, was employed to look out for a house for her. Mr. Wright introduced her to the house of a Mr. Bull, who had a house in Holles-street, Cavendish-square, and there introduced her not as Mrs. Clarke, but as Mrs. Farquhar; he represented her as a lady of whom he had taken many thousands, and that he was looking out a house for her, which house he was to furnish—she remained there for some time, until Mr. Bull discovered who she was, and then he remonstrates with Mr. Wright for having introduced a strumpet to his house, and she was obliged to leave it. At that time Mr. Wright had a house empty in Bedford-row, and Mrs. Clarke removed thither, still under the name of Farquhar. And here he must remark a trick, to which Mr. Wright was a party—the furniture was protected from Mrs. Clarke's creditors by using her mother's name of Farquhar. It was during this time that she lived at Bedford-row that she became acquainted with Col. Wardle. On her cross-examination at the trial, she swore it was in the autumn, that at last she was forced to admit it was not before the 18th day of November. He begged the Jury to remember that date, because she had sworn on that trial that Colonel Wardle had promised to furnish her house, and that no furniture had been supplied on her credit, that she had not a single guinea, that Wright knew her situation, and would not give her credit. He had already stated, that he should call evidence to show that Wright had then stated to Bull, previous to her acquaintance with Col. Wardle, that he was looking out a house for her, which he was to furnish, and he should show, that afterwards, a house being to let on West-bourn-green, Mr. Wright was the person to negotiate with Mr. Curt, the landlord, for it; and when Mr. Curt applied to Wright for her character, he said she was a lady of whom he had taken many thousand pounds, and was to furnish the

house for her. The lease of this house was to be executed the 9th of November, before the time she became acquainted with Col. Wardle. Two days after this he should prove, that Wright went to the house for the purpose of taking measure for the carpets, although she had had the profligacy to swear he would not trust her a single guinea. Did not the Jury see through this artifice? Mr. Wright had truly taken much of her money, he knew what her conduct and situation in life had been. He knew she was a sole trader, if not according to the custom of London, yet *according to the custom of Mary-le-bonne*, and to set her up in a fine furnished house, was to put her in the way of her trade. The fine window curtains were to be the cobwebs which were to entangle the butter-flies of fashion, who, when caught, were to pay Mr. Wright all he had advanced to Mrs. Clarke. But this was not all. Mr. Wright she proved would not give her credit for a guinea. It happened that there was the sum of one hundred and odd pounds to be paid for fixtures. Mr. Curt, after he had let the house, observed it was necessary he should be paid that sum, for which shortly before he had paid hard cash out of his own pocket; she at first wanted it to stand over for a year, but as Mr. Curt could not spare the money it was ultimately paid by Mr. Wright's own draft, which he should prove; this, therefore, completely falsified her statement that Mr. Wright would not give her any credit. He should also show that Mr. Wright sent in coals and other articles, and even paid for her policy of insurance. To proceed next to the interview had at Wright's house:—on the 1st of December she accompanied Col. Wardle on some business of the enquiry to Barnard's Inn—on her way back she proposed to call at her upholsterer's, and then she swore she introduced Col. Wardle as the gentleman who was to furnish her house, and that he assented, and that he ordered a sideboard and other articles. He should call Col. Wardle, who would, in the most distinct and unequivocal terms, contradict her, and would state, that, seeing a handsome sideboard, he merely, as matter of curiosity, asked the price of it. With respect to another material fact, namely, that he had paid 500*l.* in part, by a bill accepted in favour of Illingworth, he should show that Mrs. Clarke addressed herself to Major Dodd and Mr. Glenney,

whom he would call, to intercede with Col. Wardle to let her have 500*l.* as the Wrights were pressing her for money. Mr. Glenny told her, again and again, that he did not think Colonel Wardle would do it; but as she entreated with tears in her eyes, at last Major Dodd got Mr. Illingworth to give Wright a bill, on his undertaking to indemnify him. He stated further, that he should call Major Dodd to confirm what Mr. Wardle would state as contradictory to Mrs. Clarke. And here it grieved him to state to the Jury, that Major Dodd had suffered most severely for *doing his duty to his country* and appearing as a witness; HE HAD BEEN DISMISSED FROM A MOST LUCRATIVE SITUATION, and it was intimated to him that he would be so dismissed, if he appeared as a witness before the Grand Jury. He preferred *his duty to wealth, and cheerfully sacrificed exterior trappings to a sense of duty, and, like Cincinnatus of old, was content to retire with honour to obscurity and virtue.* And here again he deprecated going into any political discussion; but if it should be insinuated that a Noble Personage on the Bench (the Duke of Kent) had any part in these transactions, he defied the Attorney General to prove it; *a word to the wise was enough*,—if the Attorney General should venture to put the *Arch Juggler* into the box, he would of necessity be led into an examination most painful to his feelings, and must disclose a scene which he contemplated *with terror*; but, whatever it costs his *feelings*, he would boldly do his *duty* to his client, and go through with it. He *loved his King*, and would *shed his blood* in his defence, and would unwillingly go in to a disclosure of circumstances which might hurt the feelings of any branch of that Illustrious family, unless, by the course taken by the defendant's Counsel, he should be driven into the sea of political machinations. He could not close this statement of facts without observing, that no application for payment was made to Col. Wardle until the middle of June, although it had been stated that the articles were to be sold for a ready-money price. To sum the whole in one short fact, it was, whether Col. Wardle had ever made himself liable to pay for Mrs. Clarke's furniture? She *swore that he had*, and other witnesses would contradict her; and he contended that contradiction of his client's would be supported by other circum-

stances above stated, which must, in every reasonable mind, abundantly confirm Col. Wardle, and prove the falsity of Mrs. Clarke's testimony. The Counsel here again went into an eulogium of his client's *services in the Senate*, which led him to a view of the States of Europe, and he argued that, as corruption had enervated the falling kingdoms of Europe, it was *the highest virtue* to reform corruption at home. He was proceeding with considerations on the rise and power of Buonaparte, when

Lord ELLENBOROUGH observed he was unwilling to stop him, if he could be any way relevant to the issue before the Court, but he did not see how it could possibly apply.

The Counsel apologised, and shortly concluded with thanking the Jury for their attention, and expressing *a confidential hope of a verdict in favour of his client.*

The ATTORNEY GENERAL rose and protested he did not know to what witness Mr. Alley meant to allude as the "*chief juggler*," nor did he understand his *dark allusions*; he begged to know *who it was he meant.*

Mr. ALLEY replied, he could not disclose the *secrets* of his client's case. He was not bound to do it. Mr. A. in commenting upon Mrs. Clarke's Memoirs, then stated, that the Earl of Chester had paid her no less a sum than ten thousand pounds!!!—When the transcendant genius of Milton could obtain no more for his godlike work than fifteen pounds!!! Thus Wickedness stalks in open day, or rides over our necks with her chariot, whilst modest merit starves in a garret. What a melancholy reflection! that, instead of indicting the author of such an atrocious libel, she should be rewarded with wealth, with riches! The learned counsel then drew a glowing picture of the cause that led to the downfall of the Roman Empire; he described corruption as the evil, as the cause of all the afflictions that befel that vast nation, and he showed that one of the reasons why Col. Wardle had acquired enemies, was the efforts which in the Senate he made to stem its widespread waste, such a waste as in Rome first made its way from the palace to the *forum*, and pervaded all the constituted authorities, till in the end overwhelming ruin seized the whole, and the mighty Empire fell.—

Mr. WARDLE was the first witness ex-

amined; the substance of his evidence was, that he was not introduced to Wright's as the person who was to pay for Mrs. Clarke's furniture, nor did he even make any objection to the expence of it, as had been said.

The first application, (said he), for payment was made to me in June, 1803. I saw Mr. Glennie, in the middle of December, on the subject of letting Mrs. Clarke have money. Mrs. Clarke had before pressed me to lend, or procure for her 500*l*. She stated that Mr. Wright, her upholsterer, was pressing hard for money; and she stated, that she had owed him 5 or 600*l*. for a long time, and I understood that it was to pay that old demand. During that conversation, D. Wright came in, I think on the same day, and pressed the same very hard. My answer was, I could not do it. Wright pressed in common with Mrs. Clarke to get money, for they were extremely hard pushed and distressed. I answered, the thing was impossible; I could not do it. I told her she could raise the money herself on application to the Book-seller who was to publish her intended book. She pressed me frequently again afterwards, at last I spoke to Glennie, and asked him if he could procure her 500*l*. on her work. Ultimately, I communicated with Dodd and Glennie, and an arrangement was made that Illingworth should raise the 500*l*. There was a counter security given by me to Illingworth, it was an acceptance by me for 250*l*. I saw Mr. F. Wright once or twice at Weshbourn-place, but never made any promise to him. I never stated that I had taken the payment on myself, I never on any occasion stated any thing like it."

[A letter was put in from Mrs. Clarke to Mr. Wardle, which was read. It stated a number of things which she claimed as having been promised to her, viz. payment for her furniture; an annuity of 500*l*. a year; provision for her son and brother in the army; and the Duke of Kent's interest.]

CROSS-EXAMINED.—He had never made any of the promises stated in that letter. The name of the Duke of Kent was never attached to any promise. He had had a verdict against him, but had not paid the money; he understood his attorney had taken steps to set aside the judgment, but as he was not a lawyer he did not know what those steps were. *Being pressed to say whether he did not hope*

the event of this cause would influence the payment of the damages in the other, he said he had formed no hopes, but NOW he had hopes, from the Attorney General examining so particularly to it; he was in the army, and quitted it when his regiment was reduced; he never saw Mrs. Clarke until the 18th of November; they talked over many points irrelevant to the subject of investigation; the Duke of Kent's name was never made use of in the business; Mrs. C. had not said she would not go on without Major Dodd; he never made any stipulation respecting Major Dodd.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL asked how Major Dodd came to be introduced?

Mr. WARDLE—"I am not desirous of concealing any thing, but if that question be pressed, I must state circumstances which I wish to conceal out of respect to the feelings of very illustrious persons."

Some observations being made upon this, Mr. Wardle again said, Major Dodd's name, and the reason for which he was introduced, was connected with circumstances to which he did not wish to give publicity, and if the Attorney General forced him to make the disclosure, he would himself give credit for his motives when he heard those circumstances.

The Attorney General had said he knew not what this dark answer meant, and desired him to speak the whole truth, let the evil of it fall where it might. Mr. Wardle appealed to the Court.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH said, though the Attorney-General was ready to hear it, it was his duty not to suffer the feelings of any one, whether high or low, to be unnecessarily wounded, and therefore he desired to know whether it was connected with the issue now trying, if not it ought not to be disclosed.

Mr. WARDLE.—The interview between Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Dodd was, in consequence of what Mrs. Clarke had said Mr. Dodd had said; she stated that Mr. Dodd had given certain opinions, and I took means to prove to her that her assertions respecting Major Dodd were false.—I put a letter into her hands, proving that fact; she had stated that Major Dodd had given an opinion, and held up that as a reason for not giving the information I requested. She urged Dodd had said it would bring destruction on herself. She gave me the information, which, if it becomes my duty to painfully repeat, I will do.

He was then asked if this detail was false? he replied, he hoped it was, but he had not the means of knowing whether it was wholly so or not, some of it he had found to be false. It was to do away these assertions, and quiet her mind, that he produced Major Dodd's letter to her. He said he had no object in getting acquainted with Mrs. Clarke, but for the purpose of gaining information on the charges to be instituted against the Commander in Chief.

He was next cross-examined as to Illingworth's bill, which he denied was a contrivance to conceal him from the public as paying Mrs. Clarke for her evidence in the House of Commons. He never advised Wright to bring an action against the Duke of York, he said, if it is the Duke's debt, why do you press Mrs. Clarke? He was in the Hall, and at the hotel, near, during the last trial, he had subpoenaed Major Dodd, but not Glennie or Illingworth, though the latter were both in the hall, and he sent them into Court to be examined. He had communication with his attorney, Mr. Corfield—when he understood what Mrs. Clarke had sworn, he wrote a note in the coffee-house, in which he desired Major Dodd might be examined: his observation was, that the verdict was his own, when he found that she had stated a conversation at which Major Dodd was present. He afterwards saw Mr. Corfield, who told him the counsel were satisfied that the Jury were with them, and that the policy of assurance had convinced them, and then he left it to their discretion to call witnesses or not. He had subpoenaed Major Dodd as the only probable witness, although he did not know how, or by what witnesses, the case against him was to be proved, and therefore he might be fairly said to have been taken by surprise. *When he went in November to see the Martello Towers he gave Mrs. Clarke 100l. to pay her butcher and baker, and he gave her 20l. when they came back, which was all the money she ever had from him.*

Lord ELLENBOROUGH asked if he had made any promise of any sort to Mrs. Clarke?—He answered, No. All he had said was, that if she were a steady friend to the public, he would be a steady friend to her.

Major Dodd, being examined, merely deposed to his having been present at the time Mrs. C. fixed on her furniture at Wright's. He admitted that he had induced Illingworth the wine-merchant,

to give a bill to Wright for 500l. and he and Wardle gave him acceptances of 250l. as counter securities.

He was asked *when* he ceased to hold the appointment of which he had been deprived? His answer was, "As that is not connected with the present question, and may be matter for discussion in the present Court hereafter, I beg leave to decline stating any thing upon that subject. On his cross-examination he said that *he assisted Col. Wardle in the course of the inquiry, and had frequent communications with him*. He always thought the evidence of Mrs. Clarke most important, but he never made any notes; he was never in the House of Commons but the day Mr. W. made his motion. He did not consider Mrs. Clarke in *bad circumstances*, though *he knew* Col. Wardle had advanced her 100l. to pay her butcher and baker. Mrs. Clarke had also borrowed a trifle of him, viz. *five pounds!* With respect to the 500l. he was aware that inquiries would be made in the House of Commons as to what Mrs. C. might have received, and he thought it was better Wardle's name should not appear. He was Secretary to the Duke of Kent while the charges were preparing, he frequently went from the Duke of Kent's presence to Westbourn-place, but he never gave a hint to the Duke of Kent what was going forward against his Royal Brother. He knew the Duke of Kent disapproved of the investigation, that he would have done any thing to have discouraged it, and that his decided and uniform opinion was averse to it.

Being asked if he thought he acted right in concealing this from his Royal Master, he said, *he considered Col. W. as serving his country*, and he had himself served his country for 25 years, and that in *not giving a hint to the Duke of Kent, but assisting in the inquiry*, he conceived he was acting *an honest part towards his country!*—Two letters were handed to him, the hand-writing of which Mr. Garrow asked him if he could identify? He answered, that they had been written by himself.—"You are *sure* of that," said Mr. Garrow? He replied, that he had no doubt of it, but he would not swear either that *he did* or that *he did not* write them! He *believed* them to be in his hand-writing, but was *not sure!*—"Have you *any doubt?*" inquired the learned counsel;—*No*; was the answer. Then you *must be sure* that they were written by you? Mr. Garrow observed. To this the

witness replied that *he would not take his oath of it!* Here the learned gentleman reminded him that he was *on his oath*; he then said that *on his oath* he believed the letters *were* written by him, but though he had *no doubt* he would not say he *was certain* they were, nor would he positively swear to them!

Mr. GLENNIE, who had been an officer in the artillery, merely deposed that Mrs. C. had pressed him to get Col. W. to become answerable for Wright's debt, and she was to repay the loan from the money that was to arise from the sale of her narrative, containing the Duke of York's letters; but the witness refused. He expressed his surprise to Wright that he should give that person 'fresh credit, when by his own acknowledgment she had owed him money so long. To this observation Wright replied, that it was the only chance which he had of getting paid. The witness then observed, that he thought Mrs. Clarke might have been satisfied with less expensive furniture. The answer of Wright to this observation was, "why she is a very gay woman, fond of figuring away, and of living extravagantly." Wright never said nor hinted that he looked to Col. Wardle for payment, or that he had in point of honour any claim upon him. Being cross-examined by the Attorney General, he said he had accompanied Col. W. and party to the Martello Towers; and had taken notes from the information of Mrs. Clarke during their journey, which related to the Royal Family. He denied that he kept a *record* of these facts—they were only *memorandums* which he had made of what she had told her companions voluntarily. Some of these were relating to anecdotes about making Barons, Peers, and District Generals, which he declared was never intended by him to meet the public eye.

Mr. ILLINGWORTH, the wine-merchant, merely deposed to his having handed over to Dodd the bill of Mrs. Clarke, after it had been taken up. There was no secrecy imposed on the witness as to the transaction. He called on Mrs. Clarke, and informed her that he had waited on her by desire of Major Dodd to take her notes for 500*l.* and to give it Mr. Wright in return for his own acceptance for that sum, which was not to become payable until after the note which she was to give had become due. The period was three months. The notes

were accordingly exchanged, and Dodd and Wardle's paid when due.

The people who let the houses to Mrs. Clarke in Holles-street and Westbourn-place were next examined, but their evidence was too insignificant to be worth recording.

Sir RICHARD PHILLIPS deposed, that he had some conversation with Mrs. Clarke respecting a book about to be published by her. In the course of the conversation which took place as to the amount of her debts, she said she was under obligations to Wright to pay him 2000*l.* for the furniture of the house in Westbourn place. This was about the 11th or 12th of March. On his cross-examination, he stated that she expressed her expectations of paying for the furniture by the sale of this book, by saying, "If I do not obtain so much money for it, how am I to pay for all this furniture?" This conversation took place about fourteen days or three weeks after the first interview. It was certainly after the decision of the House of Commons on the Inquiry, for she said she did not know of it, and he was the first to inform her of it.

Lord FOLKESTONE was called; but the Counsel for the prosecution did not insist on his examination, and here the evidence for the prosecution closed.

Mr. ATTORNEY GENERAL then rose to address the Jury on behalf of the defendants. The Learned Gentleman observed, that the complexion of the prosecution was not only to be collected from the tumult which they had heard out of doors, but also by the manner in which the case had been opened. It had been of late much the fashion, when men in the situation of the prosecutor were in distress, to take what is called "the independent line," or, in other words, to stand up and make a great outcry and noise against what they termed "Corruption." The prosecutor, Colonel Wardle, now driven to his last stake, had instructed his Counsel to state, that government had dispossessed the witness, Major Dodd, of his valuable appointments, as a chastisement (he, the Attorney-General, must suppose) for the independence of his principles. When the Counsel for the prosecution had stated so much, he confessed his indignation was roused, and he had sent for the papers which then lay before him, and which contained his own opinion, given some years before, upon the

case of Major Dodd, and which, in point of fact, led to the dismissal, which was now made the ground of complaint against the government. It had been asserted, that the witnesses had been attacked by government forsooth on that account: but at present, with the knowledge he had on the subject, it could only raise his disgust and contempt. The Jury, by the evidence of Mrs. Clarke, as given on a former trial, would have a clue to find that Colonel Wardle, after sending his attorney, and a threatening letter, informing her that Serjeant Best, if she made her appearance in Court, would cut her up, if she gave her testimony, offered terms of compromise, that if she refused, Colonel Wardle would give it out that the object of the prosecution was a trick of the Ministry. Indeed so it had been proved by Corfield, the attorney of Mr. Wardle, who went to her. If Mr. Wardle did not send that message, his counsel might have called Corfield, who would have disproved it. But no—they knew better—they knew they dared not to call Corfield, for at the bottom of this prosecution there would be found nothing of truth, nothing of honour, nothing of integrity, nothing indeed but shame and wickedness. In a case like this, by the unusual mode pursued, it became highly necessary that the Jury should give their best attention to the case laid before them. The defendants had been denied that sort of evidence which they were entitled to by the *manœuvres* that had been practised in carrying on the prosecution. Instead of indicting them individually for perjury, as they might have done, they had included them all in one prosecution for conspiracy;—a species of proceeding that was before unheard of in the annals of law. The oldest practitioner in the law had never heard or read of such a mode of proceeding. If the object of Col. Wardle had been simply to obtain justice, he might have pursued another course. Was there any evidence of conspiracy? The Counsel for the prosecution had said that it was proved by showing that each of the two witnesses swore falsely, and therefore, if they were guilty, he must also prove that Francis Wright suborned them. It was only the supposition that Francis Wright was guilty of subornation of perjury that he could be indicted for conspiracy. If any ground existed for that supposition, he might have been indicted for subornation, and then the innocence of the whole would have been manifested by the testimony of each. By the mode that they had adopted, the wife of the defendant, Francis Wright, who, it was proved, was present at the conversation, was shut out, so that they would see that they were deprived of the evidence which they otherwise would have had. The prosecutor had stated that he hoped he might succeed, because it might ultimately lead to the rescinding the verdict against him. The Learned Gentleman said he would put it to his Lordship, whether there was any proof of the conspiracy, but he would decline the contest, and reason only from the facts which he took to be proved, not only that the defendant was acquitted, but that the verdict on the trial was right; let them consider for a moment who the parties were. In the first place Mrs. Clarke was a woman who, previous to the year 1803, had been supported at a considerable expence, that she had then the means of supplying to the utmost extent her unbounded extravagance. In that state of things Mr. Wright gave her credit to the amount of 2600*l.* of which sum about 600*l.* remained due; and up to a certain time, there was no doubt in his mind but that it would be paid. Her state, however, had altered; she was no longer in affluence; the hopes which she had of retaining the influence which she had possessed, had given way, and she was left penniless. In that situation she was found by Col. Wardle. It would be then for the Jury to see how that gentleman stood with respect to her. There could be no doubt that she had not the means of paying Wright the debt of 600*l.* which remained. It was madness therefore to suppose that he would trust her unless the Jury could bring themselves to believe the absurd notions which Mr. Glennie had promulgated, that it was only by giving her additional credit that he hoped to get his money. Why in the world, to trust her therefore was the greatest absurdity that could ever enter into the contemplation of man. Trust Mrs. Clarke—a mere beggar—impossible! Let them see how Mr. Wardle, Major Dodd, and Mr. Glennie stood in this business. Mr. W. had built his hopes of great reputation and of high renown with the public on prosecuting the inquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York. It was indeed the cord on which he staked his existence. He had no other object in view for the success of his perilous undertaking. Well, what did he do? Why,

he sought out Mrs. Clarke as the person on whose testimony he was to carry the inquiry through.—He had acknowledged that he had paid her 100*l.* only two days before the inquiry was instituted. This was the retaining fee that he had given her.—If he had mentioned this circumstance in the House of Commons before any of the Honourable Members, neither he nor she would have gone free from that inquiry without receiving different treatment. Mr. Wardle had every thing at stake, he could not steer without Mrs. Clarke, and she was not a person who would give her evidence without some good reasons for it. She was excluded from her former situation, and wished to get something; if, therefore, she gave into the inquiry, she was not likely to lend her assistance without those positive assurances of support that Mr. Wardle had given her. Besides, that the threats that he threw out, that if her old friends did not assist her, her new friends would give her reason to expect that assistance. Thus stood Col. Wardle with Mrs. Clarke. How then stood Major Dodd? He held the situation of principal confidential Secretary to one of his Majesty's sons, was well acquainted with the inquiry that was about to be made into the conduct of the Duke of York, and he must have known that his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent's fraternal feelings would have been wounded by such a procedure against his Royal Master's brother. Major Dodd then was leaguings with Mr. Wardle, an advocate in the political project that was on foot to lower the character of his Royal Highness the then Commander in Chief—certain of being ruined themselves if they failed, but looking to great advantages if they succeeded. They were risking their fame, their character, and in short every thing that was dear to them. This private secretary was found then in the day time attending the consultations in Westbourn-place, and at midnight most probably would go fawning to his Royal Master, full of expressions of disapprobation and disgust at what he had heard. So much for the conduct of Major Dodd. The next on the list was Mr. Glennie, and was he less implicated than the other two? No, he was not; by his own confession he had taken minutes from the mouth of Mrs. Clarke; he would wish the Jury to believe, that the object of his journey to the Coast was only to examine the martello towers. The learned gentleman declared, that he almost blushed to mention the conduct of a man who had confessed that he drew from Mrs. Clarke all the private information, for the purpose of studiously committing it to writing, that whatever was most offensive and nauseous he might register for his future purposes. With this evidence before them, what conclusion could the Jury draw, but that Mr. Wright gave credit to Mr. Wardle, and not to Mrs. C. who had not the means of paying him? Was Mr. Wardle delicate in gratifying her wishes; did he not advance her 100*l.* and was not this a proof that he could not stir a step without her? It was impossible, it was incredible, that she would have given her testimony without the hope of receiving a recompence. After her visit to the Martello Towers, did they not all go to the shop of Mr. Wright, and was it not in proof that he would not trust her on her own account? Being there, was it not consistent with the evidence of Mr. Wright, and inconsistent with the case of Mr. Wardle, that he should be there for any other object but the payment of the money? Besides all the goods were sent in after the 2d of September. It had been said on the part of the prosecution, that the bill that had been given for 500*l.* had nothing to do with the furniture of Westbourn-place. But this assertion was of a piece with the rest of the machinery, and proved that the transaction of the bills was *bona fide*, because the note accepted by Mrs. Clarke would have been presented when due. The receipt which had been given was on account of goods delivered at Westbourn-place.

[This receipt, which was dated the 2d of January, was here read by the Attorney General; it expressed to be for a note received from Mr. Illingworth, which, when paid, was to be delivered to Mrs. Clarke.]

If any doubt remained on the minds of the Jury, the receipt must explain the transaction; with respect to the interest which Mr. Wardle might be supposed to have in this transaction, was his own admission, that in the event of a verdict going against the defendants in this trial, he hoped to be relieved from the payment of the sum awarded against him in the late trial. Major Dodd was embarked in the same boat; was removed from his own connections; and when he found he was discovered, he wished the Jury to believe, in his own language, that he had

retired. They would see then how deeply he was interested in supporting his new friends. He was the only other witness that said a word against the testimony on the former trial, there was nothing in short in the evidence of Wardle, Dodd, and Glennie that could impeach the solemn testimony which the defendants had given in a Court of Justice. Was it to be endured that Mr. Wardle should now come forward, and say that the woman whom he desired should be believed on her mere *ipse dixit* in the course of the inquiry, must now be discredited on her oath? Could he ask the Jury to disbelieve her testimony when he produced her to attack and endeavour to tarnish and sully the character and credit of the Son of the Sovereign of these realms! She then according to his avowment was all simplicity! all honour! all truth! but now, not even the sanction of an oath was to procure for her credit. She then was, as to veracity unimpeachable—he, Mr. Wardle, well knowing at the time that the witness, so adorned with all these precious virtues, had received a *doceur* for her evidence, the sum of 100*l.* within the first days of their acquaintance, and also, that she, from her necessities, had been compelled to take the loan of a pitiful 5*l.* from Major Dodd. Was it possible that the Jury would take her testimony to redeem the character of Mr. Wardle? Had any doubt been implied during the investigation of her veracity? Why, in his opinion, she was a very saint up to the time of the decision on that inquiry. Since, however, to suit his own purpose, he had discovered that she, even she, was all falsehood, all foulness, all perjury. Was it to be tolerated, that with such disgraces as had befallen Mr. Wardle (for he could not call them by any other name), he should set up his testimony against hers. Against the testimony of Mr. Wardle, Major Dodd, and Mr. Glennie, they had the testimony of Mr. Francis Wright, Mrs. Clarke, and Mr. Wright's brother: the latter of whom his learned friend had taunted, or half-taunted, as being the partner of Mr. F. Wright. He wished that his learned friend had been able to call him, in order to show how that fact stood. He (the Attorney General) should then have been able to have dealt with him, and shown that those surmises were only the statement of counsel made in consequence of the fabrications of his client. There had been no want of subpoenas on the occa-

sion, the Jury must see how the bench, even at that late hour of the night, was crowded by royal, noble, and distinguished persons [On the left of the learned Judge sat the Dukes of York and Kent, his highness the Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Moira and Chichester, Mr. Tierney, &c], none of whom had been called, and these subpoenas merely for the purpose of raising in the public mind, that their testimony would give weight to the prosecution, and for saying the late verdict was a trick of the Ministry. Such a mode of proceeding had in it more than met the public eye or ear. His learned friend, very ill-advisedly, had thrown out an *insinuation*, that there was something in the former proceeding which could not meet the public eye. He had boldly said, from his instructions no doubt, and it was on that account that he stood up at the conclusion of his learned friend's speech, and challenged him to the proof, that "if they dare call the principal juggler in the transaction, arising out of the situation in which neither his birth nor character had placed him, the Attorney General knows who I mean, but I do not wish to disclose names, I'll bring up a story that shall harrow up his soul."—Who or what his learned friend meant by this dark insinuation he was at a loss to conjecture. When he had heard this unknown person depicted as "the principal juggler," he was desirous to know who was meant, because if he were within the reach of man and horse he would have sent off immediately for him to appear in Court, if he could have prevailed on his learned friend to have called on him, or could even have guessed one out, after he should have made his appearance. But no—his learned friend would not give him the clue; this person, therefore, must remain in darkness, and must be taken as the mere phantom of his own brain; *he was afraid to meet nothing in this case.* The defendants were *private individuals*, and why these dark insinuations should be made he could not conceive, they could only be made for the purpose of raising that clamour by which Mr. Wardle was greeted on leaving the Court. Having made these observations, he should conclude, stating that he did not think it necessary to go farther into them, for the strength of his case remained yet behind, and he saw that his Lordship had been wondering for some time that he had not before stated it. His

learned friend Mr. Serjeant Best, who had so ably conducted his defence on the late trial, had been subpoenaed, but they had not dared to call him into Court. In the address that Mr. Wardle had made to the People of England, he had stated that his counsel had not called Major Dodd or Glennie, because they believed that no Jury would give credit to the testimony of Mrs. Clarke. Now his learned friend might have been called to prove that fact; but no, they rather chose to go to the Jury, and to take the chance of their disbelieving Mrs. Clarke's evidence. That chance did not prosper. Mr. Attorney General, after making some farther observations, expressed his wishes to sift the matter to the bottom; he had, however, an evidence to bring forward, which would show them, in the person of Mr. Stokes, the defendant's present attorney, *how lamentable a thing it was to depart from the truth.* He then stated the evidence of Mr. Stokes (which will be found in our report after the conclusion of this speech), upon whose testimony he defied them to cast any reflection. He was not only an honourable man, but he was also honoured with the acquaintance of the learned counsel for the prosecution. When they had heard what he had to disclose, they would rejoice in being enabled to deliver from the trammels men who were encompassed with such a net, as that which had been cast round the defendants. In conclusion, he relied very securely on their verdict being given in favour of his clients.

Mr. STOKES, *Attorney for the Defendants, was then called.*

Previous to his examination, Mr. Alley applied to his Lordship, to permit the examination to be postponed until he could send for Mr. Wardle, who had left the Court.

To this application his Lordship very handsomely assented, observing that he sat there for the furtherance of justice, and would wait the five minutes as required by the learned counsel.

In a few minutes Mr. Wardle made his appearance, and then

Mr. STOKES *was examined.*

I received (said he) a summons to attend the House of Commons.—[The summons was read, dated 6th of Feb. requiring his attendance at the investigation into the conduct of the Duke of York. A letter was also read from Mr. Wardle of the date of the 7th of February, desiring to see Mr. Stokes at his (Mr. W.'s) house,

and stating that he had sent his carriage for the purpose of conveying him there.] I went to Col. Wardle in consequence of the letter which has just been read. I found the Colonel at breakfast, in the front drawing-room, with several persons. On my entering, he directed the servant to light a fire in the back drawing-room.

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE CHAIRMEN, (PRO TEM- PORE,) OF THE DIFFERENT GRAND JURIES THROUGH- OUT THE EMPIRE:

RECOMMENDING TO THEIR ATTENTION, AND FOR THEIR EXAMPLE, A MOST IMPORTANT AND VALUABLE LITTLE PAMPHLET,

Entitled "SEVEN CHARGES TO GRAND JURIES," which was published some years ago, and dedicated to, and gratefully accepted by, that immortal Statesman, the RIGHT. HON. EDMUND BURKE!

By ALBION!

"*Inspicere tanquam in speculum in vitas omnium Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum sibi.*"

TERENCE.

LETTER VII.

GENTLEMEN,—The rank you maintain in your respective counties, and the services which that local rank enables you to render the community at large, expose you to this importunity:—It is, to recommend to your notice, in the most urgent manner, a small pamphlet, just put into my hands, entitled "Seven Charges to Grand Juries, &c."—The moral and eloquent author was too diffident to say by whom, or where the *charges* were delivered. Indeed some years have since elapsed; but, alas! Gentlemen, the "charges" are, unfortunately, as yet, by no means unseasonable, for the lion still walks abroad, and few are found so capable as this judicious writer, of exciting the dormant attention of a too unsuspecting people.

The pamphlet itself, bearing the sterile marks of *provincial* business, is not calculated for an extensive circulation, or to satisfy the craving appetite of the generality of readers; but I must presume to assert, that the man who would seek to avert from it any portion of that merit which it so unquestionably deserves, could neither be deemed the lover of eloquence, the advocate of truth, or the friend of his country.

The charges contain much multifarious matter, but as it for the most part relates to the condition of the county in which they were delivered, and to circumstan-

ces which no longer exist, I shall confine my observations simply to *ale-houses* and *sedition publications*, to which the author, with great propriety, attributes all the calamities of the State! It is only just, however, to remark, that one particular view pervades the whole work. An abhorrence of Regicide France, and an apprehension of British Reformists, are manifest in every line. The enlightened author appears to think, that France has, through the means of this description of her friends, been able to support, and see, with arrogant satisfaction, a continuance of the war; that these are *the men*, who, making her believe what they still so ardently wish *may* happen, have expatiated, in all the passions of the drama, on the discontent and wretchedness of their countrymen; that rebellion, jacobin friendship and equality form their creed of political worship; and that no opportunity willingly escapes these itinerant Reformers of the world, the employment of which can undermine our remaining happiness, disturb our unanimity, and enfeeble our efforts of resistance. The author's respect for such men does not appear to be ripened into any kind of confidence; neither was he inclined to recommend us to trust their *abilities* with a share of our governmental concerns; nor their *integrity* with an arrangement of our finances! To follow his advice, we ought never to yield ourselves up to the soft responsive harmony of Whig eloquence, but leave the full-enjoyment of levelling fraternity to others, and never encourage mischievous innovations which tarnish the character of mankind and *tamper* with the virtues of the heart!

A friend to his country, a friend to social order, and to our present civil and ecclesiastical polity, the author contemplated on the various events which were passing before him with the deepest sensations of indignation and shame. The great, the wonderful success, attending the arms of France, and which would consequently spread all her mad and incoherent principles over the whole face of Europe, excited much pain, and a terror, from viewing, in anticipation, in what manner this success *would* ultimately affect Great Britain. For he appeared sensible, with what artful cunning and industry the principles of rebellion were circulated in France, and in every other state, open to admit them, in order to secure partizans to their cause. He well knew such novel and fascinating doctrines

were calculated to attract; to mislead the lower orders of the people, and to meet with many designing and zealous advocates. He well knew that, in an extensive and populous state, there always exist men, and men not a few in number, who, discontented with their present condition, whatever that condition may be, and ambitious of raising themselves to an elevated point of distinction, are prepared to seize every favourable opportunity to alter that condition, and to *lift themselves into notice*. Governed by these, and similar convictions, he exhorts, he admonishes his auditors, he addresses them with the ardent zeal of an ancient Roman; he calls upon them to cherish loyal and honourable principles; to make great and uncommon exertions, and not to cramp and bend the spirit of the government, by entering into mean and treasonable associations! He tells them the importance of the object at stake, is no less than their existence as an independent nation, and that the rage which fills the bosom of their enemy can only be quenched in the blood of their extinction. He shows them how serious and critical were the times, and implores them to meet the exigencies of government with a liberality and energy becoming the former greatness of their disposition and character.

Such, gentlemen, was the *general drift* of this pamphlet, at the time it was published. I now revert to the danger of seditious publications, and the disorder of ale-houses.—In his capacity of Chairman, he solemnly warns the Jury to be upon their guard against all *writings* and *harangues*, which aim at the subversion of government, and which are inconsistent with the peace and order of society; and, above all, to abridge the superfluity of village ale-houses, *that deplorable source of most of the disorders and tumults, vices and crimes, poverty and poor rates in the kingdom*. To promote this design, or at least to correct the evil, he addressed the keepers of inns and ale-houses in this simple, yet useful manner. “The circumstances of the times render it peculiarly necessary, that good order and rule should be most diligently kept in your several houses: in particular, that *tumults* and *disorders* of every kind, and against whatever person directed; the publication of *sedition writings*; and the holding of *sedition debates* and *conversations*, should be most carefully prevented.—There is much reason to fear, and indeed

no room to doubt, that public *disturbances* and *mischiefs*, either have their beginning, or find a great increase, in *inns* and *ale-houses*. For this reason, the magistrates within these hundreds have thought fit to call you together, in order to your receiving an admonition; and, I do accordingly admonish you, that you and all persons employed by you, in the management of your houses, do conduct yourselves as peaceable and faithful subjects of the King: and also, that you diligently observe the conduct of persons resorting to your houses; and speedily report to a Magistrate any *riotous* or *tumultuous* behaviour, whether it be on a *pretence* of *loyalty*, or from manifest *disaffection*: for, *whoever* disturbs the public peace, he is an enemy to his King! I must farther admonish you, that your houses are licensed solely for the public accommodation and benefit, therefore, whenever any of them shall *cease* to answer that good purpose, Magistrates will be bound in duty to *reduce the number of them*, which, in most of our villages, is very unnecessarily great."

So far, Gentlemen, I have given you the sentiments of a man, whose conduct as a Chairman, and whose writings as a scholar, inspire me with every sentiment of veneration and respect. Permit me now to intrude my own opinions, although on the subject which has but just been dilated.

Since the publication of the "Seven Charges," seditious writings have multiplied in so alarming a manner, that those very Newspapers which were at that time attached to the government, have now changed sides, and are as degenerate and licentious as they possibly can be. Besides, papers are much more numerous, and find their way into habitations that formerly had no pretensions of the kind. The establishment of Sunday and Lancastrian schools have increased this ability and appetite for news, to so greedy an excess, that it can only be appeased by showy and stimulating entertainments. This dangerous conviction, Gentlemen, has operated on most of the London prints; the loyal have become disaffected; the disaffected treasonable, and the treasonable ferocious and fierce! There never has been a time when the periodical literature of a metropolis was sunk so deep in prostitution, profligacy, and disgrace! There hardly subsists a paper of sterling integrity or unsullied faith! Most writers have abandoned the state:

—some have changed, from depravity of thinking, and some have apostatized *for bread!* While new ones, who would devote their energies to constitutional writing, are deterred from the generous effort, by the absolute want of patronage, without which they cannot hope to overcome the corruption and depravity of the public mind! The above apostacy, however, is a melancholy necessity, and one which cries for correction more than any other evil that tends to desolate the land. Cobbett calculated that he could double his income by becoming the enemy, instead of continuing the advocate of the state! Experience has justified his reckoning; and *almost* every other Editor is following the infamous example which he has set!! In consequence, the number of good weekly publications is very few indeed; and of daily, there absolutely is not one to be found. There is not one but what is *trimming* or *evasive*; luke-warm or intimidated, treacherous, or unsound! This vacillancy and flagitiousness are the more to be lamented, as, from the corruption of education and society, those papers form the study of the ignorant, and the system of the manners and morals of the youth of the land. The full extent of this danger can with difficulty be conceived; for nothing has so direct a tendency to debauch the world, as to debauch ignorance and youth: and the earlier, it be made, the more effectual; for thereby innocence and virtue may be so effaced as, in a little time, to leave no memory or trace of them on the mind—no more, recollection of them than had *Quartilla*, in *Petronius Arbitrator*, who, *though a young woman, did not remember that she had ever been a maid!!* Under such circumstances, then, gentlemen, it would be of extraordinary public utility, if, in your respective charges to Grand Juries, you would not only recommend an attention to the decorum and number of inns and ale-houses, but also *make it well understood*, that the Magistrates would, in future, deny any countenance to such houses as took in "Cobbett's Register; the British Press; the Statesman; the Chronicle; the Examiner; or, the Independent Whig." It is a deplorable fact, gentlemen, that 150,000 numbers of the above prints, and of others of an equally depraved tint, are disseminated weekly; and, admitting that only ten persons have access to each impression, the number of Englishmen exposed to this mental poison, still will amount to ONE MILLION

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND diurnally, and every succeeding seven days! It is worthy of remark, that such inns and ale-houses as take in treasonable papers, generally placard the vice on some conspicuous part of their premises. I never ride in, or around London, but what—“*The Statesman every evening*,”—“*The Independent Whig taken in here*,” &c. strikes my attention, and I cannot recollect an instance of ever seeing an honourable or loyal paper so notified and announced! I fear this is a tacit admission that nearly all the public-houses of low resort derive an interest from such publications, and that, after the manner of Italian brothels, they find it profitable to publish their prostitution on the exterior of their house!

I shall conclude these observations, Gentlemen, with the recital of a fact, for the authenticity of which, Lord Camden, Lord Castlereagh, and every gentleman of the Irish Lieutenancy, of 1798, can vouch.—It was discovered that several private men in the Militia regiment of the county of Monaghan quartered in Belfast, a town notorious for disaffection and sedition, had been seduced to become members of the infamous society of United Irishmen, and had taken the oath administered to all the members of that detestable gang of traitors;—Many of them were immediately arrested and tried by Courts-Martial; four of them were condemned to be shot, and others to various species of military punishment. *The four wretches condemned to death, when kneeling on their coffins, prepared for the fatal bullets, declared, in the most solemn manner, that they had been seduced from their allegiance, and into the measures which brought them to their deplorable situation, principally by reading the treasonable publications in “the NORTHERN STAR;”* and earnestly exhorted their fellow soldiers never to peruse that flagitious paper. This pathetic dying exhortation, and the view of the bleeding carcasses of these unhappy victims to treason, made such an impression on the private soldiers of the regiment, that, upon their return to their quarters, they unanimously drew up a declaration of their repentance, and, on the following night, stole from their barracks, broke into the printing-house, and demolished the presses, the types, and the whole of the editor’s professional apparatus!

May I presume, Gentlemen, to remind you that this country has also its

“*Northern Stars.*” In the political galaxy, there is no planet that shines with such malignant lustre as that of COBBETT’S WEEKLY REGISTER. I invoke you to prohibit it in the houses of yourselves, publicans, and friends. Remember, I denounce it as the most dangerous paper that ever was published in any civilized and christian country, or in any country whatsoever, where any form of regular government is intended to be preserved! There are other papers, too, which you will find it profitable to suppress in your charges to grand juries; particularly those which I have named in a preceding paragraph.

You find, Gentlemen, that I attribute to you, considerable influence around your respective homes. I even employ the word ‘*suppress*,’ from a firm belief that it is in your power to promote or to annihilate whatever papers you may please to approve of or to despise. Hitherto, though I have always regarded this subject in a proper light, yet I am much indebted to the author of “Seven Charges” for additional information on so important a head; and if his eye be yet animated, and should meet this passage, I entreat him to regard it as a tribute to his genius and his worth.—Yes, Gentlemen, it is in your power to advance the interests of your country far beyond the limited range that is erroneously understood. Your office is eminently adapted to promote the welfare of human nature, and to propagate the peace and prosperity of mankind. You have revenues, dignities, titles, and learning, to distinguish you from the rest of the world; and, as no emolument is attached to your services, they are esteemed more valuable than those of the church or the robe. In short, it is in your power to conciliate, to confirm, and to animate the people on the side of religion, morals, and social order. It is in your power, Gentlemen, to apply to each, the several topics which are best suited to our circumstances, our conditions, our prejudices, and our wants. Profit, I beseech you, by your situation. Emulate the example of the sage author of the “Seven Charges.” If to the people he again and again recommended and inculcated, and enforced, with all the varied beauty and energy of his fascinating eloquence; a principle of obedience, submission, and respect to their lawful rulers of every denomination; to magistrates, and to all men in the exercise of local authority, he did not spare to re-

count, in the calmer tone of more argumentative discussion, the faults and errors to which their stations render them peculiarly liable, to impress upon them the necessity of that union between mercy and justice, without which, the one degenerates into weakness, and the other into cruelty; and to *admonish* them, for their own tranquillity and happiness, to protect, not oppress the people; as well as to improve, not impair, the legal security of the subject in his person and in his property. Such, Gentlemen, is the line of conduct pursued by this eminent writer. I once more recommend it to your notice. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the vindictive, are employments worthy your deliberation.—Nor let the present cry against the imbecility of some *few* Statesmen seduce you to form a general opinion of the whole of his Majesty's government. *No government could subsist for a month, if INDIVIDUAL errors were to justify defection!* And particularly hold in view, that *few* errors and *few* faults of government can authorise AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE, who ought not to judge what they cannot understand, and whose opinions are not propagated by reason, *but caught by contagion!!!*

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,
your devoted servant,
ALBION.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The vast increase of important Public Documents, foreign and domestic, has reduced me to the alternative of either publishing a *double number*, or of abandoning that feature of my Register which will give it the chief ascendancy over Cobbett's. My readers will recollect, that I have gone on nearly a quarter of a year, without once giving them a duplicate; and when I assure them, that its publication will afford me an opportunity of inserting *some few* of the numerous favours of Correspondents, *as well* as many of the documents in question, I trust they will consider its appearance an advantage. To me, I assure them, it will be attended with a highly serious loss; being in every respect a double expense. I, however, intend to publish a supplementary number next Wednesday.

TO ALBION.—I hasten to comply with the wish of ALBION, by informing him that his large packet, dispatched from

Bath, has safely reached me. His threat of withdrawing his literary aid, should I presume to institute any impertinent enquiries, is surely superfluous! He can, if he please, preserve all the mystery and all the secrecy of JUNIUS; for even had I more than woman's curiosity, my *interest*, setting *honour* aside, would forbid the exertion of it! May I entreat him to find time, notwithstanding the approaching "*public duty*" to which he has alluded, to continue his literary recreations? As to secrecy, I must be permitted to hope, that as he seems to think it necessary, he will not suffer the pleasure of adulation to induce *him* to make the discovery! LA ROCHEFOUCAULD most truly says, "How can a man expect that another will keep his secret, when he is proving to him that it is more than he can do himself!" I anticipate great *eclat* from the publication of Albion's extraordinary Letter to Mr. WILBERFORCE!

"CHARLES JONES is informed, that his *last* Communication has been handed over to the Gentleman whom he so scurrilously and unjustly abuses. I say *unjustly*, because it is not possible that he can know any thing of the gentleman in question, whose talents are materially superior to his own, as far as I have been able to judge. A man *accustomed* to write for the press, may write in a variety of ways and shapes, if he can but find *time*! Nay, though Charles chuses to pay me the *negative* compliment of hoping that I will write more *myself*, I insist that he does not know *what* quantity I write, nor is it proper that he should. For aught he can guess, I may be the author of the very sentiments, at which he is so indignant! But if the declaration will give him any satisfaction, I assure him that I am not! As Charles, however, has thought proper to *decline* the challenge which I offered him, and will not take the advantage of proving the *super-extraordinary talents* which he possesses, he may be assured that this notice is the close of the Correspondence between us. The postage of his letters will not concern me, but he must not flatter himself that I shall notice any more of them in *any* way.

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“England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride,—**THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*A refutation of the infamous remarks of Cobbett, contained in his Register of the 2d inst. in which it is shown that we are in no danger whatever from France; but that France will yet be in imminent danger whatever from us, provided Ministers refuse to compromise the honour of the country by a dangerous peace, and resolve to check the efforts of the Jacobins.—A Letter to ALBION; entreating him to come forward and assist in exposing the horrible machinations of Cobbett; from whom the State is in more danger than from the united efforts of all the modern Whigs: in this Letter is contained some ludicrous anecdotes of Cobbett's hypocrisy towards the Irish.—The second Letter of ALBION to Col. WARDLE, with an appeal to the People of England, pointing out the way in which they may retrieve their present degraded character.—Buonaparte's Address to the Senate.*

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COBBETT'S JACOBIN REGISTER.

“How shocking it is, that we no sooner get rid of one humbug, but we are obliged to stumble upon another!”

ANON.

ABOUT a fortnight has elapsed, since I pledged myself to take some notice of an infamous attempt made by the Botley Demagogue, to intimidate the people of this country, by a variety of daring assertions, the sole object of which was to persuade them that nothing but a complete revolution can prevent them becoming a sacrifice at the altar of French prowess and ambition. It is, indeed, true that he does not venture to use the very words which I have chosen, whereby to express his evident intentions; but a more impudent, a more vulgar, a more audacious insult was never offered to force open the almost scarified wounds of a brave and loyal nation.

A writer who flourished at the beginning of the last century, when commenting on the necessity of counteracting the efforts of the seditious of *that* period, a time when those efforts were by no means directed to the overthrow of the constitution, observes, that “nothing is of greater utility to the state, than to have such dangerous principles examined and refuted. They are sore places or tumours in the commonwealth, which ought to be laid open, lanced, and probed; for, if they are suffered to fester and corrupt, they must produce such *inflammations* as may, at last, threaten the very being and life of the body politic!” If the events which occurred in, and immediately preceded the reign of Queen Anne, and which were, at most, confined to a parlia-

mentary party, scrambling for place, could call forth such pointed strictures, what language can we find adequate to describe the dangers of that political depravity which now prevails amongst us, when sedition has assumed its boldest aspect, and stalks abroad triumphant and undismayed!

The upright and loyal Englishman, who is obliged to peruse such infamous and detestable declamation, may, without the most distant liability to the charge of blasphemy, appeal to his Maker to grant him patience, and to check those patriotic ebullitions which would lead him to the commission of some desperate act against the outcast who thus seeks to degrade his favoured nation! But after a momentary impulse of abhorrence, does it not occur to the reader, who may happen to take up Cobbett's infernal vehicle from mere curiosity, (unless, indeed, like myself, he be compelled to peruse it from a patriotic *principle*) that *his* advocates and admirers must be either the most abandoned democrats that were ever suffered to pollute a free nation with their existence, or the most debased and illiterate of mankind, to whom nature has denied the smallest portion of ability to exercise her benign gift of reflection? There cannot be an alternative: the demagogue assuredly has no admirers but such as wish to riot in their country's overthrow, or whose ignorance, which places them upon a level with the beasts of the field, precludes them from all exercise of their rational faculties.

My readers do not stand in need of being told, however Cobbett's may, that clamours for reform did not have their origin at so late a period as that of the

French Revolution. The demagogue, however, has found out, by the effort of cutting out the leaves of old books, to reprint under the title of "*State Trials*," that a senator, named Booth, in the reign of Charles II. talked some nonsense about a *change of principles* being the first step to our happiness; and that a *change of men* will not do! This jargon, to be sure, comes in very applicable for the purpose of our modern revolutionisers, who, by their perpetual abuse of *all* ministers, of every man, and of every *set of men*, whom his Majesty has selected, undisguisedly show that *we*, i. e. the thinking people, with the Sovereign at their head, have *no* men whose measures will satisfy the democrats. Then, where are the men to come from, who are capable of effecting such wonderful changes, for the benefit of the human race? Why, from amongst the sanguinary reformers themselves, to be sure! It is not wealth, rank, or talents which can, according to *their* chaste and *disinterested* ideas, preserve this devoted country! No; it is, as the demagogue boldly asserts, a change of *maxims* and RULES OF GOVERNMENT that is wanted." This is, indeed, going some steps farther than *the reformists* have ventured to go. It is truly astonishing to me, that the beings who read and admire such bombast, cannot have sagacity enough to perceive, that the very same infamous artifices, intrigues, and even sentiments, have not only been employed at different periods since the horrible Revolution that has enslaved the continent, but also, that they were, in every degree of similarity, brought forward at the time of Lord Clarendon, even to words and phrases! The object, at *each* reforming period, was evidently the same, and the earlier wretches, who laboured to involve the country in the horrors of a civil war, were no doubt equally sanguine of success, as are their ignorant imitators of the present day, who arrogate to themselves the entire credit of the various modern plans for the destruction of the state.

But, reverting to the cant and rant of the demagogue, I should be glad to know *how* there can be a change in the *rules* of a government, without the entire subversion of the whole system, *à la mode de Cromwell ou de Napoleon*. We will suppose it possible, for the sake of argument with the demagogue, that his Majesty were to be distressed for some *new* servants, and knowing, we will say, by

family experience, that good seldom or ever results from taking back a whole crew, who, when employed before, had conspired to annoy, to rob him, and to deprive him of his authority over them, though he might chuse to make a selection of those who had conducted themselves with most propriety when in place.—We will suppose him in the capacity of a master, who is *convinced* that he shall not be better by *reinstating* his former set; what is his alternative? Is he to be reduced to the necessity of going out upon the highway, and *soliciting* the services of the very refuse of mankind, who might be expected to cut his throat on the first night which they were allowed to pass beneath his roof? This, indeed, would be the merited fate of a master who, in a moment of weakness, might resolve to have a set of servants without characters, and to take them promiscuously from amongst the rabble.

As, therefore, a change of *men* (that is, I suppose, exchanging the *present* ministers for some who have been in place at other periods) would, according to the ideas of the common reformers, produce no national benefit, it is clear that they wish the selection to be made from their own *angelic* host; and then the very change of *rules* and *principles* would follow as a matter of course. Now, I am of opinion, that there will be no necessity for entreating the interference of those state saviours; though perhaps "*force* of one sort or another" may at last be resorted to, in order to convince them that they have made a miscalculation of the energies, as well as of the lenity of a free government! Speaking of the force which was employed when the Jacobites and Papists were about to overthrow the Constitution, the demagogue says, "But what did it finally effect? Why, the renewal of those bitter and loud complaints which, at last, it was attempted to put a stop to by the bayonet; and, then, in a twinkling, away went the whole thing!"

Ay, there it is. The government of that day, like the one of Louis XVI., let matters go on a little too long, and then they only *attempted* to put a stop to them:—whereas, if, instead of puerile *attempts*—instead of timid and enervating half-measures, if they had done the business in the Cromwell or Buonaparte style, they might then, or at any future period, put out the flames of rebellion with as much ease as a certain Captain Lemuel Gulli-

ver put out the fire in the palace of Lilliput!

The demagogue has, I perceive, become an *alarmist*. He *fears* that we shall be conquered; though, but a few days since, he was of opinion that the French, if they were to come, could not put our land in their pockets! "Ask any man of *sense*," says he, "what he thinks will be the result of the present contest; and, no matter of what party he may be, he will, at best, tell you, that he cannot even guess at that result. He will tell you, that he *hopes*, that we shall still remain an *independent nation*; but he will hardly state any *grounds* of such hope."—I do not aspire to be classed amongst the demagogue's men of *sense*; but I have some *grounds* for *hope* on this head notwithstanding. My principal ground I must confess to be, that of anticipating some "new rules and maxims of government," that shall correspond with "our present alarming situation!" But the *cause* of these rules must be, the persuasion in the minds of our governors, that we *actually are* in an alarming situation: and I think that, when Cobbett and his gang assure them of the fact, while I, and the rest of the *king's friends*, give a sort of double assurance to his asseverations, they must be absolutely stupid, blind, and idiotic, if they will not believe either one or the other of us! My next ground of hope is, that there are yet a certain number of "men of sense" (or *foolish* men, if you please,) in the kingdom, who are absolutely resolved that we *shall* remain an independent nation; and that, too, in spite of all the efforts of the *No-Property-men*, to make over to France the goodwill, as it were, of our loyalty and our fortunes. Nay, the very historical fact, which the demagogue immediately afterwards inserts, namely, that "England and France have for centuries been rival nations," is the very reason why we ought to be, and I hope are, *determined*, never to be conquered by France, either by *war* or by *peace*! What! do the Jacobins, in the effervescence of their *liberality* and equal benevolence for the whole of the human race (a heavenly, sympathetic philanthropy, which puts the human brute of Van Diemen's Land upon a level with an Englishman, enlightened by just philosophy and true religion)—do they want to persuade us that we have been fighting all this while *for love*! This effort does not require a

serious refutation. We *have* been fighting for our very existence as a nation; and this existence will certainly not be worth preserving, if we suffer the Usurper to make our island an appendage of France. "England and France," says the demagogue, "had, for many centuries, been *rival* nations—many their struggles for the upperhand in the affairs of Europe, but neither seemed to prevail much over the other. Sometimes France appeared to be *rather uppermost*, and sometimes England; but still the rivalry continued, and as to England's *fearing* her rival, the idea never entered into any man's mind. The contest was always for some *colonial*, or *commercial*, or *continental* object!" This precious summary of the object of our wars with France, it is evident, is to persuade the people that England and France were *no more* than rivals, and that, when the trivial object for which we began the fight had been lost by the one, or obtained by the other, the contending parties would shake hands, and reciprocate their friendship! Oh! ye vile Jacobin hypocrites; do ye think that you can persuade us that France is nothing more than a mere common *rival*; and that we have no more to fear from her than from the poverty-stricken kingdoms of Sweden or of Denmark? Tell this to your *men of sense*, and we will not envy them their credulity; but we *foolish* people will not believe one word of it! We can read Cobbett; and our authentic histories prove to us, that France has always been, not merely our *rival*, but our *mortal enemy*; the inference we draw from the past and the present therefore is, that we can preserve ourselves from the full exercise of the enmity of France, *only* by maintaining a proud and manly defiance in time of war; and, on the contrary, whenever we are *so unfortunate* as to make a peace with the Gallic tiger, without having first drawn his teeth, and pulled out his nails, from that hour we must continue to look upon the French with an eye of suspicion; we must regard them in the same light as we would men who come before us with presents in their hands, and daggers concealed in their sleeves—who mix in our society only to discover our vulnerable parts, and, whenever they perceive us off our guard, to bury their weapons in our bosoms! It is, therefore, certainly not a *rivalship* which exists between England and France. On the part of the latter to-

wards us, it is a rankling and deadly jealousy, originating in our naval preponderance, which alone prevents the ambition of France from encompassing the whole of the habitable world: while, on our part, it is a well-founded *national* animosity, which our forefathers, for many generations, have implanted in and engrafted upon our very nature; and which, in spite of the specious and sickening cant of the *tender-hearted* Jacobins, I flatter myself, we shall always maintain amongst us:—at least, this animosity is another ramification of those grounds on which I hope and believe that “we shall still remain an *independent nation*.”

The Demagogue, in his overflowing sensibility towards the French, tells us, that the reason why we cannot conquer France is, that “there is something wanting in the principles on which our rulers since 1793 have acted: there has “no change,” says he, “*taken place in the geographical situation of England and France: the countries lie where they did formerly*; their physical means of defence and of offence are what they formerly were; and, of course, all that France has gained, she has gained by “superiority of *moral* means.”—True; but the first consideration that ought to arise in any man’s mind on seeing such shocking, such pitiful jargon in print, is whether it ought to be treated with ridicule or with silent contempt? Perhaps not with the latter, *because* the men of *sense*, who admire Cobbett’s *logic*, take what he says for gospel! In fact, the first proposition of the sentence I have just quoted is a truism, which no anti-jacobin can have the effrontery to controvert. We must not presume to question the *assertion*, that the countries of the continent lie just where they did formerly. No doubt, whosoever goes to Paris after the war, will find it lying under the same meridian, and in the same degree of latitude as it did before the revolution; and so with respect to all the other parts of Europe. But, if this be stated as the only point which affords the deduction that *we ought to have conquered France*, and that, because we have not, there is something wanting in our principles of action, then it will be of no use to chop logic with the Jacobins! But softly, let us give them all the advantage of their argument. It is by the superiority of *moral* means that France has gained every thing! Methinks some of my good, honest, country readers may be apt to startle, at this dis-

closure, and to suppose, for the first time in their lives, that they have been all along deceived as to the real character of their enemies: that, instead of being the terrible reprobates, deists, atheists, &c. which we have represented them, that they have really been a good, *moral*, *church-going* sort of people, and that they have actually *prayed down* the Germans, the Prussians, the Swiss, the Italians, the Hanoverians, the Dutch, and all the other hordes, whose countries lie just where they did before! No such thing. You seem to forget, reader, that Cobbett has acquired a little *larning* since he became lord of a manor. He does not mean to say, that the French are the smallest degree less deep in all sorts of *wickedness* than they were before; but he opposes, in the term *moral* means, the superiority of their *efforts* to the inferiority of ours; and it is by these efforts, arising out of their *physical* means, namely, the number of *slaves* which the Usurper has under his controul, and the facility of putting arms in their hands to cut the throats of all who oppose them—it is by these efforts that the said Usurper has been able to gratify his boundless ambition!

This being the state of the case, the demagogue makes a handle of the French successes, to turn against our government all the filth and venom of his engine of democracy. “It is vain,” says she, “to tell us that her (France’s) means have been “of an *extraordinary* kind; for the answer “is, that *we* should have employed *extraordinary* means also!” Now, before we proceed, it may be well to observe that most, if not all, of the unprecedented calamities of Europe, since the French revolution, may be attributed to the erroneous opinions which, at different times, have prevailed, respecting the *nature* of the war, and the *mode* in which France ought to be opposed. Had the combined powers, before France could have entertained the slightest hope of being able to disperse them like chaff, been fortunate enough to consider the war as one of an “*extraordinary*” nature; and, instead of trusting to mere calculations of comparative *physical* strength, had counteracted the *moral* means which the French acquired from the furor of the revolution, by patriotic efforts of a similar nature, arising almost entirely from *the influence of the press*;—had the besotted governments of the continent been aware, or had they suffered themselves to be per-

suaded, that, by the *moral means* which France employed (the very means, in the success of which the demagogue is now exulting) she would be able to overcome every disadvantage or dilemma, whether military or civil, we should not, at this day, have been left to lament the dreadful effects of such palpable obstinacy, ignorance, and self-sufficiency—effects which are now more or less felt by the whole civilised world.—As for ourselves, in spite of the demagogue's venom, we know that we form the only independent nation on earth! Never were means so “*extraordinary*,” so grand, so liberal, and so comprehensive resorted to, since ambition first excited men to shed the blood of their fellow-creatures, as we have employed in the dreadful war of the revolution; and however galling may be the reflection, it is to the imbecility of *the whole continent*, that we must attribute our present situation. Had those powers, in whose behalf we have from time to time lavished, profusely lavished, our blood and our treasures, been either firm or consistent in their views and their operations—had they not been actuated by selfishness and petty jealousies, which led them to thwart each other, instead of making a vigorous and consentaneous opposition and resistance to the common destroyer, the vain and arrogant French would, at this day, have been compelled to acknowledge the Rhine as the natural boundary of their present almost unlimited empire! But, from these causes, the continent has been submitted to a slavery and debasement quite unparalleled.—Yet the Jacobins would wish to persuade us that, as we have been reduced to a state which excites some alarm, through the criminal imbecility and treachery of our former allies, that it is nothing for us to hold our heads proudly above all existing nations, and to proclaim to the astonished world, that *here*, in England alone, is to be found the only refuge of the oppressed and ruined foreigner; while England herself is the only enemy which France can regard with mortification and dismay.

Hence, I can see no part of that “great danger,” to which the demagogue says “we are exposed from France;” though I agree with him that “France will not give as a peace, in which we shall have “a moment's safety!” He says, as a reason for the defiance held out by his little friend, that “*France is in no danger at all from us!*” This, I must con-

fess, does not accord with the ideas of such of us as *are determined* that England shall remain “an *independent nation!*” The very last inflated address of the tyrant shows, that France is in danger from us; and as to our war being “*purely defensive*,” (vide Cobbett, p. 835,) it is astonishing to hear Cobbett, or any other desperate demagogue, promulgate such laughable nonsense, when *self-defence* seems an idea that has not for many years entered into our heads—a sufficient proof, I should think, that we are never *again* to be terrified by the old-womanish bugbear of a French invasion!—Surely the reader must have some *faint* recollection of all the bombastic and *tremendous* anathemas, that the Usurper, at various periods of his successful career, has fulminated against us!—How often he has *threatened* to erase us from the list of independent nations, and to abolish our system of “*corruption*” with a thousandth part of the ease which all our internal Jacobins could well flatter themselves that it would cost *them!* But, in order to effect this great consummation, it turned out, that the Usurper would want “SHIPS, COLONIES, AND COMMERCE!” Oh! ho! say we; then, as you have been weak enough to tell us what is necessary for you to acquire, before you can destroy us, we will preserve ourselves in a very easy and summary way; for the devil a one of the three shall you have much longer! Cobbett, you see that we have kept this resolution. The commerce of France is *annihilated*; of colonies she has now but two in the world that are worth taking; viz. Guadaloupe and the Isle of France; and these we shall have “anon, anon, Sir;” and as to her ships, for *them* to be captured, they

“—need but to be seen!”

Thus whatever the demagogue may think as to France being in no danger from us, poor devils, who are obliged to carry on a war “*purely defensive*,” it is clear that Napoleon has *his* doubts upon that head; for, in his late address, he has not only abandoned all his threats of extermination, but he has actually passed over his former resolve of obtaining a *maritime* peace, which shall give to his vassals equal liberty on the ocean with ourselves, while all the triumph which he *now* appears to hope for, is, to make our gallant little army in the Peninsula “betake itself to the ocean!” All this proves, that France is in some dan-

ger from us; and I should even go so far as to think, that as long as we maintain our naval superiority, and cut off from her, all the extraneous accommodation which she formerly derived from an extensive commerce, various colonies, and abundance of ships, that that danger will increase: When, at length, it has got to such a pitch that the feelings and complaints of the people, arising from their distresses and privations, can no longer be disregarded or tampered with, then will be the period that the tyrant, in order to secure himself and his creatures from any *prospective* disaster, will be inclined to dispense with his ambition, for a time, and to listen to the voice of suffering humanity.—He will then, not GRANT US a peace upon consistent terms, but he will be induced to *treat* with us, upon a safe and reasonable basis, and to accede to such stipulations as, whenever they are promulgated, will prove to the world that England is the only nation which has been able to reduce him to a sense of reason and of justice!—This, however, will depend upon the course which we may henceforth pursue; for, if those who may be impowered to call forth all our energies and direct our yet profuse resources, OUR *physical* means, should waste them on such incomprehensible and appalling speculations as, during the last eighteen months, have astonished and disgraced us, then we must be compelled to admit that the demagogue has not calumniated us *as a nation*, when he declares that we are reduced to such a state as to acknowledge that the power of Buonaparte can destroy our independence as it were at a blow, (Cobbett, page 834), and that we must, in future, “confine our hopes to the “keeping the French out of England,” (page 835).—Hence, if the government *do not* adopt vigorous measures; if they *do not* prove that, while they *defy* the *external*, they *despise* and have the power to crush the *internal* enemies of Britain, then will the demagogue be justified in boasting, that “the principles upon which our government has acted for the last seventeen years *must* be “wrong!” (page 836)—I wish, therefore, that those who have undertaken the management of our national affairs, at so portentous and awful a crisis, would merely recollect that, if they suffer themselves to be intimidated, or deterred from grand and enlarged undertakings, either by the unforeseen misfortunes which

have occurred, or by the clamour of the disaffected, (who, in the most admirable projects would find cause for exciting sedition and discontent amongst the people), that we have the declaration of the Jacobins on record—They do not want a *change of men*—they want a change of “the RULES AND MAXIMS OF GOVERNMENT!” The result will be, that if our ministers *give way*, when they have the *power* to preserve the constitution, they will not only sacrifice both it and themselves, but *we*—ay, all of us, the ten millions of people who form the population of the united empire, shall be ruined, through their imbecility:—that is to say, ten millions of people will be sacrificed, because only ten or a dozen individuals, who have authority in their hands, are too timid to put it into a proper channel of execution!—Any man must be blind indeed, who does not believe the democrats are encroaching in their *pretensions*, while those, who ought to counteract them, seem to be thunderstruck. In the very Jacobin Register which has given rise to these desultory comments, the demagogue boldly declares (p. 836) that it would *now* “be DOING NOTHING to grant the *reasonable* prayer of the Irish Catholics;” that “to grant what the Catholics now “ask for, *is necessary*, but to grant them “that without granting them *more* would produce *little effect*!” This means, I suppose, if it mean any thing, that to emancipate the Catholics, without following up that emancipation by *any other* demand which they might make, would not be sufficient to effect the purposes of a revolution; “Gentlemen,” I would say to those who compose the government of my country, “Can you be aware that such a mass of sedition is weekly issued from our abused and degraded press, and yet be callous? Can you venture to persuade yourselves that it has no effect upon the minds of the vulgar; as well as upon those who hold a higher rank in society, but whom the pressure of the necessary burthens of the state make clamorous and disaffected? If you really be callous against the efforts of modern democracy, which assumes all the variegated shades and changes of the camelion, for heaven’s sake, do not involve us, “THE PEOPLE,” in the consequences of your apathy; but either tacitly admit, that the jacobins are right, when they boldly declare, that a change of *men* will effect no advantage; but that we must have a set

of NEW RULES OF GOVERNMENT, or else have vigour enough to show that you think otherwise: I therefore again entreat you to abandon your places immediately, and let men of firmness perform that duty at which you hesitate, unless you really mean to *protect us all* from the horrible designs which the jacobins have formed, and almost brought to maturity, against our liberty, our property, and our lives!

FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON.

The above remarks have arisen entirely out of a cursory perusal of Cobbett's infamous Register of the 2d inst. Equally abominable is his detestable copy of the 9th, in which the most consummate hypocrisy that ever disgraced the press is poured out in behalf of the people of Ireland. Happily I have been spared the disgusting task of holding it up to public execration, by the admirable letter which I here insert.

TO ALBION:

DIRECTING HIS ATTENTION TO COBBETT'S TREACHEROUS ESSAY "ON THE DANGER OF IRELAND," PUBLISHED IN HIS REGISTER OF THE 9th INSTANT.

—*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et potuisse dici, et non potuisse refelli.*

HORACE.

SIR,—As I am a member of the community which Cobbett is endeavouring to disturb,—a friend to the constitution which he is labouring to overturn, and a faithful subject of the king, whom he daily provokes, I am conscious you will pardon me for regretting that *you* do not, *as well as* Mr. Blagdon, bend your attention to his Paper, and expose to the world the enormity and danger of his *present* political "works." His two last Registers, in particular, cry aloud for chastisement and reproach; and should you not have leisure to transmit Mr. Blagdon your opinions on the subject, perhaps this paper may not be deemed unworthy the approbation of that gentleman, whose unparalleled exertions and varied talents I so much respect. Permit me, then, to submit my reflections in the manner they have occurred.

Of all the vermin which infest the ease of a free people, none are at once so dangerous or so loathsome as those which proceed from the corruption of the press. A government, tender of the laws, finds it difficult to brush off those

insects from its borders, without endangering the delicate texture of its liberty. Hence it is, Sir, that in this country the danger of offending by the press is inconsiderable, and therefore the evil more frequent than in other empires. But it may, *sometime or other*, become a question, whether the patience of a government, however tender it may be to the laws, may not be provoked to *stretch its power as far as* the sons of Sedition *overstretch their liberty*. When, therefore, I take up the pen for the chastity, I take it up for the freedom, of the press. All purposes of writing may be answered by the one—no ends of Sedition ought to be encouraged by the other.

But Cobbett, whom I invade, has taken care to remove, by *his candour*, all the difficulties of a government, cautious of pruning the licentiousness lest it wound the liberty of the press. Assisted by "the Statesman," which, in my part of the country, is demoninated "Cobbett's bully," he endeavours to crucify the Irish peace between two thieves! The shafts of this pair, it is true, fly different ways, but they are drawn from the same quiver. Like Sampson's foxes, their faces are turned towards opposite quarters, but the brands of Sedition meet at their tails. Driven by other men's guilt, impelled by their own hunger, they run to spread the flames of faction over the land.

Before I proceed, it may be proper to observe, that Mr. Blagdon was perfectly right when he lately assured us, that the *popularity* of Cobbett is on the decline. His paper is known to be falling some hundreds a month, and he finds the reed, on which he has been so long leaning, at length nearly broken into his side. To obtain a still more slender support, and to preserve some appearance of his former plethoretic fame, he now *affects* to commiserate the Irish, and to prove to them that they are a neglected people, in danger of being swallowed up by the "ANGER" of *the English*, and by *French Invasion*, enterprise, and skill. However meretricious the means are to which he resorts for the getting of a few subscribers in that island, still it is from a sentiment of HUMANITY that I attribute this proceeding to be the intent of his two last publications; for, if I strip them of this design, they can be clothed with no other, *than an intention to excite Ireland to rebellion, or to invite Buonaparte to send a small force to that country, and make her of the first consequence to France*,

AFTER the subjugation of Spain! What other construction does it bear?

"The English," says he, looking upon the Irish as scarcely countrymen, or as an inferior race of beings—"there are *but few* amongst the English who do not perceive; who have not great misgivings, that, if Napoleon were master of Ireland, England would soon experience the same fate." And, again, he tells the Irish "all the hardships that accompany such a state of life as theirs," arise from the tyranny of the English; and he tells Buonaparte that, if he takes Ireland, **ENGLAND MUST IN ALL PROBABILITY SOON EXPERIENCE THE SAME FATE!!!**

I am free to confess, Sir, that, were I to follow this species of verbal criticism, I could make out for the Attorney General as strong a case as ever employed his talents; but I shall abandon this vantage ground, and restrict myself to the general spirit and effect of the entire piece:—first remarking, that there is something imperfect in that law which would hang a d unken wretch for proclaiming, in an Irish tap-room, "You are despised by the English—they hate and are **ANGRY** with you—they are task masters, and you beggars and slaves. Why not cast off all allegiance, and throw yourselves into the arms of France, who will not only afford you protection, but enable you, in your turn, to put a yoke on the necks of those who so long have held you in bondage and chains?"—And yet the same law **PASSES BY** a being who publishes the same matter through every corner of Ireland, in a paper sanctioned, too, by *the royal stamp!*—Now, Sir, were I, or any other man, to write a confidential letter to Buonaparte, and to tell him, as Cobbett does in the 886th page of his Register, "Once master of Ireland, England must soon experience the same fate;" if I were discovered, the law would instantly be put in force; and still the same law disregards the man who publishes this treason in print, and disseminates it throughout the extent of the earth!!! There is something inexplicable in this,—I beg, Sir, you will give it attention at some future time.

Having said this much, I shall now endeavour to open the eyes of the public, by showing the general tendency of the performance, and proving that neither France, nor the disaffected among ourselves, can play their cards better, than to stir up, or to *revive* **NATIONAL ANIMOSITIES**. If I make this out, the thing

will speak for itself; it is sufficient if I strip the back of Sedition; *let others apply the lash of chastisement*.—The horror of so foul a prospect as I shall lay open, will strike every virtuous Briton too deeply, for me to fear that there will be much occasion to repeat or to repay those insults to decency and common sense which appear in Cobbett's performances, and which not only are uninspired by wit, but unsupported by *argument or fact*.

For the accommodation of the generality of readers, I shall bound my view to the breaking out of the suppressed rebellion in Ireland. While matters were at that crisis, it is notorious to every man, who can remember what passed ten years ago, that with the English the cry was, "That all the Irish were rebels in their hearts; that they were an ungrateful and perverse generation," &c. And the game of those who herded with the Irish, was to ply them with eternal alarms—to persuade them that there was a design to render Ireland a province of England; to deprive her of all her trade, and to withhold from her citizens every place of trust in the church, the army, or the state!

In all these practices it was not enough that the one nation should be exasperated; the work was but half done, if they did not meet one another half way:—the business was, to abuse the Irish as well as the English, and the cry being propagated, the *ENDS of the faction were either way answered*. The success of the first battles; the severities which are, on such occasions, partly necessary and due to justice in the general, partly inflicted by wantonness in the soldiers, gave a fresh handle to the general cry, *that the Irish were to be extirpated!* I would not load the measure of the unfortunate, but it is well known how the same act had been practised during the rise, and through all the progress of the rebellion. It is no secret how the affections which almost every man has for his native place, were worked up by certain chiefs, who found it necessary to animate their reluctance by quickening their spirits, with that darling motive of preserving themselves to *their country* and their country to *themselves*. What such men as Mr. Grattan and his Whig connections were performing at *that* period, Cobbett and the party who support him, *are executing at this present*. Cobbett bellows out, that the Irish are an honest

suffering people, and that the English are extremely national, wealthy and proud, overbearing in their temper, and insufferably insolent in their manners in every station: that their hatred of the Irish is *implacable*, and *implanted* in their nature, descending from father to son; while it is not confined to any particular sect or religion, but is diffusive and general, and operative upon the whole race!

My intention, Sir, in these pages, is not to endeavour to reclaim the inveterate hereditary Whig from his opinion but to guard the unwary and well meaning from imposture. I speak to the latter, and ask him, whether, if he did not see and read this worse than seditious rhapsody in Cobbett's print, he could believe that, at a time, when the bleeding wounds of Ireland are just closing; when the scene of civil commotion is just ended, and when the fallacy of the clamour, that the trade of Ireland would be ruined by *the Union* is exploded, so audacious an **EXCITEMENT**, durst have appeared in print? Can it be said, that the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus Act*, the operation of which he so *feelingly* deploras in Ireland, curbs the liberty of the press, or abridges the rights of the virtuous? Sir, in the name of goodness, what has all this treasonable lamentation to do with the cause for which he pretends to take up his pen? If it have *nothing* to do with that cause, why are such *regrets* expressed? His own audacious libel answers, his own insinuations, and makes him venture, upon the strength of the liberty we constitutionally enjoy, to carry controversy into wild invectives, and invectives into the most desperate and abominable doctrines.

Cobbett next calls in those *trusty* auxiliaries, the *Irish Papists*, to the assistance of his jacobin allies. He endeavours to unite them in the same cause; and without the least attempt to prove what connection their case has with that of his subject, he lugs them into the common quarrel. There is not, perhaps, any one practice in life, that betrays a greater want of sense, than that of casting reflections out against a *whole sect* for the sake of a *few*. Therefore, I am far from vindicating any hardships the Papists may labour under, but I am sorry that some of the Papists of Ireland have put it *OUT of an English Protestant government's power* to suffer them to enjoy the full benefit of that

constitutional indulgence which distinguishes a free people; and I am likewise sorry that the contempt with which "the demagogue" speaks of the *Protestant Church*, confirms me in my opinion. "*Poor old Mother Church*," is NOW the language of this apostate being, the language of the daring reprobate, who, in his 'Republican Judge,' in answer to one Mr. Kean, who, while he polluted America, accused him of *want of respect for religion*, observed, "I think it would puzzle the devil himself to produce from my writings, a *single passage* which could be twisted into an attack upon it. But it would be extremely easy to prove, that I have, at all times, when an opportunity offered, repelled the attacks of its enemies, the *abominable battalions of Deists and Atheists*, with all my heart, and with all my mind, with all my soul, and with all my strength. The bitterest drop in my pen has ever been bestowed on them; because, of all the foes of the 'human race, I look upon them, after *the devil*, as being the greatest and the most dreadful!"—Yet, Sir, this wretch now has the audacity to sneer at "*Poor old mother Church!*" on which I must observe, that "*Poor old mother Carey!*" is also the language of him who apostrophises the *manes* of the keeper of his once-favourite brothel!—There *was* a time—but I must proceed.

From the several Rebellions of Ireland—Cobbett would also wish to prove many favourite deductions. But, Sir, their complections were so different, that they fully confute all his reflections on the present state of the Irish nation. Those of former years happened before the prejudices of the Irish were in any measure worn out. Hence, it follows, that the nobles were as deeply engaged as the peasantry; men of large properties, great estates, and numerous followers, embraced the abjured cause, and the scarcely settled state of the British Government flattered them with prospects of success. But even in such rebellions, five parts out six of that people remained uncorrupted in their principles, and unshaken in their allegiance.

The rebellion which broke out in 1798 presented a very different appearance, the distance of many years had mellowed down the acrimony of the more polished part of Ireland. The people had found the benefit, they had tasted the sweets of British intercourse. Mo-

ney lost, as industry acquired value. The farmer, by the influx of English improvements, learned how to pay his rent, not in labour, but in coin. The landlord perceived that cultivated grounds and elegant life brought more true comforts, and gave him greater weight in the world, than ever his useless vassalages, or barbarous dependencies had done. Therefore, it was, that, amongst all the Irish families of quality or consideration, none, or next to none, joined in the rebellion: most of them, on the contrary, were seen venturing their lives and fortunes in the cause of protestant liberty, and drying up the springs which supplied disloyal motives to the Catholic brethren. Notwithstanding all this, Cobbett now declares, that, because there is a power in the law to make rebels "*remain within their houses from sun-set, to sun-rise*, (page 867) the people are, or ought to be, disaffected.—And that many of the most respectable did join in a former, and are now willing to join in any other rebellion. The first part of this assertion merits no regard from its impotence; the latter may be noticed in a few words. I own what he says to be in part just. But I ask him, for he it is that well can tell, where is the people that are without debauched and desperate persons among them?—The broken fortunes of some, and the perverted principles of others, might have brought—and may bring, a few above the vulgar to a rebel standard; but they have been, and can be so few, that they scarcely deserve the name of an appearance.—Besides if a CATILINE could find confederates in Rome, can an *impostor* be expected to be without followers in Ireland? The seats of luxury ever border upon the mansions of want. The poor and profligate ever join the disturbers of peace, whether the invasion come from France or the Peninsula: and enthusiasm will burn and bleed for her principles, whether she draw them from a Fitzgerald, a Wardle, a Burdett, or a Paine!

After all, Sir, upon what ground, is this "Anger," this distinction founded, which Cobbett so industriously endeavours to establish? Is there any justifying him in wrapping up *all the English* in his sheet of low ribaldry and coarse defamation! No; the thing itself is too extravagant to gain credit with any but of his own sort. Perhaps all his infamous performances would be lost, even upon *them*, did he not overload them by slander and abuse.

It is in his power to dip his pen in venom, if he cannot in candour and wit. The saw as well as the razor may be annointed with poison. Cobbett raves at the "*Anger*" of the English against the Irish, and seems desirous that the world should believe that there is a *national antipathy* between the two people. Indeed I take this to be the dangerous tendency of his whole design: for he as much as tells us, that this antipathy once established, insidious France will supply the brands of civil dissention; she will spread its blaze, she will feed its fury; she will watch the fatal *crisis*, when Britions, weakened by fighting for freedom, or for fetters, must become at once the prey and scorn of her arbitrary power, and of her towering ambition.

I shall now turn my discourse more particularly to this man, whom I have treated with so little ceremony: in my opinion, he has no right to deserve to be treated on any other footing than that of an *incendiary*. His writings are all of that inflammatory style, and his *intentions* still more virulent. An *incendiary* menaces sometimes what he does not mean to execute; while Cobbett *means* more than he can effect. The one threatens a family, the other a nation. That he has abettors, as well as readers, is also too visible. But the spirit from which he is abetted, is detestable enough even to make barbarity blush. There is not a nation so unpolished, there is not a set of principles so inhuman, as to exclude from the breast sentiments of private affection and compassion. But nothing is more plain, from the man's writings, than that the enthusiasm of the staunch jacobin is as unsubmitting to the principles of humanity as of government; for, while some of the wretched Irish are now lying under the uplifted sword of justice—some in prison, some in exile; while the Sovereign suspends the stroke which their country has aimed; while *clemency* averts the calamity which *justice* has decreed; while the highest power withholds its thunder, and seems inclined to lay aside the bolts of vengeance against a prostrate foe; I say, Sir, even in those lenient circumstances, this man has the *insolence* to point them out to public justice, and to tempt the patience of government anew.

I fear, Sir, I encroach upon Mr. Blagdon's limits, and shall therefore conclude, by observing, that there is nothing more remarkable than the *friendship* which Cobbett now professes for the Irish peo-

ple, whom he always execrated as his most inveterate enemy. Such, indeed, was his hatred and animosity towards them, during his stay in the United States, that, by his virulent abuse of them, he prevailed on Mr. John Adams, the then president, to frame a law against the admission of Irish into the American territory. He represented them as a "ferocious, savage people, fond of rapine and blood, and fit only to reside among the wild beasts of the woods and wildernesses." In his *American Porcupine*, of 1797, he says, "I want a printer! NO DAMNABLE IRISH-MAN NEED APPLY!" and over an essay on that abused people, in a *foreign land*, in the same paper, is to be found

"——— a race!

Able to bring a gibbet in disgrace?"

And again—

"——— I would not quote

The name of *Pat*, without an *antidote*."

In a letter to the president, John Adams, he observes, that "an Irishman is a *natural jacobin*, and incurable by acts of *lenity*, generosity, and friendly dealing; for though he will *temporise* to gain his purpose, yet he will be sure to lay hold of the first opportunity to disturb the state he resides in, and to CUT HIS NEIGHBOUR'S THROAT." In fine, such was the dreadful cry which he raised against the Irish in America, that Mr. Adams wrote to the British government, to request *no more Irish subjects might be sent there legally*; for that, if they were, they would either not be suffered to land, or else sent into the *swamps of Louisiana*; there, like negro slaves, to cultivate the woods!!!! It surely remains for the demagogue to reconcile his present sensibility for a people he so grossly calumniated in a *distant land*; for my part I cannot:—therefore, for the sake of human nature, I hope he will extricate himself out of an affair of such tergiversation and disgrace.

As to the rest, Sir, I fear you will find this letter too prolix and diffuse. I beg you to believe, that in following a man like Cobbett, who deals in wild generalities, dark obscurity, and wide-wasting abuse, it is not possible to criticise like a critic, or to write with any regard to academic rules. I have confined myself, however, to a strict regard to truth, and to the lashing only of such vices in his composition, as could not be mistaken either in their *principle* or in their in-

tent.—I remain, Sir, with great sincerity, your very warm friend and advocate,

PHILO-ALBION.

Southampton, Dec. 16, 1809.

TO COLONEL WARDLE:

SHOWING THAT THE WHIGS GOVERN HIS CONDUCT AND INVESTIGATE HIS PROCEEDINGS AGAINST HIS PRINCE AND HIS COUNTRY.

By ALBION.

"*Sic furis Caci mens effera; nec quid in ausum, Aut intractatum scelere dolire!*"

LETTER VIII.

SIR,—The observations which have been made on my last Letter to you, induce me to believe, that your friends find it difficult to reconcile the discordant colours, the inconsistent qualities, which I was compelled to employ in the delineation of your character.—Having been decorated by the Whigs, with every attribute of a hero—with every virtue of a saint, they blush at the production of a figure, monstrous rather than human, and, under the influence of a latent conviction and confused state of ideas, they ask, what motives could govern you in the course of such a life as I describe? Why, Sir, Cobbett, to whom they weekly look up for information, can reply to this enquiry in the most satisfactory manner; for, at the time that you exhibited the SPIT and the GRIDIRON on the top of your tent, to denote that Jacobins, Democrats, Whigs, and Papists, were *roasted alive* in your camp, he placed the CROWN and MITRE on the back of a Porcupine, over his door in Philadelphia, as a signal that he had darts and arrows for every *republican* who durst insult the glittering ensign of his Sovereign, or the heavenly emblem of his christianity!!—At present, you are both employed in the frightful labour of undermining *that throne*, and of ridiculing *that gospel*, you so enthusiastically adored!! WHEN your friends have the goodness to reconcile such contrasted proceedings, I will patiently attend to any queries they may be pleased to propound.—I can now only notice, that I am also reproached for "speaking daggers," and using the language of irritation and force.—Surely, Sir, the hour is at last arrived, when authority and confidence must take place of humility and moderation; when, instead of launching farther into a sea of jacobinical troubles, we must try what can be saved

from the wreck of the continent, and secure the honour and prosperity of our Islands. This manly conduct is the more essential and necessary towards you, as the illusion is not confined within the narrow limits of your own mind, but its baneful influence must be circulated by Cobbett and other venal writers, through every corner of the nation; and, by a shameful perversion, that anxiety for the public welfare, which, *in times like these*, is, in my opinion, the highest of public virtues, must be amused with the pagantry of domestic warfare, by combats in the ærena of a theatre, and by the prosecution of a strumpet from the stews. — However, Sir, I own, even on principles of criticism, that the conduct of the Whigs, whose executive, for a moment, you are, and the style of their annals, is a very favourable criterion of the present times. In their *happier days*, when they murdered sovereigns, and brought their prelates and nobles to the scaffold and the block, their characteristic was *plain* conciseness. VICTORIES were *then* too rapid, too numerous, to admit of a dilated relation. — Success is seldom tedious: but now, that their highest achievements in LONDON amount to no more than riots in play-houses, and the depredations of robbers in pilfering public offices and private bureaus, their verbosity expands, their gazettes multiply, and their virulence increases. — Upon my word, Sir, though we may censure our late Ministers, the Whigs at least show some generalship; if they cannot fight our enemies, they are prompt enough to mislead our countrymen; though they discover no taste for the arrangement of armies, they have an admirable talent in marshalling traitors, pimps, prostitutes, and newspapers! They have given celebrity to *boudoir-breaking*, and blazoned, in all the pompous prolixity of ostentatious phraseology, the important memoirs of — another “Fanny Hill,” another child of vice and public infamy! — In proving the contemptibility of the Whigs, however, it is not to be understood that I wish administration to disregard their conduct altogether. On the contrary, I *warn* it to be vigilant, to watch their proceedings, and to make War! War! War! resound through the House as long as the folly of the people returns a Jacobin to the Parliament!

It is now high time, Sir, that I resume that subject, which was necessarily interrupted by the length of my former

letter to you. — Having traced you from the fountain of your imbecility, into the rapid current of popularity, I am now to show that you were led to the desperate act of taking a political voyage pregnant with nothing but audacity, and with a Whig cargo of presumed grievances and palpable lies on board. The state of the case, without any sophistical bearings, simply is, that the leading members of the Jacobin society, finding that you could *fight* without *loyalty*, *debate* without *principle*, *debauch* without *love*, *prosecute* without *conviction*, and *violate confidence* to *gratify* an unprofitable *revenge*, determined to make you act as their executive, and, under the *influence* of the reigning *delusion* and the *idolatry* with which you were *worshipped*, enable you to acquire, *for them*, those objects they had been so many years vainly striving to obtain. Encouraged by the means you employed in shivering a branch of that sacred tree, under whose foliage we all flourish, they presumed you capable of Herculean tasks, and sent you into parliament TO COMBAT tythes, taxes, public debts, banks, paper-credit, monopoly, riches, wealth, national distress, self-defence, freepress, military force, speculations, pensions, catholic questions, indemnity bills, insurrection bills, bankrupts, prostitutes, clerks, and some thousands more pretended grievances, too numerous and artificial to name without contempt and disgust! — In this conduct, the genius of Fox was, indeed, absent from the Opposition. His endeavour always was, to discover *one* vulnerable part in the Ministry, and, by applying his *caustic* to the *morbid spot*, occasion pain to be felt more acutely. While, by your representing that nothing but rottenness and decay pervaded the whole and every portion of the country, system and state, your judgment was doubted, and your nostrums hove back into your face by Mr. Huskisson, for yourself and followers to swallow and regurgitate. The Whigs are now conscious of their error, and candidly confess that they gave you more to execute than you had capacity to perform. And so certain were the most boisterous and noisy of the club, of this insipience, at an early period of your proceedings, that they literally abandoned you to your fate, or to the sole support of the fools and enthusiasts of the faction. Sir Francis Burdett gave you no manner of aid; Mr. Sheridan kept aloof, and all the *knowing ones* of the society

were equally inefficient, tranquil, and mute. Folly and enthusiasm had all the work to perform, while *wit* and *knavery*, with anxious mind, awaited the result. The result! what result, Sir?—Is it the fruition of the cabalistic string of charges, with which you went sinking into the house? No, Sir, he must be a shallow politician who conceives that the Whigs cared one fraction for the issue of your budget of tythes, taxes, pensions, catholic question, &c. &c. *the result* they looked for, from accusing the government of such a multiplicity of crimes, was neither more nor less than *a change of Ministry*—A CHANGE OF MINISTRY! And this, Sir, they informed you of, at the time that you were engaged to perform "*the important services which no gratitude could overrate, and no remuneration could overpay!*" A CHANGE OF MINISTRY! yes, Sir, and to effect this single, this particular purpose, it was necessary either to purchase or to debauch you; to cloth you in the sacred garb of patriotism and public spirit, and arm you with powers to insult a prince, impose on a nation, and overthrow the fabric of the state!!

To this great and most important of all results; this cause and end of all Whig logic, argument, and eloquence; this attractive power, to whose magnetic force all the lightest, or weightiest bodies of Jacobin reasoning must irresistably gravitate, I have, with mixed sensations of regret and satisfaction, caused you to arrive. Regret, that a British officer and member of the senate should have been actuated by base and interested motives; and satisfaction, that I have been able to expose the magnitude and atrocity of his views? *We know all Whigs to be tyrants*; but it remained for you and the *present Opposition*, to show to what an extent your rascality can be carried. What, however, has been the consequence of your procedure; of your inroads on the government, and of your violations of the rights of sovereignty?—It has drawn contempt, and I trust it will draw vengeance on your head! Setting aside your budget of political accusations, and confining myself to your *calumny*, I assert, there is no punishment equal to your crime. IT WAS AN INTENTIONAL ROBBERY OF THE HIGHEST NATURE, and you were not so properly an accessory, as a principal, before the fact.—The prince, Sir, would have been *robbed* of his honour, and, through him, the

whole body of the country would have been defrauded of their dearest fame, but for the noble exertions of a few spirited men; and the gracious compliance of our beloved sovereign with the perverted wishes of an ungrateful people!!!—The good, great, and venerable King! although with one foot in the grave, he holds his head amidst the stars. *He* always steps forward in the precise moment of time, and is ever ready to become the saviour of his country, or gloriously to fall amidst its ruins. He has *often seen* the period *when* the Whigs had to be repulsed, to tremble, and to retire, or *when* Englishmen might sit down with folded arms, and in despair abide the fate that might await them! But he should see such times no more. Gratitude and honour forbid it! And, Sir, if he should, WE will not give up the contest tamely: we will have a struggle for our sovereignty; and, if we *must perish*, we will *perish nobly*; we will expire with LOYALTY in our mouths and on our hearts, and its exit shall be marked with many a scar!

It is painful to have the eye continually on scenes of disgrace, but I really cannot, at this moment, turn it to a more cheerful view! This country, by its *addresses* and *harangues*, by its *triumphs* and *ovations* to you, has so associated and partaken of your guilt, that I fear her *evil genius* has marked her for destruction, nor will quit her till she is level with the dust!—Allow me, Sir, to pause for a moment, while I contemplate the degrading spectacle that has passed. A spectacle that engrossed the attention and claimed the indignation of the world. Allow me to contemplate YOU—a phenomenon of modern ages—a new constellation in the political hemisphere,—not rising by slow degrees, and from small coruscations, but bursting forth at once into full vigour and maturity; not cherished in the soft lap of peace and virtue, but shaking off, *in its outset*, the long established dominion of a sovereign master, and thriving in the midst of carnage, calumny, and desolation! Nor does the evil rest here. There is much more abundant matter for national humiliation. "*The people*," as just observed, excited by your accusations and harangues, have forced a revered *parent* to withhold a beloved son from the councils and from the services of the nation! They have embittered the evening of that *parent's* life, and, with a black ingratitude, they

have torn a branch from that very tree, which, for *fifty years*, has been their *only* shelter and support!—Having been deceived—grossly deceived, by you, it is fortunate that the people can atone for such atrocity, and repair their misconduct. It is even true, that I could tell them *what* means are left to avert the gathering infamy, *how* they should tread back the mazes of error and folly, through which *you* have conducted them, and *where* are the resources from which the gleams of honour might be drawn, to banish the clouds of disgrace and ignominy.—But, deaf to the solemn call of glory and necessity, they rejoice in the absence of thought, in the contempt of foresight. Like the wretch, who seeks in stupefaction a momentary relief from sorrow, they sink from a voluntary intoxication, into a torpid insensibility!—However, Sir, as they are no longer inflamed by falsehood, or hurried away by the violence of fictitious patriotism; and, as they are sinking into a calm, upon the disclosure of facts, which startles even the wildest demons of faction, I will tell them that *there is yet* one possible way of saving the dignity and reputation of the country. Let “the people” abandon those *Republican pilots*, who have been so long steering them into ruin and contempt;—let them set their face against Cobbett and those venal papers, by whom, and by which they have been so shamefully seduced;—let them intrust their honour to men, and to prints, of more integrity and judgment;—let them be roused to a sense of the wrongs they have committed;—let them **REND** their insurgent addresses from their municipal books;—and let them implore his Majesty to vindicate justice, by graciously accepting their sorrow for the outrages committed against their much-injured Prince!—Let them do *this*, and I will join heartily in paying that tribute of praise which such greatness of mind will deserve. Let them do this, and *I*, their present inveterate adversary, will yield to none in exertions to improve their condition, to elevate their character, and advance them in *virtue*, as well as in prosperity, far above all other nations of the earth!—And even now, on my knees, humbled in the dust, I invoke the good genius of my country, to haunt the footsteps of the people; to dismay them by danger; to abash them by reproaches, and to encourage them by hope; to inspire them with veneration for their Sovereign; attachment for his family, and above all

to excite in them, with indignation, that sense of their ungrateful conduct, which may animate them to *redress the injured*, and thereby rescue them from every monument, the foul vouchers of their late disloyalty and baseness!

Being neither officer, civil or military, contractor or pensioner:—frequenting neither the palaces of the great, nor the porticos of the learned: being only seen in fields and villages, or in the humble asylum of content and innocence: being, in fine, neither more nor less, than one of that people whose errors I deplore, and whose amendment I supplicate, I have a right to expect that “*the people*” will hear me, in preference to you, Sir, and that legion of hungry Whigs, whose natural aliment is the blood and bowels of the Constitution and Government, I cannot possibly have any other view than the good of “the people;” to promote this, I expose the character and designs of their rapacious leaders, and I supplicate them, in return, to hearken to my voice, and to adopt such measures, in their parochial and corporate councils, as will entitle them to the good I pray for, and prompt his Majesty to obliterate from his mind the part they were excited to take, by Colonel Wardle’s calumny against the honour and reputation of their Prince—a Prince who was so eminently fitted, by the acquirements of experience and the accomplishments of nature, for the post from which calumny and flagitiousness alone has brutally driven him.

I know, Sir, that you intend to adulterate the current which I have purified, by casting into it, “infidelity, dissipation, &c.” I ask you, Sir, since when is it, that princes have been expected to to exercise the austerities of saints?—Since when is it, that heirs of the crown, whose marriages are *frigid* and *political*, have been called upon to be faithful to their beds? Since when is it, that mankind ceased to be indulgent to *men* married under such arbitrary and cruel restraints? And again, Sir, since when is it, that a people look for **MORE** virtue in their princes than they find practised among themselves?—But I can myself tell *since when*. It is *since* the introduction of that contemptible and diabolical *hypocrisy* which disgraced the era of Charles I. It is *since* the infamous politics of Sir Francis Burdett, the groaning religion of Mr. Wilberforce, and the *elemosynary* education of Mr. Whitbread;

It is *since* Englishmen began to “speak evil of dignities” and to follow the example of a neighbouring nation, which poisoned and alienated the affections of a people from their princes, in order to destroy that reverence and respect which ought to be entertained for all rulers and governors. And, it is *since* “the people,” inflated by dissention and discord, by Whiggism and disloyalty, have *been taught* by you and others to look at princes as characters possessing all the inferior qualities of the human heart, and destitute of those virtues which illumine the obscurer paths of life!—It is a lamentable fact, that the same signs appeared in the days of Cromwell, and in *every period* that has been marked with peculiar atrocity and effusion of blood. An affectation of morals and sanctity has been the uniform companion of every *traitor* that has disturbed the earth. The beggarly politics of a Cobbett, the chopstick learning of a Lancaster, the howling religion of a Rowland Hill, and the fastidious morals of a Wardle, are nothing new—they were exercised in the reigns of Henry IV. of France; of Charles IX. of France and I. of England; in the civil war of 1745, and in the recent rebellion of Ireland. And all for the direct and known purpose of enveloping the country in so dense a cloud of ignorance, that treason, irreligion, rapine, and every species of crime and immorality might be practised without the restraint of the laws or the intervention of princes.

It is not my intention to go into any justification of the Royal Duke—he needs none whatever, in my opinion; and I lead a life as moral as my neighbours—I only mean to tell you, Sir, what you ought to know, that it is with princes as it is with nature. The most luminous bodies are frequently darkened by exhalations from the most obscure, and that nebula which, at this moment, disfigures the surface of the sun, has been created by the attraction and virtue of his beams.

As to the rest, his Royal Highness is a gentleman of great natural energies of mind, heightened by all the attainments that official, learned, and polished society can give, to add lustre and utility to the head of any department of the state; and, this being acknowledged, I cannot conceive any thing more contemptible than intermeddling in his moral and *private* concerns. Besides, the precedent is as dangerous as it is absurd. On the same principle, I presume, you intend to pay do-

miciliary visits through the empire, and run from *kitchen* to *garret*, from *water-closet* to *boudoir*, and then report your progress and discoveries to self-created tribunals, which *would undoubtedly* wish to have the power to send one half of us to Newgate and the other to Botany Bay!—We, “the people,” do not pretend to be any better than what we are, nor do we wish to improve by Whig morality. Besides, Whig morality is a voluntary thing; it can no more be forced than reason, or memory, or any faculty of the soul. To be *whiggishly* moral against my will is an absurdity; and it is ridiculous in you to try to make me so in spite of myself. Neither my mind nor my palate can be subject to your jurisdiction; for, if you take upon yourself to regulate my throat and stomach, and direct me how much to swallow, I am to expect that you will assume dominion over other offices—and dictate to all the operations of my nature. The rock of Tarpeia has expiated tyranny like this—but the Tower of London has yet that justice to perform!

Cease then, Sir, to instruct “the people” with Whig *morality*, which only inspires them with restlessness and discontent. Your sole aim is to convulse them by the levelling doctrines of the infamous Cobbett, and the insidious arts of your *other* revolutionary friends. Your only wish is to fix in the honest unsuspecting hearts of the people, the *canker-worm of disaffection*, in order to realise your own wild dreams of personal aggrandizement. But you are now known better than ever, and I trust that you will not deprive the country of its interests, its dignity, and its honour, without being well assured that the surrender shall not be voluntary, even on the part of “the people.” *If left to themselves*, they are brave as loyal, and are convinced, that any disparity they experience, is inseparable from a state of human society, or the circumstance of the times.

I cannot, Sir, detain you any longer, but I beg to direct your attention to the next number of this Register, in which you will see a letter to Lord Moira, from which you may glean some farther materials for the improvement of your politics, *morals*, and mind!

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your constant and critical observer,

ALBION.

25th Nov. 1809.

FROM THE MONITEUR.

OPENING OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY,
AND SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR AND
KING.

PARIS, Dec. 3.—The Emperor being seated, the Members of the Legislative Body newly elect took the oaths; after which the Emperor made the following speech:—

“Gentlemen Deputies of the Departments to the Legislative Body.

“Since your last Session, I have reduced Arragon and Castile to submission, and driven from Madrid the fallacious Government formed by England, I was marching upon Cadiz and Lisbon, when I was under the necessity of treading back my steps, and of planting my eagles on the ramparts of Vienna. Three months have seen the rise and termination of this fourth Punic war. Accustomed to the devotedness and courage of my armies, I must nevertheless, under these circumstances, acknowledge the particular proofs of affection which my soldiers of Germany have given me.

“The genius of France conducted the English army—it has terminated its projects in the pestilential marshes of Walcheren. In that important period I remained 400 leagues distant, certain of the new glory which my people would acquire, and of the grand character they would display. My hopes have not been deceived—I owe particular thanks to the Citizens of the Departments of the Pas de Calais and the North. Frenchmen! every one that shall oppose you shall be conquered and reduced to submission. Your grandeur shall be increased by the hatred of your enemies. You have before you long years of glory and prosperity. You have the force and energy of the Hercules of the ancients.

“I have united Tuscany to the Empire. The Tuscans were worthy of it by the mildness of their character, by the attachment their ancestors have always shown us, and by the services they have rendered to European civilization.

“History pointed out to me the conduct I ought to pursue towards Rome; the Popes, become Sovereigns of part of Italy, have constantly shown themselves enemies of every preponderating power on the peninsula—they have employed their spiritual power to injure it.—It was then demonstrated to me that the spiritual influence exercised in my

States by a foreign Sovereign, was contrary to the independence of France, to the dignity and safety of my throne. However, as I acknowledge the necessity of the spiritual influence of the descendants of the first of the pastors, I could not conciliate these grand interests, but by annulling the donative of the French Emperors, my predecessors, and by uniting the Roman States to France.

“By the Treaty of Vienna, all the Kings and Sovereigns, my allies, who have given me so many proofs of the constancy of their friendship, have acquired and shall acquire a fresh increase of territory.

“The Illyrian Provinces stretch the frontiers of my great Empire to the Save. Contiguous to the Empire of Constantinople, I shall find myself in a situation to watch over the first interests of my Commerce in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Levant. I will protect the Porte, if the Porte withdraws herself from the fatal influence of England. I shall know how to punish her, if she offer herself to be governed by cunning and perfidious counsels.

“I have wished to give the Swiss Nation a new proof of my esteem, by annexing to my titles that of their Mediator, and thus putting an end to all the uneasiness endeavoured to be spread among that brave people.

“Holland, placed between England and France, is equally bruised by them. Yet she is the *debouche* of the principal arteries of my Empire.—Changes will become necessary; the safety of my frontiers, and the well-understood interests of the two countries imperiously require them.

“Sweden has lost, by her alliance with England, after a disastrous war, the finest and most important of her provinces. Happy would it have been for that nation, if the wise prince that governs her now, had ascended the throne some years sooner. This example proves anew to Kings, that the alliance of England is the surest presage of ruin.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE FIRST SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER OF
BLAGDON'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

[To follow No. 12 of Vol. I. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1809.]

Price 1s.]

CONTENTS:—*Exhortation to the Nobility of this Empire to abandon that apathy and those vices which led to the downfall of those of France.*—PHILO ANGLUS's character of a living Jacobin.—*Remainder of the report of the Trial of Mrs. Clarke, &c.*—*Very interesting Chapter of the Botley Demagogue's Life.*—*Mr. Canning's Letter to Earl Camden.*

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THE EXAMPLE OF THE FRENCH NOBILITY, A WARNING TO THOSE OF BRITAIN.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you a few observations, grounded on the experience of our own, and supported by the history of former times; which, through the medium of your excellent Register, will be read by those for whom they are particularly intended, and, I sincerely hope, with that advantage to themselves and their country, for which only they were written.

The tranquillity, welfare, and, it may be truly said, the very existence of an *established Government* in all countries (unless assailed by an overwhelming power from without), depends on its nobility. This is an axiom which the annals of kingdoms, both ancient and modern, clearly evince; but, as it would be a waste of time to illustrate the position from the records of Greece or Rome, when it can be done with equal force, and truth not to be controverted, from what has so recently happened in a neighbouring kingdom, I shall, therefore, confine myself to a *REVOLUTION, which has shaken the whole civilized world.*

Too many of the "makers of manners" in France, unintentionally assisted to destroy their ill-fated country, by an adherence to the destructive maxims of party politics; while others, and these not a few, regarded passing events with a torpid apathy, which nothing could rouse them from, but the *falling* of the state! How was this reprehensible conduct lamented by them, when ruin had rendered both politics and exertion of no avail? Among the small number who had the degradation of their sovereign, and a change of government in contemplation, the few that lived to see the completion of their scheme, were struck with horror on beholding the dreadful hydra which they had created!—*Party, luxury, and indolence*, hurried down the sun of the French nobility; and, in the dereliction of the ALTAR and the THRONE, it set for ever!

All men, from the peer down to the

peasant, have a duty to discharge in their respective stations; but that of the *first* class is doubly important, from its weight in the government, and from its example to the people. Had the French nobility faithfully discharged those duties incumbent on the first order of subjects, they might still have enjoyed their titles and properties, and saved from the scaffold their justly-lamented sovereign—Religion and morality would have triumphed over atheism and licentiousness, and the undiminished power of royalty would have stifled discord and rebellion in its birth: but, alas! for their king, their country, and themselves, this was not the case; divided into irreconcilable parties, struggling to supplant each other, from motives of pride, interest, and revenge—patronising writers and declaimers, who were undermining the established government by their metaphysical jargon and sophistical systems, destructive of order, religion, and all the moral virtues that bind society together: or, dosing in ease and affluence, regardless of every thing but the refinements of luxury, and the gratification of sensual enjoyments,—the government was subverted, and their order destroyed!!! Who is there that can censure, without dropping a tear on the sufferings of these infatuated men? Stripped of wealth, rank, and power, they had nothing to accompany them in their exile, but the bitter remembrance of what they had lost: regarded in their asylum with coldness, frequently with distrust, their feelings were continually wounded by inhumanity and disrespect; and the change of one place of refuge for another, was a change only of residence, their sufferings continued the same. To fill up the cup of misery, arms were resorted to as the last expedient, to rescue their bleeding country from anarchy and confusion, and to reinstate themselves in their ancient rights and privileges. In this they experienced all the inconveniences and hardships of private soldiers, and fought and bled in vain!

"The man who runs may read," says Dr. Young, in support of his Divine position, by the book "wrote all in capitals:" and it may here be said, that ig-

norance itself might profit by FACTS of such magnitude in error, and so infallibly ruinous in their consequences; as those of defection and wilful indiscretion in men of rank, wealth, and eminence in a state. Surely the lamentable mistakes of our neighbours ought to impel the British nobility to *guard* the sacred source from whence their titles sprung, and to support the order of things *unanimously*; by which only these titles can be upheld, and their own and their country's honour perpetuated.

It is not, Mr. Blagdon, the wicked scribblers, and the maniac declaimers of the day, *by themselves*, who can shake the fabric of Government: no, their numbers would soon dwindle away, and their efforts to do injury would be of no more weight than the fly upon the bull's horn; were *they* not *countenanced*, and *their* productions *patronised* by the great, for the sorry, the very sorry purposes of party views. This, Sir, is a powerful example to the middling and lower orders, who receive, with avidity, impressions inimical to the general interest and tranquillity of their country, from such conduct in their superiors; believing that the sentiments they have adopted are just, on no other grounds, than that of their being first propagated by some men of eminence in debate, or retailed by seditious writers, whom they tacitly sanction. On this, the demons of discord build their most sanguine hopes, quoting TEXTS from men of the FIRST RANK in the kingdom, at the Whig Club, and *elsewhere*; to convert the people from their allegiance to the King, and their reverence and attachment to the established Church and Government.

In the natural course of events, the same causes produce the same effects, and what has happened in France may be justly expected to take place in Britain, if we persevere in the same conduct which they did: for a decided hostility among the great, descending to make use of the most abominable means to mislead the people, so that the perplexity of Government might forward their ambitious or interested views in opposition to each other, CAN END ONLY IN RUIN; as it has, and ever must do, in all countries where it is persisted in.

There is no man, who is not bereft of common sense and human feeling, but can conceive, in some degree, the remorse and anguish that must have wrung the hearts of the French nobility, when they

awoke from the delirium of error, to the conviction of truth; and saw that the extinction of monarchy—the abolition of order, and their own deplorable situation, was owing to themselves. The inveterate animosity of parties—a disregard of old established forms and customs—the torpor of indolence—the contempt of religion—and the folly and evils of innovation, were only known in their effects; and these were of such dreadful consequences, that an ORLEANS himself might have paused in his infamous career of disorganization, had there been so recent, and so ruinous a precedent to have recurred to, as the one with which the French revolution has furnished us.

Your surprising correspondent, ALBION, has most ably employed his classical pen, in addressing some individuals high in rank and of distinguished character, and has blended truth and argument so forcibly and so elegantly together, that there is room to hope he may be successful in his endeavours, to convince them to act, in future, befitting their exalted stations. It is “devoutly to be wished” that, when ALBION has gone through his *particular* list, he will then adopt a *general* plan of admonition. It might do much good from his gentlemanly pen; for, believe me, Sir, it is much wanting. I shall close this letter by observing, that the conduct of the nobility will always influence that of their inferiors, and that the exercise of loyalty and true patriotism in the great will, from *example*, endear the established form of government to THE PEOPLE, and induce *them* zealously to defend the *integrity* of our blessed Constitution!

York, Dec. 4, 1809.

J. A.

“BIRDS OF A FEATHER.”

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—The old adage of “Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are;” and that of “Birds of a feather will flock together,” are perfectly just, and were never better exemplified than in the recent, as it seems to you, though I take it to be an old one, connection betwixt the *Hampshire* and the *Yorkshire Esquires*; for of that latter county is the person, whom, in one of your satirical articles on the Jubilee, you seem to *suspect* to be a *Jacobin*! I confess that it appears odd to me, that

this connection should be unknown to you, who have so perfectly studied all the *tricks*, and reconnoitred all the *haunts*, of Jacobinism: and that you should never have heard of the *Yorkshire 'Squire*, the bosom friend of SIR FRANCIS, and the *companion* of the TRAITOR DESPARD! This short designation of the man will, I make no doubt, strengthen your *suspensions* of him; and, with the addition of the above old adages, will, I think, relieve you from all doubt respecting his character: but, that no doubt may remain upon that head, I will here enter upon the subject a little more at length.

The 'Squire is the son of a late very respectable and respected gentleman, of considerable landed estate in Yorkshire, to the amount of 6 or 7000*l.* per annum: and he now inherits this estate: in conjunction with some others in the same county. He is an old bachelor, near 70: walks about London in a shabby wide great coat, not worth half a crown: in short, all the apparel on his back is not worth twenty shillings; and I never heard of any one generous action he ever did. In the year 1774 I knew him in Paris, and afterwards in London; he was then a Lieutenant in the Coldstream regiment of Guards; and of course was honoured with the title and rank of captain. After the affair of Bunker's hill, he was sent out in a detachment of the regiment to America: but as the climate, or perhaps, as was *wickedly* suggested at the time, as the fatigues and *dangers* of a campaign did not *agree with his constitution*, but brought upon him a rheumatism, he was permitted to return home on leave: but, when this leave was drawing to a conclusion, and another detachment was about to be sent out, in which he would have been included, he applied for leave to sell out, though he was the oldest lieutenant; and knew that there was a chance of his having promotion almost immediately (as I heard him declare), he sold his commission and retired; and within two months after, the vacancy happened which he expected. Thus it appears that, though the newspapers have dubbed him *Colonel*, he never arrived at the dignity of that title.

After this he passed an idle, lounging, *London* life, from coffee-house to playhouse, from playhouse to ***** house, and to coffee-house again, and now and then enlivened the scene by a trip to the continent. At this time, I was oft in

company with some of his acquaintance, and of course frequently met him. His reading, exclusive of pamphlets and newspapers of the day, chiefly consisted, as I could perceive from his conversation, of deistical and atheistical authors; and his conversation was generally seasoned with stale jokes upon the Scriptures, mostly extracted from Voltaire, and that most infamous of all infamous French books, "*Les trois Imposteurs*." The inspired authors, and Mahomet, were of equal authority with him: only the heaven of the latter was more congenial to his nature, and therefore became more impressed upon his belief.

A few years after this, I lost sight of the 'Squire, as I resided chiefly abroad; nor did I hear of him again, until I saw him celebrated in the London newspapers (which I had regularly sent to me) as a member of the Corresponding Society; and sometimes, as was also his friend Sir ———, as president or chairman of the said society. Of the treasonable intentions of that society I had no doubt; and I own I expected that every packet would bring me the news of some of their active citizens and chairmen having been put (as the father of Jacobinism says) "*hors de combat*," by a certain gentleman called Jack Ketch. But in this expectation I was, however, disappointed; though I may not labour perhaps very long under such disappointment respecting some of their presidents, as I have already seen two of the party *disappear* under the hands of the afore-said gentleman in England; and have heard of two others disappearing in Ireland, though certainly they escaped this *worthy* public functionary's rude gripe.

On my return to England about ten years ago, I met the 'Squire by accident in the street; when he very politely and pressingly invited me to dinner with some of his friends; but the presidency of the "*Corresponding Society*" came into my recollection, and I waved the "*honour of the sitting*." After repeating three or four times the same invitation on our accidentally meeting, and its being as oft refused, he gave it up; and our acquaintance now is reduced to a distant nod, and sometimes not even that. How he spends his large income, or whether he does spend it or not, I do not know: he certainly never had a propensity to gaming; and every man may easily convince himself that it is not spent in *dress*. And as for generosity, as I ob-

served before, there is no such word, nor ever was, in his vocabulary. One instance, as a proof, came to my knowledge, from the very person who interceded with him in the business. He had a brother in the Coldstream regiment of Guards also, but of a very different stamp from him; indeed quite the reverse: he was noble, generous, loyal, brave, and universally beloved. This gentleman was unfortunately killed in Holland; and left a natural daughter; who, from his having nothing but his commission, was reduced, when very young (as I was told) to great want. The person who related this anecdote to me, was an applicant to the 'Squire to prevail upon him to do something towards relieving her; and made use, as he said, of every argument he could think of in her favour: yet he was not able to wring from the obdurate heart of this man of 6 or 8000*l.* a year, who has not a single call upon his purse, from either wife, child, or relative, the gift of a few paltry guineas! This is what, I suppose, the *Hampshire* 'Squire means, by saying that he, of all men living, has shown, by his practice, that he best knows the real use of money: that is, I suppose, to keep it to yourself; and to shut your ears against the cries of misfortune, poverty, talents, and distress.

Amongst other traits of the 'Squire's character, I beg leave to add this: When the traitor O'Connor was in custody, the 'Squire and his friend Sir Francis presented themselves at the office of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, for the purpose of becoming bail for him, *to the amount of 50,000*l.* if required.* Business having called me there, I met them at the office by chance; and I can assure you I enjoyed a momentary pleasure at the meeting, in the idea that they were not *voluntary* visitors.

I beg pardon for taking up so much of your truly valuable time; and I make no doubt but, when you have read this account, the *suspensions* you have entertained of the 'Squire will be converted into *certainty*; and that you will no longer be astonished at the eulogies of the *Hampshire* Demagogue on his friend.

One anecdote yet remains, which, however, so manifestly discovers the horrible and atrocious intentions of *the gang*, that I cannot refrain, whatever is the consequence, from relating it to you: it shall form the subject of a short letter to you soon, if you wish it.

I have taken the *Phoenix* and the *Re-*

gister *ab initio*; and I most sincerely wish you success in all your truly patriotic endeavours.

PHILO ANGLUS.

London, Nov. 22, 1809.

THE SUSPENDED JUDGMENT LET FALL ON THE RIGHT HEAD!

Continued from page 344.

When he had breakfasted we retired there. I then said to him, what could induce you to call on me as a witness—he said he wanted me to speak to the subject of Few's action—I said, you are not aware of what you are about, by calling on me, as by calling on me I am liable to be examined—my examination will not then be confined to the point you wish, but to the whole of what I know on the subject of the investigation. *I have been repeatedly told by Mrs. Clarke, that she was to derive considerable advantages from coming forward in the investigation, and you may rely on it, that I shall not conceal any circumstance that I know.* I do not wish to be called to do Mrs. Clarke a prejudice, but if you call me, I must go into the whole. You are now safe from my evidence, as it was communicated to me as Mrs. Clarke's attorney; and if I am summoned on the part of his Royal Highness, I cannot be examined, for you must strongly object, as it was communicated to me in confidence as an attorney. He said, if that was the case he would not call me at all. I continued there sometime; Mr. Wright was announced. Upon his entrance, Col. Wardle said, "This is Mr. Wright the Upholsterer, he is come to be examined by me." I said, surely you don't mean to call Wright, for he will, if possible, do you more mischief than myself, as, in that case, your furnishing Mrs. Clarke's house, *and sending him to me to bring an action against the Duke of York will certainly come out.* He said, "Then you think I ought not to call him?" I said, "You really are in much danger from Wright; he can be summoned on the part of his Royal Highness, and has no privilege; they will certainly get the truth out of him, for if he should consent to conceal it, which I don't think he will, in either case it will certainly be got from him, for he has not *head* enough to evade the questions." Col. Wardle said, "What shall I do with him?" I said, "It is dangerous for you to see him." He then asked me to see Wright, and send him away; I did so. After this interview I

received another summons from the House of Commons, and wrote to Col. Wardle upon it. The summons was dated the 7th, and I wrote to the colonel on the 9th.

[The letter was here called for, but the counsel for the prosecution did not produce it. The notice to produce was proved.]

Mr. STOKES proceeded.

I gave the letter of the 9th to my servant, to carry to the colonel, and he brought back an answer, desiring me not to attend. I accordingly did not, and heard no more of the business. I think Wright was not examined in the House of Commons.

Cross-examined by Mr. ALLEY.

I am now attorney for the defendants, and was formerly employed in the same capacity for the then plaintiff; no person was present at the conversation but ourselves on the 7th of February. I did not minute it down, but my memory is accurate, and will be so to the last day of my life. I understood particularly from Mr. Francis Wright, that he was to furnish the house. He was not introduced to the colonel, because I felt that Col. Wardle would be more committed if he was introduced. I did not communicate what I knew to the Duke of York's friends; the circumstance which I knew, and had just related, because I should have committed my client, Mrs. Clarke, by it. *Mr. Francis Wright was cautioned to the greatest secrecy*, so I understood from himself. I do not believe that any person made any communication to the Duke of York, nor had I ever any communication with any person on the subject. I once procured an order to see the grotto at Oatlands, but did not see it. I gave it to some mutual friends of Mr. Alley and myself. I mentioned the circumstance of the furnishing an account of Col. Wardle to Mr. Wilkinson, who is assistant to Mr. Lowten, whom every body knows was Solicitor to the Duke of York. This was very lately, within last Michaelmas Term, in the Hall.

Mr. ALLEY then proposed to call Col. Wardle to contradict the statement of Mr. Stokes.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL did not object to his being called.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH—"Let him be called."

Colonel WARDLE again examined.

I recollect holding some conversation with Mr. Stokes in the back drawing-

room, but *I don't recollect* what reason he gave for not attending the summons. He was summoned, as *I think*, to give contradiction to Few's evidence. *I think, as far as I can recollect*, that there was something which, at the time, *I conceived was better to be left alone*—I mean Few's transactions relative to Mrs. Clarke's pleading her coverture; that is the only reason, as *I can recollect*, which was assigned for not calling him. There was never any reason for making him believe I agreed to furnish the house in West-bourn-place, nor did he assign that as a reason for wishing not to give evidence before the House of Commons. A second summons was sent him, as far as my recollection serves me. *I think* that Mrs. Clarke said she had honourably paid his debt after she had been sued. *I don't recollect* Wright's coming to my house, nor the ground of examining him as an evidence. *I never recollect* my having such intention. He never stated to me that Wright's testimony was dangerous.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL declined to cross examine Col. Wardle, and recommended that he should quit the Court!!!

Mr. ALLEY here observed (when Mr. Attorney General was about addressing the Jury on the new testimony adduced) that it would be necessary to call witnesses to the character of Col. Wardle.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH, said he never knew of any such proceeding, unless it was endeavoured to impeach a witness on his oath, there it was a question of credit.

The ATTORNEY GENERAL then shortly made some observations, in the course of which he desired the Jury to compare the evidence of Mr. Stokes with that of Col. Wardle, which he contended was, from the manner in which he delivered himself, better entitled to credit than the colonel's. For these reasons he had wished the latter gentleman not to remain in Court, aware that he must make some observations which would not be agreeable.

Mr. ALLEY contended that the Colonel was as much entitled to credit as Mr. Stokes, who was certainly to the full as interested a witness as the former, for he had not less than three clients for whom he was swearing. He certainly made an impressive defence of his unfortunate clients; but the whole tenor of it was to show, that the testimony of Mr.

Stokes *ought not to be believed*; that by his criminal silence of these foul transactions, as he has represented them, he has been guilty of a misprision of treason, and that in permitting the son of his Sovereign to be basely aspersed and unjustly calumniated, he had forfeited every claim to loyalty.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH, with all that justice and candour which so highly characterise him, and which form the peculiar features of the judicial character of Great Britain, addressed the Jury to the following purport:—

This is an indictment brought against three persons; two of them have been witnesses on a former trial, the third is Francis Wright. What has been delivered by the former two in evidence on that trial is made a charge against them now. Daniel Wright appears to have no other connection with this business than as the foreman of his brother; but the peculiar hardship of this case, to which his Lordship particularly called the attention of the Jury, was the including the three under the one indictment; for, had they been guilty of the perjury which Col. Wardle had endeavoured that day to prove, they might each have been prosecuted for it without depriving them of that power of defence, which the evidence of the other two alone afforded. But by thus indicting all equally for conspiracy, Col. Wardle stripped them of all the means by which they could manifest their innocence, and his Lordship expressed his earnest hope, that the subjects of the land might never be liable to indictments and prosecutions, which from their very nature and manner would deprive them of the power of defence. He then called on the Jury to give the defendants all the advantage of the evidence they had heretofore given, and to allow them on this occasion the full benefit of their oaths, deprived as they were of the power of coming forward that day, by this artful consolidation of them in one indictment. His Lordship reminded them that the defendants were brought before them bound and fettered, and unable to testify their innocence by any means whatever. He then entered into a detail of the evidence which Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Wright had given on the trial alluded to. He observed that the 100l. which had been given to the former on her going to the country, could be only looked on as a fee for that evidence which she was to give, and

would most justly disparage it, and render Col. Wardle liable to a legal imputation, or subject him to a prosecution for subornation of evidence. This, his Lordship said, was a *bonus* for her testimony; and, whatever views of popularity or ambition might have actuated him, Col. Wardle had dealt corruptly in the first instance with his witness. His Lordship expatiated on the circumstance of Col. Wardle's becoming responsible to Wright for the furniture; the rejection of one carpet, and choosing another; Mrs. Clarke's observation on it, that since Col. Wardle was to pay for it he might have his choice; Wright's testimony, that the things went home in Mr. Wardle's name. To this declared evidence, uncontradicted at the time, Mr. Wardle opposed his own testimony alone to-day, in which he said the whole was a fiction. His Lordship remarked on the improbability of a woman like Mrs. Clarke exposing herself to a scrutinizing examination for many nights before the House of Commons, without any hope of other remuneration than the paying a few of her tradesmen's bills. His Lordship recommended deliberation and caution to the Jury, since here evidence encountered evidence, and oath encountered oath. It appeared, that in the dealings with Wright, Col. Wardle was the ostensible paymaster, but that, vouched as he was by honour to the public to produce uncontaminated witnesses, it was his especial interest to screen this fact. Now, when the defendants' mouths are padlocked, you are called upon to decide against them. What, said his Lordship, could be the meaning of that triple security, Dodd's bill? Was it not with a view to concealment? He desired the Jury to recollect when he asked Colonel Wardle, were they patriotic views, were they motives of public good alone which excited Mrs. Clarke to give evidence before the House of Commons? he said he believed so. Could it be true, said his Lordship, that a woman of her character could have been so actuated? But in corrupting the course of justice, Colonel Wardle had committed the highest misdemeanour. His lordship stated further, that it appeared that Major Dodd had enjoyed the confidence of the Royal Family; and though he did not lend entire assistance to Mr. Wardle, yet he saw him daily while he was planning a conspiracy against the brother of his Royal Master, and his Lordship asked, could his be a well cast moral mind? Could the human

affections warmly animate his heart, who could thus act? It appeared that Wardle, Dodd, and Mrs. Clarke had left town together, that while in the country Wardle and Dodd had been employed taking, in writing, the evidence which Mrs. Clarke was to give; no public, no honourable feeling, no gentlemanly principle could incite to, or justify such an action (base as base it is) thus to worm himself into the secrets of a woman, and to take them down on paper. He fattens on the offal of any thing he can find amiss in the family of his Sovereign, and thus comes morally recommended before you to-day. His Lordship then adverted to the professional talents of the Gentleman who opened the prosecution; and expressed considerable surprise, that he could allow himself to be carried away by impetuosity, and to charge Lord Chichester with paying ten thousand pounds for the suppression of certain letters; and observed upon the mischievous consequences to the administration of justice, if gentlemen allowed themselves to speak of things which were utterly impossible to procure in evidence. There had been, he said, a very tragic lamentation over those whom it was averred were terrified from coming forward on this occasion; but this his Lordship said was merely an address calculated to inflame their passions. If, said his Lordship, you maintain the high character of British Jurors (of which I have no doubt), your minds, well poised and equal, cannot be shaken by assertions, the truth of which have not been, nor could not be ascertained. Wright, jun. the person united in this indictment, though they have endeavoured to prove him a partner, is not one; and it seems as if they wish to confound them. His Lordship then wished, that the character which had been drawn by the Counsel for the prosecution might have been only the vision of a heated imagination. He had drawn him as a man aiming at situations and influence which neither his birth nor his talents entitled him to be trusted with. This idea was not embodied, and had no living person to whom it applied. His Lordship said this was a complicated indictment. The oral testimony was all on one side, and manacled as the defendants are, they must abide the pelting of this evidence. His Lordship then entered at large into the evidence of Mr. Stokes, his remonstrance with Col. Wardle, when subpoenaed before the House of Commons, that he must

injure his cause. His Lordship particularly remarked that Mr. Stokes had said, that in his cross-examination before the House, he should be examined on other points, as well as that Mr. Wardle wished him to be examined on; and added "that, as Mrs. Clarke's Attorney, he did not wish to do her any prejudice;"—when Wright was called, his observing to Wardle that Wright would do him more harm than he himself could, as he had not head to conceal what was necessary. On this his Lordship observed, that here, in this transaction, an intention was taken up and then abandoned. On what ground, said his Lordship, could it be taken up and on what ought it to be abandoned? This evidence heard no more of the business; he never assigned any other reason to Wardle, as an objection to Wright, than the danger of his evidence discovering the connection between him and Mrs. Clarke. Colonel Wardle then was compelled either to take leave of all pretensions to character, or directly to contradict this witness, who had so positively sworn to those things which Wardle had so often and so solemnly denied before. But what can you think of the hesitating, recollecting, denial of Wardle, when opposed to the absolute and direct evidence of Mr. Stokes?

His Lordship reminded the Jury that three persons were contradicted, not on the day they gave evidence, but to-day; not by witnesses who were remote, but who then, as well as to-day, were present. Wardle, said his Lordship, acknowledges that he gave a discretionary power to his Counsel to call or not to call witnesses, notwithstanding his declaration to the People of the United Kingdom. Might he not have come on that day into Court, and have had his business discussed?—His Lordship again said, he thought it necessary to remind them that this complicated indictment deprived the objects of every means of defence, and that therefore it rested with them to consider the evidence which had been given by the defendants as if they had that day sworn it; and to consider how that evidence had been contradicted, he asked them, could they reconcile it to probability, that Mrs. Clarke would subject herself to the danger of a public examination before the highest tribunal on earth for the paltry consideration of paying her baker's or her butcher's bill? He said the sum of money which had been given was for the purpose of influencing her evi-

dence, but that, were it only a loan, was still improper.

His Lordship here concluded, and the Jury, after a very few moments deliberation, and without quitting the Box, returned a verdict of—NOT GUILTY.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,

THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

“Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant.”

“Notwithstanding the example of America, and the more dreadful example of France, I find the emissaries of the republican faction (*for such it really is*) still preaching fanaticism and infidelity, still bawling for that change which they have the audacity to denominate REFORM, still exerting all their nefarious ingenuity in sapping the foundation of the Church and Throne.”

PORCUPINE NEWSPAPER, No. I.

“He is a Tyrant in a common weal of Boys, and armed with a Rod and Ferula, is more insolent and Arbitrary than a Universal Monarch with his Sword and Sceptre; and we need not wonder at Dyonisius, the Tyrant, who living expelled his Kingdom, and getting to be Master of a School, should choose that Sovereignty for the more Voluptuous Dominion.”—CHARACTER OF A WHIG.

CHAPTER IX.

Reference to the testimony of one of Peter Porcupine's relations.—Cobbett finds a congenial asylum.—Conjectures respecting his motives for going to France.—The six happiest months of Cobbett's life.—Cobbett falls in love with French piety.—Again tells truth.—Frightened away from France.—Wants to see more of the world.—Avows himself a republican.—Lands at New York.—Neglected by Mr. Jefferson.—Disappointed in his expectation of suddenly becoming a great man.—A hiatus.—Cobbett fogs little boys and girls.—Takes up the trade of an aristocrat, and attacks a seditious demagogue.—Double motive for his malignity against Jefferson.—Resorts to the honourable employment of a Spy.—A climax of guilt.

IN our first Chapter of the Life of the Hampshire Demagogue, we presented our readers with a short *American*, “History of Peter Porcupine,” which appeared in the *Aurora*, under the signature of “PAUL HEDGEHOG.” We at the same time pledged ourselves to prove that, though the statements of the said “PAUL HEDGEHOG” were not unimpeachably correct, they contained much more truth than Cobbett was willing to admit. “*This wretch*,” says Paul, meaning his cousin Peter, “was obliged to *abscond* from his darling Old England, to avoid being turned

off into the other world before, what *he* supposed, his time. It may be well imagined that, in a land of liberty, and flowing with milk and honey, his *precipitate retreat* could not have been owing to any offence committed against the government, very honourable to himself.” Well said, Paul! “Cousin Peter, what dost thou think of this now?”

Cobbett, we have seen, *did abscond*; and, that the instigator of the Court-Martial relating to Captain Powell, and the Lieutenants Hall and Seton, literally *deserved* hanging, there can be very little doubt in any rational mind.

Cobbett having *retired*, alias *absconded*, the place of his retreat is deserving of consideration. It was France; that prolific hot-bed of every thing that was base and infamous. No other nation in Europe could have afforded an asylum so congenial to the feelings and principles of Cobbett, who was at that an avowed republican.

He arrived in France, he tells us, in March, 1792. It must, of course, have been towards the close of the month. What were Cobbett's motives for going to France? Would it seem uncharitable to suppose, that, attracted by the blaze of the revolution, this absconder from the meditated infliction of a just punishment, perceiving that blackguards and ruffians of every description suddenly started into power, conceived some hopes, though an Englishman, of sharing in the general spoil? Cobbett had previously *studied* French—*grammatically*, no doubt;—and it will be recollected, that there *were* Englishmen who went to France with views of this nature. Cobbett's brother republican, Tom Paine, might be adduced as one instance out of several. This, however, is a point which we shall not press.

Cobbett, it seems, remained in France till the beginning of September following, “THE SIX HAPPIEST MONTHS” OF HIS LIFE. “I should be *the most ungrateful monster*,” says he, “were I to *speak ill* of the French people in general. I went to that country full of all those prejudices that Englishmen suck in with their mother's milk against the French and *against their religion*; a few weeks convinced me that I had *been deceived* with respect to both. I met every where with civility, and even hospitality, in a degree that I never had been accustomed to. I found the people, among whom I lived, excepting those

who were already blasted with the principles of the accursed revolution; *honest, pious, and kind to EXCESS.*"

It will hereafter be seen, with what consistency Cobbett's opinions respecting the French are supported. In the present instance, however, he yet goes farther: and, for the truth of the following statement, we are disposed to give him ample credit.—"People may say what they please," observes he, "about the misery of the French peasantry, under the old government; I have conversed with thousands of them, *not ten among whom did not regret the change.*"

Cobbett informs us, that he intended to stay in France till the spring of 1793; as well to perfect himself in the language as to pass the winter at Paris. "But I perceived," says he, "the storm gathering; [Cobbett always loves to keep out of a riot, unless it be one of his own making; his personal safety is beyond every thing dear to him, as, in due time, the reader will be fully satisfied.] I saw that a war with England was inevitable, and it was not difficult to foresee what would be the fate of Englishmen in that country, where the rulers had laid aside even the appearance of justice and mercy."

A writer in the *Aurora* asserted, that Cobbett "was whipped at Paris;" and his cousin, *Paul Hedgehog*, states that "his evil genius pursued him" to France, and that "he was obliged as suddenly to leave the republic," as he had before been obliged to leave England. If we are to believe Cobbett, however, he never was at Paris. "I wished," says he, "to see Paris, and had actually hired a coach to go thither. I was on the way, when I heard, at Abbeville, that the king was dethroned and his guards murdered. This intelligence made me turn towards Havre de Grace, whence I embarked for America."

Cobbett tells us, that his determination to settle in America was formed before he went to France, and even before he quitted the army. This might be so, or might not. "A desire," says he, "of *seeing a country*, so long the theatre of a war of which I had heard and read so much; the flattering picture given of it by Raynal; and, above all, an inclination for *seeing the world*, led me to this determination."

It would not be *very* surprising, we think, if, some time or another, Cobbett should be favoured with an opportunity

of *seeing a little more of the world*. A trip to New South Wales might add materially to his already copious stores of knowledge.—The passage which Cobbett subjoins to the above is at once curious and important.—"It would look a little like *coaxing*," says he, "for me to say, that *I had imbibed principles of republicanism*, and that *I was ambitious to become a citizen of a free state*, BUT THIS WAS REALLY THE CASE, I thought that men enjoyed *here* [in America] a *greater degree of liberty* than in England; and this, *if not the principal reason*, was at least *one*, for my coming to this country."

Cobbett, as he says, landed at New York, in the month of October, 1792; and, soon afterwards, he sent to Mr. Jefferson, who was then Secretary of State, a letter of recommendation, which he had brought from the American Ambassador at the Hague. How Cobbett obtained an introduction to an Ambassador does not appear; and we do not believe that even an *American* Ambassador would, knowingly, have given a letter of *recommendation* to one who, having been guilty of a most atrocious crime, had *absconded* from the justice of his country. However, Mr. Jefferson favoured Cobbett with the following note upon the occasion:

"Philadelphia, Nov. 5, 1792.

"SIR,—In acknowledging the receipt of your favour of the 2d instant, I wish it were in my power to announce to you any way in which I could be useful to you. Mr. Short's assurances of your merit would be a sufficient inducement to me. Public Offices in our government are so few, and of *so little value*, as to offer *no resource* TO TALENTS. When you shall have been here some small time, you will be able to judge in what way you can set out with the best prospect of success, and if I can serve you in it, I shall be very ready to do it.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very humble servant,

"TH. JEFFERSON."

It will readily be believed, that the above either was not *quite* accordant to the wishes, hopes, or expectations of our English republican; who, in all probability presuming on his *grammatical accuracy*, his *beautiful penmanship*; his *legal* and *military knowledge*—*especially relating to Courts-Martial*—and his *political* experience, already fancied himself

at least an under Secretary, with the President's chair in prospective! But his "TALENTS" were not then in requisition. Jefferson's note was, in fact, a polite refusal of Cobbett's services; and to that circumstance may perhaps be ascribed the vindictive spirit with which Cobbett appears to have been subsequently actuated against the writer.

From this period (November, 1792) till July, 1794, there is a complete blank in Cobbett's own account of his life. He must have had motives of *some* nature for this silence. What they were, we have no means of ascertaining; but, judging from previous and subsequent occurrences, we have no right to suppose them to have been *very honourable*. The curiosity of the public, however, has not been wholly disappointed respecting Cobbett's employment during the period alluded to; for, in the third Volume of *The SATIRIST* (No. XIV. published on the 1st of November, 1808,) page 339, we find the following passage:—

"We can, in some degree, supply the omission; for we know that during great part of that time he taught children to spell near the Ship Yards, Kensington, Philadelphia; and that he was, in word and deed, *as staunch a democrat as any in the United States*. Finding, however, the market glutted with democratic works, and conscious that novelty always commanded a high price, on the arrival of Dr. Priestly, in America, he commenced the trade of an aristocrat, published a pamphlet against the doctor, and outrageously abused all those who were partial to democracy, or admirers of the French Revolution. In short, with all that glorious disregard of consistency which has since distinguished his conduct, this man, who, in less than *three months, after*, obtained his discharge from the British army for his *good behaviour* (including *loyalty* of course), deserted his native land, and turned republican, became the advocate of monarchy, and the boisterous maintainer of his country's rights."

The writer of the above very neatly subjoins:—"Against Jefferson he had now *two* motives for being violently abusive: first, because no attention had been paid to his letter of recommendation; and, secondly, because he was a democrat."

The same Number of the *The SATIRIST*, from which we have extracted

these remarks, contains a farther elucidation of Cobbett's conduct and character at this period. "SELF-INTEREST, which," justly observes the writer, "has *ever* been his ruling passion, was the main spring that regulated his conduct; he repented not of his base ingratitude to his native country; he felt no desire to expiate his treachery by rendering her essential services as a *spy*, or otherwise; but he felt that, by pretending to be her advocate, and by betraying the interests of the state to which he had fled for protection, he should obtain the support of those who were inimical to the existing government of the latter, and at the same time ingratiate himself with the British Ministry; and thus, when he found it necessary to return home, prevent any *unpleasant inquiry* into the *motives* and *causes* of his *visit to France*."

"That Mr. Cobbett did act the part of a *spy* to the British Government, when the first paroxysms of his republican fever had abated, cannot be controverted. *We know* that he was in the constant habit of corresponding with those who were in Mr. Pitt's confidence; and we are willing to allow that, *as a spy* "he did the state some service." The system of *espionage*, as the French term it, has always been considered as allowable; and we are by no means inclined to blame Mr. Pitt for having made the ingratitude and apostacy of Cobbett subservient to the interests of his country. On the contrary, "we love the treason, but abhor the traitor." Cobbett was at that time an acknowledged citizen of the United States, and enjoying by choice the protection of her laws: it was therefore disgraceful in him to betray her."

We have yet something to advance, which places Cobbett's character in a far more horrible, far more dreadful light, than any in which we have hitherto viewed it. A spy, an informer, a regicide itself, would be regarded as mild, amiable, and beneficent, compared with the degraded wretch who could be guilty of what Cobbett has been charged with. *We* are not the framers of the charge; we cannot vouch for its authenticity; we shrink from the responsibility of the narrative; for, if *false*, its first propagator must be as "black-hearted a villain" as ever existed; if *true* we equally shudder, with horror, at the truly demoniac guilt of the alleged perpetrator of the crime. The fourth volume of *The SATIRIST*, at page 129, in the Number published on

the 1st of February, 1809, contains the statement in question, as follows:—

"That William Cobbett should have endeavoured to repel our attacks by desperate falsehoods has not in the least surprised us, and when our readers shall have perused the following anecdote, *the authenticity of which we challenge him to disprove*, they will shudder at the diabolical disposition and horrible depravity of this unparalleled monster.

"When Cobbett (enraged that his proffered services were rejected by the democrats of Philadelphia) became a furious royalist, his principles were opposed by one of the most respectable men in America. Instead of attacking this gentleman by argument, or bringing forward any facts against him, he endeavoured to effect his ruin by means which none but the most black-hearted villain that ever existed could have devised; and broadly insinuated, in one of his periodical papers, that he was addicted to practices at which nature revolts.

"Being asked by a friend, *in the presence of others*, if he *really* believed that Mr. ——— was a man of that horrible description: the unblushing monster impudently replied—"No more than that you and I are! but he is my opponent; it is my business to *pull him down*, and, as he is an effeminate looking man, I know no means so likely to effect his ruin as those I have taken!"

The person alluded to, in the above passage, as is afterwards stated, was Mr. Swanwick, of Philadelphia; a gentleman upon whom Cobbett, in the course of his "works," has heaped a most plentiful portion of abuse.

If Cobbett have been really guilty of the crime with which *The SATIRIST* has charged him, he ought to be regarded as an outlaw; he ought to be crushed, as we would crush a venomous serpent, approaching to dart its deadly poison through our frame. If, on the other hand, this charge be an invention of one of Cobbett's enemies, that enemy ought to be hunted out of existence, as an outcast of the human kind. On the head of *The SATIRIST* rests the dreadful responsibility of this appalling charge.

We are not aware that Cobbett has ever attempted to answer it. If he have not, his silence must proceed either from a proud consciousness of his innocence, which enables him to look down with contempt upon his infamous assailant; or from an overwhelming sense of shame,

and heart-accusing turpitude, which deprives him of all power even to *attempt* a vindication.

FERRET.

LETTER FROM THE
RIGHT. HON. GEO. CANNING

TO

THE EARL CAMDEN,
Lord President of The Council.

Gloucester Lodge, Nov. 14, 1809.

MY LORD—I had written to your Lordship immediately after the publication of your Lordship's Statement*; but I delayed sending my letter, in the hope of being able previously to submit it to the perusal of the Duke of Portland.

In this hope I have been disappointed by that fatal event which has deprived this country of one of its most upright and disinterested Patriots; the King of one of his most faithful, devoted, and affectionate subjects; and the world of one of the most blameless and most noble-minded of men.

Thus situated, I have thought it right to revise what I had written, and scrupulously to expunge every reference to the authority of the Duke of Portland, which would now stand upon my sole testimony; retaining such only as are supported, either by written documents which I shall be happy to communicate to your Lordship; or by facts which are well known to your Lordship or to your Colleagues, and in which for the most part your Lordship is yourself concerned.

Neither, however, can I content myself with this precaution; but must protest at the same time, in the most earnest manner, against any possible misconstruction, by which any thing in the following letter can be strained to a meaning unfavourable to the motives which actuated the Duke of Portland's conduct.

It is impossible, indeed, not to regret the policy, however well intentioned, which dictated the reserve practised towards Lord Castlereagh in the beginning of this transaction; or that practised towards myself in its conclusion.

It is to be regretted, that the Duke of Portland should have imposed, and that your Lordship should have accepted, the condition of silence, in the first communications between you.

It is also to be regretted, that I should

* For the Statement, see p. 87.

not have learnt in July, that your Lordship was not party to the assurances then given to me on behalf of Lord Castlereagh's friends in general;—and that another Member of the Cabinet, comprehended in that description, had (as I have since heard) refused to concur in them.

Had I been made acquainted with these circumstances, I should then have resigned; and my resignation would, at that time have taken place without inconvenience or embarrassment; and without stirring those questions (no way connected with the causes of my retirement) or subjecting me to those misinterpretations of my conduct and motives, which have been produced by the coincidence of my resignation with that of the Duke of Portland.

But, however this reserve may be to be regretted, it is impossible to attribute the adoption of it, on the part of the Duke of Portland, to any other motives than to that gentleness of nature which eminently distinguished him; and which led him to endeavour (above all things) to prevent political differences from growing into personal dissensions; and to aim at executing whatever arrangement might be expedient for improving or strengthening the Administration with the concurrence (if possible) of all its existing Members.

And no man who knows the affectionate respect and attachment, which the manly and generous qualities of the Duke of Portland's mind were calculated to command, and which I invariably bore to him, will suspect me of being willing to establish my own vindication, at the expence of the slightest disrespect to his memory, or prejudice to his fame.—I have the honour to be, My Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

GEORGE CANNING.

TO THE EARL CAMDEN, &c. &c.

MY LORD—The Statement, which had been published in the newspapers, in your Lordship's name, has decided a question on which I had before been hesitating, as to the necessity of an authentic detail of the transactions (so far as I am concerned in them or am acquainted with them) to which that Statement refers.

For that purpose, I think a direct address to your Lordship more decorous, both towards your Lordship and for myself, than an anonymous paragraph in a newspaper:

It is with the most painful reluctance

that I recur to a subject, which, so far as it concerns Lord Castlereagh and myself, had been settled in a manner which is, usually, I believe, considered as final.

Discussions of the causes of dispute more commonly precede, than follow, the extreme appeal to which Lord Castlereagh resorted:—And when, after mature consideration, his Lordship had determined to resort to that appeal in the first instance, I should have thought that such a choice, deliberately made, would have been felt by his friends to be equally conclusive upon them, as upon himself.

But your Lordship needs not to be informed, how assiduously my character has been assailed by writers in the newspapers, espousing Lord Castlereagh's quarrel, and supposed (I trust, most injuriously) to be his Lordship's particular friends.

The perversions and misrepresentations of anonymous writers, however, would not have extorted from me any reply. But to them succeeded the publication of Lord Castlereagh's letter to me of the 19th of September*.

I entirely disbelieve that Lord Castlereagh, and I distinctly deny that I myself, had any knowledge of this publication.

But, by what means it matters not, the letter is before the world: and though the course originally chosen by Lord Castlereagh precluded me from offering any explanation to him, the course which has since been adopted on his behalf (though undoubtedly without his privity), might perhaps have been considered as rendering such an explanation due to myself. It is, however, only since your Lordship's publication that I have felt it to be indispensably necessary.

The Statement on my behalf, which has also found its way (without my consent and against my wish) into the public papers, was written under a sense of delicacy and restraint as to the particulars of the transaction, which, from the character of the transaction itself, must always continue to prevail in a great degree; but from which, until Wednesday, the 11th of October, the day on which I gave up the seals, I had not an opportunity of soliciting any dispensation.

Of the indulgence which I then most humbly solicited, I trust I shall be able to avail myself sufficiently for my own vindication, without losing sight of those considerations of duty and propriety, by

* See page 86, of this Register.

which the use of such an indulgence must necessarily be regulated and confined.

It is stated in Lord Castlereagh's Letter, "That I had demanded and procured from the Duke of Portland, before the rising of Parliament, a promise for Lord Castlereagh's removal from the War Department; that, by this promise, Lord Castlereagh's situation, as a Minister of the Crown, was made dependent upon my pleasure; and that this promise I afterwards thought myself entitled to enforce;"

"That, after and notwithstanding this virtual supersession of Lord Castlereagh in his office, I allowed him to originate and conduct the Expedition to the Scheldt;"

"And that, during this whole period, I knew that the agitation, and the decision of the question for his removal, were concealed from him: and was party to this concealment."

Lord Castlereagh indeed admits,

That he "has no right, as a public man, to resent my demanding, upon public grounds, his removal from his office, or even from the Administration, as a condition of my continuing a member of the Government."

But he contends, that a proposition, "justifiable in itself," ought not to have been "executed in an unjustifiable manner:" and he makes me responsible for the manner in which the "Head of the Administration," and some Members of the Government, "*supposed* to be his (Lord Castlereagh's) friends," executed the proposition which he attributes to me.

He is ready to acknowledge, indeed, "that I pressed for a disclosure, at the same time that I pressed for a decision; and that the disclosure was resisted by the Duke of Portland and his (Lord Castlereagh's) *supposed* friends."

But, in this circumstance, Lord Castlereagh professes not to see any justification of what he conceives to have been my conduct towards him; because, by acquiescing in the advice or entreaties of his "supposed friends," I admitted "an authority" on their part, "which I must have known them not to possess;" because, by "pressing for disclosure," I showed my own sense of the "unfairness" of concealment; and because, with that sense, I "ought" (as he conceives me not to have done) "to have availed myself of the same alternative, namely, my own resignation, to enforce disclosure, which I did to enforce decision."

Without offering a single word in the way of argument, I shall, by a distinct

detail of facts, in the order of their date, substantiate my contradiction of these charges.

I shall only premise,

1st, That I had (as is admitted by Lord Castlereagh) an unquestionable right to require, on public grounds, a change in the War Department, tendering at the same time the alternative of my own resignation.

2dly, (What no man at all acquainted with the course of public business will dispute), That the regular, effectual, and straight-forward course for bringing that alternative to issue, was to state it directly to the "Head of the Administration," the King's chief Minister, to be laid by that Minister before the King.

I proceed to the detail of facts.

In the beginning of April, (the 2d) I addressed a letter to the Duke of Portland, containing a representation on the state of his Administration, and expressing my wish and intention, unless some change were effected in it, to resign.

(April 4th to 8th)—Upon the Duke of Portland's requiring a more detailed explanation as to the motives of my proffered resignation, I stated, among other things, that a change either in my own department, or in Lord Castlereagh's, appeared to me to be expedient for the public service—I stated my perfect willingness that the alternative should be decided for my retirement; and only requested that the decision might, (if possible) take place before the recommencement of business in Parliament after the Easter holidays.

The Duke of Portland requested me to suspend the execution of my intention to resign: wishing to have an opportunity of consulting with some of our colleagues, before he determined what advice to lay before the King.

The Easter holidays thus passed away. On the 16th of April, shortly after his Grace's return to town from Bulstrode, the Duke of Portland opened the subject to one of the Members of the Cabinet, whose name, (not having been hitherto brought forward,) I do not think it necessary to mention. Your Lordship is perfectly acquainted with it.

By the Duke of Portland's desire, I had a communication with that Member of the Cabinet, within a very few days after his interview with the Duke of Portland. He strongly represented the difficulty of making any new Arrangement during the sitting of Parliament; and urged me to

defer the pressing of my own resignation till the end of the Session. To this recommendation I did not promise to accede: but we agreed (whether upon his suggestion or upon mine, I am not confident) that, at all events, no step whatever could properly be taken, until after the decision of the question upon the Writership; which was about this time brought forward in the House of Commons.

That question was decided on Tuesday the 25th of April.

On Friday, the 28th, the Duke of Portland communicated fully with your Lordship; and informed me, as the result of that communication, that your Lordship thought a change in Lord Castlereagh's situation in the Government desirable,—provided it could be effected honourably for Lord Castlereagh, and that it “could be reconciled to Lord Castlereagh's feelings.”

From this period, I understood that your Lordship was constantly consulted by the Duke of Portland in every step of the transaction. Other Members of the Cabinet were also consulted by the Duke of Portland; but how many of them, or at what precise periods, I neither knew at the time, nor can now undertake to say.

Shortly after your Lordship's first interview with the Duke of Portland, (I am sure before the 5th of May) that Member of the Cabinet with whom his Grace had first communicated, reported to me a suggestion of your Lordship's of a change of office for Lord Castlereagh, evidently calculated on the principles which your Lordship had stated as indispensable to such a change. Whether this communication to me was in the nature of a direct message from your Lordship, I do not exactly know. But I understood distinctly that you knew of its being made to me; and that whatever observations I might make upon it, was to be reported to your Lordship. What I observed upon it, was in substance,—that it was not for me to presume to say what change would be proper; that I had done all that I had thought myself either called upon or at liberty to do, in stating to the Duke of Portland my opinions, and my intention to resign; that the Duke of Portland alone could either propose any change or obtain the necessary authority for carrying it into effect; and that I therefore recommended that your Lordship should state your suggestion to the Duke of Portland.

On the 5th of May the Duke of Portland informed me, that he had determined to lay the whole subject, on the following Wednesday, before his Majesty.

On Wednesday, the 10th of May, he informed me that he had done so; and that his Majesty had been graciously pleased to say, that he would take the subject into his serious consideration.

On Wednesday, the 31st of May, apprehending it to be possible that my intention might not have been fully explained to his Majesty, and thinking it my duty to leave no doubt upon it, I humbly repeated to his Majesty the representations which I had before made to the Duke of Portland, and humbly tendered my resignation. I received thereupon his Majesty's gracious commands, to retain my situation until his Majesty should have considered the whole subject.

Some time in the course of the next week, I think on the 8th of June, the Duke of Portland stated to me, that he had received his Majesty's commands, to propose, and to carry into effect at the end of the Session of Parliament, an Arrangement for a partial change in the War Department.

The particulars of this Arrangement I do not think it proper to detail; feeling it my duty to limit myself strictly to what is absolutely necessary for the explanation of my own conduct. It is sufficient to state, that the object of this Arrangement was not the removal of Lord Castlereagh, but a new distribution of the business of the War Department, whereby that part of it which was connected with political correspondence, would have been transferred to the Foreign Office; and the business of another office, then vacant, would have been transferred to Lord Castlereagh. It is only necessary to add, that the effect of this new distribution would not have been to take out of Lord Castlereagh's hands the superintendence of the Expedition to the Scheldt.

On the 13th of June, I wrote to the Duke of Portland, signifying to him that, although such an arrangement had never entered into my contemplation, and although I did not think it calculated to remedy all the difficulties which had induced me to bring the state of the Administration under his Grace's consideration, I was ready, so far as I was concerned, to undertake and discharge to the best of my ability, any duty which his Majesty might be graciously pleased to devolve

upon me; but I expressed, at the same time, great doubts, whether this Arrangement could be expected to be acceptable to Lord Castlereagh, or, in all his parts, satisfactory to the public feeling.

On Sunday the 18th of June, (Parliament being expected to rise on the 20th or 21st) I wrote to the Duke of Portland, to enquire whether this Arrangement, or any other, was to take place; stating to him, that "if things remained as they then were, I was determined not to remain in office."

(June 18th.)—In answer the Duke of Portland mentioned to me a new Plan of Arrangement, altogether different from that which he had been authorised to carry into effect; and stated that he had sent for your Lordship and the other Member of the Cabinet with whom your Lordship and the Duke of Portland had been in constant communication, to co-operate with him in forwarding this new Plan, and to urge Lord Castlereagh to consent to it.

The particulars of this new Plan, I do not think it necessary to state, as I learnt from the Duke of Portland, either the next day or the day following it, that to this plan Lord Castlereagh certainly could not be brought to agree. Whether this was known to his Grace only from your Lordship, or through your Lordship from Lord Castlereagh himself, I was not apprised.

On Wednesday the 21st, the day of the rising of Parliament, I was assured by the Duke of Portland, that the specific Arrangement which he had in the first instance proposed, viz, the new distribution of the business of the War Department, should be carried into effect;—and that his Majesty had directed him to desire your Lordship to communicate his decision to Lord Castlereagh.

On Tuesday, June the 27th, finding that no communication had been yet made to Lord Castlereagh, I wrote to the Duke of Portland in terms of the strongest remonstrance, both against the concealment and the delay; and intimated my determination to recur to my original intention, and to press the acceptance of my resignation.

Accordingly, on the following day, Wednesday the 28th of June, I had an audience of the King, in which I humbly and earnestly repeated to his Majesty the tender of my resignation.

That same evening, the Duke of Portland informed me that he had that day

signified to your Lordship the King's desire, that your Lordship should communicate the intended arrangement to Lord Castlereagh; and that the communication was to be made by your Lordship, as soon as the Expedition had sailed, which, it was expected would be in less than a fortnight from that time.

But before this fortnight elapsed, viz. on Wednesday the 5th of July, the Duke of Portland informed me, that, in consideration of the difficulties attending the proposed arrangement, he, and those with whom he had consulted, were of opinion, that another should be substituted for it, which he trusted would also be more agreeable to me. He told me that hopes were entertained that your Lordship would determine to offer your resignation, for the purpose of facilitating a general arrangement, in which a complete change in the War Department might be effected consistently with Lord Castlereagh's feelings. He said, however, that your Lordship had not yet finally made up your mind upon the subject: but that you would probaby come to a decision before the following Wednesday.

The Duke of Portland stated his intention, in the event of your Lordship's resignation, to submit to his Majesty the nomination of Lord Wellesley to the War Department.

It was well known by the Duke of Portland, that I had been always anxious for Lord Wellesley's accession to the Cabinet; but this was the first mention to me in the course of this transaction, of his introduction into the War Department. But for a severe indisposition, Lord Wellesley would, before this time, have been on his way to Spain.

On Thursday, the 13th of July, the Duke of Portland informed me, that your Lordship had, the day before, actually tendered your resignation; but that your Lordship had annexed to it the conditions, that no change should take place till after the termination of the Expedition to the Scheldt; and that it should be left to your Lordship to choose the time of making any communication to Lord Castlereagh.

(July 13th to the 20th.)—I made the strongest remonstrances against this new delay, and this indefinite renewal of the concealment from Lord Castlereagh. I said, that after the repeated postponements which had already taken place, and after the reserve which had already been practised towards Lord Castlereagh, I could

not rely upon the execution of any arrangement which should not be now completely settled in all its parts; and, if this were not to be done, I most earnestly entreated that his Majesty might be advised now to accept my resignation.

The Duke of Portland most anxiously deprecated my resignation, as leading, in his apprehension, to the dissolution of the Administration. He declared himself to be authorised to assure me, in the most solemn manner, that the arrangement now in contemplation should positively take place at the termination of the Expedition; that the Seals of the War Department should then be offered to Lord Wellesley—an office (to be vacated by means of your Lordship's retirement), being at the same time to be offered to Lord Castlereagh;—and that in the interval, and without loss of time, Lord Castlereagh's friends should take opportunities of preparing him for the change, and reconciling him to it, by representing to him the great advantages to be derived from it, in the acquisition of additional strength to the Government.

Not only the Duke of Portland, but other Members of the Cabinet, Lord Castlereagh's friends, some directly and some through common friends, urged me, in the most earnest manner, to acquiesce in the postponement now proposed. It was represented to me, that if, instead of pressing for the execution of the Arrangement now, time were allowed to Lord Castlereagh's friends to prepare him for the change, and to reconcile him to it, the Arrangement might ultimately take place in an amicable manner; that every public object might thus be answered, without any unnecessary harshness to the feelings of individuals; and that, so far from finding fresh impediments raised to the execution of the arrangement, when the time arrived I should find all those, to whose representations I yielded, considering themselves pledged equally with the Duke of Portland, to see it carried into effect.

It is due to your Lordship to say, that your Lordship's name was not, so far as I recollect, specifically mentioned to me on this occasion; but it is equally due to myself to declare, that I never for a moment imagined, nor could have believed, that the general description of "Lord Castlereagh's friends," as stated to me without exception or qualification by the Duke of Portland, did not comprehend your Lordship, whose proffered resignation was the basis of the whole arrangement, and

without whose express consent, therefore, no other person could announce the arrangement to Lord Castlereagh.

By these representations and assurances, at length, (July 20,) most reluctantly, and I confess against my better judgment, I was induced to acquiesce in the proposed postponement of the change; and consented to remain in office till the termination of the Expedition.

On Saturday September the 2d, the result of the Expedition to the Scheldt being then known, I wrote to the Duke of Portland, at Bulstrode, reminding his Grace, that the period fixed for offering the Seals of the War Department to Lord Wellesley was arrived.

On the following Wednesday the 6th of September, the Duke of Portland informed me, that no steps whatever had been taken by any of Lord Castlereagh's friends, to reconcile him to the change, or to prepare him for it; that the execution of the arrangement would be attended with other resignations, or at least with one other resignation, (of which I had never before received the slightest intimation); and that he had himself determined to retire.

Upon receiving this intelligence, I immediately disclaimed any wish that the arrangement, however positively I understood it to have been settled, should be carried into effect under circumstances to me so unexpected; and instantly reverted to that "alternative" which, upon each successive stage of difficulties and delays, I had uniformly pressed,—that of the tender of my own resignation;—which I desired the Duke of Portland to lay that day before the King.

On the following day, Thursday, the 7th of September, I declined attending the Cabinet; stating in a letter to the Duke of Portland which I left it to his Grace to communicate to the Cabinet if he should think proper), that I considered my resignation as in his Majesty's hands; and myself as holding my office only until my successor should be named.

(To be continued.)

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“England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride,—**THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—Some remarks on the Subscription for the relief of Colonel Wardle, with an exposure of the Jacobins for their infamy in suffering him to ruin himself, that they might have the merit of collecting money for him.—A Caution to Plagiarists who steal the articles from this Register, and publish them in pamphlet.—Letter of J. J. W. J. on the War Taxes, in which it is irrefragably proved that they are no burthens, by a comparison of the different ways in which they bear upon the poor and upon the rich.—Important Letter of ALBION to the Earl of MOIRA, in which are laid open the causes which obstruct his greatness, and deprive the nation of his services.—Continuation of Mr. Canning's Letter to Earl Camden.

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WARDLE'S SUBSCRIPTION.

“Date obolum Belisario!”

“This ship so blown up is that excellent YOUTH,
Whom once you admir'd as the pillar of truth;
Who with face most undaunted each hazard
would brave,
And promis'd (Heaven bless him) his country to
save.
While to show how the land with corruption was
curs'd—
Gave proof by—corrupting his evidence first.”

[From the Morning Post of Yesterday.]

It was not till I saw a Meeting advertised to be held for the purpose of raising a subscription, to indemnify Colonel Wardle for his losses, in his arduous attempt to save his country, as well as to reward him for his integrity (as if a man ought to assume any merit for being honest)—It was not, I say, till I saw what was going forwards, and who were at the bottom of the scheme, that I thought any thing remained to complete the degradation of the immaculate Colonel! If any circumstance could compare with my surprise at this event, it must have been the “great pleasure” which the Demagogue says he experienced on hearing of it; as, by the late trial of Mrs. Clarke, he “was fully convinced of the integrity of Mr. Wardle.” Perhaps a moralist of the old school would have thought, that a man's integrity, which is certainly neither more nor less than his honesty, however great it might have been, would have been sufficiently rewarded by “the thanks of upwards of fifty counties, and the gratitude of his fellow-citizens!” By heavens, we must live in fine times, when it is thought necessary to pay a man merely for being honest! Yet the Demagogue says (p. 974.) that “nothing can be more just;” and that “it is a prin-

“ciple dictated by self-preservation;” from which we must infer, that integrity is a very scarce article indeed, and not to be met with in any of the ordinary intercourses of life. When Mr. Wardle was boasting in the House of Commons of his great disinterestedness, it would, of course, have been very mal-à-propos for any set of men to offer him money:—they might have assured themselves that, in the words of Cobbett, “he would accept of no such thing.” No, certainly; that would have been like paying him for his honesty before he earned the reward!—The cannon was cast; it had come hot from the furnace of iniquity, and had even been bored; but it had not been proved!—And yet I cannot but think that it would have been more creditable to the feelings of these *soi-disant* patriots, if they had gone privately and given the Colonel their reasons, why a man ought to be honest, in the same way as Macsycophant convinces Counsellor Eitherside, that the marriage ought to take place between his son and Lady Rodolpha. Had they done this; had they gone and supported him with their purses when he must have been just as much in want of support as he is at this day, the Jacobins would have prevented the present degradation of their idol, and themselves from being proved, out of their own mouths, a set of abandoned and “convicted liars!” There is, in my mind, something so very paltry, mean, and contemptible in a gang of rabble-politicians, inducing a man to sacrifice his honour, by corruption, filching, and every thing that is degrading, in order to perform such an important “service” as to save a country; and after knowing, as they must have done,

that he was extremely embarrassed at the very time he was *saving us*, to let him run on in his career of ruin, and merely live upon the applause of the vulgar for a whole twelvemonth—There is something so despicable in all this, and in their then coming forward and making a merit of *publicly* giving him their shillings and sixpences, as it were, to keep him from starving, that it is enough to disorder the bowels of any man that can feel. The leading mobocratic knaves, of whom this *country-saver* was the dupe, knew very well, that long before the close of the Inquiry, he was, as it is colloquially called, completely *knocked up*! They must have known, that, at the very time, when they were making a cat's paw of him, and puffing him off in all their detestable vehicles, as a gentleman who, from his rank and independence in life*, could not possibly be otherwise than perfectly *disinterested*, he was even under the necessity of dispensing with his carriage, and selling his pair of blood-horses! This fact, which is within my own knowledge, I do not mention out of any disrespect to Col. Wardle, who, I dare say could not help it; but I state it in order to expose the despicable artifices to which the Jacobins were obliged to resort, that they might keep the mob in ignorance as to his actual situation. They well knew that, had they told the truth, and intimated any thing about the *utility of a subscription* before the short-lived popularity of Wardle had attained its meridian, that the mob would have been inclined to *suspend their judgment* as to his *disinterestedness*, and have attributed his inveterate hostility against the Duke of York to *something else* than a wish to save the country! But now let us mark the pitiable resources which the Jacobins are obliged to adopt. The Demagogue asserts, that the subscription "is intended to remunerate the Colonel for the *losses* and expences, to which he has been exposed, in consequence of his *having succeeded* in his endeavours to *serve the public*." It appears to me that, under the head of expences, ought to be classed, the law charges, together with the furnishing-bill, and the 100l. given to Mrs. Clarke for her evidence. But what do the fellows mean by talking of his *losses*? What has he

lost? I know of nothing except honour and moral character, mere flea-bites with the democrats, though this loss is more than the Jacobins can ever "indemnify" him for, even if they had any of their own to transfer to him! However, it would appear from their own miserable encomiums, that they are under an eternal obligation to him; and the Demagogue even enters into particulars, to show for what precise acts they are placed under this vast load of obligation; amongst which is, the sending of Clavering to Newgate. This, by the bye, is the first time I ever heard a Jacobin rejoice and be grateful for a deprivation of the liberty of the subject! But it is clear, from the very elaborate justification that is now before me, that no contradiction or absurdity is too great for the Jacobins to adopt, when they have any purpose to answer. Thus (in p. 976) we have a *new* reason why Mr. Wardle should be "indemnified:" it is, because he has *been laughed at*! Nay, reader, do not laugh! It is as true as this is print. Cobbett says, we must prevent him from *suffering* from the *laugh* that is against him! Nevertheless, it is not very clear to me, how a few seven-shilling pieces can relieve a person who suffers from such a moral cause as a *laugh*: but there is nothing like a precedent; and if a little money will "indemnify" a man for being a national laughing-stock, it must, according to all philosophical laws, produce the same effect upon another man who has been *groaned at*! I would, therefore, advise this same Jacobin Committee to make a present of the three hundred and odd pounds, which they *lately* persuaded the rabble to put into their hands for the relief of the O. P.'s (that is, provided they have not already *made use of it*) to Mr. John Kemble, by way of an experiment, or comparison between the cure of laugh-suffering and groan-suffering: the deductions could not fail to throw much light on the doctrine of moral causes and effects.

The heterogeneous reasons which have been given *why* a subscription ought to be raised for the relief of Mr. Wardle—reasons so various and so opposite in their nature, must convince the most incredulous *patriot* that the said subscription is both *just* and *necessary*! And really, all jocularly apart, I see no objection to this subscription, *per se*. It will answer more than one good purpose: whatever it may amount to, the sum will no doubt

* One of them, I believe it was the Statesman, but cannot recollect, actually asserted that he then possessed landed property to the amount of 27,000l. per year.

be acceptable to the receiver: But he aggregate amount of it, coming out of the pockets, not of a few individuals, but of nearly *ten millions of people*, in gratitude for having been saved, will be an accurate test of the actual character of the English nation! It will prove how highly they estimate the *patriotism* and *disinterestedness* of Mr. Wardle; unless the Jacobins have grossly deceived us, as to the real sense of our countrymen:—I shall think nothing of a thousand pounds or two; that would hardly be sufficient to fee the Colonel's different *puffers* and *barkers*, who set the matter afloat, and one of whom I suspect borrowed a "Jacobin guinea," to make a comparison between it and a Threadneedle-street rag! No; a *trifle* will not do. Cobbett, I remember, lately made a *calculation* how far the ships and men of the Walcheren Expedition would reach, if placed in a line. Perhaps some of my readers may set their little sons to find out what Col. Wardle will get, if every Englishman subscribe *only a penny* for his relief; and those who do not think that their individual *salvation* is worth such a sum, surely ought to be ———. I would even make the calculation myself; but the fact is, that *arithmetic* is one of my antipathies; because, whenever I apply it to literature, its result is always—*minus*!

I shall now leave the immaculate Colonel to enjoy his *golden* dreams, and fancy himself revelling in the munificence which a brave and generous nation always accords to *real* patriotism! I shall no more envy him the advantage of such a resource, than I shall envy Cobbett "THE HONOUR" of being one of the Committee who are to *take care* of the white and yellow "Jacobins," and see that the Colonel does not spend them foolishly—even though the *honour* alluded to must be better than that of Shakspeare's Knight; for the Demagogue declares that "the King has not any honour in his gift that he would value half so much as the honour of having his name amongst the *Gentlemen*, (i. e. *Coblers, Printers, Drunken Pettifoggers, Glaziers, Peticoat-Venders, Jacobin Parsons, and Aldermen*) who form the "Committee in question!"

I cannot conclude without a query to some of my sagacious, political friends. How does it happen, that none of the leading characters of a particular description, who always make a figure on

such occasions, are not to be seen in this affair, from which so much "*honour*" is to be derived? Where is Sir Francis, and all the other *great* "Friends of Humanity!" What? will not one of them appear? It surely must be as Albion lately hinted, they are ashamed of the bungling course, which led the Patriot into the Slough of Despond; and they will leave him to get out in the best manner he can! F. W. B.

A NOTICE TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A gentleman at Portsmouth has informed me, that some persons there are in the habit of reprinting the excellent letters of ALBION, which appear in this Paper, and selling them in the form of pamphlets. The letter to Lord COCHRANE, in particular, I am assured has gone through *three editions*; while the printer, who must have gained a considerable profit by the sale of them, has not even had the decency to mention the name of my Register, from which he pilfers the letters in question.—A correspondent at Winchester has also assured me, that a printer in that city has had the impudence to boast, that, as soon as ever a sufficient number of ALBION's letters shall have appeared, he will republish them in a volume! Now, as this is exactly what I mean to do myself, with the addition of *very copious and important notes*, which have been promised me from the pen of ALBION, I would caution these nefarious pilferers to beware of what they are about, lest they should find that I understand the *law of copy-right* much better than they do. Every copy of my Register is as much my exclusive property as is any book or pamphlet, the matter for which is purchased by a bookseller; and though I am by no means litigious, I must prevent such infamous delapidations. If I were to pray the Court of Chancery for an injunction, to stop these literary piracies, it would be followed by the filing of bills, and, as in the case of the report of the trial of Lord Melville, the delinquents, besides the heavy law expenses, would be compelled to account to me for every sixpence they have received, by the sale of such plagiarisms. But I will protect my literary property in a more summary way. From this day every sheet of my Register shall be *entered at Stationer's Hall*; and then let any printer copy from it the letters of ALBION, if he dare.

I have also another subject of complaint, which is here mentioned, merely because the conduct of the parties is not marked with that *liberality* which I would shew towards *them*. The Editors of several of the Provincial Newspapers are in the habit of copying different Essays, &c. from my Register. They introduce them by a *negative compliment* about the “excellent London Journal” in which they first appeared, but not in any instance have they mentioned the title of my Register. This is *not fair*; particularly as they know that I never derive the least advantage from a cotemporary without acknowledging the source. What! shall it be said that Cobbett can obtain the insertion of any of his infamous and inflammatory articles in many of the Country Papers, and have his name, and that of his Paper, blazoned to the world, while other Editors, who fill their columns with my literature, will not do me the justice to tell the public from whence they get it?—Amongst my friends who have written to me on a point closely connected with this subject, is ALBION. “The profound silence,” says he, “of all the London Papers respecting your name and loyal efforts, is really monstrous!—While those called *ministerial* are daily puffing and labouring to bring into notice a few obscure and *apostate* writers, whose dull and insipid lucubrations no man can have patience to peruse, they as carefully avoid any reference to your exertions, as if they had entered into a conspiracy to keep them from the knowledge of the country at large!”—If I had the pleasure of a personal knowledge of ALBION, I could, in the course of an hour’s conversation, completely open his eyes as to this “monstrous” and apparently mysterious taciturnity: but my knowledge of newspaper intrigues, prejudices, and partialities, cannot be explained in a page of my Register. As to my name, ALBION must be aware, that *that* requires no new promulgation; it having been known, by means of my various publications, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other, long before I affixed it to my Newspapers. The London Papers certainly did do more for Cobbett, by constant quotations and eulogies when he began his Register, and was “loyal,” than he could possibly have done for himself in seven years. They absolutely forced him into general notice. Perhaps the Demagogue’s subsequent *ingratitude* may have disgusted those Editors, and made them resolve never again

to aid the views of any cotemporary writer, who possesses newspaper property. But with regard to myself, the fact is, that in all my transactions I have a certain respect for the *dignity* of human nature. I am not one of your “*booing*” gentlemen, and whatever favours are to be obtained by the degrading resources of cringing, scraping, flattering, and the other sorts of hypocrisy, ALBION may be assured, will never fall to my share. As to one or two of the London Editors puffing off this or that *apostate* writer, my patriotism impels me to rejoice at it; because, if a newspaper eulogy, and the *hopes* that it inspires, will make men turn from Jacobinism, and write *as well as they can* in behalf of the constitution, then there can surely be no *easier* way of diminishing sedition!—For myself, I assure ALBION that *his talents* are the best puffs which I can receive. On the part of the London Editors, I never met with any thing but the most refined civility—*favours* of the literary kind I conceive there is no necessity for, and if there were, I am too proud to ask such of them. Whenever it is necessary to inform the public of my Register, through their media, I can procure the insertion of my own advertisement, by accompanying it with a thing in the shape of half a guinea!

As to the Country Printers, I shall not squabble with them for copying any articles from my Register, EXCEPT THE LETTERS OF ALBION, provided they will inform the Public that the respective articles are taken from my Paper of such or such a date. This simple act of justice I expect that they will do me, or let my vehicle alone.

THE WAR TAXES NO BURTHENS.

“*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.*”

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—Having in a former Letter to you, in which I pointed out the certain ruin that would follow a peace with modern France, slightly touched upon the matter of our pecuniary resources, as one of our sinews of war, and just alluded to the mistaken idea handed about, that they are to be considered as public burthens and grievances, I deem it advisable now to trouble you with my reflections on this topic, convinced as I am, that there are many wicked enough to try to estrange the well-affected mass of this country from their government and constitution, by impressing those who have

not time to think on such intricate subjects, with the belief, that the public expences, the necessary supplies, the *war taxes*, are *heavy and oppressive burthens*, bearing hard upon the people.—Indeed, we have heard much from the vociferating mouths of the disaffected (who leave no stone unturned, no cranny unsearched, no invention untried) as well as perceived, in their mischievous writings, how greatly they labour to impress the unthinking with this idea.—In this way do they expect to work up the self-interested feelings, and try to recommend themselves and their theories, in order to make vigorous proselytes to their hidden schemes of devastation.—Nor is there any consideration more calculated to draw our attention, and to carry weight, than that which affects our selfish feelings, our private and pecuniary interests—and even, inordinate selfishness apart, it may well be expected that an industrious and frugal people, ever anxious for the prosperity of their families and of posterity, unable, from their usual pursuits in the accumulation of wealth, and having little or no spare time to reflect on abstruse subjects, will very greedily swallow any opinion boldly asserted, however ill-founded, that seems to coincide with the general anxiety for pecuniary wishes, by holding out the *terrifying consolation*, that they are robbed of the fruits of their labour and honest exertions.—In short, the unthinking will very readily be inclined to follow the cry of the disaffected war-hoop of sedition, that the necessary and public expences are *private and oppressive burthens*!

In order, therefore, to nip such flagrant productions of disaffection in the bud, I shall, I trust, give them a perishing touch in the following observations; and at the same time I hope to sooth and quiet the unjustly-excited feelings and apprehensions of the slender-thinking and timid, in so far as regards their misconceptions and interested feelings, respecting the nature and tendency of the public expenditure, as affecting the great body of the people.

Strange is it, that no one (myself excepted) has, in these days of insidious political scheme and artful device to shake our attachment to the best of governments, and a constitution unmatched, attempted to throw a light upon this subject, and to expose, to open day, this bugbear of disaffection, and thus to direct the wandering thoughts by the finger-post of

truth, discernment, and reflection, to a clear and proper view of the matter, at once exposing to the deluded people, the designs of the disloyal, and convincing the loyal and great body, that they are not, in reality, oppressed by the public expenditures, nor suffer from the weight of the war taxes; and particularly, I cannot help lamenting, that none of our greatest statesmen (not even the immortal Pitt), when advising the adoption of measures involving considerable expence, and when pointing out and recommending correspondent ways and means, and increased taxation, have ever, as I can recollect, at the moment of explaining the necessity of supplies, cleared up the misapprehension, so artfully held out by the disturbers of the public harmony, that of their falling *oppressively* upon the great body of the people. As well as I can call to mind, the most active and friendly supporters of those measures of increased expence to the nation, only went so far as to say that they were, although heavy burthens, *necessary*, and that as such, they should be borne with temper, that it was meritorious as well as our duty, in defence of the country and the empire, for the maintenance of our foreign connections, to submit to them; that, in so doing, we might be said to suffer privations, and that it was expedient and advisable that we should suffer in part, for the preservation of the remainder. Observations such as these formed, I think, the sum total of all those fine and elaborate displays of elocution upon such occasions, and all this was undoubtedly very fair reasoning, *pro tanto*, but it surely was not going far enough, in order to explain away the disagreeable misconceptions that might be naturally expected to arise, as to the necessary taxations being deemed oppressive in their consequences; but, perhaps it was unworthy the attention of great heads.—When we consider this the beehive of the earth—when we view this as the workshop and storehouse of the world, the busy seat of all the arts, we may admit the possibility of taking another glance at the subject, and of embracing a very different scope to what could be done in any other nation of the globe, in which case a perfect light will be thrown on the subject, and a full *eclaircissement* follow. For this purpose do I now, Sir, address you, who are open to conviction in every matter that carries truth with it, and that can, at the same time, tend to the support of our glorious Constitution

in all its parts, by attaching the people to it.

The fact is, whoever will take the pains to examine into the matter, must find, that, instead of the public expenditures being oppressive on the great body of the people—instead of their having an effect to impoverish and to weigh down individuals, they are to be considered rather as tending, at least indirectly, to the accumulation of wealth; and that, at all events, they are *not* felt by the great bulk of the community. Here then rests my position, on this novel and interesting subject.—This certainly may appear a strong assertion, at first sight—it may be looked upon as rather strange and paradoxical to the unthinking—it may be thought as of too novel and venturesome a feature, and may annoy the minds of the disturbers of public peace and harmony, and it may not be friendly to rancour and party, to political spleen and party jarring, but it will nevertheless be found as true as that two and one make three, or as any proposition in Euclid.—To prove this statement, I shall take a view of, and draw my inferences from, the relative price of the necessities of life now, to what they were prior to the French Revolution, since which period it is that the public expenditures have so increased; and I shall show, that the present prices have partly arisen out of the taxation to meet the public calls, by which it will appear, that every industrious citizen does free himself of his share of the public burthens.

Now it is clear that the necessities of life, as well as the conveniences and luxuries, are enhanced in price by the one half of the present market rate, compared to what they bore prior to the period alluded to.—Of the first of these we may consider, that meat, bread, beer, and clothing are the principal articles in demand by the great body of the people. These are very good samples, on which to build our opinion, as to the *incrementum* in the ratio of price. All the necessary articles coming under those separate descriptions, it will readily be admitted, are enhanced in the proportion just mentioned. In short, whether they be eatables, drinkables, or wearables, every necessary article of life is now as much more in price as it was before the French Revolution. This cannot be disputed.—At the same time it is evident, that this increase in the *pretium et loris* has no proceeded from any falling off in

the markets, from any scarcity of the article in demand, for every purchaser can be supplied, and all go loaded away. I should rather be inclined to believe, that there is a greater abundance of those articles, in proportion to the demand now, than when they were at half the present market rate—as, although consumers have increased, from an increase of population, dealers have multiplied more than equally so; and competition, we know, has operated in its way, by keeping the price as low as possible.—Yet so it is, that this price is double what it was at the period mentioned. Thus, this fact being well understood, it requires only to be accounted for, and in so doing I shall clear up the enigma as to the public burthens. I shall, therefore, lay a considerable part of the enhanced price of all sorts of commodities, whether necessities or luxuries, to the score of those public burthens, and I shall show, that, another part of the *incrementum* in price has its origin in the depreciation in the value of money, arising from the increased wealth of the country, in the production of which, too (if the great increase of wealth can be considered a desirable effect) the public burthens, as they are called, will be found to have indirectly no trifling share. In short, I shall roundly assert in the face of all the declaimers against oppressive and heavy loads, that the *War Taxes*, as the necessary finances for carrying on a just and indispensable contest, along with the *diminution in the value of money*, proceeding from the increased wealth of the nation, in consequence of the French war, have combinedly operated to produce the late enhanced market price of the necessities, the conveniences, and even the luxuries of life! and, by the way, both those causes, producing the effect of an apparent double rise in the articles of life, it may be observed, establish two important facts for the benefit of the country, and for the advantage and consolation of the great body of the people, namely, that the country is now greatly increased in wealth, and that the people are actively employed in the accumulation of that wealth. The necessity of getting rid of the weight of the taxes, by saddling them upon the commodities, supposes considerable private exertion, and the increased wealth from this exertion, produces the depreciation in the value of money.—Thus the two go hand in hand to the same end.—If that were not the case, the price would be

where it was twenty years ago. It would neither be augmented *nominally*, in part, by the diminution in the value of the common symbol, nor *really* by the public taxes, placed upon the goods by the dealers, and the dealers would be *bona fide* out of pocket, to the amount of the taxes, because they would not put them on.

The very augmented price of all the articles of life is, I maintain, Sir, a full and decisive proof of my position, as just laid down. For as to one part of the price, being the *War Taxes*, (at least) put upon the goods by the venders, and which, we may call a *real* incrementum, it will appear, that the dealer thus stands clear of the public burthens as affecting him, at least to the amount of the Income Tax. And this is shoved on from one commodity to another, and from vender to vender, until it arrives, perfect and entire, at its *ne plus ultra*, the stop-gap beyond which it cannot pass, namely, the door of the *idle*; and as the *idle* poor are few, it necessarily follows, that the *idle rich* are ultimately the actual and *bona fide* payers of the public expenditures, the bearers of the *oppressive public burthens*—poor gentlemen! They cannot use the happy expedient adopted, indeed, necessarily, and pretty fairly, by the industrious—They in short have nothing to put the burthen upon, nothing to vend, no mode by which to rid themselves of the heavy weight. Hence they are, I clearly perceive, the chief, if not the entire bearers of the load, the idle poor being generally objects of charity. Thus then, although we are to suppose that the War Taxes contribute, in fact, considerably to enhance the price of the various necessary articles of life, it does not from thence necessarily follow, that the *industrious* poor are oppressed—Equally so is it with the industrious rich, who consume the luxuries and conveniences; for neither are they affected by the indirect effect of the public burthen. They all in turn rid themselves of the incumbrance. For example, the grazier, in order to stand clear of the *oppressive taxes*, raises the price of his cattle; and thus shakes off the cumbersome load.—The butcher, following his ingenious example, does the same, and shoves it on to the consumer—Equally so with the farmer, factor, and baker—the same with the brewer and manufacturer. If the necessities of life be thus enhanced in price, the poor industrious consumer, the artizan and labourer must have, and

do receive, higher wages; but which, too, like the price on the articles of life, is in part *imaginary* and *nominal*, as proceeding from the depreciation in the value of money, arising from the increased wealth of the nation; and in part *REAL*, to meet the actual rise in the price of the articles of consumption, from the *War Taxes* being put upon them by the dealers and venders. Thus the working taylor; the shoemaker, the mason, and the labourer of every description, must have wages in proportion to the rise on the necessities of life, in order to enable them to live and maintain their families as they did before. It must, Sir, be admitted that all this is very fair and reasonable, else no industrious man could carry on his pursuits, at once for his own benefit and that of society.—Were he to, *bona fide*, pay the oppressive tax, and not reimburse himself in the manner mentioned, he must become a bankrupt, or else we must suppose that his profits in trade have been by far too great, which cannot well be presumed in a country where monopoly cannot exist, and where competition must reduce the profits to a proper level.—He is, therefore, with the public benefit in view, justified in saving himself harmless, so to say, in his industrious vocation—So it is, and so it must be, as long as we are called upon to make such exertions in certainly a just cause, as founded on the first law of nature, self-defence.—The *real part* of the increase in the price of all the articles of life, is certainly to be ascribed to this circumstance, which I believe to operate in occasioning *more* than *one-fourth* of the present market rates. This part of the *incrementum* has, no doubt, been brought to an understood level; but on the first application of the Income Tax, the venders and dealers were so much alarmed, that they shot beyond the mark, whilst the wages of labour were not increased, and which then occasioned some difficulty; but since that period wages have had their *incrementum* also; and in various instances have equally shot too high: with many not only double, but treble, and even quadruple, whilst provisions are only two-fold.

Hence, as it appears as clear as the sun in noon day, that the public burthens, by being put upon the commodities of consumption by the dealers in them, do not ultimately fall upon either the industrious rich or poor consumer, and that they must fall solely upon the *idle*, whether rich or poor, in proportion to their wants; it

follows, of course, that they have a very happy effect in stimulating the great body of the people to industry, by which means they are enabled to elude the taxes, and consequently of enriching the country with individuals.

It must however be admitted, that the whole of the market price now has not proceeded from this, or any other cause, having an effect to render the *increment* a real one. Part of the price is surely *nominal* only, in as much as that money has considerably lost its value since the dawn of the French Revolution; this country, since that period, having become the principal mart and store-house of the commercial world. Here wealth has accumulated beyond all imagination, and consequently the symbol of commodities has considerably *diminished* in size. Perhaps nearly one-fourth of the present enhanced price may be laid to this score, and so it will continue to diminish as this country continues to increase in wealth. This appears so easy to be understood by all, that I shall not dwell any longer upon it.

But although I maintain, Sir, that the great body of the people being of the active and industrious order, are rendered free of the war taxes, and thus eased of the much-spoken of *oppressive public burthens*, and by their industrious exertions at once enrich themselves and the nation, I am far from thinking that they should not bear a part of the load, as they are, by being protected in their persons and property, thus encouraged to make those exertions which return so well to their own private advantage; and if it should appear, from a close scrutiny, that some part of the public burthens are felt even by the industrious of the lower orders, as well as by the industrious rich, I am sure there will appear no reason to complain; for it is a very trifling, if they do feel any of them, and which I should rather think it would be difficult to show.

From this view of the subject, which necessarily supposes the *idle rich* to bear all the public burthens (a few single instances only excepted, and which no doubt, cannot be lamented, as they cannot be relieved), must it not be looked upon as fortunate, that the very means by which the great body of the people get rid of them, namely, by stimulating to industrious pursuits and useful exertions, tend to individual wealth; a very happy coincidence this, both for individual pro-

sperty and that of the nation! This is, in my mind, one of the most fortunate things that could possibly follow, from so unflattering a struggle, as getting rid of the weight of the taxes at first appeared; and yet it will be found to have this beneficial effect—so that, as I have pointed out, it will appear, upon a very trifling attention to this *all-terrific* subject, this scare-crow, sent forth to alarm the natives, that, not only are the busy part of the community fully exonerated from the taxes, but, by the necessary exertions to that end, they are led on to the path of riches, to the discovery of that philosopher's stone, and *tincture vitæ*, without which they most likely would have remained the sport of fortune, and the children of sloth and debilitating inactivity both of body and mind. Indeed, such stimulants to industry have frequently been wanting—a *propos* of this very interesting part of the subject, I know a large tract of fine country in Ireland, in a very neglected and ill-cultivated state, although surrounded by highly-improved estates, and that merely because the tenants on the property feel *no necessity* for exertion. The fact is, as the owner cannot grant long leases, of which the Irish are extremely tenacious, a small rent is only paid for the land (a mere *agnitione domini*,) and therefore, as the tenant finds he can just pay his rent and exist, by pasturing a few head of cattle, he is under no actual necessity for exertion, and is content to remain in the second state of man in his progress to refinement and civilization, namely, that of the shepherd: that agriculture, in all its perfection, is practised by his neighbour, who pays a higher rent, and must exert himself, is nothing to him: he feels no stimulus in his simple state, and, if he can *live idle*, he cares not how poor and wretched; and I have always remarked, that, where men are not stimulated to habits of industry, they generally fall into a state of apathy and idleness. A reasonably high rent, which supposes some exertion necessary to pay it, spurs on to invention and activity, which, in the long run, lead to the enrichment of the individual. Equally so in every station and honest employment of life.

If then the public burthens urge on to individual exertion, so productive of wealth, whilst they ultimately, in reality, fall on those who can bear them, the *idle rich*, are they not to be considered rather

as of *benefit*, than injury (as has been ingeniously represented), to the great body of the people? Certainly the idle, whether poor or rich, should make compensation, in some shape, for the injury they do to society, and in what way better, than by paying for the protection of the earnings of the industrious part of the community; and as they pay with their eyes open and willingly, the matter appears still more fair? Idle loungers are, in fact, of little good to any country, except it be in paying well for the labour and ingenuity of the industrious; and if, in this way, they pay in this country, the whole of the taxes, both directly and indirectly, they have no right to be out of temper: at the same time it is a consolation to think, that, whilst the War Taxes, urging on to industrious pursuits, must, by enriching the nation along with the labourer in the vineyard, increase the national resources, they are not felt by those who are active in the several employments and professions of civil society. Strange, however, is it, that different ideas should have gone abroad, and pretty generally prevailed, merely because sounded about; and it is still more extraordinary that they should have been so thoughtlessly embraced. Those who suffer themselves to be so heedlessly hurried away by the tide of erroneous opinion, oftentimes set afloat by some demon of mischief, may very well be compared to a log hurled along by the sweeping torrent of some mountain river, which, by the impetuosity of its force, bears down every thing flexible in its course. But, when the ideas here thrown out are properly sifted and examined in all their bearings, by rational and exploring minds, a doubt does not with me remain, but that the position here laid down will be fully admitted; and that it will appear to every understanding, that the great body of the people in these realms, being the active and industrious part of society, have, in fact, nothing to do with the public burthens; and that, instead of their operating oppressively, they urge to general industry, tend to individual aggrandisement, and promote the wealth and prosperity of the Country!

Under this impression, I rest perfectly satisfied, and remain, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

Clifton, Dec. 11, 1809.

J. J. W. J.

TO THE EARL OF MOIRA,

SHOWING THE CAUSES WHICH OBSTRUCT HIS GREATNESS, AND DEPRIVE THE NATION OF HIS SERVICES IN THE HOUR OF PERIL AND DANGER.

By ALBION.

“VIR VERE, MAGNUS, si quid magni habent pietas, probitas, fides, summa eruditio, par modestia mores sanctissimi.”

LETTER IX.

MY LORD,—From the commencement of your political career to the present moment, your superiority over your *Party* is so unquestionable and great, that I can sit down to write to you without being agitated by those sentiments of indignation and bitterness, which have shed such a cloud of severity over the Letters which I have lately sent to the Editor of this distinguished Register.

It is usual, my Lord, with the *learned*, when they are endeavouring to establish some favourite hypothesis, to pick out a passage from a Greek or Roman author, that happens to coincide with the notion advanced, and then argue from it, as a received principle among the ancients. Notwithstanding the admonitions of conscious ignorance, I shall presume, in writing to your Lordship, to pursue this example, and to look for matter for my pen from the motto which I have placed, with equal justice and felicity, over the head of this communication.

The Roman, with a dignified simplicity peculiar to his nation and language, observes of some illustrious statesman, whom he was in the act of contemplating, “a man truly great, IF piety, integrity, probity, the highest erudition, and equal modesty with dignity of conduct, be qualities which can make a man great.” From the delicate *conditional* IF, it abundantly appears, that the elegant writer felt with regret the *inadequacy* of those virtues to confer greatness; and, from a long and studious observance of your Lordship’s conduct and life, I have the mortification to agree with him in sentiment. For, although you are eminently gifted with all the qualities lavished on his hero, still must I deny you the supreme attributes which he well knew to be absolutely essential to the perfectibility of character, and the constitution of true greatness. My reasons for withholding this consequence from your Lordship all flow from the same source; they proceed from a moral certainty, that a *party-man* can never be

great man, it being lamentably known that every *party man* must give his society, to impostors; his study, to seditious work, and his wealth, to supply the craving ambition of his followers! Under the heads, then, *party and friends*, I shall presume to review your Lordship; and if, after perusal, it be said, that I am not "*Tanto homini fidus, tantæ virtutis amator*," a faithful friend to so virtuous a man, and a steady admirer of such distinguished excellencies*, I am free to confess that my intentions are mistaken, and my principles unknown to my countrymen.

Although nothing is more certain, my Lord, than that public spirit is equally abhorrent from credulous adherence, or cowardly indecision, still we must admit, that *leagues and confederacies*, founded on private and particular attachments *only*, lead to mean and degrading subservience. Therefore, when you, my Lord, as a leader of the Whig Club, desire a body of English senators to herd together, and follow wherever you call, you tarnish your own glory, and wound the rights of the community at large. And when you enter the House of Peers, declaring—"I boast myself a *party-man*, and am determined to oppose the Ministers," you ostentatiously display the *badge and livery of faction*, and prove, that the Roman was perfectly right in his apprehension, that moral virtues are not in themselves sufficient to constitute true sublimity and greatness. To merit this pre-eminence of character, *and to act up to the spirit of the Constitution*, your Lordship must have to go to the House unbiassed; proudly deprecating party, and freely avowing your general and particular principles as a peer of the realm, and not as the agent of a club, or the idol of a faction. The motives which deter your Lordship from this liberal line of conduct, are more honourable to the heart than to the judgment. There is, in our frame, so strong a predilection, so irresistible a tendency to cling to our early social and political circles, that few have resolution to pass their boundaries, though conscious of their limitation and sterility. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the first suggestion of abandoning a club, which has been favoured with your support so many years, and your idea of which is formed from romantic

appearances in its nature, should startle your Lordship, and be condemned as an absurd and groundless supposition. But be assured that the time will come when your Lordship will abandon society, and attribute to me somewhat of a predictive genius! For the last thirty years the Whigs were indebted to a *great character* for their existence, and for a degree of popularity which resembled approbation and fame. By his eloquence, his vigour and enterprising mind, he led them into, and extricated them from embarrassing situations, while he thus made them so conspicuous, that they had as much *eclat* as if they were in reality of some utility to mankind. I will join heartily in paying a tribute of truth to his memory!—Would to God that such a man were alive at this moment, to step forward with the full exertion of the same zeal and the same talents which he once possessed, and employ them in imploring your Lordship and your adherents, not to plunge this devoted country in aggravated ruin, by pursuing her, as he once did, to gratify his faction, with that remorseless despair, which DESOLATES what is found impracticable to be SUBDUED! Alas! repentance was long retarded. He abandoned his party too late in life. His administration was a florid weakness; the hectic effort of an exhausted mind; that, like the faint offer of a latter spring, served but to usher in the fall, and withered in affected blossoms. Mr. Fox was a luminary that shone by the power of his own light; but, as nearly all others of his party, were mere satellites, whose brightness was acquired in his sphere, they suffer by his extinction, and sink from the height of constellations to the ordinary level of their countrymen. Hence, my Lord, we are enabled to perceive their base, sordid, venal principles; their disposition to violate majesty; to trample on the prerogative of their princes, and to gratify the cravings of ambition by silencing the voice of honour, reason, and morality!

A favourite of fortune, your Lordship has regarded the world but on one side, and are ignorant of half the scenes in society. You take *designs* for affections, *flattery* for friendship; and you ascribe to the direct impulse of honour what is, in reality, owing to the maturity of depraved reason, and the discipline, acquired from time, by your dangerous partizans.—Of this degrading portraiture of the present

* The translation is made for the benefit of Cobbett, and his illiterate friends. Albion knows that Lord Moira has no occasion for the aid of a translator or man of letters.

race of flagitious Whigs, I will anticipate the character your Lordship will oppose to it. You will say, "Sir,—But if the public virtues of that patriot band, of which I am a chief, have not sufficiently stamped the justice of their claims on every English heart, let cooler and more deliberate judgment trace their higher title to pre-eminence of station, in unrivalled superiority of genius, in unparalleled excellence of education;—let their habits, studies, and private virtues, (all exercised with undissipated attention to advance the public good; all directed to the enrichment of their fellow citizens; the diminution of national expence; and the promotion of justice, probity and honour) be the plainest, and surest proofs of their disinterested views, as well as the best pledges of their upright and honest conduct."

To this, my Lord, I briefly answer that—here should every slightest particle of evidence, each minute and shadowy distinction of opinion, be fairly and impartially deposited in that golden balance, which even-handed justice should suspend and poise, to weigh the doubtful conflict—in consequence I have studied the actions, enterprises, manners and morals of your *Party*, for the last thirty years with a persevering patience and zeal, and a regard to *impartiality* too little exercised by polemical writers, and I have the mortification to confess, that I must traverse your Lordship in every sentiment, with respect to them; as the result of my assiduous observation and enquiry is, that, while OUT of power, the Whigs dismay the nation by their PROPHECIES, and while IN, they ruin it by their *imbecility, ambition, and avarice!*—My Lord, will you indulge me with leave to amplify this assertion—this conviction!

The Gipsy Fortune-Teller "*takes a bond of Fate,*" and, to insure her skill, most generally *perpetrates* the mischiefs she predicts. The Pythian priestess became suspected, or unintelligible, from evasion or ambiguity; and was equally stigmatized by Philip's gold or the chains of Cræsus. In short, the Gipsy pursues the best system of all human prophecies. This insuring sybil boldly corrects the uncertainty of time, of chance, and with great prudence relies on her own dexterity, for the securest voucher of her prescience.—A similar wisdom has guided the conduct of the Whigs.

"I pledge myself to this House," said

one of them, "that the confidence which America may justly repose in the sympathetic ardour that inspires a very great part of this nation, will make her scorn your menaces, and *fly to arms*, to vindicate her rights."—Here is one instance, my Lord, among a thousand others, of a *Whig prediction*, that, by the liberal encouragement it held out, went great lengths to effect the event it foretold, and was, in fact, the leading cause of its own accomplishment.——"Away with the idle notion," says a more modern prophet, "of success in Spain! I am bold to say, and I wish my words to be taken down, that miscarriage and ruin will attend that *devoted army*."—And, cries another,—"How absurd to appoint a commander over the expedition to Walcheren, who has not the confidence of the troops, and who ———." Not to comment too harshly on the very *extraordinary precision* of these terms, it is fair to observe, my Lord, *thus much* on all predictions of this nature, that they act with a *double* influence: First, by dispiriting our friends, and then, by encouraging the enemy; consequently, if they are not condemned as *principals*, they must at least be arraigned as active ACCOMPLICES, in producing the calamities they foretell.

While OUT of administration, then, my Lord, we prove the Whigs to be a set of daring, dangerous alarmists. When IN power, let us examine into their deeds. I confess I cannot advance in this enquiry without aid—or rather, I have made every possible research, but without obtaining any one authentic voucher of the good they so profusely promised to their "burthened country and sinking state." Cannot your Lordship tell me, that they, at all times, in their Rockingham and in their late ministerialships, were incapable of the tasks they had undertaken, and that they knew not *how* to keep the vessel triumphantly at sea, or *how* to steer her with safety into port. Were they not compelled by incapacity, mutiny, and discord, to resign the helm to more skillful and more *honest* pilots? To less skillful and less honest I am sure they could not. And still you remember, my Lord, the time when they boasted, *not indeed what they had done*, but what they *would* do! they engaged to turn the stream of distress from their country, to repair the shipwreck of the state, and to restore the "*oppressed inhabitants*" to the enjoyments of their "*violated rights*," and the

blessings of wealth, peace, and tranquillity. It would be as ungenerous as invidious, to ask what success attended such protestations and engagements. It is more liberal at once to declare that they were wrong in all their proceedings from outset to retirement; and that, during their last essay, the wheels of government were so *clogged* by the *rapacious* and *ignorant* adherents of Mr. Fox, that all his efforts to promote the public service were ineffectual and abortive. These men were obstacles in his way, which it was not in the most conspicuous talents and wisdom to surmount. The confidence denied these people by the public, chilled every vein, and slackened every sinew of enterprise. Besides, my Lord, if I may be permitted to indulge a little superstition, there was a certain fatality attending the measures of the Whig administration: through all their bungling operations of war, through all their wretched *plans of peace*, the evil genius of this country seemed to haunt their footsteps. He it was that suffered them to wander on, undismayed by danger, unabashed by reproaches, from one absurdity to another, till their blunders and their follies, their dissensions and mutinies, reared up that stupendous fabric of public indignation and contempt—in the ruins of which some of them now wander as ghosts, while others lie prostrate and buried!

So much, my Lord, for the *Party* you have so long espoused. I now proceed to the consideration of “attachments and friends.”

In the most prosperous of times, the *SUPPORT* of Ministers is an inglorious and vulgar task, compared to the *control* of them. There is little or no scope for rhetoric, in plain statements, regular calculations, legal precision, and such other trite modes as men in office *must* necessarily pursue. On the contrary, the Whigs have inexhaustible themes of eloquence—suspicions, alarms, *menaces*, predictions, and impeachments, which afford a rich and constant source for declamation and popular eloquence. Hence almost all young men, endowed with *prodigious abilities*, as Lords Holland, Milton, Cochrane, Folkstone, &c. &c. &c. &c. *oppose the Government*, and court your Lordship’s acquaintance as the surest means of acquiring political consideration and pre-eminence. I mention this to account for the number of young and plunging senators who are of your Lord-

ship’s suite, and to show that *all* the elder Whigs were once actuated by the same sentiments. Some, indeed, of your Lordship’s friends call themselves “*hereditary Whigs*,” and oppose ministers with the ferocity of a beast that is born a bear; while others say that it is *necessary* that they should be Whigs, for fear the race of so useful an animal should be suffered to expire. But, my Lord, from whatever source your Whig friends come, or by whatever means they are propagated, they equally injure your fame, and multiply the obstruction to your greatness. I know them all. I have seen some of those even who are thought the best among your friends, and I have not neglected the means of being informed concerning the others. They appear to cry out for Reform only; but they cannot disguise that, if they are provoked, their war will be directed against those who “*assume to be masters*,” and that to the people they will bring peace, law, liberty, &c. Nor do they deny, that they consider those “*assuming to be masters*” to be the lawful government of their country, or persons not to be trusted with the least management, or treated with the least respect. Indeed, they regard them as *usurpers and enslavers of the people*! Attend, my Lord, to the very words of one of your friends. “I look forward, with transport and joy, to the moment when *the doctrines* you have preached shall receive their due accomplishment; when the various parties of ministerialists and oppositionists, dissenters and churchmen, nobles, **PRIESTS**, and **KINGS**, shall sink into one undistinguished mass of ruin; and nothing shall be seen or acknowledged but the People, **THE SACRED VOICE OF THE PEOPLE**.” And your Lordship perfectly knows, that the Whig principle distinctly states, “that man has natural rights, and is the natural guardian of himself, and that the government by which he is to be protected, ought to spring from his *own free choice*.” And it is equally well known, that every meeting of the Whig-Club is ushered in with this solemn declaration, which I have from the lips of Mr. Fox—“It will be our duty to maintain the Whig principle, *that men should govern themselves*, that the government of the People is the only legitimate government, and the principle of *free will* the only principle of wisdom,” &c. &c. From the Whig-Club, Lord Stanhope carried these maxims to the Lords, and there

openly avowed himself a Jacobin, and your Lordship, at the same time, went so far as to recommend the government to *conciliate and fraternise with the united rebels of a sister country*, then in a state of open rebellion. The whole of the Whig social contract is in the same strain—full of false philosophy and false rhetoric; both, however, calculated to *captivate and influence the vulgar mind*, and to excite sedition wherever it is circulated. Whoever will take an accurate view of your Lordship's best friends, *and of the men whose sentiments they declared before God and a court of justice, to be similar to their own*, cannot fail but accord with me in opinion. There are, Grey and Stanhope; Lauderdale and Fitzwilliam; Erskine and Holland; Cochrane and Fitzgerald; Folkstone and Milton; Whitbread and O'Connor; Burdett and Despard; Sheridan and Bond; Tierney and Tone; Roscoe and Emmet; Rowan and Moore; Grogan and Esmond, &c. &c. It is then evident, that your Lordship's friends, saying the best of them, are unsuspecting enthusiasts, wholly abandoned to the government of ambitious and designing knaves. And, as your Lordship exhibits so excellent a pattern of all the virtues which can ornament humanity and influence mankind, your Whig friends think no cost equal to the value of such a purchase; and, believe me, my Lord, they will leave nothing untried to retain your friendship; to seduce your integrity; to withdraw your allegiance from our most valuable King, and to poison your affections for this noble and indulgent country. This is not declamation, but plain truth, what HAS been partially attempted, and WHAT IS STILL DEEPER IN PERFIDIOUS CONTEMPLATION!!!

Were I to be asked, how your Lordship is to avert the effects of such baneful friendships and premeditated treachery, I would candidly urge you to a more provident policy. To see the faults and counsels which have conducted you to the precipice; not for the sake of criticism, or for the common motives of blaming persons who have not been successful, but in order to administer a remedy to errors, by the adoption of plans, more bottomed in principle, and built on with more discretion. Mistakes should be lessons. Such an illustrious character should not tarnish the brightness of his life by being the tool of party prejudice. He should see, what every dispassionate and cool-think-

ing man perceives to be, the only path to permanent greatness and felicity. My Lord, listen to the voice of reason! Cordially embrace the affectionate invitation of the best of Sovereigns. Become an *efficient* member of the empire. Take a share in the administration, and add to the national glory by the exertion of those talents, which are now wasted in a vague and infamous cause. Let there be no longer the term of Whig or Tory; but let Englishmen, let British subjects all unite, in affection and loyalty, and equally participate in all the blessings of our glorious Constitution, and in the unparalleled advantages to be enjoyed under a Sovereign, whose only care is the welfare and prosperity of his people and his country. That a disposition so favourable to *true greatness* may in future govern your Lordship, is the ardent wish of

Nov. 26, 1809.

ALBION.

BUONAPARTE'S ADDRESS.

Continued from page 385.

"My ally and friend, the Emperor of Russia, has united to his vast Empire, Finland, Moldavia, Wallachia, and a district of Galicia. I am not jealous of any thing that can produce good to that Empire. My sentiments for its illustrious Sovereign are in unison with my policy.

"When I shall show myself beyond the Pyrenees, the frightened leopard will fly to the ocean, to avoid shame, defeat, and death. The triumph of my arms will be the triumph of the genius of good over that of evil; of moderation, order, and morality over civil war, anarchy, and the bad passions. My friendship and protection will, I hope, restore tranquility and happiness to the people of Spain.

"Gentlemen, Deputies of Departments to the Legislative body—I have directed my Minister of the Interior to lay before you the history of the legislation, of the administration, and of the finances of the year just expired; you will see all the ideas I had conceived for the amelioration of my people have been followed with the greatest activity—that in Paris, as in the most distant parts of my Empire, the war has not produced any delay in the public works. The Members of my Council of State will submit to you different projects of law, and especially the law upon the finances: you will see in it their prosperous condition. I demand of my people no new sacrifice, though circumstances have obliged me to double my military means."

LETTER FROM THE
RIGHT. HON. GEO. CANNING

TO
THE EARL CAMDEN,
Lord President of The Council.

Continued from page 416.

On Friday, the 8th, I heard from the Duke of Portland, that Lord Castlereagh had sent in his resignation. I have been informed since (but whether correctly or not I cannot affirm), that he did so, in consequence of a communication made to him, by your Lordship, after the cabinet of the preceding day.

On Thursday the 14th of September, your Lordship called upon me at the Foreign Office, by your own appointment, for the purpose of explaining the causes which had prevented your making any communication to Lord Castlereagh in the earlier stages of the transaction.

On Tuesday, September 19th, your Lordship, in answer to a letter of mine of the preceding day, explained to me the grounds of your silence to Lord Castlereagh, during the latter period of the transaction.

On Wednesday morning, September the 20th, I received from Lord Castlereagh the letter, which produced our meeting.

From this series of facts it appears,

That, in April, I made a representation to the King's First Minister, on the general state of the Administration; and that, in the course of the discussions arising out of that representation, I proposed on public grounds, not, as Lord Castlereagh appears to have been informed, his removal from the Administration, but the alternative of a change, either in the War or Foreign Department;

That on the 10th of May the Duke of Portland submitted to his Majesty the subject of my representation: and informed me that his Majesty would be pleased to take it into his consideration;

That, from the 10th of May until the 8th of June, I was wholly unapprized of the result of that consideration: but that, for fear of misapprehension, I had, in person, during that interval,—viz. on May 31,—humbly repeated my representation, and tendered my Resignation to his Majesty;

That, on or about the 8th of June, for the first time, an arrangement was stated to me, which had for its object a new distribution of the business of the War Department, and that, on the 13th, I signified

my acquiescence in that arrangement, so far as I was concerned;

That, on the 18th, another arrangement was stated to me, as intended to be substituted for that in which I had acquiesced: but that, on the 21st, it was announced to me that the first arrangement was finally decided upon; was to be immediately carried into effect; and was to be communicated to Lord Castlereagh by your Lordship;

That, on the 27th of June, no step appearing to have been taken, either to execute the intended Arrangement, or to apprise Lord Castlereagh of it, I remonstrated against the delay, and against the concealment from Lord Castlereagh: and that, on the 28th, I again tendered my resignation; and that, on the same day your Lordship received an injunction to communicate the intended arrangement to Lord Castlereagh;

That, on the 5th of July, a new plan was stated to me to be in contemplation; a plan originating with your Lordship, and depending for its execution upon a step to be taken by yourself: that this plan was, on the 13th, announced to me as settled, and as intended to be substituted for that which had been first proposed;

That I at that time renewed my remonstrances in the strongest manner, both against the delay and against the concealment; but that it was stated to me to be an indispensable condition of this plan on your Lordship's part,—that it should not be acted upon till the termination of the Expedition to the Scheldt; and that the time of making the communication to Lord Castlereagh should be left to your Lordship's discretion;

That, at length, in compliance with the representations and entreaties of the Duke of Portland, and of others, Lord Castlereagh's friends, and upon the most solemn assurances that Lord Castlereagh should in the mean time be prepared by his friends, for the change, and that the change should positively take place at the period fixed by your Lordship, I consented to remain in office;

That on Wednesday the 6th of September, finding that nothing had been done towards preparing Lord Castlereagh for the arrangement; and that the execution of it would be attended with difficulties of which I had not before been apprised, I desired the Duke of Portland to lay my Resignation before the King.

Your Lordship will therefore perceive,

That up to the 8th of June, so far from being in possession of any "promise for Lord Castlereagh's removal," and from his continuance in office being made thereby "dependent upon my pleasure;"—no decision whatever had, to my knowledge, been taken, up to that time; no proposal had been made to me by the Duke of Portland, in any way affecting Lord Castlereagh's political situation; and no intimation had been given to me, whether my own Resignation would be finally accepted or declined;

That the arrangement which was in contemplation from the 8th of June to the 5th of July, in no degree affected, and was never intended to affect, "the conduct of the Expedition to the Scheldt;"

That Lord Castlereagh's "removal from the War Department" was first determined upon as part of the plan of which your Lordship's resignation was the basis;

That his "removal from the Administration" was not at any time "demanded" by me;

And, lastly, that I *did* employ the tender of my own resignation, not to "enforce decision" *only* (as Lord Castlereagh's letter supposes), but equally to "enforce disclosure;" and that in fact I did ultimately resign, rather than "enforce" the intended change, under circumstances so different from those which I had been authorised to expect.

It cannot be expected that I should labour very anxiously to refute the charge of my having "*supposed*" your Lordship and others "*to be* Lord Castlereagh's friends;" and having, under that impression, deferred to your opinion and "authority," in a matter affecting Lord Castlereagh's interests and feelings.

That your Lordship, in particular, as well from near connection as from an active and anxious partiality, was entitled to consultation, and to deference on such an occasion;—is a persuasion which I felt in common, as I believe, with every Member of the Government; and which not even Lord Castlereagh's disclaimer has induced me to renounce.

I should not have been surprised, nor should I have thought myself entitled to take the smallest offence, if your Lordship had, instead of concurring in the expediency of a change in Lord Castlereagh's department, protested against it, and had recommended to the Duke of Portland, to advise the King to accept my resignation: and it was perfectly known by the Duke of Portland, and I

am confident, not unknown by your Lordship, that, at any moment from the beginning of these discussions to the end, I was not only ready but desirous to terminate them by resigning.

But when the opinion of the expediency of a change in the War Department, had been adopted, by so many of the immediate friends of Lord Castlereagh; upon the condition that it should be reconciled to Lord Castlereagh's feelings, and when they and your Lordship among the first, had devised and concerted with the King's First Minister the mode of carrying that object into execution, I cannot help thinking that I should have been much, and justly, blamed, if I had insisted upon taking the communication to Lord Castlereagh out of your hands into my own.

I now come to your Lordship's statement. That Statement is as follows—

"As it may be inferred, from a Statement which has appeared in the public papers, that Lord Camden withheld from Lord Castlereagh a communication which he had been desired to make to him, it is necessary that it should be understood, that however Mr. Canning might have conceived the communication alluded to, to have been made to Lord Camden, it was never stated to Lord Camden, that the communication was made at the desire of Mr. Canning; and, so far from Lord Camden having been authorized to make the communication to Lord Castlereagh, he was absolutely restricted from so doing.

"As it may also be inferred that Lord Camden was expected to prepare Lord Castlereagh's mind for any proposed change, it is necessary that it should be understood, that Lord Camden never engaged to communicate to Lord Castlereagh any circumstances respecting it, before the termination of the Expedition."—MORNING CHRONICLE, Oct. 19th.

This Statement appears to me to have been much misunderstood. It has been construed, as if your Lordship had meant to aver that what you were *restricted from doing* and what you *had not engaged to do*, were one and the same thing:—whereas your Lordship's Statement, in point of fact, contains two distinct propositions, and refers to two separate periods of time.

The period during which your Lordship states yourself to have been "*absolutely restricted*" from making a communication to Lord Castlereagh, extends from the 28th of April, on which day the first communication was made by the Duke of

Portland to your Lordship, to the time at which the proposed Arrangement, for the new distribution of the business of the War Department was superseded by your Lordship's tender of your Resignation.

The period during which your Lordship states yourself "*not to have engaged*" to make a communication to Lord Castlereagh, extends from the time of the tender of your Lordship's Resignation to the termination of the Expedition to the Scheldt.

It ought, however, to be observed, that during the first of these two periods,—from the 28th of April to the 12th of July,—the nature of the communication to be made to Lord Castlereagh, and the nature of the restriction imposed upon your Lordship, were entirely changed.

Previously to the 8th of June—the communication which your Lordship would have had to make to Lord Castlereagh, was simply that I had represented the expediency of a change either in his department or in mine; and that *no* decision whatever had yet been taken upon this representation.

With respect to *this* communication, it does appear that the restriction upon your Lordship was absolute and indefinite.—But I knew nothing of its existence.

Subsequently to the 8th of June, the communication to be made to Lord Castlereagh was, that an arrangement was in contemplation for a new distribution of the business of the War Department.

With respect to *this* communication, not only was the *restriction* upon your Lordship not indefinitely continued; but your Lordship actually received on the 28th of June an *injunction to make this communication* to Lord Castlereagh at a period distinctly specified, viz. the sailing of the expedition. And this injunction was only superseded by a voluntary act of your Lordship's—your tender of your own resignation on the 12th of July as the basis of another arrangement.

During the whole of the period, from the 28th of April to the 12th of July, the concealment practised towards Lord Castlereagh was either without my knowledge and contrary to my belief, or it was against my earnest remonstrances.

It was without my knowledge and contrary to my belief, up to the week in which Parliament rose; and from that time forth it was against my earnest remonstrances.

Even when I learnt, in June, that the communication had not been made by your Lordship to Lord Castlereagh, I did

not learn that you had been prevented from making it by any absolute restriction.

It was not till the month of July, in the course of the discussions which took place from the 13th to the 20th of that month, respecting the proposal for postponing the new arrangement to be founded on your Lordship's resignation, and for leaving to your Lordship's discretion the time of disclosure to Lord Castlereagh, that I learnt that the silence which you had hitherto observed towards him, had been imposed upon your Lordship by the injunction of the Duke of Portland.

(*To be continued.*)

TO THE PUBLIC.

A very alarming defect has been discovered in the *quality of the Paper* on which this Register is printed; though it only appears in occasional sheets. The fine cream-colour which it possesses, so much superior to that of Cobbett's, has been imparted to it by a method of bleaching, in which the chemical substance that is used is corrosive. When the sheets have been wetted for printing, and are afterwards dried, a *decomposition* takes place in the fibres of the paper, and it will not bear folding or pressure. The complaint is now done away by the procuring of paper from a different manufactory; and I will change any Numbers that are defective, which may be brought or sent to my Office. There is no occasion for the Subscribers in the country to send them in parcels. They will come free by the post, if put in a cover open at both ends; but in order to ascertain to whom the fresh copies are to be returned, each gentleman who may have any of the dilapidated sheets, should send them to the address of the newsman who serves him, or else pay the postage of a letter to my office, and transmit the spoilt copies there at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * The first Letter of ALBION to Mr. WATTHMAN shall appear in the next Number.

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“ England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride,—**THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—Letter from ALBION to S. WHITBREAD, Esq. anticipating the line of conduct he intends to pursue during the ensuing Session.—In this Letter is inserted the heads of a Speech, furnished by the Whigs to that Senator, for him to enlarge upon; with appropriate Comments.—A continuation of the Examination of the opinion of the Edinburgh Reviewers, respecting Parliamentary Reform.—A review of a publication on the Real Principles of the Revolution, the Bill of Rights, &c.—The first Letter of ALBION to Citizen WAITHKAN, being preliminary observations on the nature and tendency of his harangues, with remarks on his bombastic self-sufficiency and arrogance.—Conclusion of Mr. Canning's Letter to Earl Camden.—The Treaty between Russia and Sweden, with an abstract of the present Swedish Constitution.

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TO SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esq.

ANTICIPATING THE LINE OF CONDUCT
HE INTENDS TO PURSUE NEXT SES-
SION OF PARLIAMENT.

Omne in precipiti vitium stelit. JUVENAL.

By ALBION.

LETTER X.

SIR,—My late retrospective view of the principles and designs of your Whig associates, has given me so much disgust, that I shall decline resisting your *past* conduct FOR THE PRESENT, and confine myself to the *anticipation* of that future line of political employment which, as a party-man, *you are condemned to pursue.*

I have said, in a letter to my Lord Moira, that a *party-man* beholds the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes in society, and I take leave to observe to you, that in general, *public characters* see that side only which is nearest to them, in the order of things, by which they are surrounded, and in which they are carried along;—but the clear and penetrating optics of an independent observer, in my situation, comprehend, in one glance, all the parts of the immense whole, which, varying from moment to moment, yet continuing through centuries essentially the same, extends round and above, to every civilised people in every age, and unites and incorporates the *present* with the generations that are past and to come.—To preserve that *whole* unbroken to a late posterity, I know no other way, Sir, than by resisting all mad or wicked attempts of the Whigs to destroy any of the great prominent parts. Not that I am an enemy, any more than you, to reformations. Quite

the reverse. But I will allow the honour of that name to no changes which affect the *substance* of the thing:—Those I approve—those I call true reformations, which, *patiently* seeking the degree of perfection alone attainable by man, and ordained to be only the slow result of long experience and much meditation, put the happiness of none to the hazard, while they better the condition of all.—If, Sir, like the early sages of Greece, I were to be characterised by some peculiar sentiment, it should be that to which I desire to give the currency of a proverb—**TO INNOVATE IS NOT TO REFORM!** Governments formed by time, like that of ours, and gradually improved by such expedients as the successive discovery of their defects happened to suggest, are never to be tried by a regular theory: They are fabrics of dissimilar materials, raised by different architects upon different plans. We must be content with them nearly as they are; should we attempt to mend their disproportions, we might easily *demolish*, and with difficulty *rebuild* them. Alas! Sir, the French Revolution, and the history of all reformations, have taught me, that, in all political regulations, good can never be complete, although evil is afforded an opportunity to be predominant. You, Sir, are of a different opinion; and yet, believe me, believe a man of some experience, that the humours of a state are similar to those of the human body. The *knife* is often known to destroy the primary seat of those vital movements which might have been healed and invigorated by mild and gentle imbrocations. And the Lazar, who might be raised from his couch by judicious remedies, is too frequently precipita-

ted into his grave by *quack-nostrums*, or unnecessary amputations.

I make these observations, Sir, a preface to what I have to remark, from a conviction that the ruling principle of the present moment, is REFORMATION; and that the Whig Club is pre-determined to effect a reform, in the course of the next session, if they possibly can! To enable them to advance a design of such danger and magnitude, they employ all their influence over your unsuspecting mind. They tell you, in the words of my motto, that "*every kind of political vice has reached its summit*," and that there remains nothing more for posterity to add. But they will not tell you that they have found out a secret to make men miserable in spite of the abundance and profusion with which nature has blessed this happy land. They will not tell you, that they measure their own happiness by the people's calamity; that they enjoy no pleasures in which AMBITION has no part; nor are they satisfied with any station in life, but that of the absolute direction and government of the state. Influenced by such inordinate desires, they have imposed upon your judgment, and, AS I KNOW, have given you the following sketch, as a body for your next parliamentary speech.

"Gentlemen!—After the ruinous experience of a seventeen years' war, the moment is arrived, when Parliament are to deliberate and to determine on the expediency of prosecuting, or relinquishing; of accomplishing, or of abandoning the idea of French subjugation. Let the last campaign, and present state of the nation, be the fair and substantial grounds of argument to decide upon this extensive and important question:

"First, then, as to the late campaign, it is notorious that a worse conducted one was never seen executed. Nor has our naval succeeded better than our military force. Our merchant ships have been captured in our narrowest channels, and the Toulon fleet has been, in a manner, suffered to escape! Or, if indeed we have obtained some trifling victories, they will probably become more ruinous to this country, than surrender or captivity would possibly prove, by madly encouraging the further prosecution of destructive temerity, and by deluding the giddy unthinking multitude to a longer endurance of this ACCURSED WAR!

"Such being the comparative state of

"the last campaign, let us, in the next place, consider the situation of continental politics.

"General Viscount Wellington is driven out of Spain. That nation is now crouching to BUONAPARTE. We hold Portugal and the Portuguese are not more our enemies than the Russians, the Swedes, the Danes, the Germans, and the Dutch, whose resentment we have so instigated and provoked. Turks, Jews, and Infidels conspire to drive us from the Mediterranean, and THE AMERICANS HAVE ALREADY DECLARED THAT THEY WILL SHORTLY DENY US THE NAVIGATION OF THE ATLANTIC SEAS! In short, the world has rebelled against us!—To oppose so powerful a confederacy, what are our resources? There are none, which the ablest financier can invent, sufficient to contend against ALL mankind. The nation is already exhausted and ruined.—The spirit of manufactures and commerce is for ever annihilated by our recent, irreplicable calamities: nor can the most adventuring industry any longer confide in the Government, and act with strength and enterprize. But supposing the POSSIBILITY, that additional burthens, of imposts and taxes COULD be explored, what FORCE have we to oppose the matchless superiority of France? OUR OLD TROOPS ARE NO MORE—AND OUR YOUNG ARE TOO UNDISCIPLINED TO MEET ENEMIES OF BUONAPARTE'S INSTRUCTION AND VIGOUR OF MIND.

"And what is our situation at home?—A settled gloom of discontent!—The addresses of the people to Colonel Wardle and the conduct of the Lord Mayor, and Corporation of London, sufficiently evince this.—But let not the authors of national ruin exult in secure tranquillity.—The momentary calm MAY YET BE SUCCEEDED BY TEMPESTS THAT SHALL OVERWHELM THEM IN MISERY AND DESTRUCTION. And if the most shameless corruption, if an accumulation of injuries and insults can awaken us to a just feeling of our wrongs, it will be easy to discover, and meritorious to employ, the most EFFECTUAL means of redressing them! I fear, however, gentlemen, THAT IT MUST COME TO THIS. That our only remaining hope is, in the union of disinterested and independent spirits throughout the kingdom. Such an union, directed to

"ONE view, and pressing to one object,
 "will not easily be resisted by the arms
 "of power or frustrated by the arts of
 "corruption ! ! ! ! !"

SUCH, Sir, is the gloomy and exaggerated picture, which *you intend* to exhibit, at the ensuing session, of our national distresses. Such are the *pretences* for cowardly despondency; for weak, contemptible desertion of all our interests, and of all our hopes; and for a rash and giddy subservience to that fatal spirit of *innovation*, in the pursuit of improvements we never may obtain, and to the risk of calamities which we may never remedy! Be assured, Sir, it is not now the question, whether a season of external danger and hostility is the fittest for new arrangements of internal polity. It is YET remembered, when it was seen with what industry and activity the Whigs were busied in running from one county to another, in private intrigue and public incitement; in dictating where they had no property, and canvassing where they had no connections; impartial men were led to suspect, that the independent and respectable part of the confederacy, *far from being the real contrivers*, were but the ostensible authors of the farce of reformation. To erect new assemblies, unknown to the Constitution which they purposed to reform, and, paramount to the legislature, which they professed to supplicate, was a system as suspicious in its motive, as alarming in its tendency. A Monarch, hooted on his way to the House—a legislature insulted and menaced, became the object of factious insolence from every desperate cabal. Why, Sir, even you yourself, who have been instructed by designing knaves, to instil into the minds of the people a contempt of order, felt, in your turn, the miseries of lawless uproar, and lamented the mischiefs they had produced. It shall not, therefore, be the present enquiry, whether the worst and most ruinous situation, that fancy can imagine, could justify a wild, licentious anarchy at home. It is a far plainer and more limited enquiry, whether this is, in any degree, that *ruinous crisis*, which, by extirpating every present hope, throws us at once on the unprincipled and profligate violence of theoretic enterprise, and speculative despair? Or rather, whether we may not *still preserve* our expectations, *still* sustain our spirit, and confide in our national resources, and the courage of our people, to

re-establish our welfare, and regain that respect and consequence throughout the globe, which the generous spirit of England has ever entitled her to maintain, as the protectress of liberty, and the arbitress of continental freedom? It is a glaring proof, Sir, of the inconsistency of your friends, that at the same moment, when the complicated concerns of so extensive a system are exaggerated with every fanciful aggravation, the impolicy of an offensive war should be grafted on a question respecting the merit of an individual minister. And, although I myself have said much evil of Lord Castlereagh, *and intend to say a great deal more*, to have maintained an equality, at least, against combined hostilities, does not appear to deserve the imputation of ignominy, so repeatedly thrown upon that department, to which the conduct of our army is entrusted. Happy would it be, Sir, if the wisdom of yourself and party were exerted, to justify and immortalize valour, not to depreciate achievements, which, indeed, are the decisive condemnation of those who disparage them. If such a principle be once admitted, that defeat and ruin *will* be our real advantage, it must overturn every spirited exertion to obtain a favourable peace, by demonstrating every event to be a motive for submission, every gallant and honourable enterprise a ground of tame acquiescence to degradation and disgrace! Shame! shame! It will rob heroism of its best reward, and convert victory and triumph to a mere quibbling paradox of debasement and infamy! Europe *still* looks to us for help! Notwithstanding the military successes which have so wonderfully changed the scene, she *still* depends on us; and an idea that we have even a slowly-diminishing ability to carry on the war, may occasion a total despondency on one part, and an obstinate arrogancy on the other. Rather let us rejoice to see the self-confiding energy of Britons! to see that we are triumphant, because we dare be so;—"Ego me nunc denique natum gratulor!" Yes, Sir, if ever there was a season for glorying in the national character, *it is now*. We have resisted violence with firmness; we have heard without dismay the threats of a nation, which is sweeping the rest of mankind from the earth; we have seen powerful kingdoms hide themselves, and yet not be able to avoid destruction; we have been deserted, left single-handed to fight against the enemy of laws and of reli-

gion; yet *we* have never meanly shrunk from the contest! And to what is this glory to be attributed? To the intrinsic power of the nation; to its morals; to the *general* administration of public affairs; and to the exalted character, placed and continued by Providence on the throne of this country, and protected by his care, we owe this glory—these unparalleled blessings. There is something divine and magnificent in the struggle in which we are engaged. In the name of honour, let us proceed. Great Britain, that formerly resisted most of the powers of Europe, can yet resist a greater confederacy: and, in this sacred struggle, if she do not ultimately secure a more firm independence, I still assert she has already maintained, at least, an equality of strength everywhere; and has vanquished her enemies whenever they have ventured to contend with her. Her situation, too, in point of defence, is better, and becoming still more so every hour. Both our army and navy are greater in number, and better in discipline and order than ever they were; and wherever fleets and armies have been sent, ours have pursued, fought, and conquered them!

But, with the same policy, Sir, the misfortunes in our commerce and manufactures are to be exaggerated and proclaimed. The complaint of our resources has constantly been repeated for these thirty years, at the very time when we have actually found them most efficient. Sixty millions were raised last year in the course of a few days. Nearly as much the year before. Our revenues are more than quadrupled since the war. The sinking fund is improving fast. War has hitherto produced no immediate distress to the state; but has created a far more general circulation than peace, and our captures have been enormous.

In reply to this, Sir, you intend to intimidate the nation, by proclaiming the absence of money and the magnitude of the national debt. Permit me to combat these errors in advance.

A nation, Sir, may be opulent and flourishing, at the same time that public debts are high and medium scarce. In our enquiries concerning wealth, it is usual to consider silver and gold as the most substantial riches, as well as the most necessary means of procuring them: but neither one nor the other is true. The distinguished character from whom you descend, and who is one of those examples which seem to be occasionally

brought into the world, on purpose to humble the pride of high birth, and to rouse the ambition of honest merit, must have instructed you to know, that *industry* is the *chief mean* of acquiring riches. Industry is far more necessary than silver or gold. The most substantial riches consist in the abundance of those things which are necessary for the support and comfort of life. Where these are in plenty, it is of little consequence what the money or the bullion is, or whether there is any money or not. Money serves only for an easier exchange of commodities, and to fix their various values in proportion to one another. But the money should not exceed this necessity. Spain owes her fall to the prolific mines of Peru! And England is to attribute the exorbitant price of her markets to the dangerous excess of her currency!

Silver and gold, which only represent more substantial riches, are of a fluctuating nature. It is not easy, it seems even impossible, to trace their various motions, or determine when they are in greatest plenty. This alone is certain, that where they abound *too much*, that country has a most dangerous enemy. The real, the substantial riches are more visible. Hence we may conclude, that the wealth of any state is increased, when the fields and gardens are better cultivated, and produce better kinds, and a greater quantity of fruits; when the country breeds more numerous stores, and better kinds of cattle; when the houses are more magnificent, and more richly furnished; when the people are better clothed, and their tables more profuse and elegant; when their warehouses are filled with a more valuable quantity of goods; when the prices of their lands, and most other commodities are raised; when their manufactures are increased; when their commerce is more widely extended; and when there is greater industry than in former times. If all these symptoms, or such of them as are most material, concur, the nation must certainly be increasing in riches. In such circumstances, the state of *the coin* is but of small moment. A nation which, during any particular period, has lost a million of its silver and gold, but improved its lands, and acquired valuable commodities to the extent of ten millions, must be in a better condition at the end of that period, than it was at the beginning of it. If Britain, indeed, be considered at present with respect to piety, morals, or *political* literature, or if

we examine the national genius for war; no doubt, I admit with you, Sir, that there are some things alarming in our condition. But nothing that relates *only to money, or to trade*, ought to give anxiety to honourable minds, excepting perhaps the greatness of the public debts. At the same time, there is no manner of reason to apprehend, either that the nation is impoverished by these debts, or unable to clear them without distress. There is an inexhaustible source of wealth in the country: substantial funds, vastly superior to all our debts and necessities, even though they should be multiplied by another internecine war of seventeen years' longer continuance! I speak from arduous and accurate calculations, and *am acquainted with a fund with which a debt of 400,000,000l. sterling could be discharged without the risk of innovation, the instrumentality of force, or the degradation of bankruptcy!* Away, then, and for ever, with that puling timidity, that cowardly apprehension so contrary to the general manliness of your character.

In religion, when the alarmed sinner *despairs*, his condition is desperate: while he sinks under the weight of his iniquities, he is incapable of repentance. There is a resemblance, Sir, in the condition of a whole people. To aggravate national calamities, national vices, or national weaknesses, does not become a patriot. It is nobler far, and more useful, for the people of Britain to imitate the firmness and magnanimity of the Roman state.—After the entire destruction of their army at the battle of Cannæ, (a misfortune so great, that nothing but the total rout of a British by a French army, near the metropolis of the island, could be compared to it,) this magnanimous people *thanked their consul, that he had not DESPAIRED of the common-wealth.*—There were *some*, however, among that courageous people, who, struck with the greatness of the calamity, and *despairing* of being able to defend their country against the superior genius of HANNIBAL and the CARTHAGINIANS, were deliberating about abandoning Italy, and about sheltering themselves ingloriously in the territories of the neighbouring states; preferring a mean, slavish, and precarious life, to freedom, or a glorious death in defence of their country! But the brave SCIPIO soon put an end to such dastardly resolutions, and Rome became the *Eagle* of the surrounding nations. To promote such a courageous

spirit, to make Britain the Lion of the world, will, Sir, distinguish you much more than that baleful despondency, and those *pre-concerted* measures, which have, alone, exposed you to the publicity of this letter.

With such prospects, therefore, as I have faithfully described, the weak murmurs of domestic disaffection must be despised.—The tyranny of that monster, "*Whig Association*," must only be a law to its own miserable vassals. The independent country gentlemen, who have seen the baneful effects of this fatal spirit, must guard against the specious impostures of reforming innovators. Every independent character must now be no longer influenced by the Club, or insulted by its instructions; but persevere in that bold, decided, manly firmness, that has ever been the surest guardian of the Crown, and of the religion, rights, and liberties of the country, of which we have the peculiar pride and felicity to belong.

I have the honour to be, Sir, with very distinguished consideration and respect,

Your very obedient, humble servant,

Jan. 1, 1810.

ALBION;

NORTHERN CRITICS *versus* PARLIAMENTARY REFORM; or,

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, COBBETT, AND WARDLE EXPLODED, BY THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

(Continued from page 320.)

The Edinburgh Reviewers, with more candour than we have generally found them possessed of, will by no means admit, that the present, or any other administration, has either wickedly or wantonly expended the money of the country. Ministers may have been weak, but they have not been profligate. Messrs. Cobbett and Wardle, however, *pretend* to think differently on the subject.

The Reviewers are aware, too, of the difference between *honesty* and *wisdom*, and that the latter is not always an attendant on the former. "Though we were to admit," say they, "that a reformed parliament would be considerably *more honest* than an unreformed one, we are not exactly aware that it must also be considerably *wiser*." The same errors of policy, therefore, that give rise to unprofitable expence, at present, may be expected to produce the same effects hereafter; nor is there any ground

for thinking, that a parliament, chosen mainly on account of its good intentions, will commit fewer blunders than one selected in a great degree from a regard to its skill and its habits of business."

By way of conclusion to their remarks, on this particular point, the Reviewers assert themselves to be "clearly of opinion, that whatever other benefits might result from a reform in Parliament, it could be of no sensible benefit to the people, by lightening the burden of their taxation; and that *no delusion can be greater*, and in some respects MORE MISCHIEVOUS, than that which represents these two things as essentially connected with each other."

The next point to which we shall request the attention of our readers, in the supposed operation of reform, is diminishing the influence of government.

The Edinburgh Reviewers tell us, that it must be admitted, that this influence is enormous; but they confess themselves incompetent to point out any effectual remedy for the evil. "The King and his Ministers," say they, "have the disposal of several hundred thousands of offices, in the army, the navy, the church, the law, and the colonies,—the emoluments of which cannot amount to much less than twenty millions a year." They acknowledge, however, that "almost all of the offices are now *indispensably* necessary;" and that "the salaries are perhaps more frequently inadequate, than excessive. The great grievance is in the patronage, and the dependance which that patronage encourages;" but they do not perceive, that a change in the manner of electing members of parliament could have any tendency towards the redressing of this evil; and the only remedy that occurs to them, "is to break down this patronage, as much as possible, into separate and detached portions, and to vest these in local assemblies,—to let counties and parishes, in short, chuse their own tax-gatherers, clergy, and magistrates,—and thus to diminish the mass and quantity of the patronage in the disposal of the general administration."

Our critics are fully aware of the extreme inadequacy of this suggested remedy; and as it must be equally obvious to every person of common sense, we shall forbear to press any remark upon the subject.

FERRET.

(*To be continued.*)

POLITICAL LITERATURE.

A Discourse on the Real Principles of the Revolution, the Bill of Rights, Act of Settlement, &c. In which the Representations of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Maddox, and others, are considered, their ignorance and their falsehood exposed, and their real Views detected; being the substance of Three Lectures, delivered in Trinity Term, 1809, by the Gresham Lecturer in Civil Law.

THE discourse before us comprises a very able and perspicuous exposition of the principles of the British Constitution; and, on that account, it is deserving of general notice; especially by those whose leisure or convenience may not afford them the opportunity of consulting more voluminous publications.

In his Introductory Address to the Trustees of Sir Thomas Gresham, the writer justly observes, that, "in all political questions, every individual will have an opinion; but, comparatively, very few individuals have the study of politics for their proper occupation, or have leisure for the just contemplation of any subject which is not the immediate business of their lives."

It is not, however, only on account of its illustration of the principles of the constitution, that this discourse is entitled to praise; but equally for its complete and masterly exposure of the mischievous views and objects of the reforming gentry, mentioned and alluded to in the title-page. The writer, in the prosecution of his subject, first produces the statutes necessary for its elucidation, and explains the law; then exposes the misrepresentations of those who would pervert it; and, lastly, argues the *real* objects of those persons, from their own expressions.

Our limits will not allow us to enter, at any length, into the first head of the discourse; nor is it necessary; but we cannot pass it over, without taking the liberty of correcting what appears to us to be a mistake, with respect to the "*three* estates of Parliament." "In the *three* estates of Parliament together," says the author, "is vested the absolute power of making and declaring law," &c. The vulgar error, on this point, into which we are rather surprised that this intelligent writer should have fallen, is, that the "*three*," estates consist of the King, Lords, and Commons; but the fact is, that the "*three*" estates are composed of the Lords Spiritual, the Lords Tempo-

ral, and the Commons. This definition is fully recognized in the Bill of Rights itself, and is placed in a still more perspicuous light by some of the celebrated constitutional tracts of Mr. Reeves.

Our author treats the Crown and Anchor proceedings, of the 2d of May last, with much and deserved severity. "It was not without surprise mingled with indignation," says he, "that I saw in the public papers, purporting to rehearse the speeches of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Maddox, and others, at a meeting of a number of persons calling themselves 'the Friends of Reform,' positions are insinuated by Sir Francis, boldly asserted by others of less name, probably through ignorance, and solemnly and repeatedly sworn to, as much as any man could voluntarily swear himself, by Mr. Maddox; positions, however, directly contrary to the truth."

Sir Francis Burdett stated—and one of the resolutions of the Crown and Anchor meeting supported the statement—that, by the Act of Settlement, "no person who has an office of profit under the King, or receives a pension from the crown, shall be capable of serving as a member of the House of Commons." It is true, that the 6th article of the Act of Settlement enacts as above; but it is equally true, that, by the 4th Ann. c. 7. that article was repealed, and that, "by the 6th Ann. c. 7. two provisions, of a far more reasonable and practicable nature, were substituted in place of it. One, by which certain offices by name, and all offices generally, created after October 25th, 1705, are declared to render the holders of them totally incapable of sitting in the House of Commons. And the other, by which every person, already a member, accepting any office of profit whatsoever under the crown besides those which, by the former clause totally incapacitate, is made to vacate his seat, and is sent again to his constituents, who may re-elect him or not as they please; which is in fact no more or less, than making the constituent himself, in every individual case, the master or repealer at his own discretion of the original prospective exclusion of the Act of Settlement, leaving it to him to chuse, whether he will have a person, who is in possession of such or such an office, for his representative in parliament. These provisions took effect accordingly, and have ever since remained in force."

Our author thus remarks upon this cir-

cumstance:—"I apprehend, that Sir Francis Burdett and the framers of these resolutions knew as well as any body; and that they could tell, if they would, what they have omitted, and what, on the other hand, they meant their hearers to supply. It is impossible to suppose, that Mr. Maddox should be ignorant of this matter. Yet, when it came to his turn to speak,—and the strain to those who have a taste for faction is really amusing, it is a perfect amœbæan,—Sir Francis praises the enlightened patriotism of Mr. Wardle. Mr. Wardle that of Sir Francis. Mr. Maddox both; the one for the virtues of his private life, the other for his sweet eloquence in public. And we might compliment with *equal justice* Mr. Maddox himself in both respects, his *eloquence*, and his *virtue*.

"Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic."

The following passage, illustrative of the origin and progress of falsehood, contains a laughable, but keen sarcasm:—

"Sir Francis Burdett simply insinuates what is not true. The resolution proposed by Mr. Cartwright repeats, it as an assertion in form. Mr. Maddox seconds the resolutions, and begins and ends his speech with a solemn assertion in the legal form of a sworn witness,—"*That the resolutions which he had the honour of seconding, were the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.*"

"Whereas the fact is, that they contain in the particular point alluded to, in every clause, just the reverse; and this Mr. Maddox did know, or he did not know. If he did, what credit can be given to such a man for integrity? If he did not, what for information! So that every way he is the last person who should be trusted in such matters."

The subjoined very neat anecdote places Mr. Maddox in an equally perplexing dilemma:—

"It is also worth while to remark, that Mr. Maddox is a Reformer, and that he sits for Boston. Now Mr. Cartwright says*, and Mr. Cartwright once stood for Boston himself, that he understands "it to be the point of honour in a Boston election, for every candidate who stands a poll, to give five guineas a man to all such of the electors who vote for him, and will accept the money;" and that, because *he* (Mr. Cartwright) did not think

* "Mr. C.'s pamphlet, 'Reasons for Reformation,' page 11; but perhaps Mr. Cartwright does not speak "*the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.*"

proper to pursue this plan, he got only 59 votes out of 549.—How many votes Mr. Maddox got, and how many guineas by Mr. Cartwright's account he must have given, he did not tell the good people at the Crown and Anchor. He only told them that "*he*," this Mr. Maddox, member for Boston, "*had pledged himself to a parliamentary reform!!!*"

Other instances of Sir Francis Burdett's false and illusory insinuations are as happily exposed; particularly when the reforming Baronet says—"One of the reasons for which King James was driven from his throne was, because he persisted in keeping a standing army." On this, our author pointedly observes—"Sir Francis Burdett knew what he was about, and he evidently *sinned wilfully*. He knew, that the grievances complained of in King James's government, were made the foundation of the declaration of the Bill of Rights. He knew the article which, in that declaration, related to the keeping of a standing army. But he suppressed the article itself, and, being pushed for proof, touched vaguely upon King James's practice, and left it to his audience to conclude that the Declaration of Rights contained some such article as this; "that keeping a standing army is illegal and against the constitution."

"But what are the words of the real article which he suppressed, but which, if he had given it, would have proved nothing? Its terms are these:—

"That keeping a standing army without the kingdom, in time of peace, *unless it be with consent of Parliament*, is against law."

"Now it is no less manifest, that the practice of the king's government hath in no respect been contrary to this article of the Declaration of the Bill of Rights, than that Sir Francis Burdett, by direct implication, hath asserted that to be an article in it, which he knew, while he was uttering it, did not exist. It is in vain that this gentleman is held up to us in private life as a model of truth and virtue, a Philip Sidney among his friends, an Algernon to the people, while such is his public conduct in addressing himself to those, who are looking up to him for constitutional principle and information."

We cannot enter any farther into the atrocious and unfounded charges of the *worthy* baronet, the friend of the traitor Despard, against the government of his country; but we cannot close without saying a word or two about the other pa-

triot—the *Wardle*—the pretty plaything of Mrs. Clarke.

Our author, like many other honest and unsuspecting men, conceived that Mr. Yorke's conduct, in charging Wardle "with the views of a certain set of desperate wretches, who, some sixteen years ago, would have set the country in a flame, but for the vigour of the then administration, and the good sense of the nation at large," was "unhandsome and unfair;" but he is "now inclined to think, from what has since happened, that the honourable member," who made the charge, "*knew well what he was about*, and had sufficient grounds for the conclusion, and deserved not the obloquy that was cast upon him." This remark was made, it should be remembered, *before the late trials had taken place*. What would the writer say now? Mr. Yorke certainly "*knew well what he was about*."

We cannot conclude our notice of this truly admirable pamphlet better, than by recommending it to the serious and attentive perusal of the public at large. To those who can afford it, it is a tract worthy of extensive gratuitous distribution.

TO MR. WAITHMAN.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURE AND TENDENCY OF HIS HARANGUES, &c. &c.

—————*Ego si risi quod ineptus
Pastillos Rufillus olet—lividus et mordax videar.*
HORACE.

"If I smile at the perfumes with which Rufillus is scented, must I be therefore regarded as envious or ill-natured*?"

By ALBION.

LETTER I.

(Being the first of a series of five, to be addressed to this Citizen.)

SIR,—I have hitherto declined taking any notice of those pretty orations with which you have been lately pleased to favour the public; and looked upon them only as little flights or exertions of a genius which had a mind to try its strength in political eloquence.—I compared them to the *disputations* of under graduates in the university, or the *mootings* of young students in the temple. I

* The same reason which ALBION gave for translating the quotations in the Letter to Lord Moira, is adduced in behalf of the present explanatory lines. There is no doubt that the city demagogues will thank him for the illustration!

could not suppose that you uttered them with any other design; and therefore was sorry to see you turned into ridicule and exposed to the indignation and laughter of the whole city. I thought it beneath any writer of experience, to set his strength against a young beginner, and was afraid it would discourage you from pursuing your studies of Cicero and Demosthenes; but, Sir, since I find the indulgence of my silence, the contempt of the world, and the correction of Sir William Curtis, have a different effect upon you, and seem to have made you imagine that you are really an orator of importance, I am inclined to give you a little of my advice, in the manner I have lately done to Lords Erskine and Cochrane, Colonel Wardle and Sir Francis Burdett.

When I first saw your *Philippics* in print, I must confess I was somewhat at a loss to guess what rice hand had taken the trouble of collecting such curious *florilegia of politics* together. Some persons assured me, that they were the compositions of a Blue-coat boy, whose father wanted to get him into the counting-house of Alderman Coombe. The little quaint antithesis, the laboured gingle of the periods, affected metaphors, and puerile thoughts, with which those political *nosegays* abound, disposed one at first to believe they were gathered in this garden; and I had some idea of employing my nephew, who is now in the third form of Westminster school, to answer them. But I am now just told, by a friend, in great confidence, that the harangues are the productions of a city coxcomb, below any person's notice. *Let me beg you*, said my friend, *not to treat him with too much severity! Consider his ignorance—his profession—a man-milliner! He is not made for such rough encounters.* O, by no means, Sir, said I!—What! hurt a man-milliner!—What would the Ladies say?—A man-milliner is so like a *lady* himself; or, at least, is such a nice composition between the two sexes, that it is difficult to distinguish which sex is most predominant.

Horace describes such a being much better than what I can:

Quem si puellarum insereres Choro,
Miré sagaces falleret Hospites
Discrimen obscurum, solutis
Crinibus, Ambiguoque vultu.

Ovid and Ausonius have likewise described such a pretty medley of the *masculine* and *feminine* genders: I refer you to

some learned colleague for the exhibition of their verses on so non-descript a subject.

But, Sir, although it would be barbarous to handle such a delicate hermaprodite in too rough a manner, yet you must give me leave to offer you a little admonishing for your good. You are carrying the jest a little too far, I am afraid, and drawing some features into light which you ought to have thrown into shade, for the sake of preserving some decent and honourable *appearances*. In the first instance, I am willing to admit, that it would be tyrannic in me to check your career in politics. I shall therefore give precepts for—in the place of resisting your polemical eloquence.

In a mixed government like ours, public speaking has a sort of relative analogy to the compound structure of our Constitution, and to the different orders of which it is composed. The highest and most exalted rank possesses a proud pre-eminence of phraseology, evidently characteristic of its sovereignty and excellence; while the second *grade* preserves a certain degree of equipoise in style; which, by a due mixture of dignity with plainness, denotes the intermediate balance in the scale of legislative eloquence. But chiefly, in the third estate, it is peculiarly necessary that the stream of rhetoric, like that of yours, Sir, should have certain particles of *popularity* perpetually floating on its surface, as testimonies of the plebeian source and fountain from which it springs.

Upon this system, analagous principles might be formed for the respective oratory of the several degrees.—At present, however, a few documents only shall be suggested for your application of this principle, to the rhetoric of the Common-Council; more especially to that truly-constitutional part of it, occasionally addressed to the mob; “*whose good report*,” as it is, indeed, “the brief and abstract *chronicle*” of city fame, it becomes peculiarly prudent, as well as honourable, to obtain.

In general, then, as to the mode of exercising this miscellaneous eloquence (and which you introduced with success into the Common-Council) with most ease and efficacy, it seems that it may be fairly laid down, that all eminent and projecting sentences, and all pointed and epigrammatic quibbles, violent tropes, forced figures, and glaring ornaments, are well calculated to rouse the

attention, and *hitch* upon the memory of the "*strangers*."—These, like the emphasis of *italics* in printing, summon the too negligent and careless mind, to pay a proper attention to many choice and curious *researches*, intimately connected with the other matter; but which might otherwise perish from the refinement, or irretrievably slip by unnoticed.

One of the most certain and secure resources of miscellaneous rhetoric, however, is that *conciliating respect*, which you more directly pay to the *strange* portion of your auditory, in downright acknowledgment of "their respectable appearance and utility, on *important occasions*."—This condescending recognition generally meets with a proper return; and it is pleasing to observe, how wonderfully attentive the whole body of "*strangers*" became, at the first mention of this general *respectability*.—On a late occasion, Sir, you carried this idea rather to too great a length; for Sheriff Atkins, and some such other moody orators were for the absolute exclusion of all *interlopers* in debate. Therefore, in future, it will be always as good to prepare and scatter, as occasion offers, some promiscuous panegyrics, of nearly the same, though not absolutely so direct a tendency: for example, that, "in a Constitution like ours, every thinking man has a natural interest in public debate, which it is tyrannic to abridge or violate." Or that "it becomes all wise and cautious citizens to *hear*, in order to judge of their civic representatives!" Or, again, that "it is no small consolation, in the present awful crisis, to find a general diffusion of public vigilance and anxiety disseminated among all ranks and orders of men, and more particularly in the present numerous and respectable *appearance*!"—These, and all other of the same kind, properly accompanied by submissive tones, modulated breaks in the voice, and collateral attitudes of respectful inclination towards the *strangers*, scarcely ever fail of awakening the grateful attention, and, sometimes, dormant curiosity of the interlopers: especially at such times as they have *patriotically* abandoned their shops and counters, to combat fatigue and appetite, in expectation of collecting some scattered scraps of mutilated eloquence, for their private or domestic consumption at the forums and other theatres of sedition throughout the metropolis.

Those already mentioned, can only be

scattered occasionally in the exordiums' and some episodical parts of your orations.—The latter, and more efficient class, must take their station in the peroration and declamatory close of prolix speeches, as a *corps de reserve*, to "support and reinforce the main body of argument, after the harder service of the day.—These ought chiefly to consist of some very new, and deep theory; abstract and metaphysical; such as "*Sovereignty of the People*," "*Universal Whiggism*," &c. and calculated to give an idea of the originality, extent, and boldness of your character; which, by connecting so many ingredients of sublimity, tends to inspire a sort of awe for such pre-eminence of genius, and to create a confused notion, that this *inventive wildness*, if it could but be applied to the more serious business of politics, would, with equal brilliancy, strike out fresh systems of calculation, explore new resources of finance, and produce unheard of wonders and revolutions, in all the complicated concerns of polemical debates!

But it must be remembered, what in truth you very handsomely exemplify, that much of a city orator's success, in all cases, depends on a curious interspersion of these brilliances, so as to relieve the heavier masses, and sustain due proportions of light and shade. For rhetorical flowers must be disposed and mingled with a studious delicacy of arrangement, *like Manchester goods in the window of a shop*, to interweave their blended beauties in just contrast to the coarser texture of more substantial articles. Thus (to adapt my expressions to the subject) in some parts of the rhetorical ground-work, small seedlings of *violet-tropes* should seem to fearfully revoke even the minuter elegance they so faintly disclose; while, in others, more full-blown metaphors, may diffuse their *roseate* luxuriance, and prodigally extend both stem and foliage among the thorny *sweet-briars* of irony; or entwining knots of syllogistic *woodbine*.—With these also there should occasionally be interspersed, some brighter ornaments of wit, *like the spangles of the pattern*, to variegate the *silken* sentences of persuasion, and set them off with more dazzling decoration and advantage.

As to the latter, and far more original division of miscellaneous eloquence which embraces the sovereignty of the people, &c. though something is equally obser-

vable of its baser kind, in the *fustiantags* and finales of our more ancient tragedies, and on the same plan too of leaving a good impression on the mobility, yet it is certainly, in its true nature and perfect state, most completely sublime, and defective *only* in its unaccountably narrow and restricted limitation to this world alone; when, *with equal ease and efficacy*, it might and ought to be extended, not only to the inhabitants of our own moon, and other lunatic countries, but also to every nation and people in the whole planetary system; so, that in any great congress of astronomical worlds, *Universal Whiggism* should as certainly be the ruling principle of the delegates of Jupiter's satellites, as a Whig president must be deputed by the constituents of Saturn's ring.—It is only necessary to add, Sir, that the respect for this kind of gigantic rhetoric will be greatly enhanced by a proportionable elocution and action to justify and grace its magnificence.—For here, though the figures are intentionally dilated and monstrous, and the colouring systematically overcharged, like those of *cupola paintings*, yet, to the ignorant auditor, the rhetoric of the former will appear as natural and just, as the symmetry of the latter appears exact and proportionable, to the stupid gazer below.—The eye and the ear are equally delighted and deceived, in both the one and the other case.

You have also shown Sir, that in the delivery of these *rhetorical caricatures*, all that can be requisite to complete their effect, is to accompany them with congenial degrees of violence and vehemence in expression and deportment; or, in short, that the gestures and elocution of the orator who pronounces them, may somewhat resemble those of a furious *feugle-man*, or a fanatic in a frenzy.

I am proud, Sir, from the command I hold over my pen, that it cannot be said, that I treat you with severity and disrespect; and I beg you and the public to believe that, whenever, as a satirist, I have to lash the knave or coxcomb, my honest indignation shall not merit to be set down on the score of malice or personal contempt. I allow with you that an enquiry should be made into the part Great Britain has acted since the demise of Mr. Pitt, and I cannot but *felicitate the country*, that this enquiry should originate WITH YOU—a *tradesman* so *nearly* concerned in its success, and who has so *immense* a share, as well as in foreign

as in domestic commerce. You are *likewise* very capable to *pronounce* on the real state of things; for you are of academic education; of large and extensive views;—you have *studied* and you *understand* the whole political system, not of the Common-Council only, but of the island at large! add to these—your residence in this great centre of business, your near and frequent opportunities of approaching those persons, who administer the public affairs, give you a distinguished rank of consideration above your fellow subjects!!! So that an enquiry *by you* in Common-Council, is, in effect an enquiry by the whole nation, and our Parliament and Ministry remain a mockery of state!!!

It is allowed, on all hands, that the present situation of affairs is a very critical one. No man, therefore, can be an indifferent spectator of it, or wish to suppress enquiry into its cause. But then, it appears from you and your city friends, that such an enquiry to be useful, must be boisterous, passionate, and partial. As to decency to be observed in examining the conduct of other men, of our superiors more particularly, you break through the *boundary* which the folly or servility of our ancestors established! Public order, private security, all the relations we stand in one to the other, require, by your doctrines, that this fence should be shattered and violated!—To be serious, Sir, from a reformer of such a complexion as you, no man of sense can expect, and no man of honour would desire, any thing else but scurrility and slander. Every *knave*, as well as every *fool*, is A LEVELLER!!! Let not *our* passions, much less the passions of City Reformists, inflame and mislead us. Let us not adopt that sinister zeal for the common welfare, which sometimes vents itself in vague, but furious declamations; sometimes, Sir, in a malignant joy at public, though inevitable misfortunes; and is ever dealing forth half truths, diminished or exaggerated, as may best serve the momentary purpose of malice, or levity, or revenge, or of an together. These volunteers in scandal, these Demagogues, who are ever railing at their betters, only because, they *could* dare to do so with impunity, were never more numerous in any age or country. They swarm by thousands in the city; they infest every place of resort; and, neglecting their business as you do, have the presumptive arrogance to meddle

with affairs of state. I have seen some of them reduced to *spell* the very names of those persons they were, beforehand, resolved to abuse. Others, of more erudition, are daily pouring themselves out in lampoons, epigrams, theatrical advertisements—edicts! Never were the powers of seditious dullness in greater or more universal commotion. Grub-street has not only sent out her aboriginal poets and hawkers, but has likewise pressed into her service, as assistant draughtsmen, card-engravers, and gallows-makers, persons of another importance; who, though they have been humble enough, on this occasion to wear her genuine livery, would yet think themselves injured in being supposed to assist her for hire or reward. The productions, as such, of these men, could not merit even this short animadversion, did not the obvious tendency of them all, render it in some sort necessary. What that tendency is, every man amongst us, who is not the avowed enemy of all good discipline, of all political subordination, acknowledges and deplores.

As to myself, Sir, I dare avow the honest ambition of differing totally from such authors, in the scope and aim of this letter. For my talent, as a writer, I care nothing what they think. But it shall not be in their power to prove me guilty of what is alone material for your consideration; I mean, of *intentionally* inserting “false facts,” and of wilfully misrepresenting “true” ones.

In my writings, I intend neither panegyric nor abuse; and I have no cause to serve, but that of truth and of my country. If, therefore, in the course of the several letters I have to write to you, I any where impose upon you, I have been first, unknowingly, imposed upon myself. Be assured, that nothing in my power shall be left undone to avoid this misfortune; and that, on the contrary, I shall exert my best endeavours to procure every light, every information, which a private man can, by the most deliberate research, arrive at the knowledge of, and the result of this enquiry shall be fairly, produced to you, for your improvement. When you have examined with attention the facts I relate, and have coolly weighed their importance, you will then, Sir, determine *equitably* on the evidence before you: and, rely upon it, “the people of England” will affirm a *just* verdict.

I hope it is not understood that my displeasure arises from the “*Inquiry*.”

Far from it: We are all embarked in one political vessel, where, though the *steerage* may be in other hands, the *cargo* is ours: and, by consequence, while the storm is up, our lives and fortunes, our very being, as well as safety, are exposed to the same common dangers, and must share the same general fate.

If this great crisis call loudly upon us, to examine how we have been brought into it; whether by real faults in our management, or by accidents unavoidable; such is the excellence of our Constitution, that we may enquire with the utmost freedom. This still is, may it ever continue to be, the birthright of Englishmen! But, Sir, in my next letter to you I shall prove the danger of putting this enquiry into the hands of persons in *your* circumstances of life. I may be mistaken in my opinion of those with whom you act; I wish them well, because they are my fellow subjects; I wish they may be reclaimed, because I would believe they would not willingly sacrifice *their country* to any motives of *private* advantage: but if I *be* mistaken, I will acknowledge the weakness of my judgment; I will bewail the *misfortunes* of my *country*; and lament that human nature is sunk to so debased a level.

To you, Sir, it is quite enough that I subscribe myself

ALBION.

LETTER FROM THE
RIGHT. HON. GEO. CANNING

TO

THE EARL CAMDEN,
Lord President of The Council.

Continued from page 448.

I did not till then know with whom the concealment hitherto practised had originated; I frankly own that I thought it had originated with your Lordship; I was anxious above all things that it should not be ever suspected that it had originated with me; or that I had been a consenting party to it, or even (till a late period) conscious of its existence.

In my correspondence with the Duke of Portland at this period, therefore, at the same time that I resisted the new delay then proposed, I disclaimed any concurrence in the concealment which had been hitherto practised—and requested “that it might be remembered hereafter, whenever that concealment should be alleged against me, as an act of injustice to

Lord Castlereagh, that it did not originate in *my* suggestion, that so far from desiring it, I had conceived (however erroneously) *your Lordship* to be the sure channel of communication to Lord Castlereagh; and that up to a very late period I had believed such communication to have been actually made."

The Duke of Portland, in answer, acknowledged my repeated remonstrances against the concealment; stating himself at the same time not to have been aware that I had at any time believed the communication to have been actually made; but assuring me "that he should be at all times ready to avow that the concealment had originated with himself, (the Duke of Portland); that he had *injoined* it to all those with whom he had communicated,—from motives which he was at all times ready to justify; and that he was desirous of taking whatever blame might have been, or might at any time be, incurred by it, upon himself."

This, as I have said, was my first knowledge of any restriction whatever upon your Lordship's communication to Lord Castlereagh.

If I am asked *why* I believed your Lordship to have *actually made* the communication, I answer, because it was natural that you should make it; because the expectation of your making it was the motive which induced me to desire (and I *did* desire) that the communication should be made to your Lordship;—because the manner in which you first received that communication (as reported to me by the Duke of Portland) tended to confirm the belief that your Lordship was the fit channel of communication to Lord Castlereagh;—and because I knew not of the existence of any impediment to your pursuing what appeared to me (and does still appear to me) the natural and obvious course to be pursued upon such an occasion.

If it be objected, that I ought not to have been contented with *presuming* the disclosure to have been made, but ought to have diligently ascertained that it was so;—first, I answer—that no person naturally sets about ascertaining that of which he entertains no doubt:—and, secondly, I answer—that the moment that my suspicion of the fact was excited, I did set about ascertaining the truth; and that upon ascertaining it, I did remonstrate in the strongest manner against the concealment;—and enforced that remonstrance by the tender of my own resignation.

It was on the 26th or 27th of June (five or six days after Parliament rose) that I discovered my suspicion to be founded.—On the 27th I remonstrated.—On the 28th I tendered my resignation.—And in the course of the same day, your Lordship (as I have already stated) received an injunction to make the communication as soon as the Expedition should have sailed.

The second of the two periods to which your Lordship's statement refers, begins from the 12th of July, the day of the tender of your Lordship's resignation.

It does not appear, nor does your Lordship's statement aver, that at any time during the second period, the restriction which had been originally imposed upon your Lordship was renewed; or that any other existed, except that which your Lordship had imposed upon yourself, and which was therefore no longer binding upon your Lordship than while you might yourself be willing that it should bind you.

Of the extent to which this *self-imposed* restriction appears to have gone, I had not any suspicion. I knew, indeed, that your Lordship had stipulated to keep the time of the disclosure, to Lord Castlereagh, in your own hands; but, subsequently to my being made acquainted with that stipulation, I had received the assurances, which I have already described, on behalf of "Lord Castlereagh's friends;" and had relied upon those assurances.

It was not till the 6th of September, that I learnt that those assurances had not been carried into effect. It was not till the 19th of September that I learnt that your Lordship had been no party to them. Then indeed, I learnt that your Lordship had not only "*not engaged*" to make the communication previously to the "issue of the Expedition being known here,"—but that in July you had "stated to one of our colleagues" (not the Duke of Portland)—"*who was urging an earlier communication*, that the time of communication, so far as you were concerned, was for you to decide; but that no one had a right to say, you did not perform that part in the transaction in which you were concerned, *if you did not open your lips to Lord Castlereagh before the issue of the Expedition was known here.*"

This information I received from your Lordship, in a letter dated the 19th of September. It was then perfectly new to me.

I leave your Lordship to judge what must have been my surprise, when, after receiving from your Lordship, on the evening of the 19th of September, this frank avowal of the real origin of the concealment maintained, during this latter and most important period, towards Lord Castlereagh, I received on the following morning Lord Castlereagh's letter of the same date, making *me* responsible for that concealment.

I have not to trouble your Lordship with any farther observations. I have confined myself to matters growing out of Lord Castlereagh's letter, and out of your Lordship's statement: on those alone have I any right to claim your Lordship's attention.

To this address to your Lordship I have been compelled to resort, however reluctantly, to vindicate my private honour. As to any charges against my public conduct—this is not the mode to reply to them. If any such shall be brought against me, at the proper time, and in the proper place, I shall be prepared to repel them.

I have the honour to be,
With great respect, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient
humble Servant,
GEORGE CANNING.

SWEDISH DOCUMENTS.

TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN SWEDEN AND RUSSIA.

In the name of the Holy and undivided Trinity.

His Majesty the King of SWEDEN, and his Majesty the Emperor of all the RUSSIAS, equally animated by the desire of causing the advantages of Peace to succeed to the calamities of War, and of re-establishing harmony and good understanding between their States, have, to this effect, appointed their Plenipotentiaries; namely, his Majesty the King of SWEDEN, Baron Count LOUIS BOGISLAS; CHRISTOPHER DE STEDINCK, one of the Nobles of the Kingdom of Sweden, General of Infantry of the Swedish armies, Knight and Commander of the Swedish Orders, Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword, Knight of the Order of St. Andrew, of St. Alexander Newsky, and of St. Anne of the First Class; and M. ANDREW FREDERICK SKJÖLDERAND, Colonel and Commander of the Order of the Sword; and his Majesty the Emperor of all the RUSSIAS, Count NI-

CHOLAS ROMANZOFF, actual Privy Counsellor, Member of the Council of State, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Minister of Commerce, Senator, actual Chamberlain, Knight of the Order of St. Andrew, St. Alexander Newsky, Grand Cross of the Order of St. Wladimir, and of St. Anne of the First Classes, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour of France, Knight of the Royal Prussian Orders of the Black Eagle and Red Eagle, and of the Royal Dutch Order of the Union, and M. DAVID ALOPEUS, actual Chamberlain, Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Wladimir of the Second Class, and of St. Anne of the First;—who, after the exchange of their respective full powers, found to be good and in due form, have agreed upon the following Articles:—

ART. I. There shall henceforth be peace, friendship, and good understanding between his Majesty the King of Sweden, and his Majesty the Emperor of all the RUSSIAS. The high contracting parties will make it their chief study to maintain a perfect harmony between themselves, their states and subjects, and will carefully avoid whatever may hereafter disturb the union so happily re-established.

II. His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias having manifested the invariable resolution not to separate his interests from those of his allies, and his Swedish Majesty wishing to give, in favour of his subjects, all the extent possible to the advantages of the Peace, promises and engages in the most solemn and binding manner to neglect nothing which, on his part, may tend to the prompt conclusion of Peace between him and his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, and his Majesty the King of Denmark and Norway, by the means of the direct negotiations already commenced with these powers.

III. His Majesty the King of Sweden, in order to give an evident proof of his desire to renew the most intimate relations with the august allies of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, promises to adhere to the continental system, with such modifications as shall be more particularly stipulated in the negotiation which is about to be opened between Sweden, France, and Denmark.

Meanwhile, his Swedish Majesty engages, from the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty, to order that the ports of the kingdom of Sweden shall

be closed, both to the ships of war and merchantmen of Great Britain, with the exception of the importation of salt and colonial productions, which habit has rendered necessary to the people of Sweden.

His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias promises before hand, to consent to every modification which his allies may consider just and fit to be admitted in favour of Sweden with respect to commerce and mercantile navigation.

IV. His Majesty the King of Sweden, as well for himself, as for his successors to the throne and kingdom of Sweden, renounces irrevocably and in perpetuity in favour of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, and his successors to the throne and empire of Russia, all his rights and titles to the Government hereafter specified, which have been conquered from the crown of Sweden by the arms of his Imperial Majesty in the present war, namely,—

The Government of Kymenagard, Nyland and Tavastchus, Abo Bjorneborg, with the isles Aland, Savolax and Corelia, Wasa, Uleaborg, and part of West Bothnia extending to the river of Tornea, as shall be fixed in the subsequent article in the demarkation of the frontiers.

These Governments, with all the inhabitants, towns, ports, fortresses, villages, and islands, as well as all the dependencies, prerogatives, rights, and emoluments, shall henceforth belong in full property and sovereignty to the empire of Russia, and shall remain incorporated with it.

To this effect his Majesty the King of Sweden promises, in the most solemn and obligatory manner, as well for himself as for his successors, and all the kingdom of Sweden, never to make any claim direct or indirect on the said governments, provinces, islands, and territories, all the inhabitants of which shall, in virtue of this renunciation, be relieved from the homage and oath of fidelity by which they were bound to the crown of Sweden.

V. The sea of Aland, (Alands Haf) the Gulph of Bothnia, and the rivers of Tornea and Muonio, shall hereafter form the frontier between Russia and the kingdom of Sweden.

The nearest islands at an equal distance from the main land of Aland and Finland shall belong to Russia, and those which are nearest to the Swedish coast shall belong to Sweden.

The most advanced points of the Rus-

sian territory, at the mouth of the river of Tornea, shall be the isle of Bjorken, the port of Rentehamn, and the peninsula on which the town of Tornea stands.—The frontier shall then be extended along the river Tornea to the confluence of the two branches of that river near Kengis. It shall then follow the course of the River Muonio, passing in the front of Muonioniska, Muonio, Osreby, Palajoens, Rultane, Enontekis, Kelotijorfoi, Paisiko, Nuimaka, Raunulla and Kilpisjaure to Norway.

In the course of the rivers Tornea and Muonio, such as it has been described, the islands situated to the East of the Thalwag shall belong to Russia, and those to the West of the Thalwag to Sweden.

Immediately after the exchange of the ratifications, engineers shall be appointed on each side, who shall proceed to the before mentioned places to fix the limits along the rivers Tornea and Muonio, according to the above described line.

VI. His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias having already given the most manifest proofs of the clemency and justice with which he has resolved to govern the inhabitants of the countries which he has required, by generously, and of his own spontaneous act, assuring to them the free exercise of their religion, rights, property, and privileges, his Swedish Majesty considers himself thereby dispensed from performing the otherwise sacred duty of making reservations in the above respects in favour of his former subjects.

VII. On the signature of the present treaty, information thereof shall be transmitted immediately, and with the greatest celerity, to the generals of the respective armies, and hostilities shall entirely cease on both sides both by sea and land. Those acts of hostility which may in the mean time be committed, shall be regarded as null, and shall not infringe this treaty. Whatever may be, during the intervening period, taken or conquered on the one side or the other, shall be faithfully restored.

VIII. Within four weeks after the exchange of the Ratifications of the present Treaty, the troops of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia shall evacuate West Bothnia, and repass the river Tornea.

During the said four weeks, there shall be made no requisition of any kind whatever on the inhabitants; and the Russian army shall draw its supplies and subsist-

ence from its own magazines established in the towns of West Bothnia.

If during the negotiations the Imperial troops have penetrated in any other direction into the kingdom of Sweden, they shall evacuate the countries they have occupied in virtue of the before stipulated conditions.

IX. All the prisoners of war made on either side by sea or land, and all the hostages delivered during the war, shall be restored in mass, and without ransom, as speedily as possible; but at the latest within three months, reckoning from the exchange of the ratifications; but if any prisoners may be prevented by sickness or other cause from returning into their country within the period specified, they shall not thereby be considered as having forfeited the right stipulated above. They shall be obliged to discharge or to give security for the debts they may have contracted during their captivity with the inhabitants of the country, in which they may have been detained.

The expences which may have been incurred by the high contracting parties for all subsistence and maintenance of the prisoners, shall be reciprocally renounced, and provision shall respectively be made for their subsistence, and the expence of their journey to the frontiers of both places, where Commissioners for their Sovereigns shall be directed to receive them.

The Finland soldiers and seamen are, on the part of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, excepted from this restitution, with reference to the capitulations which have taken place, if they grant them a different right.—The military and other officers natives of Finland, who wish to remain, shall enjoy that privilege, and the full exercise of all their rights over their property, debts, and effects which they have, now or may hereafter have in the kingdom of Sweden, on the footing of the 10th article of the present Treaty.

X. The Fins now in Sweden, as well as the Swedes now in Finland, shall be at full liberty to return into their respective countries, and to dispose of their property, moveable and unmoveable, without paying any duty of removal, or any other impost due on the like occasions.

The subjects of the two high Powers established in either country, Sweden or Finland, shall have full liberty to esta-

blish themselves in the other during the space of three years, from the date of the exchange of the ratification of the present treaty; but shall be held to sell or alienate, during the said period, to any subject of the Power whose dominions they desire to quit.

The property of those who, at the expiration of the above term, have not complied with this regulation, shall be sold at a public sale by authority of the Magistrate, and the produce thereof delivered to the owners.

During the three years above fixed, it shall be allowable to all to make such use as they may please, of their property, the peaceable enjoyment of which is formally secured and guaranteed to them.

They may, themselves or their agents, pass freely from one state to the other in order to manage their affairs, without experiencing any obstacle whatever in consequence of their quality of subjects of the other power.

XI. There shall henceforth be a perpetual oblivion of the past, and a general amnesty for the respective subjects, whose opinions, in favour of one or the other of the high contracting parties during the present war, may have rendered them suspected or liable to punishment. No trial shall hereafter be instituted against them on such grounds. If any process have been commenced, it shall be annulled and superseded, and no new proceeding shall be commenced. All sequestrations of property or revenues shall in consequence be immediately removed, and the property shall be reserved to the owners; - - - - -

(To be continued.)

TO THE PUBLIC.—*In justice to the London dealers in Newspapers, who have received complaints from their customers, I am compelled to state that the last Register was not published in time to be sent by the General Post. Every effort will be made to prevent similar disappointments in future.—Some Errata in the two last Numbers will be noticed in the next publication.*

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BLAGDON'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

VOL. I.—No. 15.] LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1810. [Price 1s.]

"England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm; and see better days, they will remember, with pride,—**THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**"—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—*Remarks on the desperate efforts which are making to prepare the people of Ireland to receive the French as their friends.—The impossibility of the Irish Catholics ever obtaining Emancipation, pointed out.—A most flagrant instance of Cobbett's apostacy, with his present recantation, commented on.—Notice of an important Pamphlet about to be published—Letter of J. J. W. J. on the subject of the Catholic Claims, in which some striking facts are introduced relative to the influence of the Irish Priests over the Catholic population, and the consequence of such infamous conduct. The arguments of two Catholic writers in behalf of Emancipation, examined and refuted.—ALBION's second Letter to Mr. WAITHMAN, on the desperate nature of his political doctrines.—Letter by IDLE, on the War Taxes.—Continuation of Swedish Documents, &c.*

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**** The Third Edition of Number I. is published this day. The Newsmen who have delivered sets without it, are requested to call for it without delay.**

THE CLAIMS OF THE CATHOLICS.

The importance of the crisis at which we have arrived becomes more evident with every day of our existence; there is no man, indeed, who does not feel convinced that Great Britain is about to become the theatre of portentous events:—Whether he be of those hordes who secretly exult in the evident progress of Jacobinism, or belong to the staunch class who mean to rally round the Throne, and preserve it against the insidious designs of modern innovators, is immaterial; it is sufficient that the *two* parties into which the whole population of our empire seems to be split, are acquainted with each others designs. It is enough for the Jacobins to know that we are ready to repel them, and that they cannot expect to gain the least advantage over us without the commission of some act bordering upon desperation! Accordingly, it has not escaped their notice, that whatever success they may have hoped for, is far more likely to be obtained by the exertion of their artifices in Ireland than in England; and they have dared to flatter themselves that, by first inflaming the minds of the Irish people, or reopening those wounds which they had caused to be inflicted on themselves, but which are now almost scarified, and then pointing out to Buonaparte the facility with which he might invade that island,

and detach it from the mother country, they will ultimately cause the subjugation of Britain altogether! As far as I may venture to give my own opinion, I must say; that I should like to see the very attempt made, in the result of which the Jacobins place all their hopes. I should be glad to hear that a large armament had actually sailed from the shores of France for the avowed purpose of conquering Ireland, because I think that the result would put an end to the wavering and alarm which many thousands of us have for years displayed, as to a French invasion. If the insatiable ambition of the despot, who is treading on the necks of nearly all the people in Europe except ourselves, will continue to inflict upon his slaves all the horrible calamities that are attendant upon war, then the rapid destruction of the wretches whom he is determined shall be immolated, becomes a sort of moral duty; and I really think that the sudden *capture, sinking, or destroying* of forty or fifty thousand miserable Frenchmen, who might be employed in the invasion of Ireland, would produce a greater *sensation* on the continent, than has been produced by the gradual murder of five times that number, who, within the last four years, have forfeited their existence in effecting the conquest or degradation of the different continental states. It is of no use for the Jacobins to renew their philanthropic jargon about "*suffering humanity*;" this will not do; for no man needs to be told (even though the Botley Demagogue has just completed his eighth year of *labour*, as he informs us in his Register of Dec. 30), that the awful responsibility rests upon

the head of the monster who has been, and still is, the cause of such dreadful havoc of human life! No, no, let the attempt at invasion be made, even against the *most vulnerable* part of the empire, and then let us see whether the signal advantages which we enjoy will not arouse, within the people, that truly *divine* spirit which animated their forefathers, and prompted them to repel invasion with a vigour that convinced their enemies of their resolution, either to conquer or die! I do not only think but I am *sure* that it will, provided, however, that we do not suffer the Jacobins to gain too great an ascendancy, and to pervert and contaminate the public mind by their incessant and detestable effusions.—Amongst these last I find, without any astonishment, that they have just revived the old, hackneyed, and disgusting theme of *Catholic Emancipation*. This, however, is a subject which, whatever momentary clamour it may, through their infernal artifices, excite, cannot but end in their complete discomfiture. And of this the Jacobins are, indeed, themselves aware; but, in all their operations, they keep in view a secret and *ultimate object*: in the present case, the question whether the Catholics ought or ought not to be placed upon an equal footing with the Protestants, or, as the Jacobins term it, enjoy equal *rights*, is the very farthest point about which those Jacobins concern themselves. The grand and *only* object, to effect which they are labouring as it were to impress the aid of heaven and earth, is, to *prepare* the minds of the ignorant populace of Ireland to *receive the French as friends*, who are voluntarily to bring them that *emancipation* which the government of their protecting mother country is bound by the principles of the Constitution to refuse them, and which she is consequently resolved that **THEY SHALL NEVER OBTAIN!** Hence though this effort of the Jacobins, is capable of being explained in merely half a dozen words, the subject out of which it arises is one of vital importance, one on which I do not hesitate to declare, depends either the preservation, or the extinction of the glorious Constitution of this empire; and one on which too much cannot at the present epoch, be said. For my own part, I now see clearly, that my task is only just beginning. It is hardly possible for any man to have read more, or heard more, on both sides of a question, than I have been condemned to

read and to hear, during the last ten or twelve years, on the sickening subject of Catholic emancipation.—Amongst other notable hearings, I solemnly assure my readers, that I have *often heard* the Botley Demagogue rave and rant for a quarter of an hour at a time, against “*the rascally Irish traitors*,” the great ones in particular, for *daring* even to *wish* that the King would forego so much of his innate firmness, as to violate the oath which he took on his coronation, to protect the religion established in this happy country by the perseverance of his ancestors. The *horrible* oaths, the execrations and menaces, which he had eight years ago uttered, in my presence, against the whole body of Irish Catholics, of whom he *now* forces himself forward, as the champion, were still fresh in my memory, when I began to peruse his attempt of the 30th ult. to persuade the English and Irish traitors who support him, that the cause of the Catholics to procure emancipation, is the cause of “*truth*” (p. 993,) that “the cause of the Catholics was *so good*, the reasoning necessary to maintain it, lay in so small a compass, and was so well supported by *undeniable facts*, that its advocates need only have made a *short and plain statement of the case*, in answer to long-winded and bewildering speeches!” (ibid).—I remembered all his former exclamations, and felt a curiosity to see whether he, on *this* striking occasion, would have the decency to apologise for his signal and disgusting apostacy: but in p. 994, that curiosity was amply gratified. Like the immaculate Colonel, his memory seems to be on all occasions subservient to his interest. “I recollect,” says the babe of infamy, (p. 994) “that in the year 1801 (the very time, the reader will observe, to which I have just alluded)—“I recollect, that I, myself, *taking upon trust what I heard from others, sincerely believed*, that a compliance with the wishes of the Catholics would amount to a *violation of this oath**! Now, after this most profligate and abandoned confession, surely the Demagogue ought to be despised, even by his own desperate gang of state incendiaries; for as he has been, out of his own mouth, made to appear a convicted liar, he here, upon the same verbal evidence, is proved to be either a *knaveish hypocrite*, or the *most despicable of fools*. Will any man believe the De-

*The Coronation Oath.

magogue, who, at that time must have been about forty years of age, and who had written twelve volumes of *works*, for the avowed purpose of bringing Jacobins, and the Catholic ones in particular, into contempt, did not actually *know* what was the real nature, or object of the Catholics' pretensions; but that, he took upon trust what he heard from others, and yet *sincerely believed* in the hearsay representations! Such admirable credulity, I really think is not recorded of any Demagogue, of either ancient or modern times. Our little poet, Pope, conceiving, as the story goes, that his head had swelled to such a size, that he could not get it out at the door of a hackney-coach in which he was riding, is nothing to the credulity of the Crown and Mitre-man of 1801.—In short, we see, that if he really were so credulous, he stands before the world, as having been at the age of forty, a *convicted idiot*, or on the other hand, of having acted the part of a “*double-faced knave*,” by propagating, either *then* or *now*, sentiments, which he must have known, or at the present time does know, to be contrary to the law of the land, as well as to reason or common sense. It is evident, that he wishes to soften down his apostacy, and would rather that he should be considered as the *fool*, who has grown wise by *experience*; and as an apology for his former ignorance, he candidly offers “to *endeavour* now to place the matter in as clear a light as possible; so that *the most crafty* shall not with respect to it, have it any longer in their power to impose upon the most ignorant or most unwary.” Here, then, the public will find both me and the Demagogue labouring in the same vocation; for I am determined, what with my own efforts, and the valuable aid of my different correspondents, to set the matter in a light as clear as that of noon day!—not however, “by using a *multitude of words*,” a method which the Demagogue so strongly deprecates, as tending “to overlay *truth*” (p. 993), but by a number of “short and plain statements” a few “undeniable facts.” Passing, therefore, over the coronation oath, in which the King or Queen swears that he or she “will pre-serve unto the *Bishops* and *clergy* of this realm and to the *churches* committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them.” Passing over this trifling part of the oath, which, be-

sides what I have quoted, also compels the Sovereign “to maintain the Protestant Reformed Religion as it is established by law,”—which certainly could not be so maintained for a single month, if the Catholic Bishops, Priests &c. were to have equal influence in the Church and in the State, I shall come without much farther circumlocution to one or two of the “undeniable facts” which I have to communicate. In short, the case is too plain; all religious zealots and the Catholic ones in particular are ever striving to make converts to their creed; and I think that a very good answer which the late unconciliating Lord Thurlow is said to have given to a deputation of the Irish Catholics, who waited upon him about twenty years ago to intreat him to advocate their pretensions to complete emancipation. “God— you all, said he, I know too well what you would be at! The fact is, that *we* are *up*, and *you* are *down*. If you were up you would keep us down; but as we are up, by G— we will keep you down!”—and with this apostrophe he dismissed his visitors. The first “undeniable fact” or two, which I shall communicate, is from my valuable correspondent, J. J. W. J. They will show how very deserving the Irish Catholics are of the *rights* to which they lay claim, and amongst which it is a wonder to me, that the Demagogue has omitted to specify “the holy right of insurrection!” In a future number it is my intention to give some *facts* of a different description, the object of which will be to prove to the reasonable part of mankind, that if it were *possible* to make any distinction, or effect any *partial* alteration in the law as it now stands, there would not be that serious objection to favouring the *English* Catholics by a compliance with their wishes, to a certain extent; but the Irish ones must never dare to hope for such a “consummation;” and hence the views or interests of a few, must necessarily be sacrificed to prevent the attainment of the dangerous objects of the many.

Before I commence the *facts* just alluded to, I must beg permission to insert a notice of a circumstance which strikes me to be of much importance. There is no doubt that *another* attempt will be made in two certain houses, to second the views of the Irish demagogues, of which the only result will be, the temporary interruption of public business.

But, as the renewed agitation of the subject will create much conversation throughout the kingdom, and as the Jacobins will not fail to turn the clamour to their own account, it would be very desirable to inform reasonable men, of the real state of the affair about which there will be broached so much falsehood and declamation. At the very hour when I was considering how such a series of information could be most advantageously communicated, I received a note from my indefatigable correspondent, ALBION, informing me that he had nearly completed a series of Letters, striking at the vital points of the Catholics' pretensions. This I conceive to be most opportune: and instead of procrastinating the publication through a series of weeks, by giving a Letter at a time in my Register, it is my intention to publish those Letters, immediately after the manuscript arrives, in the form of a pamphlet. I will even go farther, and afford "the loyal" an opportunity of distributing the copies all over the kingdom, at an expence that shall be imperceptible. After the first edition has appeared, I will make a calculation of the expence of printing *an extraordinary number*, for the purpose of general distribution, and will sell them by hundreds or thousands, to be afterwards given away, without suffering one sixpence more to be taken than the actual cost of the paper and print! This is one of the ways in which I propose to "*place the matter in a clear light*," and, having stated my intention, I shall proceed to communicate one or two of the "undeniable facts" lately hinted at.

F. W. R.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

Clifton, Nov. 17, 1809.

SIR,—Upon revolving and weighing with friendly intent the Roman Catholic question, so long agitated, in my mind, and conceiving, that, the *claims* of the Roman Catholic body in Ireland, are such as cannot be conceded to them, as well as that the *priestcraft* is highly injurious, not only to the Roman Catholic flock, but to the empire, by keeping so large a portion of the people of that persuasion there, in a state of slavish subordination, and superstitious ignorance and idolatry, and by the exercisers of it sometimes exciting them against the government, I have written, and addressed to you, the accompanying pages, with the intent that they shall appear in your

valuable Register.—I must assure you, Sir, I have not in my reflections been influenced by any the least unkind or unfriendly considerations, or by any narrow prejudices against them as professing different religious sentiments to myself, but quite the contrary; and I have, in Ireland, ever shown the reverse of narrow prejudice or hatred to the body, by letting them my lands equally with Protestants, and enrolling them without distinction in a corps of volunteers, which I formed of my own tenantry, in the famed rebellious county of Wexford, prior to the late rebellion, and in which their fraternity were the sole actors, save some few leaders. But I see that they will never be at rest until a change takes place, and that the great body will never be other than *savages* so long as the PRIESTCRAFT remains; and stimulated as they have been at all times by their spiritual pastors, and I fear may be again, to acts of treason and open rebellion, I am convinced they will continue disloyal as long as they act by their nod.—That they have ever been so, is clear from past rebellions, and even their present meetings, in pursuit of claims that they know are inconsistent with the king's oath and disposition, as also with our protestant government and establishment, is a full proof of the continuance of those disloyal sentiments and principles, or why make demands that they know cannot be acceded to.—Nor, do I think any farther indulgence, or political amelioration, would render them *true* and *faithful* subjects, or of fraternal sentiments towards protestant, or other sects; as they are bred up in *hatred*, and trained even by their pastors in *deception* towards them; they are nurtured, I may say by them, in the commission of crimes against their protestant brethren, as far as the arm of the law will suffer, and they are taught to expect absolution at their hands; but the state of *ignorance* in which they keep them, for their own convenient purposes, renders them ready instruments, at any time that they please, in their hands, and unfits them for feeling the advantages of their good government and laws, as well as for partaking in the benefits of our commercial and other national advantages. Besides, that blind *fraternity*, which they make a part of their creed as to their own body *only*, renders them very dangerous subjects; for if they think fit to engage in rebellion, they are *to a man* to be found there; not so with any other. The bad

effects of this, as well as the extent of their disloyalty, I had a full proof of on my own estates, previous to, as well as during the rebellion. I there gave them very advantageous tenures, both as to rent and term, in hopes of very much attaching them to myself, as well as to the true interest of the country and the laws. I also, without any distinction (which was deemed by them invidious) took them into my volunteer corps along with my protestant tenants; but finding them *disloyal* in their sentiments, and first having tendered a TEST oath to them, which they with one voice rejected, I found the necessity of disarming them on parade in a body. They then pretended to be hurt in their *fame*, and, as if LOYAL subjects, did actually combine to bring civil actions against me for so disgracing them, by striking them off the roll of my corps, for their open and aloud-expressed objection to the tenor of the *test* oath recommended by me, when, at the same moment, all the *Protestants* of the corps embraced it, and it was not many days ere I was served with a law process aiming at damages, by one of the party, and which was to have been followed up by all. It appeared they had consulted their father confessor, which they could not do on the sudden, when I addressed them in a body on parade, and no doubt he had given them permission, for deceptious purposes, to *quasi* swallow the oath, which was, that "*they had not taken the United Irishman's oath, and that they would not unless forced*;" a very easy and simple assurance, to those, who had previously and *honestly* taken the oath of allegiance; but not so with them, they to a man refused it, and I did my duty. They, however, went in a body afterwards before a magistrate and took it. But a very short while only elapsed, and the enigma was solved, for the rebellion broke out, and the meditated law proceedings were nipped in the bud, by the actual appearance of those *quondam* loyal beings (as a matter of course) in the very midst of the *rebel ranks*; and thus they fell—for, on the winding up of the account, it appeared that they were to a man killed; and, when all was over, behold the story which reached my ears, viz: that those very fellows who meant to appeal to the *civil laws* of their country for a loss of character by my doing my military duty, were to a man, *eo instante*, up to the neck in the *criminal* and rebellious plot, and had been exercising with

the pike, upon the very days that they had appeared on my parade (being a convenient opportunity) to handle the musket, for which purpose they had trotted seven miles into the *mountains below*, and back again, as fast as their legs could carry them, and which accounts in my mind for an observation I usually made, when I put them to the quick step, that, "I feared they laboured too hard at their farms, as they seemed rather tired and fatigued."—Thus, *a priori*, therefore, they were committed in rebellious schemes, and, *a posteriori*, they fell victims to their own ignorance, and the wicked devices of their priests,—and I am very well convinced they at no time took the *terrific* oath of allegiance, without previously consulting their priest, and no doubt receiving absolution for the *crime*. This I know, that, when I offered to take them into my corps, and after getting over their scruples to enter, and when the oath of allegiance was tendered, they always feigned excuses, and required *time* for a due consideration, which, no doubt, was, that they might receive an indulgence from their father confessor. At last they would swallow it. But it happened, that one day a very strange thing took place: when I was proposing and explaining the oath, a man had agreed to enter the corps, but the oath of allegiance was too hard for him to swallow, and not a thing which suited his taste, nor by any means acceptable to him; and when asked by me, what objections he had to it, he replied very candidly and laconically (bending and bowing his hat to the ground, at the same time) "*I do not like it at all, an please your honour!!*" This fellow simply spoke the real sentiments of the crafty many, of which you had afterwards ample proof. I am convinced things are no better now, and that they never will be better, as long as priestcraft, with all its train of evils, is tolerated in Ireland.—To their priests, and their assisting *graven images* and *portraits*, "whether likenesses of any thing in Heaven or in the earth beneath," they bend the knee, and their truly slavish obedience to their crafty pastors, along with their own consummate ignorance, will ever make them ready and willing instruments to whatever those may point out and command.

In the pages accompanying this letter, I have taken the opportunity of noticing some diffuse writings of A. B. which appeared at the end of last year in

the Morning Post, on the small degree of faith to be placed in the promises of the popish clergy of Ireland, when treating with the government of this country; and I have alluded to the unhappy tendency of popish practices at large, whilst I point out a humane plan for abolishing popery, with its attendants, *idolatry, superstition, and ignorance*, and a safe mode of taking the stray flock into the pale of the Constitution—a plan which, I should hope, would be highly acceptable to all parties.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient, &c.

J. J. W. J.

SIR,—It is now nearly a full year, since you may remember having read in the Morning Post, a series of Letters signed A. B. commenting very pointedly on the conduct of some of the popish clergy in Ireland, for having so suddenly flown off from voluntary political engagements on their part; at which time, also, you may recollect to have beheld, the cogent reasons which were assigned by a Right Rev. Roman Catholic Prelate, Dr. Lanigan, by way of plea in justification, for the departure of the popish clergy, in that part of the United Kingdom, from those solemn political engagements, alluded to by A. B., and which were set forth in the same paper of the 31st of December 1808.

Soon after the appearance of those publications, I must confess, I strongly meditated making a few observations, on the futile substance and tendency of the letters alluded to, and on the absurdity of the Reverend Doctor's plea and reasons for the defalcation, or departure from solemn engagements, on the part of Roman Catholic clergy; but, as I maintained hopes, that the Roman Catholic question would not, at least at present, or, perhaps, during the war, be revived in Ireland, I laid aside my intentions with my pen, conceiving it better to let the matter lie at rest.—Finding, however, the demands of the Roman Catholics again agitated, and, as I may say, most injudiciously and unhandsonely brought forward in Ireland, at a moment of some political misunderstandings here, and which I cannot, therefore, but deem unreasonable and tormenting on their part, I think it not amiss, as a loyal subject, and as a well wisher to the Empire at large, and to these realms in particular, to offer, now, a few ideas in point as to both

the publications mentioned; and to touch on the unhappy consequences of popish practices at large.

It must then, Sir, be confessed there was presented, through the medium of the Morning Post, to the public, a very fine display of elaborate reasoning, in a long series of Letters on the Roman Catholic topic which they embraced, and in which no less than two Right Rev. Gentlemen of that persuasion, namely, a *Dr. Milner*, and a *Dr. Lanigan*, were pretty well handled. I am, however, rather surprised, that any one should have so spent his precious time, or the Editor of the Morning Paper have devoted his columns to such a subject; which, as it may well be said, was, in fact, all about wheedledum and wheedledee; forsooth, concerning the faith to be placed in Roman Catholics, whether ecclesiastical or lay, when treating with a Protestant government.—In short, touching the evasions, the mental reservations and meanings, of this Right Rev. Dr. Milner, and that Right Rev. sophistical gentleman, James Lanigan, relative to a political point then agitated, in which they, in my humble opinion only were concerned, as it would have been a serious reflection upon the empire to have taken up the subject. At this enlightened day it is somewhat curious to behold such stress laid, by any man of sense, or learning, upon matters of controversy, that, in the darker ages, might have been deemed moot points, between Roman Catholics and Protestants—At this moment the light of reason has, indeed, so cleared away the mist of superstition and ignorance, that it would be ridiculous to admit, for an instant, any particle of reason, or good sense, to have any thing to do in a controversy, *religious or civil*, with the *Roman Catholic priesthood*—Their bigotry is still too great, and their casuistry and sophistry of too artful a kind, to suppose any thing like fairness, or sincerity, in their *serious* and *solemn* engagements or promises, when treating with any other religious body.—The absurd doctrine of their *infallibility*, with their *quondam* celestial vicegerent, Pope Pius, or any other, at the helm, has long since gone by; and it would be ridiculous, now, to enter into disquisitions on that head, and equally so upon any head, where it was necessary, that faith and security was to be placed in *serious* and *solemn* promises and engagements of a public and political nature.—The author

of the letters alluded to, signed A. B. does not, indeed, in some respect seem to think so, or he would not appear to be so much surprised, and lay so much stress on the *casuistry* which he has unnecessarily laboured to expose; and, perhaps, he was not aware, that Protestants at large, are now amply convinced of the trifling degree of faith to be placed in the political engagements of the Roman Catholic priesthood, in any part of the globe, or, he would not have given himself so much trouble.—The public are, however, left just as wise as they were before. Why then uselessly cavil with those reverend gentlemen, in whom it appears no faith is to be placed, or, knowing that to be the case think of admitting them to form a part in your national concerns, who, with their flock at their elbow, tutored as they are, and taught that all others are *heretics*, would long since have deluged these realms with the blood of all their protestant sons, had the menacing arm of those bigots been sufficiently strong! As it was, they had their fling even in these realms—witness not only the bloody scenes in this kingdom, and the former popish insurrections in Ireland, but the late *Irish Rebellion*, when, under their heavenly and benign auspices, the order of the day was, to “*do out*,” as they termed it, all *protestant heretics*, high and low, old and young, male and female.—Pray, Sir, look into the account given by *Sir Richard Musgrave*, of their last bloody and merciless scene, a period that should never be lost sight of, as a *warning for the future*. There, I say, you will find a *practical* display of that self same *sophistry* and *priestcraft*, which you behold pourtrayed in the fine doctrine of promise and obligation, and the breach of them, as set forth by the Rev. divine in the Morning Paper of the 31st of December, and what appears more striking is, that this rebellion, which was, at the outset, purely jacobinical and democratic, and intending to include all sects of religion, especially with the leaders, soon became, through the all-powerful influence of the priests over the great mass, as *church militants*, purely religious, in so much, that, the being a Protestant, merely subjected the party to instant death; and when they had got pretty deep into the scrape, it is well known the resolve was made, to “*do out*” even all those rusty Protestants who were involved in the rebellion, whether leaders or others.

I, Sir, had two paternal uncles, aged and infirm, who were massacred there at that time in cold blood, if I may so say when the assassins were Roman Catholic zealots, and the only crime alleged against them (one of whom was the oldest magistrate in his county) and of which they were guilty in the minds of those relentless enthusiasts, was, their being staunch Protestants. Having myself been in that country at the time, I can safely vouch for the truth of what is set forth, in the account given by the author alluded to, both with respect to the acts committed, and the religious frenzy of the Roman Catholics, almost the sole actors in the scene. How is the matter altered since? Why, merely in this much, that the laity dare not, with any chance of success, make another attempt, and the priesthoed is *thus* kept within certain bounds!—However, as it appears, the “*butter will be out of the stir-about*,” as is the Irish vulgar saying; and thus you, Sir, will find a pretty spice of what you might expect, in the *cogent reasons*, and *nice distinctions* of the *Right Rev. James Lanigan*, on the subject of promises, as set forth by him, and discanted upon by A. B. at such length: it is very clear, that this Rev. Gentleman, has, not only got a *dip* in the *Shannon*, but that he has a little of what they call *true Irish clay* in his composition, else, surely, he could not be hardy enough, to attempt to hood-wink the discerning eye of the public, with such fandango observations, or blunderer enough to state so abruptly, among the number of his pleas for the non-performance of engagements, that, “*he is not bound to perform a thing impossible!*”—All know that an *impossible condition* is, in law, a *nullity*—that it is not a condition at all—common sense will point this out to the weakest understanding—Equally so must it be with an *impossible promise*. Of course, even sophistry and casuistry, need not to have introduced this, among the arranged number of *nice distinctions*, as a plea, in order to avoid a solemn engagement; but this, with his intellects, seems to have been of primary consideration on the occasion, or he would not have placed it first in the string.

(To be continued.).

TO MR. WAITHMAN;

ON THE PLUNGING, DESPERATE NATURE OF HIS POLITICAL DOCTRINES.

—————*Facilis descensus Averno
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.*—————
VERGIL.

“The descent into hell is easy, but to recal your steps, and reascend to the upper skies, forms the difficulty and the labour.

By ALBION.

LETTER II.

SIR,—I have lived to that crisis in which the writings of all virtuous oppositions, and the predictions of all worthy men, have ever marked as the era of British happiness. I have lived to the 50th year of the reign of a monarch, who, if he were now to resign the sceptre, could make the same noble appeal before God and man, that SAMUEL made—“*Whose ox have I taken, or whose ass have I taken?—or, whom have I defrauded, or, whom have I oppressed?*”—I have lived, too, to see that the Ministers who have the honour now to serve that Sovereign, are such as no dark cabal of personal favour, no low intrigue of partial interest have raised: they are such as the confidence of our Spanish and other allies abroad, and the voice of the people at home, have pointed out to be trusted. The measures pursued, are those which the eternal maxims of a British government, and the experience of past ages, have recommended. That temporary, that particular inconveniences, may arise under this, as have under all former administrations, is possible: but are we, for that, to tamper with the general system of government? Are we to move the corner stones of that fair, that flourishing fabric of true liberty, which makes Britain the Queen of Empires, which stamps man with dignity, which extends his career of glory beyond that of life, and rewards the toils of one by the happiness of millions?—are we, Sir, to do this? If we be doomed to commit this outrage, then have I lived too long! But, Sir, is it not evident that I have numbered too many years already? *Have I not lived to see the House of Commons sit in judgment on a Prince impeached by a malicious impostor, and have I not lived to see the Common Council of London converted into a forum to answer the treasonable purposes of a licentious and desperate faction?* As I accuse you, Sir, of being the author of this

last flagrant and dangerous evil, I think it but right to place before you and the public the grounds of my accusation.

At the time I wrote my last letter, I was ignorant I must confess as to the extent of your abilities, the danger of your *connections*, and the extraordinary progress made in your levelling proceedings. This ignorance, on my part, accounts for the levity of that letter, and for the presumption which led me to dictate rules to a man whom I now find to be learned in all the deepest mysteries of Whig, Jacobin, and every other species of plunging, desperate doctrines! Why, Sir, it cannot be said of you, as of Ulysses, that he scatters ambiguous expressions among the vulgar; for you cry *havoc* without reserve, and endeavour to let slip the dogs of foreign or civil war, ignorant whither they are going, and careless what may be their prey. You sometimes make your satire felt among your honest fellow-citizens; but let them not, from injudicious admiration, take the venom of the shaft, for the vigour of the law. While you walk like *Jack the Giant-killer* among innocent men, unpractised in wiles and art, you may do much mischief with little strength. Novelty captivates the superficial and thoughtless; vehemence delights the seditious and turbulent. He that contradicts acknowledged truths will always have an audience; he that vilifies established authority will always have abettors. Besides, Sir, you are the only Catiline that has appeared in the city since the times of that incendiary called *Wilkes*. You also have taken the most efficient means for the obtainment of popularity:—Like Colonel Wardle, you burst into notice with a blaze of impudence, which has rarely glared upon the world before, and which draws *the rabble* after you, from the same principle that a *monster* makes a show. As a rhetorician, I find you have the art of persuading when you second seditious desire; as a reasoner, you convince those who have no doubt before; as a moralist, you teach that virtue may disgrace; and as a patriot you gratify *the mean* by insults on *the rich*. Finding sedition ascendant, you have been able to advance it; finding the city combustible, you have been able to inflame it. And yet, let me abstract from your wit the vivacity of insolence, and withdraw from your efficacy the sympathetic favour of plebeian malignity,—I do not say, that I shall leave you nothing; the

cause that I defend scorns the help of falsehood; but if I leave you only *your merit*, what, Sir, will be your *praise*?

It is not by the liveliness of imagery, your pungency of periods, or your fertility of allusion, that you detain the cits of London, or the boors of Middlesex. Of style and sentiment they take no cognizance. They admire you for virtues like their own; for contempt of order, and violence of outrage; for rage of defamation, and audacity of falsehood. The supporters of a blasphemous address to the King, feel no niceties of composition, nor dexterities of sophistry; their faculties are better proportioned to the bawl of a *Wood* and the barbarity of their *Goodbehere*; and, as they are told that you are the *resurrection* of their former *Beckford*, they set you down as infallible, and worthy to be imitated. Those who know not whither you would lead them, resolve to follow; and those who cannot find your meaning, hope you mean *reformation*, which is well understood as a cant word to imply THE RUIN OF THE CROWN, THE CHURCH, AND THE STATE.

I must again, Sir, liken you to that calumniator, Colonel Wardle, now fortunately exposed to public and private derision, detestation, and hate. Like him—you are an unusual phenomenon, on which some gaze with wonder and some with terror; but, thanks be to God, Sir, both wonder and terror are transitory passions. You will, after *this* publication, be more closely viewed, or more attentively examined; and, what *city folly* has taken for a comet, that from its flaming hair shook pestilence and municipal war, enquiry will find to be only a meteor formed by the vapours of putrefying democracy, and kindled into flame by the effervescence of interest, struggling with conviction; which after having plunged its followers in a bog, will leave them enquiring *why* they pursued and regarded it so long?

It is so much my desire to avoid the charge of loose declamation, that I shall now, in a cool and dispassionate manner, display the documents from which I have drawn the materials of your public character. They are all, Sir, in the body and spirit of your own speeches and harangues. Harangues which I consider as a complete digest of the avowed maxims of a certain *political school*, the effects of whose doctrines and practices this coun-

try will feel long and severely. Your address to the Common Council is made up of a *farrago* of almost every topic which has been agitated in public debate or private conversation, on national affairs, for these last seventeen years. The oldest controversies are hauled out of the dust with which time and neglect had covered them. Arguments ten times repeated, a thousand times answered before, are here repeated again. Military affairs lately published, are republished, to revolve once more and find their old station in this meridian. All the common place lamentations on the decay of trade, the increase of taxes, and the high price of labour and provisions, are here retailed again and again, with the same tone with which they have drawled through the columns of the Chronicle for half a century together. Paradoxes which affront common sense respecting the Ministry, and uninteresting barren truths which generate no conclusion, are thrown into augment unwieldy bulk, without adding any thing to weight. Because two accusations are better than one, contradictions are set staring one another in the face, without even an attempt to reconcile them. And to give the whole a sort of portentous air of labour and information, the Guildhall of London is convoked to deliberate on your political lucubrations. As to the particular subject, it is not easy to comprehend your meaning. It is happy for the public, however, that it is never difficult to fathom your design; your apparent intention is to draw the most aggravated, hideous, and deformed picture of the state of this country, which your querulous eloquence, aided by the arbitrary dominion you assume over fact, is capable of exhibiting. Had you attributed our misfortunes to their true cause, the bold, improvident, and visionary conduct of Lord ——— at one period, or to the supineness of particular ministers at another, the complaint had been just, and might have been useful. But far the greater, and much the worst part, of the state which you exhibit, is owing, according to your representation, not to accidental and extrinsic mischiefs attendant on the nation, but to its radical weakness and constitutional distempers. All this is not, without a purpose. You are in hopes that, when we are fallen into a *fanatical* terror for the national salvation, we shall then be ready to throw ourselves, in a sort of precipitate trust, (some

strange disposition of the mind jumbled up of presumption and despair,) into the hands of the most pretending and forward undertaker. So, Sir, what Sir Francis Burdett has to perform in St. Stephens, you are to execute in the city. Let me assure you, that, however you may succeed in exciting our fears for the public danger, you will find it hard indeed to engage us to place any confidence in the system you propose for its security. Your undertaking is great for a simple citizen! The purpose of your harangue, and at which it aims directly or obliquely in every word, is to persuade the public, that an entire change of ministry is necessary. You do not actually appoint the successors; but, having highly applauded the most inveterate Whigs, and heavily censured every other set of men in the kingdom, there is no difficulty in naming who you would recommend for virtue and ability.

Such is your general scheme. Whether it will answer your purpose I know not. But surely that purpose should be a wonderful good one to warrant the methods you have taken to compass it. If the facts and reasoning of your orators be admitted, *it is all over with us*. The continuance of our tranquillity depends on the compassion of our rivals. Unable to secure to ourselves the advantages of peace, we are at the same time utterly unfit for war. It is impossible, if this state of things be credited abroad, that we can ever have any kind of alliance; all nations will fly from so dangerous a connection, lest, instead of being partakers in our strength, they should only become sharers in our ruin. If it be believed at home, all that firmness of mind, and dignified national courage, which so used to be the great support of this Isle against the powers of the world, must melt away and fail within us.

In Ireland, Sir, we all know, there was a rebellion of *clowns*, but no person expected to see in England such an exposition of *pedlars* as you have raised. The future quiet of the nation has been often disturbed by a faction, but yours is a faction against which all factions ought to conspire; for its principle is a desire of *levelling*; it is only animated under the name of zeal, by the natural malignity of the *tradesmen and mechanics*, against *gentlemen of condition and estate*. The whole conduct of your despicable party is distinguished by plebeian gross-

ness and savage indecency. To misrepresent the actions and the principles of enemies is common to all opponents; but the insolence of invective, and brutality of reproach, which have lately prevailed in the Common Council and Hall, are peculiar to that faction of which you are the head.—All other oppositions, however, enraged at each other, have agreed to treat the Throne *with decency*; but *your* low-born tailors have attacked not only the authority, but the character of their Sovereign; and have endeavoured to alienate the affections of the citizens, from their only King, who, for almost a century, has much appeared to desire, or much endeavoured to deserve them. They propose to insult him with rudeness and menaces, which were never excited by the sullenness of *William*, even when half the nation denied their allegiance; nor by the dangerous bigotry of *James*, unless, when he was finally driven from his palace, and with which scarcely the open hostilities of rebellion ventured to vilify the unhappy *Charles*, even in the remarks on the Cabinet of Naseby.

It is surely not unreasonable to hope, that that the Common Council will consult its dignity, if not its safety, and disdain to be brow-beat and enslaved by the declaimers of the Common-Hall. Had Rome fallen by the Catilinarian conspiracy, she might have consoled her fate by the greatness of her destroyers; but what will alleviate the disgrace of England, if her *government is to be* changed by a *Coombe*, a *Waithman*, and a *Wood*. To cover your designs, whatever they may be, and to delude the Common-Council into their pursuit, you exaggerate, as I have observed the situation of the State. “An impoverished and heavily-burthened public. The power of the Crown extended. The rights of the people abridged. Government relaxed in every sinew, and a corrupt selfish spirit pervading the whole,” —is what you tell the Council, and you assure them that you have not made that display of the difficulties of your country, to expose her to ridicule, or to provoke victorious enemies to insult her; nor to excite the people’s rage against their governors, or sink them into a despondency for the public welfare.—I am willing to admit this apology for your intentions. I should be sorry to think any man capable of entertaining so execrable and *senseless* a design. Perhaps

the *true* cause of your conduct is no more than this; and it ought rather to claim my pity than to excite my indignation. You find yourself weary of vulgar business—you wish to tread the walks of indolent power; and this condition must be intolerable to your mind.—The same Sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon watchful ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state, find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen. They find an advantage too; for it is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare. If such person can answer the ends of relief and profit to themselves, they are apt to be careless enough about either the means or the consequences. These remarks force Col. Wardle upon my attention. *He*, Sir, set the example in the Commons which *you* are pursuing in Guildhall. “Princes luxurious and licentious; a form of government not worth contending for; trade and manufactures going to ruin; no reverence for the customs of our ancestors; no sense of political economy, &c. &c.” was the war-cry which elevated him above the vulgar, and made him looked up to as *the saviour of the land!* Nay, more, he gave the nation comfort; he pointed out the day-star which was to arise in their hearts; he exhibited a grand scheme for totally reversing his dismal state of things, and for making us happy at home and respectable abroad—formidable in war and powerful in peace!!

In this great work he proceeded with a facility equally astonishing and pleasing. Never was *finances* less embarrassed by the burthen of establishments, or with the difficulty of finding *ways and means*. If an establishment is troublesome to him, he lops off at a stroke just as much of it as he chooses. He mows down, without giving quarter, or assigning reason, army, navy, ordinance, ordinary, extraordinaries; nothing can stand before him. Then when he comes to provide, *Amalthea's* horn in his hands; and he pours out with an inexhaustible bounty, taxes, duties, loans, and revenues, without uneasiness to himself, or burthen to the public. In so much that, when I consider the abundance of his resources, I cannot avoid being surprised at his ex-

traordinary attention TO SAVINGS. But is all the exuberance of his *goodness!!!* the bubble even already is burst, and the very man I speak of has descended into that political *Averni* from which Virgil says there is no passage to the upper skies.

I would recommend you then, Sir, to let this example serve as a scare-crow to preserve *you* from Col. Wardle's fate. It in truth justifies the forcible assertion of the Roman, “*The descent into Hell is easy*, but to recal your steps and reascend, forms the difficulty and the labour.” I will not deny that the *patriotic* motives which were *imputed* to that gentleman, may possibly govern you in your contention with the state. By this art he obtained his height of popularity; and by its exposition he has gained everlasting contempt. I by no means condemn a man for conciliating the esteem of his fellow citizens. I only reproach him for making the public good a *pretence* for private views. Popular affection, when justly obtained, is the highest honour a mortal can enjoy, and one of the surest marks of public felicity; for when men possess the general love of any community, it is natural to infer the community esteem them their general benefactors; and certainly no respect, honour, or rewards, which the people can bestow, are too great to testify their gratitude to those, who approve themselves worthy of that character.

But popularity, you will allow, Sir, is so often acquired by false means, bestowed on worthless objects, and applied to bad ends, that an Englishman cannot be too cautious on whom he confers it:—the people are so liable to be imposed on by false pretences, that we are not always to look upon their favour as the badge of real patriotism, and a truly public spirit; for, on the contrary, we shall find, *that it is too often acquired by sinister methods, in order to carry on some crafty and pernicious design.*

Whether you, Sir, be not one of those popular patriots I here describe, and who abuse the favour of their countrymen, and pervert the good disposition of a wise people, may appear from the remainder of my history of your politics, which I shall, in my future Letters, more minutely enter into.

It is, notwithstanding, with equal shame and indignation, that I shall pursue the sequel of this narrative; and I

could wish what remains to be told, buried in deep and lasting oblivion. Not, Sir, for the sake of you or your friends. Had I reason to believe you culpable, I should think the scene could not be exposed too strongly, nor painted in colours too hateful: but, for the disgrace brought on the city, and the fatal disasters that may be the consequence of that disgrace—and promoted by ———, but let the justice of the nation give him a name! I put him upon his country, and he shall have a fair trial. To condemn the greatest *supposed* criminal, before such trial, were unjust; as to insult him otherwise is ungenerous, and a-kin to the very cowardice it pretends to abhor.

I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. &c. &c. &c.

ALBION.

December, 1809.

“THE WAR TAXES NO BURTHENS.”

To F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—Several of the observations of J. J. W. J. upon the War Taxes, in your Register of Dec. 27, are just; but there are *many* people who are great sufferers by those Taxes of which your correspondent makes so light, who have it not in their power to be otherwise than what he calls “idle,”—such particularly are the middle class who have landed property, the rents of which they from delicacy or other motives do not raise according to the increasing pressure of the times: those also who have annuities from the funds, &c., all of whom now suffer doubly, by the said War Taxes, and the decrease in the value of money. You would, therefore, do them a greater vice, to point out any means to prevent the necessity of laying on farther burthens, if not to decrease the present; and it has surprised me greatly that *one* method which would only be disliked by rich rogues, because *they only* would suffer by it, and which in all probability would *double* the produce of one of the most oppressive Taxes, has never been publicly mentioned; namely, **THE HAVING A VALUATION MADE BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, OF ALL THE LANDED PROPERTY IN THE KINGDOM,** by which to assess on all occasions. I would expatiate upon the justness and great advantages of the plan, both as to property, and giving satisfaction to the most deserving, because honest subjects; but I will leave that part for you to do if you think proper; or perhaps your correspondent J. J. W. J., will en-

deavour to *convince* the middle class of people that they *do not* feel the pressure of the War Taxes, any more than those whom he is pleased to denominate “idle;” Or, again, my hint may induce ALBION to come forward with *his plan for raising 400,000,000l. sterling, without the tax being felt by any class of the people.* Thus, Sir, your Register may be expected to lead to great events, of which, however, the mortal wounds it must give to Jacobinism, certainly is not one of the least. With my best wishes, therefore, for its success, I am, &c.

IDLE.

SWEDISH DOCUMENTS.

TREATY OF PEACE BETWEEN SWEDEN AND RUSSIA.

Continued from page 480.

— it being well understood that such as become subjects of either of the two powers, in virtue of the preceding article, shall have no right to claim from the sovereign of whom they have ceased to be a subject the annuities or pensions which may have been obtained in virtue of acts of grace, concessions, or appointments for preceding services.

XII. The titles, domains, archives, and other documents, public and private, the plans and charts of fortresses, towns, and territories, devolved by the present treaty to his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, including the charts and papers which may be deposited in the surveyor's office, shall be faithfully delivered up within the space of six months; or if that period shall be found too short, at the latest within one year.

XIII. Immediately after the exchange of the ratifications, the high contracting parties shall remove all sequestrations which may have been placed on the property or revenues of the respective inhabitants of the two countries and the public establishments therein situated.

XIV. The debts, both public and private, contracted by the Fins in Sweden and, vice versa, by the Swedes in Finland, shall be discharged on the terms and conditions stipulated.

XV. The subjects of either of the high contracting parties, to whom inheritances may fall in the states of one or the other, may, without obstacle, take possession of the same, and enjoy it under the protection of the laws. The exercise of this

right, however, in Finland, is subject to the stipulations of article X. in virtue of which the proprietor shall either fix his residence in the country, or sell the inheritance within three years.

XVI. The duration of the Treaty of Commerce between the high contracting Parties being limited to the 17th (29th) October, 1811, his Majesty the Emperor of Russia consents not to reckon its interruption during the war; and that the said Treaty shall continue in force until the 1st (13th) of February, 1813, with respect to every thing not contrary to the dispositions of the Commercial Manifesto issued at St. Petersburg, January 1, 1809.

XVII. The territories incorporated with the Russian Empire in virtue of this Treaty, being attached to Sweden by commercial relations, which long intercourse, neighbourhood, and reciprocal wants have rendered almost indispensable; the high contracting parties, desirous of preserving to their subjects these means of mutual advantage, agree to make such arrangements as may be necessary for consolidating them. In the mean time, until they come to an understanding on this subject, the Fins shall have the power of importing from Sweden, ore, smelted iron, lime, stones for building smelting furnaces, and in general all the other productions of the soil of Sweden.

In return the Swedes may export from Finland, cattle, fish, corn, cloth, pitch, planks, wooden utensils of all kinds, wood for building, and, in general, all the other productions of the soil of the Grand Duchy.

This traffic shall be re-established and maintained to the 1st (13th) of October, 1811, precisely on the same footing as it was before the war, and shall be liable to no interruption or burthen, with the reservation of such restrictions as the political relations of the two states may render necessary.

XVIII. The annual exportation of 50,000 tschetverts of corn purchased in the ports of the Gulph of Finland, or of the Baltic, belonging to Russia, is granted to his Majesty the King of Sweden free of the export duty, on proof being shown that the purchase has been made on his account, or in virtue of his authority.

Years of scarcity in which the exportation shall be prohibited are excepted, but the quantity in arrear in consequence of such order, may be made up when the prohibition shall be removed.

XIX. With respect to salutes at sea the two high contracting parties agree to regulate them on the footing of the most perfect equality between the two Crowns. When their vessels of war meet at sea, the salutes shall take place in conformity to the rank of the commanders, in such manner that he who holds the superior rank shall receive the first salute, which shall be returned gun for gun. If the commanders are of equal rank, no salute shall take place on either side: before castles, fortresses, and at the entrance of ports, the party arriving shall salute first, and the salute shall be returned gun for gun.

XX. Difficulties which may arise on points not determined by this treaty, shall be discussed and settled by Ambassadors, or Ministers Plenipotentiary respectively appointed, who shall be guided by the spirit of conciliation which has dictated the treaty.

XXI. This treaty shall be ratified by the two contracting powers; and the ratifications exchanged in proper and due form within four weeks, or sooner if possible, reckoning from the day of the signature of the present treaty.

In faith of which we, the undersigned, in virtue of our full powers, have signed the present Treaty of Peace, and have thereto affixed our seals.

Done at Friedricksham, this 5-17th of September, in the year of Grace, 1809.

Count NICOLAS DE ROMANZOFF.

DAVID ALOPEUS.

Count STEDINCK.

A. F. SKJOLDEBRAND.

ABSTRACT OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION OF SWEDEN.

Sec. 1 to 9.—The Government of Sweden shall be monarchical and hereditary, with limitation to the issue male. The King must be of the true evangelical religion, and must govern conformably to this Constitution, and with and by the advice of a Council of State (Stats Rad,) the members of which are to be appointed by the King, who is wholly exempt from responsibility, but the Members are responsible for their advice. The Members must be natives of Sweden, and of the true evangelical faith. The Council shall consist of nine Members, viz. the Minister of State for Judicial Affairs, the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, six Counsellors, of whom three at least must be civil officers, and the Chancellor of the Court. The Secretaries of State shall

have a seat in the Council, whenever any case belonging to their respective departments shall be under deliberation. A father and a son, or two brothers, cannot be Members of the Council at the same time. There are four Secretaries of State, namely, one for the Foreign Department, one for the Home Department, one for the Exchequer or Financial Department, and one for the Ecclesiastical Department. All the affairs of Government (except the diplomatic or foreign relations, and the immediate command of the navy and army) shall be submitted to the consideration and decision of the King, assisted by at least three Members, exclusive of the acting Secretary, which number is required to constitute a Council of State for the transaction of business. A minute shall be made of all the proceedings of the Council; every Member present shall be unconditionally bound to give his advice, but the privilege of deciding is vested in the King, who, by virtue of his prerogative, may assent or dissent from any measure, in opposition to the votes or opinions of *all* the Members: But in the possible event of the decision of his Majesty being repugnant to the Constitution and laws, the Members are required by the most solemn obligation to remonstrate, and in case any Member's opinion shall not be duly recorded, such Member shall be deemed guilty of counselling and abetting the King in his unconstitutional decision.

Sec. 9 to 13.—Before any appeal can be made to the King in Council, it must be submitted to the Secretary of State and a Council specially appointed for hearing it. Ministerial or political affairs are to be considered and decided by the King, who, in the exercise of his prerogative, must take the advice of his Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Chancellor of the Council, who are responsible for their advice. The King may conclude treaties with foreign powers, after consulting the said Minister of State and Chancellor. The King, previous to his declaring war or concluding peace, must state to the Council his motive for so doing, and the Members shall give their opinion on the subject under their own responsibility.

Sec. 13 to 15.—The supreme command of the navy and army is vested in the King; as also the ultimate decision in all matters relative thereto, assisted by the Minister of State for either service, who shall be responsible for their advice.

Sec. 16.—The King cannot deprive, or cause any subject to be deprived of his life, liberty, honour, or property, without trial and judgment; nor can he harass or persecute any person for his religious opinions, provided the promulgation of them, or the exercise of his religion, be not injurious to the community.

Sec. 16 to 27—relate to the Constitution of a Council of Justice, which is to consist of six Noblemen and six Commoners, who are to decide in judicial affairs. The King has also two votes, and may pardon criminals, and mitigate or commute punishments.

Sec. 27 to 31.—The King in the Council of State, is to appoint persons to civil and military offices; as also the Archbishop and Bishops in the manner formerly done.

Sec. 32—Ambassadors, Envoys, &c. to foreign Courts, are to be nominated by the King, in the presence of the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, and the Chancellor of the Court.

Sec. 32 to 35—Describe the manner of appointing civil and military offices, and what officers holding situations of ostensible trust and confidence, may be removed at the pleasure of the King, having previously signified his pleasure to the Council.

Sec. 35 to 38.—The King cannot remove a judge from his office, except for just cause, and on proof of criminality. The King is to have the privilege of creating noblemen, whose eldest sons and heirs only are to inherit the family title. All decrees must be countersigned by a Secretary of State.

Sec. 38 to 40.—The King shall not quit the kingdom without consulting the Council, who, in the event of his departure, is to govern in his absence.

Sec. 40 to 48.—Declare, that the Prince or King shall be of age at 21, and on his not having heirs male, the Diet shall be assembled and choose a successor. No Prince of the blood can marry without the King's consent; neither the Crown Prince nor the other Princes can hold any hereditary office. The King appoints all his officers of the court and household.

Sec. 49.—The states of the kingdom are to be assembled every 5th year at Stockholm.

Sec. 49 to 90—Regulate the mode of electing Members of the Diet. The King cannot impose any taxes without the consent of the Diet, and the bank is under the immediate controul of th

States of the kingdom. The King cannot negotiate loans within the kingdom, nor in foreign countries; nor can he sell, dispose of, or alienate, any province belonging to the kingdom, nor alter the value of the current coin.

Sec. 90 to 94—Provide, That if the King continue absent more than a twelve-month, the Diet must be assembled, and the King be informed thereof. That when the successor is not of age, the Diet must be assembled, and appoint a Regency to govern during his minority. When the King is eighteen years of age, he is to attend the several Courts of Justice, without, however, taking any part in the decisions.

Sec. 94 to 107—Explain what is to be done, should the Members of the Council neglect assembling the Diet, or act contrary to their duty; and enjoin, that at each Diet a committee shall be appointed for inquiring into the conduct of the Ministers, Council, and Secretaries of State.

Sec. 108—Regards a committee for superintending the liberty of the press.

Sec. 109 to 114—State, that no Diet can be of longer duration than three months, except business shall require it. No man, while a Member of the Diet, can be accused, or deprived of his liberty, for his actions or expressions in his respective state, unless the particular state to which he belongs shall demand it. No Officer of the Crown must influence, by his authority, in the election of a member of the Diet, &c.

PORTUGUESE DOCUMENT.

PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT.—*Decree of the Prince Regent of Portugal, dated Rio Janeiro, July 6, 1809.*

Governors of the Kingdom of Portugal and the Algarves, Friends!—I, the Prince Regent, send unto you greeting, as unto those whom I love and prize. It being my principal care to secure, by every means possible, the independence of my dominions, and to deliver them completely from the cruel enemy who so inhumanly, and contrary to the good faith of treaties, has invaded the States of my Crown in Europe, and has never ceased making upon them the most unjust war; and as it is, on the one hand, acknowledged that, in such a difficult crisis, nothing can more contribute to the defence of the kingdom than a Government composed of a small number of individuals; and as, on the

other, it is indispensable to preserve, with my ancient and faithful ally, the King of Great Britain, not only the best understanding, but likewise to prove to him, in the most evident manner, that my intentions are not different from those by which he is animated in the promotion of the common cause, that his Britannic Majesty may continue, in the same efficacious manner, to succour Portugal and the whole of the Peninsula; and as it cannot be doubted that this glorious purpose, which I so ardently desire to effect, can only be attained by the most extensive, firm, and reciprocal confidence; and his Britannic Majesty having made known his principles on this subject, and what he judges will most contribute to a happy result, and is most essential to the defence of the kingdom and of the peninsula; I have seen fit to order that you shall be immediately reduced to the number of three, or two Governors, having a deliberate vote on all objects of the public administration, and that these shall be—the Patriarch Elect of Lisbon, the Marquis das Minas, and the Marquis Monteiro Mor, President of the Board da Consciencia e Ordens, Don Francis Xavier da Cunha e Menezes, performing the functions of President of the Privy Council, to which place he is appointed by the present decree. It is further my pleasure to direct you to acknowledge Sir Arthur Wellesly as Marshal General of my Armies, as long as he shall continue in the command of the allied Portuguese and English forces, taking then his rank over Marshal Beresford, as commander in chief; and as soon as he shall have been recognized as such you will invite him to all the sittings of Government, in which matters come under discussion which concern the organization of the army, or important determinations, whether financial or others, which it may be necessary to adopt for the defence of the kingdom and of the whole peninsula; taking his opinion and advice on all subjects of that nature; and should he be absent in such cases, and not be able to assist at your deliberations, you are to apply for his advice in writing, if possible, giving him full information on the subject under discussion, in order that he may be perfectly acquainted with your discussion and determination of matters of the above description. In this manner the affairs of Government shall be conducted with the utmost energy and harmony, as long as unfortunately it shall not be possible to conclude a permanent and general

peace. His Britannic Majesty will thus be convinced that it is my earnest wish to eradicate the general vice of difference of opinion between the Powers who make common cause; and he will be made perfectly acquainted with the orders which I have given, and shall continue to give, that the most strenuous efforts shall be made to attain that safe and permanent peace which is universally desired, by means of a grand display of all the forces and resources of my kingdom, which I can only flatter myself completely to recover by the most powerful means and exertions.

THE PRINCE.

SPAIN.—MANIFESTO, *fixing the days when the GENERAL CORTES of the Spanish Monarchy are to be convoked and held; Dated Royal Alcazar of Seville, Oct. 28, 1809.*

Spaniards!—By a combination of events as singular as fortunate it has seemed good to Providence, that in this terrible crisis you shall not advance a step towards independence without likewise advancing one towards liberty. A foolish and feeble tyranny, in order to rivet your fetters and aggravate your chains, prepared the way for French despotism, which, with the terrible apparatus of its arms and victories, endeavoured to subject you to a yoke of iron. It at first exhibited itself, like every new tyranny, under a flattering form, and its political impostors presumed they should gain your favour by promising you reforms in the Administration, and announcing, in a constitution framed at their pleasure, the empire of the laws.—A barbarous and absurd contradiction, worthy certainly of their insolence. Would they have us believe that the moral edifice of the liberty and fortune of a nation can be securely founded on usurpation, iniquity, and treachery? But the Spanish people, who were the first of modern nations to recognise to the true principles of the social equilibrium, that people who enjoyed before any other the prerogatives and advantages of civil liberty, and knew to oppose to arbitrary power the eternal barrier directed by justice, will borrow from no other nation maxims of prudence and political precaution; and tell those impudent legislators, that they will not acknowledge as laws the artifices of intriguers, nor the mandates of tyrants. Animated by this generous instinct, and inflamed with the indignation excited by the perfidy with which you were invaded, you ran to arms, without fearing the ter-

rible vicissitudes of so unequal a combat, and fortune, subdued by your enthusiasm, rendered you homage, and bestowed on you victory in reward for your valour. The immediate effect of these first advantages was the re-composition of the State, at that time divided into so many factions as provinces. - - - - -

(*To be continued.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Instead of consuming my space by particularising the numerous articles with which I have been favoured, I shall only entreat the writers of them to reflect for a moment, on the unfortunate increase of the Public Documents, which are continually wanted for reference; but which I have not yet been able to insert with any degree of regularity.—The increase of such papers, prevents me from giving an early insertion to many valuable communications.

Those gentlemen who may feel inclined to transmit me their sentiments on the Catholic Question, are requested not to write elaborate letters, but to comprise striking facts in a short compass.

The Life of Cobbett will be resumed in the next number.

ERRATA.—At the end of this volume various Errata, which in all periodical works are unavoidable, will be pointed out. In the mean time, when any of particular importance may be detected, they shall be specified in the succeeding numbers. In No. 13, in the article on War Taxes, col. 425. line 32. for *wishes* read *riches*.

In the Letter to Earl Moira, col. 436. line 5. for *abandon society*, read, *abandon that society*.

REGISTER OFFICE, 4 P. M.—*As I foresee that it will not be possible to have a sufficient number of copies ready to go by this night's Post, I entreat the public not to write on the subject to the Newsmen, as the postage of the letters is a theme of perpetual discontent. It is not possible for me to explain the causes of occasional disappointments; but I assure my readers that, as they are unavoidable, they are far more annoying to me than to them!*

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“England, base as she has become, is still my country; and though I may neither retrieve her character, nor prevent her destruction, it is my duty to stand by her side, and partake in her fate! I feel some consolation, too, in reflecting, that if my children should outlive the storm, and see better days, they will remember, with pride,—**THAT THEIR FATHER NEVER BOWED THE KNEE TO THE REGICIDES OF FRANCE!!!**”—*Extract from Cobbett's Third Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, published on the Peace of 1801.*

CONTENTS:—ALBION'S *Third Letter to Mr. WAITHMAN, exposing the danger of allowing him to corrupt the minds of the unreflecting Citizens, in which it is shown, that the democratical principles of the Common-Councilmen are, in a great degree, owing to his desperate harangues.*—*Second Letter of J. A. on the conduct of the British Nobility, showing that their present corruption and weakness of mind, have arisen from the prevalence of French principles.*—*Continuation of J. J. W. J.'s Letter on Catholic Emancipation, containing a proposition for a remedy for the evils of Priestcraft.*—*Striking Anecdote of Cobbett's Honesty!*—*Letter of C. F. proving that the War Taxes are burthens; but such as all loyal Englishmen will cheerfully bear.*—*Reply to "IDLE," by J. J. W. J.*—*Another Chapter of the Life of the Botley Demagogue, in which a forcible illustration is given of the profits which political writers obtain, when they devote their talents to the support of established Governments!*—*Continuation of Public Documentants.*

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TO MR. WAITHMAN;

ON THE DANGER OF SUFFERING HIM
TO DEBAUCH THE COMMON HALL
AND COMMON COUNCIL, &c. &c.

Si antiquitatem spectes est vetustissima, si dignitatem est honoratissima, si jurisdictionem est capacissima. COKE.

If you look to its antiquity, it is most ancient,—if to its dignity, it is most honourable,—if to its jurisdiction, it is most extensive.

By ALBION.

LETTER III.

SIR,—That unhappy monarch, Charles the First, in the midst of all his troubles, was reported to say, that the *English* were a grave and wise people; and, in regard to his own affairs, only concluded them imposed upon or misled. Had that generous prince been now alive, to observe what wild and inconsistent whims catch the attention of the multitude, his opinion would probably be still the same; for who is more wise than he, who can pleasureably submit to be cheated?

In truth, Sir, the *English* still retain that placibility in their dispositions, for which their *Saxon* forefathers were noted. Their resentments are apt to lessen with their dangers; their compassion to return with their safety: this softness makes their minds more susceptible of impressions; credulous pity yields to the tale of feigned distress, and judgment sinks under imaginary woes. In this critical disposition are the minds of the public at this very juncture; and you, Sir, are taking advantage of such a state, by the publication of the most unwarrantable and flagitious harangues. Their falsehood is indeed an antidote to their malice with all who can think or judge; but it is

with concern I observe, that the leaven of civil commotion, like the principles of fever, is ever the most easily propagated and stirred up.

The public, therefore, is not to expect that, in what I am now to offer to the world, I shall have principally in view either your person or performances. It is the *intention*, with which your speeches are thrown out, that I am to combat; I am to obviate the prejudices which the credulity of the Common Council has swallowed; I am to pull off the mask which *imposition* wears, and show the citizens of London the necessity that exists of guarding their honour, their wealth, and their rights from the unremitting attacks of knaves, enthusiasts, and Whigs.

The Corporation of London, Sir, were formerly looked up to with veneration by all parts of the country; but, for some time past, they seem to have lost the principal traces of their former characters; and, instead of being the zealous defenders of our constitutional rights; the determined opposers of the encroachments of a lawless rabble, and declared enemies of abuse and sedition, they have in some measure become the servile and degraded instruments of every innovator; the supporters and approvers of a democratical system, which threatens the destruction of this great and flourishing empire.

Look, Sir, at the conduct of the Common Council, while instigated by you and your plebeian faction, for a considerable time back. Have you not witnessed the most depraved disposition towards democracy? Have you not seen yourself and your devoted tools, men destitute of all talent and principle, arrogantly presuming to take a lead in that Court, and

supporting all the pernicious measures by which the people of France have been impoverished, and all the legitimate constitutions of the continent undermined and overwhelmed?

It would be endless to enumerate all the instances of their misconduct from the times of Beckford and Wilkes to your own day.—All their ignorant and treacherous addresses, in support of the most *unconstitutional* measures; all of which have been in direct opposition to the declared opinions to the most *respectable* part of the Council, as well as the sentiments of their fellow citizens at large. You need only view some of their more recent transactions, *even to convince yourself* of the indispensable necessity of effecting a reformation in the corporate body. You have seen them, at a time when the whole country was filled with joy and gladness, at the entry of the best of Sovereigns into the 50th year of his immortal reign, instead of exulting in so glorious an event, with unfeeling sottishness endeavouring to drown the tumultuous gladness of a loyal people, by promoting, on your particular suggestion, such mean and contemptible resolutions, as were best calculated to suppress illuminations, and the discovery of that general attachment for his Majesty, which, in spite of such malignant efforts, run like a flame over the whole extent of this land.

These proceedings, connected as they are with the late *unconstitutional* conduct of the Common Hall, have excited the derision and contempt of the whole country; and while you, Sir, have promoted this ridicule—this indignation which such infamous principles has so justly merited, you seem to have forgotten, that *your own character* and *your own conduct* are deeply implicated, and that you have brought a foul reproach not only upon your *fellow citizens*, but upon *yourself*, whom they had the folly to delegate.

And yet, Sir, after all we have seen, after all these glaring facts rising to our view, and in a manner forcing themselves upon the world; there is not a man in the Common Council, who will not, if called upon to explain his conduct on next St. Thomas's day, have the unparalleled assurance to stand up and tell the city, that he has uniformly, faithfully, and conscientiously, discharged his duty to his fellow citizens, to his King, and to his country!!!

"There is," Sir, "a certain degree of

patience, beyond which human nature cannot bear." It now remains to be seen whether the citizens of London are arrived at that point; whether the measure of their guilt or their sufferings be yet full; whether all that they have yet endured from you and your faction, has at length roused them from a state of torpor, into a manly assertion of their dignities; and whether they will purge the corporation of its democratical members, and place in their room men of virtuous principles—men of loyal and honourable characters.

Far be it from me, to throw indiscriminate odium upon all the members of the Common Hall or Council. There are gentlemen among them highly entitled to confidence and approbation; and the necessity of selecting such characters was most forcibly evinced during the late turbulent sittings of the superior Courts, when, by the persevering efforts of these men, the majority were at length discomfited and forced to recede from their former disgraceful proceedings, and to burn their insolent address to the throne. But if any thing farther was wanting to rouse the indignation of the citizens, and induce them to effectually purge the Common Council, they have it in their proceedings of that Court, where a motion for conveying an address of the foulest nature—an address that would for ever tarnish the British name, and degrade our national councils, was only lost by 3 votes; and 70 members only could be found to vote against a measure, which veneration for our Sovereign, a respect for administration, and a love for our country, so imperiously required.

I do not mean to deny that there have been generally some splendid exceptions to this particular conduct; and that positions have been adopted on late occasions, that would have done honour to the corporation in its purest days. But although these instances may be regarded as hopes that there exists no apprehension of a total contagion, they are melancholy instances only; in which the republican, jacobin faction were unable to contend against the resistless pressure of honour, when enforced by loyal members; and it affords, from the vigour of the contest, additional and powerful arguments, to prove the necessity of excluding such men as you from the body corporate.

The citizens of London, Sir, should not consider the office as unimportant, or

unworthy of being filled by men of the most distinguished talents and loyalty. The Corporation of London should hold up to the country examples of dignity and decorum. Seeing the pernicious effects of contrary examples—seeing the discredit which attaches to themselves—seeing, in fact, how their own welfare and interests, and those of their posterity are concerned, it is surely of the utmost consequence, that the proceedings of the first corporate body in the United Kingdom should be conducted with dignity and propriety, and its decisions be founded on the immutable and unerring laws of the constitution of the land.

The citizens are now about to exercise their annual right of chusing persons to represent them in Common Council*; I would entreat them, Sir, to consider its importance. They should not remain inactive or indifferent, as to the persons who may fill the office. They should not vote for men merely because they are good neighbours, agreeable companions, or because, upon some occasion, they have done them acts of civility and kindness. For all these considerations gratitude may be due; but it should be shown in some other way, and not by violating their principles and their conscience in the exercise of a public duty. They should remember this is not an occasion on which they are called upon to confer a personal favour, but to exercise a right, upon which may depend much of the tranquillity and honour of the empire. The times, Sir, are tremendously awful, all the nations of Europe have, through the corruption and treachery of such demagogues as you, become prostrate at the feet of a conqueror. Let us profit by their errors and misfortunes. The Corporation of London, whatever be its decisions, is generally followed by the country at large. It is, next to Parliament, the first body in the British empire; it is, therefore, not too much to say, that it may be considerably the means of our preservation or our destruction. If properly and nobly constituted, it would be the best support to government, and a constant terror to licentious and wicked traitors.

Let every man, then, Sir, exert himself. Let him, like a Briton, exercise his elective franchise freely. The citizens should remember the office is an annual

one. What would they say, were sedition to attempt to deprive them of this privilege? The whole city would start up with indignation at such an attempt! Why then will they deprive themselves of it? Why neglect to exercise it; or, what is much worse, exercise it without discrimination? Every man, who can fill the office with advantage to his fellow citizens, owes it to them, as a public duty, to come forward as a loyal candidate—it is an imperious duty;—and, if proper persons do not offer themselves, the citizens should form themselves into committees, in their respective wards, to propose and support proper candidates, without putting them to expence. By such exertions, Sir, notwithstanding the corruptions you have introduced, and the depravity and imbecility of your faction, the reputation of the city may yet be saved, and the office of a member of council become an object of honourable ambition to men of character, ability, loyalty, and independence.

The dignity, Sir, of which you have bereaved the city, and the love of order and submission to the laws which your doctrines tend to violate, can only be preserved by committing the metropolitan administration to men of virtue and ability. It will be in vain to check the progress of irreligion and licentiousness, by punishing such crimes in one individual, if others, like you, equally culpable, are rewarded with the first municipal honours of the state. The virtues of the most exemplary prince that ever swayed a sceptre, can never warm or illuminate the body, of his people, if such foul mirrors as you are placed in the parochial offices, to refract and dissipate their rays at their first emanation. A true regard for subordination can never be inculcated by placing men, ignorant of their duty, and unacquainted with the constitution of their country, at the head of the city affairs, who are seen one day to exalt the prerogative of the mayoralty beyond their legal bounds, and the next yield to the outrages of a mob, tamely permitting the person of the chief magistrate of the city to be insulted, and the orderly and honourable members of the council to call for protection in vain.

Our situation, more than ever, requires *able heads, guided by upright hearts*: there must be skill in contrivance, and vigilance in execution. Nor will a wise people chuse to trust those who advocate the cause of France:—Still the

* The reader should be apprised, that the Editor had received this Letter previous to last St. Thomas's day.

honest man may ask, "*Who are to be the judges of men?*" *The voice of the people* is not, *always* the *voice of God*; nor does Providence always afford them such a choice of men, as their necessities require: but when common sense and experience are pointed out as guides of the people, they should then act uprightly, and see that their delegates are men of prudence and integrity.

IT WAS A PREDICTION IN THE LAST AGE, THAT ENGLAND COULD NEVER FALL BUT BY ITS OWN HANDS.—To prevent that tremendous fall, we should at least take counsel from the fate of every other country. Perhaps Rome furnishes an apt example of the kind. The decemviri, a college of magistrates, created by the Romans to compile and establish municipal laws, acted with great success and utility, and advanced the welfare and honour of the state, till they admitted some *designing men* into their councils, in defiance of the people who chose them, and against the authority under which they had a title to act. In consequence, the city of Rome saw itself under a licentious government; the legal constitution was gone, and though all men complained, yet none offered to help. While the Romans were thus desponding at home, they were despised abroad; the neighbouring nations were provoked, that dominion should still subsist in a city which had violated its faith to man and God. The Roman territories, therefore, were invaded by the Sabines, and the Æquians. This terrified the seditious faction. Still the desperate traitors determined rather to sacrifice their country than to abandon their practices; so to war they went, but with miserable success. They managed it no better than they did the state; and had no more credit in the camp than in the city. The true soldier would not fight under detested leaders, but ran away before the enemy, and very honourably suffered a public rout.

Nor did this loss and disgrace, at once unusual and terrible to Rome, at all move the traitors to restore the city to its legal magistracy; they went on in the manner of the grossest usurpation, till, the measures of their iniquities being full, they were driven out of the city by the rigour of the state, and the assistance of the army, and sent to prison and to banishment.

This soon happily changed the face of

affairs and the spirit of the people; who, being restored at length, to law, religion, and government, quickly beat the enemy out of the territories of Rome; that very enemy, who, in treasonable circumstances, had beaten them:

Rome, whilst she was moral and free, that is, while the magistrates defended her Gods and her laws, could defend herself against all the world, and conquer it; but, being licentious, that is, her magistrates becoming blended with and contaminated by knaves, enthusiasts, and impostors, she could not defend herself against her own factions, nor could they defend her against her foreign foes and invaders! This shows, Sir, that those magistrates, that are at absolute defiance with their monarch, with reason, and virtue, either cannot subsist long, or will not suffer the nation to live long, if they are suffered to control it; and it also shows that mighty traitors, rather than not rise themselves, will pull down their country about their heads!!!

I introduce these historical facts, because I see the name of the present Lord Mayor, Sheriff Wood, and other city magistrates, supporting the rash and ill-advised measures you so frequently introduce to their court. It does not follow that I consider them as men acting with a deliberate and malicious intention, or that they know themselves to be dangerous enemies to the church and state. I believe that they think themselves men of honour, and that they cannot bring themselves to the idea, that their conduct is as pernicious to the country, and more so, than if they declared against it avowed treason and hate. They have been corrupted by such imperceptible degrees, that they are unconscious of the change. It is the same through all degenerate life. The instances are rare of men's immediately passing over a clear marked line of virtue into declared vice and corruption. There are a sort of middle tints and shades between the two extremes; there is something ever uncertain on the confines of the two empires, which they first pass through, and which renders the change easy and imperceptible. There are also a sort of splendid impositions, so well contrived, that, at the very time the path of loyalty and rectitude is *quitted for ever, men seem to be advancing into some higher and nobler road of public conduct*. Not that such impositions are strong enough in themselves, but a pow-

erful interest, *often concealed from those whom it affects*, works at the bottom, and secures the operation. Men, Sir, are thus debauched away from those legitimate connections, which they had formed on a judgment, early perhaps, but sufficiently mature, and wholly unbiassed. They do not quit them on any ground of complaint, for grounds of just complaint may exist, but upon the flattering and most dangerous of all principles, that of *mending what is in need of no repair*. Gradually they are habituated to other company; and a change in their *habitudes* soon make a change in their opinions. Certain persons are no longer so very frightful, when they come to be known and to be serviceable. As to their old friends, the transition is easy; from friendship to civility; from civility to enmity:—few are the steps afterwards from dereliction to persecution and brutality! Growing every day more formed to sedition, and better knit in their limbs, when the occasion requires it, they become capable of sacrificing those very persons to whom they had before sacrificed their original friends. It is now only in the ordinary course of business to alter an opinion or to betray a connection. Frequently relinquishing one set of oppositionists and adopting another, they grow into a total indifference of human feeling, as they had before to moral obligation, until, at length, no one original impression remains upon their minds; every principle is obliterated; every sentiment effaced—“*Nequē fāmīna, amissā prēdictia, alia abnuerit*”—the wretch who has lost her chastity shrinks at no other crime!

As a man inebriated only by vapours recovers in the open air, so a city Council, discontented without any cause, will, I trust, return to its wits and to its alliance, when a little pause has cooled it to reflection. Nothing, Sir, is necessary, at this alarming crisis, but to consider your cry of alarm to be false. To make concessions, as *Sheriff Atkins imprudently did*, is to encourage your encroachments. Let the Common Council despise your faction, and the disappointed people will soon deride and despise both you and it. That this may be the issue of the contest, is the sincere wish of, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALBION.

Dec. 11, 1809.

ON THE CONDUCT OF THE BRITISH NOBILITY.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—I have, in a former letter, made some remarks on the *propriety* of conduct necessary to be observed by the higher order of subjects; showing that the maintenance of an *established government* depends on their *loyalty* and *patriotism*, on acquitting themselves faithfully of those duties implied in *rank*, and expected from all men in exalted stations—I say *expected*, because the inferior classes look up to their superiors, in all things, but more especially in speculative matters, as infallible guides; therefore, the *conduct* of the great in all countries, and under all forms of government, gives a never failing impulse to that of the people. This TRUTH requires no other exemplification, than a recurrence to the French Revolution and its *causes*; nor should one suppose, does it need any other evidence to deter the British nobility from acting in a like manner, than a momentary reflection on the dreadful consequences that resulted from such misconduct.

In my first letter, I endeavoured to light up this *Pharos*, for the benefit of my country, to enable us to steer clear of the rocks and shoals of PARTY, ANARCHY, and FACTION, which shipwrecked the French monarchy; but, conspicuous as the *beacon* is, and inevitable as is the fate which it warns us to avoid, we are, nevertheless, sailing (regardless of the danger) in the very same *track*. In all perilous cases—to continue the metaphor—without the *officers* of the ship *unite* and do their duty, the exertions of the *crew* cannot be properly directed; and when once the vessel has struck and becomes a *wreck*, confusion ensues,—subordination is at an end,—and the *governed*, change places with their *governors*.

It is a painful task for a man, who has always held it to be an indispensable duty, to live in the strict observance of those rules necessary for the well being of society, to speak lightly of any order of men, of which it is composed; how disagreeably then must it be for him, to withhold general respect from that *class*, on whom, he is fully convinced, the existence of a well-regulated society depends. I do assure you, Mr. Blagdon, it is with much reluctance that I write upon this subject; but, as I consider it to be one of the utmost importance, I cannot, consistently with what I believe to be my

duty to my King and Country, forbear; and I hope that my remarks (proceeding from such motives), will be favourably construed, and that no one will be so ungandid as to suppose, I mean to cast reflections on an ORDER, for which I entertain the highest respect.

We live in an age, Sir, eager after novelty and experiments,—pleased with new inventions, and *Utopian* speculations; which, in their ephemeral succession, serve only to amuse the imagination, but do not increase the physical strength of the country, nor add a single blessing to the collective body of the people. Indeed, so far from the generality of these *modern improvements* being productive of good, their operations cannot fail to have a quite contrary effect; but, as I do not intend at present to enter into a thorough investigation of this matter, I shall not dwell upon the cause of a *decreasing peasantry*, by arguing on the system of *consolidating farms*; nor on the *diminution of strength and hardihood in the working classes*, by a substitution of *machinery* in the room of manual labour. These, and many other things which have of late years been adopted with a view to present profit by individuals, without due regard to the general good, or its future tendency to cramp the efficient force of the nation, would require to be largely discussed, to set the matter in its proper light, and to show, at one broad view, its inconsistency and danger. Although a minute consideration of this subject here, would bear strongly in support of the case in hand, I shall confine myself to innovations only, which have influenced the morals and conduct of the present generation.

Among all the evils of modern deception that have been played off under the specious mask of *enlightening* the present age, none have been so pernicious to society, as the *refinements* attempted on *practical* virtue. I appeal to the hearts and understandings of all good well-meaning men, to consider how grossly the system of *ethics* has been perverted in these latter times, by the sophistry of wicked designing *innovators*, and the wild effusions of visionary *theorists*; teaching, under the guise of morality, tenets subversive of its fundamental principles; slurring over and degrading, the indispensable duties attached to locality, in one general and unbounded diffusion of philanthropy, and unlimited beneficence, beyond the power of mortal

practice; and to attempt, the exercise of which, would be injurious to the common welfare, and inimical to the interest of church and state.

By this false doctrine and gross misapplication of terms, it must be evident, even to superficial observers, that a shade is thrown on the good old customs of our ancestors, on ancient establishments, that have been held in veneration for ages; and the virtues which we have not the grace to imitate, are exploded, because they can be proved by these *new moralists*, to be short of perfection;—the common people are taught to disregard distinctions of rank, from the levelling ideas of *equality*;—to judge in all matters of theology, law, and policy, agreeable to the dogmas of the *illuminati*, and to assume a *controlling* power, where *acquiescence* only can be of service to their country, from the inculcation of *natural rights*—and these are called *mental improvements*!—Generated by our professors of universal philanthropy, and assiduously promulgated for the good of mankind. Would not any man, Mr. Blagdon, who has a spark of honour or honesty in him,—any loyalty for his Sovereign, or veneration for his God;—who has any love for his country, or feelings of compassion for the peace and happiness of his fellow countrymen; I say, would not such a man regard this change in the sentiments of a people, as a most lamentable degeneracy of the age, threatening anarchy and confusion, in the disorganization of society, to the certain misery and ruin of a whole nation?

The spring from whence this evil flowed, is the all-contaminating fountain of *French principles*. Habituated, as we long had been, to imitate them in external appearances, the votaries of fashion, ever pleased with novelty, adopted their *equalizing* ideas also; laying aside the discriminating marks of dignity, in a relinquishment of *state*, and seeking to lose their hereditary honours in the crowd, that *familiarity* might obliterate all distinctions of rank:—To-day perhaps *showing* pigs or sheep at a prize exhibition, to-morrow “with four-in-hand,” *emulating* a mail-coach driver, or deciding an important controversy, as an *umpire*, at a boxing-match. How is it possible that behaviour, so contrary to that of our GREAT ANCESTORS,—so repugnant to *order* and necessary *subordination*, should not make a democratical impression on the minds of the people?

The same vile channel conveyed to us, also, the finished system of FREETHINKING; which has so much enlightened the understandings of some great characters amongst us, that the nation is distracted with opinions (dressed up in the garb of equity, toleration, and charity), recommending *improvements* in the Constitution.—Take care gentlemen, what you are about, lest in removing a part of the venerable old fabric to make room for your novel embellishments, the whole does not fall about your ears;—and, remember! TOUCH NOT THE PILLAR OF SUPREMACY, ON WHICH THE PRE-EMINENCE OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH IS PLACED; for it supports the throne also, and every thing that is dear and valuable to yourselves. Finally, to conclude this subject, I call upon you, gentlemen, in the name of honour and virtue!—for your own sakes, and for the sake of your country, to weigh well the hazards of INNOVATION, and the dangers of PARTY FACTION! One cannot be carried into effect without a *shock* to the established government, nor can the other be persisted in without exciting *sedition*, and drawing down upon us all its detestable results.

J. A.

York, Dec. 30, 1809.

LETTER ON CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Continued from page 494.

The second observation made by the learned divine, as touching the performance of *sinful* and *unlawful* promises, might as well not have been introduced at all; and as to the moral part, it can be best explained by referring to the late *rebellion* in Ireland—there we shall find an ample and *practical* illustration of those nice *moral* and *legal* considerations, in all their branches and bearings. The 3d observation of the Rev. Doctor, by way of plea in avoidance and justification, is very fine indeed, and well calculated to amuse infants; viz. that, “*a man is free from his promise when released from it;*” and to which, I say, he should have added, in the bog-trotter style, *my honey!* by way of a corroborant, and to make it go down. The 4th plea is not quite so *clear* as the last; for the question at issue being as to the *obligation to perform* a solemn promise when made, it surely is not with the obliger, but the obligee, when once an obligation is entered into, to consider the *perniciousness* or *usefulness* of the strict performance.

If that should appear clear to him (the obligee) likely he will, *ex se*, excuse the non-performance *in toto*.—If, however, *ex. gr.* I promise to suffer a man to pasture his sheep on my field, although it should appear upon a trial that they will not fatten thereon, it is surely not in my power simply to refuse the performance of my promise, *quia* the sheep do not thrive on the grass.

But, Sir, as to the 5th and last article of cogent reasons assigned, in the face of noon-day, for non-performance, I must entirely differ from the *learned* and *pious* prelate, *quia* civilized society would be in a very sad and pitiable state indeed, were his cogent reason, there stated, for *getting rid* of a serious promise or engagement, to be acted upon, and made a precedent to go by; namely, “If a change in circumstances should take place after the promise made, and before the fulfilment, such as would have occasioned the party not to have made the promise, had it been foreseen.”—Here is a moot point for disputants of no very honest or honourable minds! In this case, agreeable to the worthy Doctor of Divinity, the promise should fall to the ground, *instantly*: “It becomes *eo instante*, and, as soon as the change takes place, as affecting the contracting parties, or one of them, *null* and *void*.” This is very fine, truly! What then would become of all public and private engagements—the solemn assurances of the realm—the confidence of merchants? This would surely be a most nice and ingenious plea, to get rid of a bill of exchange or promissory note, and the *obligation to pay!* Family settlements might, too, be very conveniently got rid of in this way, and contracts of bargain and sale; for, if the parties, changed in their circumstances, became poor, or the bargain proved afterwards a losing one, there then would be an end to the promise to pay, or to fulfil any part of the engagement!! *Ex. gr.* Suppose I buy a pig (a very changeable subject as to value, and which no doubt the Rev. Doctor is very well acquainted with), and that I give a promissory note, to pay at a day certain, and before the day arrives, upon which I *solemnly* and *seriously* engaged to pay the *pretium valoris*, fixed on, a reduction in the value of the quadruped takes place, and it becomes not worth half the price I engaged to pay, I am then to be at liberty, from “a change of circumstances intervening, which,

“had I foreseen, I would not have bought the pig,” to avoid the contract! This is very fine law and morals! but it is the sum total and final conclusion of the Right Rev. Prelate’s *sound and sagacious* maxims of *jurisprudence*, arising from his “*notitiæ rerum divinarum et humanarum* *.”

To those sophistical pleas I certainly should not have troubled myself, or you, Sir, to refer, only to follow up the observation, as to what might be expected, on entering into *serious* and *solemn* treaty with such casuists and necromancers.—Necromancers did I say? Yes, for *priestcraft* and *necromancy* are of such similar feature, that it is no matter by which we term their juggling performances, calculated, however, only to amuse weak minds; and it is for this very reason I object to it, for if *weak minds*, only, are to be held in subjection to mistaken practices and deceptions, it will be necessary to *keep all minds in a state of ignorance*, with a view to enslave them; and thus it is, as we behold, with the great body of the *Roman Catholic* flock in Ireland—they are kept by their learned fathers and pastors, in a very *convenient* and perfect state, of *illiterate* and *savage* stupidity and sterility. Instead, therefore, of entering into elaborate disquisitions and disputations, or of conceiving any expediency in entering upon engagements with persons whose promises, *serious* and *solemn*, may be so very readily got rid of, we should, with the late Irish Rebellion and its actors before us, ever avoid any engagements with the *Roman Catholic* priesthood, by, at least, discouraging the growth and propagation of that plant, which has ever proved as noxious to civil society and true Christianity as hemlock to the flowery mead. At all periods, and in all countries, have the fathers of the *Roman* church, by the assistance of this self-same casuistry and priestcraft, struggled to enslave both kings and people.—What a powerful engine, worked up by them, has not popish superstition been, in the cunning management, so to say, of priests? How lamentable is it to think, that, not only all who believed priest-tricks, but all who had good sense enough not to believe, should, for so many centuries have been kept in a state of prostrate submission to priestcraft and to the will and dominion of a fancied vicegerent from Heaven, presiding and issuing his bulls

* Vide Just. Inst.

and mandates at Rome! My blushes for the folly and supineness of mankind, however, are lost in a warm glow of transport, at the present eradication of the human mind; and though I can scarcely think with patience on that glorious god-like being, Henry II. of England, having been obliged, by the pope, to lash himself, naked, at the tomb of that saucy, wicked priest *Thomas à Becket*, in 1175, I yet felicitate myself with the reflection, that the pope is now the most contemptible Sovereign in Europe (a prisoner in the hands of Buonaparte), and that the papal authority, which was once the terror and the scourge of the earth, similar to that of the tyrant of France, and with emanations from which all countries were made dead drunk, is now, not only not recognized, but seldom thought of, and when thought of, only serves to excite laughter and disgust. Why, then, at this opening day of reason, which appears every where that this papal influence had enslaved the judgment, think of any amelioration or treaty, that could tend to foster and keep alive those sacerdotal crimes, tending to propagate such wicked doctrines; and, above all, to keep a whole people in a state of savage ignorance and superstition? The time, thanks to enlightened reason, is gone by, and we have even been told, that the sacerdotal and once precious habiliments of that same *Thomas à Becket*, were long since converted into comfortable campaigning breeches, by the French *Sans culottes*! Yet now, after having violated every principle of virtue, morality, and human feeling, in the recent Irish rebellion, where the priests appeared in the insignia of their order, we are required to enter into treaty with them—after having surpassed in cruelty all that we know of the worst monsters of the earth, or of the deep, the fell hyæna or the shark, we find that they are desirous of entering into political treaties, and to feign courtesy, are bold enough to ask favours, and sophisticated enough to mould their *serious, solemn*, and *voluntary* promises, into *nullities*, and any thing that, at the moment, suits their juggling schemes and worldly ends. To demonstrate what benefits are to be derived from a system, which has, for so many hundred years, given sanction to every enormity that strikes the soul of man with horror, may remain for the ingenious *casuistry* and *sophistry* of the priests to expound and explain.—But look, I pray you, Sir, to the dreadful

scene of the late Irish rebellion.—Behold there, a *monster* in human form, a high priest (*inter multis alios*) of the Roman religion, if it can be so called, collecting, by fair promises and sweet persuasion, a numerous, simple, and ferocious people, around him, and when a plain was filled, *commanding* those his slavish and ignorant followers, his well-trained blood hounds, armed with pike and sacerdotals, to fall upon and murder their fellow countrymen, the unoffending Protestants!—See them not sparing age or sex, but butchering all!!—When have the deluded and unfrenzied Jacobins of France perpetrated, in the full torrent of their popular frenzy, such atrocities as the cruel priest Murphy (to whom I allude) and his followers, committed in cold blood? When have they hunted down their fellow creatures, massacred children, and drank their blood from fury, and given their yet panting members to be devoured by pigs, as those *pious Christians*, headed by *pious priests*, have done in Ireland? Learn then, ye priests, and remember, that, the jacobin cruelties of Paris, horrible though they were, seem pity and tender mercy when compared with the unchristian and torturing butcheries and cold blood massacres, at *Vinegar Hill*, at *Scullabogue*, at the *Bridge of Wexford*, not to talk of those of former times, of *St. Bartholomew*; in this country, in *Mexico*, in *Europe* at large, in *Asia*, and in every place where popery ever set its bloody and merciless hoof——.

I cannot, however, dismiss this subject, so horrific, without observing, that, you are not to infer, that I maintain any animosity to *popery*, merely because its articles of faith differ from those in which I was bred up, or, from any kind of fanaticism, or intolerance of disposition.—I trust my heart and understanding are above such degrading and paltry prejudices, nor can I fail admiring the consequences attendant on the Scotch mode of worship, and of many other sects; but I abhor every thing that stops the current of sober opinion and prevents its course from ameliorating our condition as earthly beings—I disapprove particularly of that system of *priest juggling*, that requires the people to be kept in a state of illiterate ignorance. A system of *craft*, that, in ordaining that the people should not search the Scriptures, leaves them to merely exist in a state of ignorance and simplicity, and I abhor all this, more

still, as assuming the *mask of piety*. But above all, I object to popery, for that, contrary to the very first principles, of christianity (as the Romanists must confess), and as originally laid down in *theory*, "*Peace and good will toward men*," *religious warfare, peculation, persecution, and bloodshed*, have *practically* marked its footsteps wherever it has trod. The rays of dawning reason, however, have every where broke forth with fuller light on mankind, and it hastens to that meridian resplendence, before which those phantoms, raised by pious jugglers, will vanish, and, "*like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind!!!*" But the poor people of Ireland have long groaned, and it is to be lamented, do still groan under the sacerdotal yoke; and, it is to be feared, they will continue to do so, as long as *priestcraft* is tolerated there.—What must have been the opinion of that priest (I fear too justly formed), who could gravely tell his flock, who fought under his sacerdotal banners in Ireland in 1798, that he *caught the bullets as they flew*? Nor would he have attempted to utter such imposing stuff, only that he knew, well, the state of mental discipline and ignorance in which he kept that flock,—and no doubt it was, for his truly priestlike power in the *marvellous*, that *father Murphy*, the wicked necromancer alluded to, was honoured with a high command.

Thus, Ireland (one of England's best limbs) has long been, as I may say, the *paradise of priests*, and the stage of juggling priestcraft; for surely they have there lorded it over a starving and slavish flock. They have, indeed, both fed their sheep and starved them there, at pleasure. Sometimes *indulgences*, sometimes *privations*, sometimes *absolutions*, sometimes *penances*; and all these, as a pretended safe passport to heaven, of which they have, through St. Peter, the *key*!—

I have now Sir, only one observation more to make, and that is, to offer a plan for settling all differences, both civil and religious, in *futuro*, and to do away all necessity for *serious* and *solemn promises*, and the *breach* of them, on the part of the Roman Catholic priesthood, with which, I trust, all parties will be fully pleased and satisfied; namely, to give unto the Irish priests a *stipend for life*, on condition that, *they move themselves out of the empire*, and, with the other hand, to admit the starv-

ing and slavish flock *within the pale of the Constitution*, on which to feed and fatten alike with every good subject. These are surely not to blame, but their pastors, their spiritual teachers, who have taught them to *bow down to graven images*, and which they cannot deny having made a religious practice of in all the Roman Catholic countries, witness the *Lady of Loretto*, and many other idols. In a few years they would rejoice at the change, and until then, it surely would be better not to publicly worship at all, than in the practice of that worship be led astray by superstition and idolatry! At all events, Sir, should this equitable, wholesome plan not be timely embraced, which, as a friend to humanity, I strongly recommend, the change is, very evidently, of itself, fast coming about all over the world, and (those changes in these realms, likely keeping pace with the other parts of the globe where papal influence had flourished,) the people of the united kingdom may, ere it be long, have to bless the day *when popery and priestcraft*, with their whole train of evils, shall have vanished into air!—

I have the honour to be, Sir, yours, &c.

J. J. W. J.

COBBETT'S HONESTY.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—The judging of a man out of his own mouth is surely the most impartial judgment which can be passed upon any person; it is grounded also upon the clearest and most certain evidence; and it enjoys this advantage above all others, that, being founded upon his own admission, it excludes the culprit from having any cause of complaint. By this mode of judging the Hampshire Demagogue in your excellent Register, you have given the greatest satisfaction to a number of my acquaintance, all your political friends, as well as to myself. You have substantially proved that incendiary, from his own words, to be officious, meddling, obstinate, covetous, overbearing, brutish in manners and writing; and *inhuman*. By the same infallible evidence, you have proved him to be a tyrant to the poor; an assassin of men's fair fame; and "*a convicted liar*." After all this, it may be thought a work of supererogation, to produce any anecdote to prove this wicked servant to be a villain. Yet, as any thing thrown into turbid water, by creating motion, makes it appear more thick and muddy, I beg leave to send you the following

anecdote; which, when thrown in amongst the rest, may, I hope, assist in preventing persons from drinking of a stream so foul and poisonous. When *Peter Porcupine*, alias William Cobbett, was driven in universal detestation from the Western continent, for his foul and daring libels, and his being a spy; he took his passage, with his family, in the packet for England; and, on his arrival in his favourite land, flowing with milk and honey, *he refused to pay the captain his passage money!* The captain, a man of honour, not wishing to defile his character, by a dispute with a fellow so low, mean, and base, did not enforce payment by law, but put up with the loss; and it remains unpaid, I believe, to this day. The same captain now commands a packet; and, if the Democrat dares to contradict this statement, will, I make no doubt, confirm the anecdote. From this circumstance, of Cobbett's thus having cheated the captain of a considerable sum; and from a paragraph in his letter to Sir Charles Gould, of the 11th of March, 1792, signed William Cobbett; which says, "if any man can prove that I ever cheated him of a farthing, 'I will say that I am a villain!'" I beg leave to conclude, that the said William Cobbett stands forth a *self-convicted villain!* I remain, Sir, your most obedient servant,

PHILO ANGLUS.

"THE WAR TAXES NO BURTHENS."

MR. BLAGDON,

Having been a reader and an admirer of your valuable Register from its commencement, and recollecting your inserting a Letter, in your first number, signed A. P., advising you to steer a middle course, to show yourself independent of any party; I am induced to hope you will show that independence, by inserting, as soon as convenient, the following lines, in answer to your learned and ingenious correspondent J. J. W. J., who has taken great pains to show, in your number of Dec. 27, that the *War Taxes are no burthens* on the industrious part of the community. Now, Sir, I beg leave to differ very widely from him upon that subject, and in doing this, I shall not attempt to follow him through his elaborate exordium, in which he has certainly shown himself a complete master of his subject, but only advert to some of his data, in which I conceive his arguments will not bear him out. I cordially agree with him, that the necessities of life, as

well as the conveniences and luxuries, are doubled in price to what they were before the French revolution, and also that the War Taxes are the necessary finances for carrying on a just and indispensable contest: and as I acknowledge this, Sir, I hope you will not deem me a declaimer against government: No, Sir, I assure you I am one of its sincerest friends. But it is wisely observed, by the acute and luminous author of the "Pursuits of Literature," that an "injurious friend is worse than an enemy." How far your correspondent stands in that predicament I shall not assert, being called upon purely by the sacred voice of truth to oppose a theory delusive in itself, and contrary to experience. If it were not so, why has his Majesty, in his various speeches from the throne, seriously deplored the necessity he was under of laying additional burthens on his people? If the idea of your correspondent be just, surely these words of his Majesty were a work of supererogation, and what could induce him to say that not one of the writers in favour of government, not even the immortal Pitt himself, when advising increased taxation, has thrown a light on this subject?—that they endeavoured to show only, that, although heavy, they were, necessary burthens, and as such they ought to be borne with temper, &c.; and all this he says, was undoubtedly fair reasoning, *pro tanto*. Now, Sir, my firm opinion, founded on those best of guides, reason and experience, is, that they carried the argument as far as it could be carried; and it is a maxim, equally true in logic as in law, that, by proving too much we prove nothing; therefore, Sir, I repeat, that in endeavouring to prove the War Taxes no burthens, your correspondent endeavours to prove what cannot be proved, and therefore proves nothing at all—they are acknowledged by all writers, and by all readers too, that I have conversed with, (not a few) to be heavy and oppressive, (but I allow) necessary burthens. Nay, Sir, I am willing to go farther, and to say, that, if even greater sacrifices were necessary, to support our venerable King and glorious constitution, we ought not to shrink from making them, not according to the theory of your correspondent, by *shoving them* from one to another, but by each of us eliciting those talents, of whatever nature they may be, with which Providence has blessed us.

I am Sir, with the greatest respect,
your constant reader and admirer,

C. F.

Bromley, Jan. 8, 1810.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,
THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant."

"Honesty he looks upon as a starving notion, next door neighbour to beggary. Conscience, like the small-pox, haunted him when he was young; but when he came to years of maturity and business, seeing it interfere with his interest, he gave it a wring by the nose, and kicked it down stairs, that it might not disturb his company."—*Character of a Whig.*

CHAPTER X.

Commencement of Cobbett's literary career.—Makes observations.—Feels his pride hurt.—A philanthropic wish.—Goes into partnership with a bookseller.—Gains nineteen-pence halfpenny by his bargain.—Breaks up the firm.—A literary list.—Throws a bone to the Democrats.—Soars to the regions of Parnassus.—Anecdote of a she-politician.—Advice to political blockheads.

THE adventures of Cobbett, and of his first avowed literary production, ("Observations on Priestley's Emigration") are very amusing. The relation of them, however, rests chiefly on his own credit.

The Doctor's landing at New York, says Cobbett, "was nothing to me, nor to any body else; but the fulsome and consequential addresses, sent him by the pretended patriots, and his canting replies, at once calculated to flatter the people here, [in America], and to degrade his country and mine, was something to me. It was my business, and the business of every man, who thinks that truth ought to be opposed to malice and hypocrisy."

Cobbett accordingly went to work; and, when he had made his "Observations," he took them to Mr. Carey, a bookseller. "Mr. Carey," says he, "received me as booksellers generally receive authors, (I mean authors by whom they hope to get but little by): he looked at the title from top to bottom, and then at me, from head to foot. 'No, my lad,' says he, 'I don't think it will suit.'"

This reception seems almost to have petrified the modest youth. "My lad!—God in heaven forgive me!" philanthropically exclaims Cobbett, "I believe

that, at that moment, *I wished for another yellow fever to strike the city; not to destroy the inhabitants, but to furnish me too (1), with the subject of a pamphlet, TO MAKE ME RICH!*"

Justice, however, here requires, that we should allow Cobbett to make the *amende honorable*. "Mr. Carey," adds he, "has sold hundreds of the *Observations* since that time, and therefore, *I dare say*, he *highly approved* of them, when he came to a perusal. At any rate, I must not forget to say, that he behaved honourably in the business; for, he promised not to make known the author, and he certainly kept his word, or the discovery would not have been reserved for the month of June, 1796. This circumstance, considering Mr. Carey's politics, is greatly to his honour, and has almost wiped from my memory, that contumelious '*my lad*'!"

The next bookseller to whom our tyro of an author applied, was a Mr. Bradford; a person who, as some of Cobbett's American enemies assert, *put a coat upon his back!* Cobbett, however, indignantly rebuts this assertion. "I assure the reader," says he, "(and Mr. Carey will bear witness to the truth of what I say), that, when I offered this work (the *Observations*) for publication, I had as good a coat upon my back, as ever Mr. Bradford, or any of his brother booksellers, put on in their lives; and, *what is more, THIS COAT WAS MY OWN*. [Lucky dog!] No taylor nor shoemaker ever had *my name* in his books."—Perhaps there were reasons for this, which Cobbett would rather be excused from telling us!

Mr. Bradford, it appears, after examining the pamphlet, hesitated, and wanted to know if Cobbett could not make it "*a little more popular*;" observing that, unless he could, he feared that the publishing of it "*would endanger his windows*." "*More popular*," says Cobbett, I could not make it;" and he adds, what we do not scruple to receive, as one of his rare truths—"I NEVER WAS OF AN ACCOMMODATING DISPOSITION IN MY LIFE! The only alteration I would

consent to, was in the title. I had given the pamphlet the double title of '*The Tartuffe Detected; or, Observations, &c.*' The former was suppressed, though, had I not been pretty certain that every press in the city was as little free as that to which I was sending it, the *Tartuffe Detected* should have remained; for the person on whom it was bestowed, merited it much better than the character so named by Moliere."

Mr. Bradford at length agreed to take the pamphlet, on the terms of "what booksellers call *publishing it together*;" terms which, ultimately, do not appear to have been very satisfactory to the author. "I beg the reader," says Cobbett, "if he foresees the possibility of his becoming author, to recollect this phrase well. *Publishing it together*, is thus managed: the bookseller takes the work, prints it, and defrays all expences of paper, binding, &c. and the profits, IF ANY, are divided between him and the author.—Long after the *Observations* were sold off, Mr. Bradford rendered me an account (undoubtedly a very just one) of the sales. According to this account, my share of the profits (my share only) amounted to the sum of *one shilling and seven pence half-penny*, currency of the State of Pennsylvania, (or about eleven pence three farthings sterling) quite entirely clear of all deductions whatsoever!—Now, bulky as this sum appears in words at length, I presume, that when 1s. 7½d. is reduced to figures, no one will suppose it sufficient to put *a coat upon my back*. If my poor back were not too broad [God knows, the superficies of the animal are pretty extensive!] to be clothed with such a sum as this, God knows how I should bear all that has been, and is, and is to be, laid on it by the *unmerciful DEMOCRATS*. [The men now after Cobbett's own heart.] Why! 1s. 7½d. would not cover the back of a Lilliputian! no, not even in rags, as they sell" in America.

We know nothing as to the truth of the story of Mr. Bradford having *put a coat upon Cobbett's back*; but Cobbett himself allows, that, in his subsequent dealings with that person, who published several of his "*works*," he received some hundreds of dollars from him, as the price of his *literary labours*.

Cobbett assures us, that his *Observations on Priestley's Emigration*, "did not contain one *untruth*, one anarchical, indecent, immoral, or *irreligious* expression." If this assertion be not itself an

(1) There is probably a typographical blunder in this sentence, which leaves Cobbett's real meaning doubtful. If he did not wish that the yellow fever should destroy the inhabitants, the adverb "*too*" is superfluous; if he *did* entertain this pious wish, its accomplishment would have frustrated his primary and more darling object, that of being made "*rich*" by the sale of his pamphlet.

untruth, the pamphlet, considering from whose pen it issued, ought really to be regarded as a curiosity. But, it has been justly observed, that Cobbett's early writings present "a curious contrast to his later publications." For an elucidation of this position, we refer the reader to the motto at the head of the present chapter.

Cobbett's *nineteen-pence halfpenny* proved so difficult of digestion, that, after the *Observations*, he "published it together" with Mr. Bradford no longer. "When a pamphlet," says Cobbett, "was ready for the press, we made a bargain for it, and I took his note of hand, payable in one, two, or three months. That the public may know exactly what gains I have derived from the publications that issued from Mr. Bradford's, I here subjoin a list of them, and the sums received in payment.

	"Dols.	Cents.
"Observations	0	21
"Bone to Gnaw, 1st Part	125	0
"Kick for a Bite	20	0
"Bone to Gnaw, 2d Part	40	0
"Plain English	100	0
"New Year's Gift	100	0
"Prospect	18	0
"Total	403	21

"The best way," continues Cobbett, "of giving the reader an idea of the generosity of my bookseller is, to tell him, that, upon my going into business for myself, I offered to purchase the copyrights of these pamphlets at the same price that I had sold them at. Mr. Bradford's refusing to sell, is a clear proof that they were worth more than he gave me, even after they had passed through several editions. Let it not be said, then, that he put a coat upon my back."

The next in order of Cobbett's works is the first part of "*A Bone to gnaw for the Democrats*;" in the preface to which, he affects to be extremely witty, and vastly elegant; and makes as free with the gods and goddesses of the Pantheon, as though he had made Homer his *vade mecum*. Above all things, he cautions that sex, "vulgarly called the fair," but which, he says, "ought always to be called the divine," not to meddle with this vile bone. "*Politics*," observes this dabbler in the *belles lettres*, this profound grammarian, "*politics* is a mixture of anger and deceit, and these are the mortal enemies of beauty. The instant a lady turns politician, farewell the smiles, the dimples, the roses; the graces abandon her, and age sets his seal on her front.

We never find *Hebe*, goddess ever fair and ever young, chattering politics at the table of the gods; and though *Venus* once interposed in behalf of her beloved *Paris*, the spear of *Diomedes* taught her, to 'tremble at the name of arms'."

Heaven and earth! to what enchanted spot, to what fairy island have we been thus suddenly transported, from the semi-barbarous shores of America! Still farther to deter the *divine* sex from the study of the beauty-killing science, Cobbett relates, as "a well-known fact," that when that political lady, Mary Wolstoncraft, of philosophical and of amorous memory, "began *The Rights of Woman*, she had as fine black hair as you would wish to see, and that, *before the second sheet of her work went to the press*, it was turned as white [as—but never mind grammar,] and a great deal whiter than her skin." Verily, if this be such "a well known fact," we marvel much, that Mr. Godwin, the husband of the philosophical Mary, amidst his minuteness of biographical detail, in recording the *actions*, &c. &c. of his wife, should not once have alluded to it!

"I declare," afterwards observes Cobbett, in the same lofty strain of elegance and sublimity, "that sooner than bleach one auburn ringlet, or even a single hair; sooner than rob the world of one heavenly smile, I would with pleasure see my pamphlet torn up to light the pipes of a democratic club, or burnt, like the *Political Progress*(2), by the hands of a Scotch hangman, or even loaded with applauses by the *Philadelphia Gazette*."

Cobbett, after these poetical flights, informs us, that he throws his *Bone* amongst the democrats, "as amongst a kennel of hounds: let them snarl and growl over it, and gnaw it and slaver it: [*here's elegance!*] the more they wear out their fangs this way, the less dangerous will be their bite hereafter."—How ungenerous, thus to abuse a class of men, from whom his future friends were to be selected!

This pamphlet is levelled chiefly against *The Political Progress*, just alluded to, and against the democratic newspapers of America; into the filth and ordure of which we have no inclination to wade. We shall therefore conclude the present short Chapter, with applying to

(2) *The Political Progress of Britain*, a seditious work, published in Scotland, in 1793, and in America, in 1794, by a person of the name of Callender, an English emigrant, who preferred America to Botany Bay.

some of our city patriots, the following little bit of advice, which the Demagogue, in his *Bone to Gnaw*, gives to the "understrappers of democratic clubs:"—

"Leave off your bawling and your boasting, go home and sell your *sugar* and your *snuff*, [and your *ready-made small-clothes*(3), and your *invisible petty-coats*] and leave the care of '*posterity*' to other heads; for, when the hour of discomfiture arrives, your Jack Straws and your C. Foxes, [your Burdetts and your Cobbetts, your Wardles and your Waithmans] will leave you in the lurch. When you get your carcasses bastinadoed, or, which is far worse, penned up within the walls of a gaol, they will scoff at you, as the devil does at a baffled sinner."

FERRET.

REPLY TO "IDLE."

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—I cannot conceive how your correspondent, who stiles himself IDLE, should have so much mistaken my plain statement on the operation of the taxes. I certainly drew no line of separation, as to what he calls the *middle class* of people.—I know of no such distinction. The gradations, from the lowest to the highest, in point of riches, are innumerable, and the differences as various in this country now, as the pebbles on the sea-shore. In the hunter and fisher state, the distinctions of rank, from any cause, are, I may say, unknown—the same in the shepherd state. In the agricultural state, scarcely more than the two extremes of higher and lower, are to be perceived.—As soon, however, as commerce comes to be known and practised, even in the early dawn thereof, a *middle* or *third* distinction of ranks will certainly arise, and which, with the other two, may remain the clear distinctions for a length of time—but when the various arts and employments of a highly-improved state of society, in a great commercial country, come to be so extensively divided, and various, as is the case at this day with us, those grand outlines will be softened down, and scarcely a vestige remain of the former distinction. Hence, in this country, the classes are almost as numerous as the several employments of the

people. Each appears as so many particles of a great whole, or as the steps of a ladder. I know, however, what your correspondent means, and do not deny but there are many people who will sensibly feel the pressure of the taxes; but he takes too narrow a view of, as well as mistakes, the subject. My grand distinction was not as relating to classes or ranks in society, but as concerning the *industrious* and the *idle*.—I placed no stress on the matter of *high* or *low*, *rich* or *poor*, or the *middle* between those. I maintained that the *industrious* of all classes and degrees, whether rich or poor, are not only relieved from the weight of the taxes, but *much enriched by the stimulus* they occasion to exertion, and that the *idle and inactive*, whether poor or rich, are the sole bearers of the burthens, in proportion to their means and wants. But, understanding, I say, all your correspondent would mean, by alluding to what he calls the *middle class of people* (many of whom are, no doubt, of the number of the idle), I must console him by observing, that, I have already answered his enquiries, when I noticed that the *great body of the people*, as being of the *industrious* description, are freed of the taxes, by placing them as a label upon the subjects of traffic. Few, indeed, except the very high and extremely rich, are, in this country, idle loungers—almost all are *active*—instances, however, there must be to the contrary, such as some widows, some annuitants, some small landed proprietors, curates, pensioners, &c. These cannot dig, and to beg they are ashamed; but I am happy to think there are few even of these, who are unable to shake off the load, by exertion in the path of riches. If any should be blind to their own interest in this respect, or, who have it not in their power to be otherwise than idle, they certainly must bear their share of the burthens; but as such instances are few, compared to the *general practice*, they do not demand our particular regard, when taking into consideration the *general expediency*—although we must inwardly commiserate them, they cannot be held in contemplation when weighing the public interest.—It is, indeed, in vain to lament even the most helpless cases, as they cannot, in any way that I can see, be relieved; and as to instances of another description, produced by gross and voluntary negligence, I consider it a fair punishment, that the extreme lazy

(3) We have been informed, that a certain gentleman, wisp-seller, who has recently made himself particularly busy in a certain popular assembly, was formerly a person of note, in a certain notorious society, which flourished about twelve or fifteen years ago.

and idle lounge, should, by bearing a part of the burthens, make up to society in this way for the mischief he does.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
your obedient servant,
J. J. W. J.

Clifton, Jan. 13, 1810.

SPANISH MANIFESTO.

Continued from page 512.

----- Our enemies thought that they had sown among us the deadly germ of anarchy, and did not advert that Spanish judgment and circumspection were always superior to French machiavelism. Without dispute, without violence, a Supreme Authority was established; and the people, after having astonished the world, with the spectacle of their sublime exaltation and their victories, filled it with admiration and respect by their moderation and discretion.

The Central Junta was installed, and its first care was to announce to you, that if the expulsion of the enemy was the first object of his attention, the inferior and permanent felicity of the State was the principle in importance: to leave it plunged into the flood of abuses, prepared for its own ruin by arbitrary power, would have been, in the eyes of our present Government, a crime as enormous as to deliver you into the hands of Buonaparte; therefore, when the turbulence of war permitted, it caused to resound in your ears the name of your Cortes, which to us have ever been the bulwark of civil liberty, and the throne of national Majesty, a name heretofore pronounced with mystery by the learned, with distrust by politicians, and with horror by tyrants, but which henceforth signify in Spain the indestructible base of the monarchy, the most secure supports of the rights of Ferdinand VII. and of his family, a right for the people, and the Government an obligation.

That moral resistance, as general as sublime, which has reduced our enemies to confusion and despair in the midst of their victories, must not receive less reward: Those battles which are lost, those armies which are destroyed, not without producing new battles, creating new armies, and again displaying the standard of loyalty on the ashes and ruins which the enemies abandon; those soldiers who, dispersed in one action, return to offer themselves for another; that populace, which despoiled of almost all they possessed, returned to their homes to share the wretched remains of their property with the de-

fenders of their country; that concert of lamentable and despairing groans and patriotic songs; that struggle, in fine, of ferocity and barbarity on the one hand, and of resistance and invincible constancy on the other, present a whole as terrible as magnificent, which Europe contemplates with astonishment, and which history will one day record in letters of gold, for the admiration and example of posterity. A people so magnanimous and generous ought only to be governed by laws which are truly such, and which shall bear the great character of public consent and common utility—a character which they can only receive by emanating from the august assembly which has been announced to you. The Junta had proposed that it should be held during the whole of the ensuing year, or sooner, if circumstances should permit. But in the time which has intervened since this resolution, a variety of public events have agitated the minds of the people, and the difference of opinions relative to the organization of the Government, and the re-establishment of our fundamental laws, has recalled the attention of the Junta to these important objects, with which it has latterly been profoundly occupied. It has been recommended, on the one hand, that the present Government should be converted into a Regency of three or five persons: and this opinion has been represented as supported by one of our ancient laws, applicable to our present situation. But the situation in which the kingdom was, when the French threw off the mask of friendship, to execute their treacherous usurpation, is singular in our history, and cannot have been foreseen in our institutions. Neither the infancy, nor the insanity, nor even the captivity of the Prince, in the usual way in which these evils occur, can be compared with our present case, and the deplorable situation to which it has reduced us. A political position entirely new requires political forms and principles likewise entirely new. To expel the French, to restore to his liberty and his throne our adored King, and to establish solid and permanent bases of good government, are the maxims which gave the impulse to our Revolution, are those which support and direct it; and that Government will be the best which shall most promote and fulfil these three wishes of the Spanish nation. Does the Regency of which that Law speaks promise us this security? What inconveniencies, what dangers, how many divisions, how many

parties, how many ambitious pretensions, within and without the kingdom; how much, and how just, discontent in our Americas, now called to have a share in the present Government? What would become of our Cortes, our liberty, the cheering prospects of future welfare and glory which now present themselves? What would become of the object most valuable and dear to the Spanish Nation—the preservation of the Rights of Ferdinand? The advocates for this Institution ought to shudder at the immense danger to which they exposed themselves, and to bear in mind, that by it they afforded to the Tyrant a new opportunity of buying and selling them. Let us bow with reverence to the venerable antiquity of the Law; but let us profit by the experience of ages. Let us open our annals and trace the history of our Regencies. What shall we find?—a picture equally melancholy and frightful, of desolation, of civil war, of rapine, and of human depravity, in unfortunate Castile.

Doubtless, in great states, power is more beneficially exercised by few than by many. Secrecy in deliberation, unity in concert, activity in measures, and celerity in execution, are indispensable requisites for the favourable issue of the acts of Government, and are properties of a concentrated authority only. The Supreme Junta has therefore just concentrated its own with that prudent circumspection which neither exposes the state to the oscillations consequent upon every change of Government, nor materially affects the unity of the body which is entrusted with it. Henceforth a section composed of the removable members, will be specially invested with the necessary authority to direct those measures of the executive power, which from their nature require secrecy, energy, and dispatch. Another opinion, hostile to the Regency, equally contradicts whatever innovation may be attempted to be made in the political form which the Government has at present, and objects to the intended Cortes as an insufficient representation, if they are constituted according to the ancient formalities, as ill timed and perhaps hazardous, in respect to present circumstances; in short, as useless, since it supposes that the superior Juntas, erected immediately by the people, are their real representatives. But the Junta had expressly declared to the nation, that its first attention in the great object would be occupied with the number, mode, and

class with which the meeting of this august assembly in the present situation of affairs should be carried into effect; and after this declaration it is quite superfluous, not to say malicious, to suspect that future Cortes are to be confined to the rigid and exclusive forms of our ancient ones. Yes, Spaniards, you are going to have your Cortes, and the national representation will in them be as perfect and full as it can and ought to be in an assembly of such high importance and eminent dignity. You are going to have Cortes, and to have them immediately, because the urgent situation in which the nation is placed, imperiously demands it, and at what time, gracious God, can it adopt this measure better than at present? When an obstinate war has exhausted all the ordinary means; when the egotism of some and the ambition of others debilitate and paralyse the efforts of the government, by their opposition or indifference; when they seek to eradicate the essential principle of the Monarchy, which is union; when the Hydra of Federalism, so happily silenced the preceding year by the creation of the Central Power, dares again to raise its poisonous head, and endeavours to precipitate us into the dissolution of anarchy; when the subtlety of our enemies is watching the moment when our divisions disunite us, to destroy the State, and to erect their throne on the ruin which our distractions afford them. - - - - -

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It was not intended to pass over the audacious fabrications of Waithman, respecting the sums of the public money, received by Lord Castlereagh's and the Marquis of Hertford's families; but there will be no occasion to copy into the Register, the reply which has appeared in all the other papers.

The Gentleman who has sent me the Report of Waithman's trial, is informed that I had procured the same thing from the Times paper; so that, if his MS. is worth preserving, he may have it again, with my thanks for the trouble he has taken.

ERRATUM.—In the letter to Waithman, in the last Register, col. 496 line 26, for *law*, read *bow*.

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Ye bands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Iud obeys,
 Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS:—*Observations on the Meeting of Parliament, and on the motives and views of different parties. On the virulence of factious and treasonable Newspapers.—Reasons offered why independent Members of Parliament, should repel the violent and unsubstantiated charges that are made against Ministers.—Exposition of the three principal objects of the Jacobins.—His Majesty's Speech.—Remarks on the attempt to effect the Emancipation of the Catholics; with comments on the Demagogue's labours in their behalf. Proofs that the original objects of the Catholic United Irishmen was to overthrow the Constitution.—A knock-down-blow announced!—Hints to Lord Grenville.—Letter of ALIQUI, on the Views of the Factious, containing some explanation of the ultimate object of the Expedition to the Scheldt.—The Fourth Letter of ALBION to Mr. WAITMAN, exposing his ignorance of the common principles of Oratory.—Continuation of Public Documents, &c.*

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THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

Whoever takes the most superficial view of the present extraordinary situation of this empire, will hail the meeting of our Senate with similar sensations to those which a sick man experiences at the sight of a physician in whom he places unlimited confidence. Satisfied with the ability and integrity of him whom he has authorised to watch over his constitution, the moment he makes his appearance, prepared for consultation, the confidence of the expecting patient produces an instantaneous effect upon his whole frame; his uneasiness, his twitches, his irritability, or his actual spasms, subside; his blood freely circulates; and though *nothing may be done* by the doctor, yet the man's *alarm* is at an end, merely because he knows that, if he really be in danger, adequate assistance is at hand!

The comparison of the body political with the body corporeal is as old a metaphor as any which man's genius has elicited, and the similarity between the two will always prevent it from being obsolete. I do not know any thing which bears so great a resemblance to another, in all its physiological ramifications, as the civil constitution bears to the human one, except that, in the former, the *unruly members* are beyond all proportion more numerous than in the latter; and the result of which is, that it always did, but now does more than ever, require the utmost efforts of the vital powers to keep those unruly and corrupt members in a state of subjection! Of our civil Constitution, those powers undoubtedly are the Houses of Parliament; and never had they

more important operations to perform, never were vigour and vigilance more necessary, than at the present awful season. There is not an eye throughout the whole United Kingdom, that will not be anxiously and perpetually fixed upon the proceedings of this session; because it is impossible, from the various subjects that have agitated the public mind, the misfortunes which have attended all our well-meant endeavours to support the last spark of expiring liberty on the Continent, and the incessant influence of disaffection at home;—it is impossible, under all these influences, that men can enter upon the discussion of public matters without some predisposition for prejudice. Certainly, party virulence was never carried to a greater pitch than it has attained at the present day; and, under the mask of Patriotism, the visage of Faction will continue to conceal itself, while it labours to obtain the only and never-ceasing objects of its ambition, **POWER AND PLACE.** Thus, it will be in vain to expect that the Parliament will be allowed to employ itself in discussions for the benefit of the country; for even, though every hour ought to be devoted by our Senators to the devising of means to overcome the designs of our implacable enemy; and though, in such a crisis, all party animosity ought to be buried in oblivion, yet it is too evident, that the first weeks, and even months of the session will be consumed in venting all the virulence of factious malignity. Torn and lacerated as the breast of Britain now is by her base and degenerate sons, reflecting and unprejudiced men cannot consider the vast magnitude of the points that must come under discus-

sion, without a generous sympathy for the men whose situation requires that they should resist the whole brunt of the open and insidious assaults which will be made upon them. The varied shapes and species of the intended attacks may be readily perceived by a perusal of the different party and seditious newspapers of the last ten days.—If we look at the *Morning Chronicle* of yesterday, we shall, by one single paragraph, discover the hopes entertained by the mortified party to whose views that Journal has ever been devoted.—It is hoped that the artifices which have been resorted to will place Ministers in a minority, and thus compel them to resign their offices without even waiting for the opportunity of justifying themselves against the accusations that are on the point of being brought against them. The language of the *Chronicle* is, indeed, the language of desperation; equally foreign to true patriotism as to justice and liberality. By cautioning the members not to identify themselves with Ministers, lest the former should take upon them the heavy responsibility of our late calamities, its object is to intimidate the members, and prevent them voting for the Address, by prejudging the defence which Ministers will make of their conduct; but by which, I hope, they will be able fully to satisfy the nation, that the calamities were as inevitable as the measures which led to them were grand and patriotic. It is always easy to render men in power the objects of public odium; for, to effect this end, it is only necessary to oppose rant and declamation to plain and obvious statements of facts. But the independent members of Parliament, as well as the loyal and independent members of the community, will do well to recollect, that general and virulent charges against a set of Ministers, without fixing upon any particular offence, accusing them of any specific crime, or offering any direct or legal proof of delinquency, have more than once led to the subversion of a whole form of government. While, however, it is the duty of the men in power to afford every proper elucidation of their motives and plans, it is equally the duty of the independent members to protect them against the clamours that are raised by their opponents, who, next to their own ambition for place, are actuated by the vanity of gaining the momentary applause of the irritated rabble. The consequences of a contrary conduct on

the part of the members in the time of Charles I. and of which the Earl of Strafford became the victim, ought to be at the present time particularly forced upon the memory of our senators. General charges and violent declamation only were levelled against that Minister; but the proceedings which arose out of them ended in a catastrophe which has stigmatised in history the name of Englishmen! The virulence with which Ministers will be assailed should not, therefore, be suffered to influence the minds of the independent auditors; but, on the contrary, before they vote against them, merely because, as the *Morning Chronicle* quotes, “the public opinion calls upon them, for impeachment,” they will first ascertain upon what principle of reason or justice the public can presume to prejudice them, as deserving of impeachment. This is not the language of party—it is the voice of generous political independence; a voice, however feeble it may be deemed, that shall ever be exerted to preserve the Constitution against its present hordes of organised assailants.—When a political project or expedition fails, nothing is more easy than to deprecate the whole conduct of its projectors, and pretend to have foreseen disasters which it was impossible for human foresight to anticipate or provide against; but it is not merely the badgering of the Ministers, that ought to be weighed by the independent members—it is THE PLANS OF THE JACOBINS TO EFFECT A REVOLUTION,—plans which are already formed and regulated; and are intended to be put in force, provided the factious opponents of the government gain an ascendancy in numbers upon certain divisions that will speedily take place. It must be clear to every reader of the Jacobin prints, that there are three measures which the Democrats openly boast of being able to carry into effect during the present session; they are, 1st, a total change in the present administration, in order to bring in two sets with opposite views and intentions, namely the friends of the Catholics and the friends of the People; (I have no occasion to explain the views or character of the latter!) 2dly, a complete emancipation of the Catholics; and 3dly, which they hope will end the “great eventful history,” a Parliamentary Reform! That daring corruptor of the vulgar public, the *Independent Whig*, on Sunday last, had the audacity to declare, that “unless

"some salutary interference timely takes place, the murmurings of general discontent will not only be HEARD but FELT!"—that "*the people are weary of taxes*" and that "THE MOMENT FOR THE IMMEDIATE AND CONSTITUTIONAL INTERFERENCE OF THE ELECTORS OF THE UNITED EMPIRE IS ARRIVED, WHEN EVERY MEANS TO AVERT THE CONSEQUENCES OF A SYSTEMATIC DESIGN TO ENSLAVE THE PEOPLE, AND SUBJECT THE COUNTRY TO THE DESPOTIC CONTROL OF A VILE AND INSIGNIFICANT FACTION MUST BE RESORTED TO."

"The cursed and abominable principle of ministerial despotism, (continues this audacious miscreant) has too long been suffered to triumph over the rights and liberties of the people with daring impunity.—The enemies of freedom, and the violators of the constitution, must no longer be shielded by the influence of the crown.—The *crisis is arrived*, when affection for the sovereign, and duty to ourselves and our country, call upon every patriotic elector to manifest a constitutional spirit, and while THEY REVERE THE SACRED CHARACTER OF THE MASTER, SEIZE UPON THE GUILTY MINISTER, AND DRAG HIM TO JUSTICE!"

Now, if there be any senator who can read this language of treason without abhorrence, I hope there is no one who cannot literally understand it. It is *the Master* that they are labouring to pull down; after that, for the *men*, they will prove utterly regardless. While such conspirators as the above are contributing and piling their combustible materials around the altar and the throne, the *Guy Faux* of the 19th century declares his readiness at any time to issue from his Hampshire den, and give the explosive impulse, which shall shiver to atoms our sacred and venerable fabric! After these daring declarations, it is evident that the fate of the people is in the power of the parliament!—If they once suffer themselves to be either prejudiced, or intimidated, then, in the disgusting language of the Botley Demagogue, "*away goes the whole thing!*" Hence, after resisting such assaults upon the constituted government as may be deemed to favour the views of the seditious, the next object of the senators will be to nip the blossoms of treason, before they expand, by some vigorous and constitutional exertion, for which, it is evident, the traitors are not

unprepared! When once the fences of the Constitution are adequately repaired, its guardians will have time to turn their attention to the consideration of those great objects which the national interest requires at their hands. Whatever means may be suggested for lightening the burthens of the people, or for the better equalising the system of taxation, should be instantly resorted to; and, above all, some rigid measures should be adopted, to make an example of daring PUBLIC DEFAULTERS (a single discovery of whom has a greater effect upon the minds of the people than a whole series of belligerent misfortunes, accompanied with the lives of thousands, and the expenditure of millions,) and prevent any future delapidations of the public treasure.—These are reformatations which are both requisite and salutary; and it is only by a proper attention to them, as well as to the preceding subjects for interference, that we shall be enabled to preserve our independence as a nation, and force to adopt sentiments of justice the most despotic and inveterate foe that ever was suffered to pollute the earth, as a curse upon the human race!

Since the preceding hasty but, I hope, well-founded ideas were committed to paper, his Majesty's Speech, as published this day, has come before me. It places the Ministers in a triumphant situation, inasmuch as it indicates the probability of their being able to afford a complete vindication of their conduct. The great body of the members are evidently of this opinion; for, from the Papers which are now before me, I perceive the majority in their favour, at five o'clock this morning, was 96!—On this event, I feel it my duty to congratulate my countrymen: it is one step towards the conquest of Jacobinism!

HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECH.

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

His Majesty commands us to express to you his deep regret that the exertions of the Emperor of Austria against the Ambition and violence of France have proved unavailing, and that his imperial Majesty has been compelled to abandon the contest, and to conclude a disadvantageous peace. Although the war was undertaken by that Monarch without encouragement on the part of his Majesty, every effort was made for the assistance of Austria which his Majesty deemed consistent with the due support of his

Allies, and with the welfare and interest of his own dominions.

An attack upon the naval armaments and establishments in the Scheldt, afforded at once the prospect of destroying a growing force, which was daily becoming more formidable to the security of this country, and of diverting the exertions of France from the important objects of reinforcing her armies on the Danube, and of controuling the spirit of resistance in the north of Germany. These considerations determined his Majesty to employ his forces in an expedition to the Scheldt.

Although the principal ends of this expedition have not been attained, his Majesty confidently hopes that advantages, materially affecting the security of his Majesty's dominions in the further prosecution of the war, will be found to result from the demolition of the docks and arsenals of Flushing. This important object his Majesty was enabled to accomplish, in consequence of the reduction of the island of Walcheren, by the valour of his fleets and armies.

His Majesty has given directions that such documents and papers should be laid before you as he trusts will afford satisfactory information upon the subject of this expedition.

We have it in command to state to you that his Majesty had uniformly notified to Sweden his Majesty's decided wish, that in determining upon the question of peace or war with France, and other continental powers, she should be guided by considerations resulting from her own situation and interests: While his Majesty therefore laments that Sweden should have found it necessary to purchase peace by considerable sacrifices, his Majesty cannot complain that she has concluded it without his Majesty's participation. It is his Majesty's earnest wish that no event may occur to occasion the interruption of those relations of amity which it is the desire of his Majesty and the interest of both countries to preserve.

We have it further in command to communicate to you, that the efforts of his Majesty for the protection of Portugal have been powerfully aided by the confidence which the Prince Regent has reposed in his Majesty, and by the co-operation of the local government, and of the people of that country. The expulsion of the French from Portugal by his Majesty's forces under Lieut.-Gen.

Lord Viscount Wellington, and the glorious victory obtained by him at Talavera, contributed to check the progress of the French arms in the Peninsula during the late campaign.

His Majesty directs us to state that the Spanish government, in the name and by the authority of King Ferdinand the Seventh, has determined to assemble the general and extraordinary Cortes of the nation: His Majesty trusts that this measure will give fresh animation and vigour to the councils and the arms of Spain, and successfully direct the energies and spirit of the Spanish people to the maintenance of their legitimate monarchy, and to the ultimate deliverance of their country.

The most important considerations of policy and of good faith require that as long as this great cause can be maintained with a prospect of success, it should be supported, according to the nature and circumstances of the contest, by the strenuous and continued assistance of the power and resources of his Majesty's dominions; and his Majesty relies on the aid of his Parliament in his anxious endeavours to frustrate the attempts of France against the independence of Spain and Portugal, and against the happiness and freedom of those loyal and resolute nations.

His Majesty commands us to acquaint you, that the intercourse between his Majesty's Minister in America and the government of the United States has been suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted. His Majesty sincerely regrets this event: He has however received the strongest assurances from the American Minister resident at this Court, that the United States are desirous of maintaining friendly relations between the two countries. This desire will be met by a corresponding disposition on the part of his Majesty.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

His Majesty has directed us to inform you, that he has ordered the estimates for the current year to be laid before you: His Majesty has directed them to be formed with all the attention to economy, which the support of his allies and the security of his dominions will permit.—And his Majesty relies upon your zeal and loyalty to afford him such supplies as may be necessary for those essential objects.

He commands us to express how deep-

ly he regrets the pressure upon his subjects, which the protracted continuance of the war renders inevitable.

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

We are commanded by his Majesty to express his hopes that you will resume the consideration of the state of the inferior clergy, and adopt such further measures upon this interesting subject as may appear to you to be proper.

We have it further in command to state to you that the accounts which will be laid before you of the trade and revenue of the country will be found highly satisfactory.

Whatever temporary and partial inconvenience may have resulted from measures which were directed by France against those great sources of our prosperity and strength, those measures have wholly failed of producing any permanent or general effect.

The inveterate hostility of our enemy continues to be directed against this country with unabated animosity and violence. To guard the security of his Majesty's dominions, and to defeat the designs which are meditated against us and our allies, will require the utmost efforts of vigilance, fortitude, and perseverance.

In every difficulty and danger his Majesty confidently trusts that he shall derive the most effectual support, under the continued blessing of divine Providence, from the wisdom of his Parliament, the valour of his forces, and the spirit and determination of his people.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Beyond all the *other* intrigues and rebellious efforts to level our venerable Constitution with the dust, and erect upon its ashes the sanguinary altar of democracy, the renewed bawl for the emancipation of the Catholics is eminently conspicuous. It is the *fulcrum* upon which the Jacobins mean to poise the lever that they vainly flatter themselves will enable them to weigh up the whole *remaining* mass of reason and common sense possessed by the kingdom at large. Without such a *point d'appui*, they are too well aware that their favourite bugbear of Parliamentary Reform must fall to the ground; but as the public mind is at present more than ever agitated, disaffected, and, what with one devilment or other, more disgusted than it has been at

any former period, they have conceived that *now*, or *never*, is the time to summon all their forces for some act of desperation! As their efforts are, however, now regulated to suit the circumstances of the times, it may not be amiss, when putting the just and loyal upon their guard, to take a slight retrospect of the *modus operandi* which the Democrats formerly had in view; and, that this may be done with effect, it will be necessary that I should, from time to time, refer to the memorable events that occurred in Ireland, at a period when that country was *almost* in as much danger of being lost to its protecting parent, as it is at the present day—the period of the rebellion in 1797-98. At *that* time, it may be, or at least it *ought* to be, recollected, that *Parliamentary Reform* and *Catholic Emancipation* were coupled together, as a sort of worthy twin-brothers, or unnatural abortions, the one of which could not retain life if it were separated from the other; so that, to preserve their coexistence was the first duty, and required all the efforts of the desperate quacks who, by a sort of Cæsarian operation upon the body of Treason, had produced them, to appal and horrify their surrounding observers. Happily, we had then in our service a competent judge of *monstrosities*, and he compelled the odious annoyers to be strangled in their infancy. Nevertheless, by the reproductive power of Jacobinism, we now behold the same twin demons revived, as it were, with a double degree of strength, and one of them made dependent upon the other, so that if the first be crushed, the existence of the other will ever after hang, as it were, by a thread; but, if it be permitted to arrive at maturity, no human vigilance can prevent its counterpart from carrying all before it. Of these detestable abortions, Master Emancipation being deemed the most irascible and violent in his temper, a sort of non-descript creature, who, if he be kindly treated, will *stick at nothing*, it is resolved that he shall be actually pushed into premature manhood; while, whatever may be his fate, Master Reform, who is of a more placid, but not less *insidious* temperament, is to be taught to profit by it. Now, as I know intimately the dispositions of these two Devil's children, I would solicit all true lovers of their King and country to act according to the plan which I mean to pursue, a plan which I am determined to carry into ex-

ecution with all the power of body and soul with which my Maker has favoured me:—that is, not to suffer Master Emancipation to contaminate our society by one hour's existence; but to put him *hors de combat* the moment any fellow dares to bring him into our view! Towards Master Parliamentary Reform, I feel inclined to be a little more lenient, but *not much*. I will, at some future time, however, point out a plan, by which he may be made a man of; but if, in the mean time, the Democrats should "overlay" him, as the Hampshire Demagogue says, Truth can be overlaid, namely, "by using a multitude of words, accompanied by a few violent actions," why, that will not be my fault, and, with the old proverb, I shall exclaim, "a good rid dance," &c. But it is time to have done with any thing that bears the shape of metaphor or joking, for really the efforts of the Jacobins, to effect their grand and long-meditated objects of Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform, have now assumed too serious an aspect to be treated lightly. Although these efforts are only the revival of an old piece, yet the times are peculiarly favourable for the renewal of the topics that may set the nations, already sufficiently combustible, into a flame; and this is the only reason why the Jacobins, who too well know the state of the public mind, have separated the one subject from the other; because, though *one* will assuredly be hurled with indignation from the Senate, the other will keep alive those seditious impulses which cannot fail to favour their ultimate views. In 1798 things were managed differently, and the reformists and emancipators formed a *joint company*, the trade of whom was treason, and their expected profit a revolution! The present Lord Castlereagh was the member who, in the Irish House of Commons, in 1798, made a report to the Secret Committee of that House, in which it was clearly proved that, from the very first establishment of the United Irishmen, in 1791, they had professed their views to be directed to the obtainment of *Parliamentary reform AND Catholic emancipation*. The report in question stated, that the chief measures adopted by the rebels, to undermine the existing government was, to circulate inflammatory publications amongst the vulgar, to ascribe all their imaginary grievances to the Protestants, and to have their infamous designs facilitated BY VARIOUS TREA-

SONABLE NEWSPAPERS.—Of these last, two were notoriously in the pay of the rebels, namely, the *Union Star* and the *Press*, in which, to such a pitch was the villany of the conductors extended, that loyal individuals were pointed out by name and residence, as objects for the murderous steel of the midnight assassins! (By the bye, it may not be amiss here to observe, that the Editor of the *Press*, at the time alluded to, was one of the Jacobins, whom I have mentioned, as having somehow or other got over to Walcheren, with our expedition, and from whose pen, it is certain, have issued many of the monstrous fabricated accounts of the situation of our brave army! This Jacobin, also, was several times, last year, designated, by the Hampshire Demagogue, with the title of *gentleman*.—And these facts, I think, are sufficient to induce me to keep that precious "gentleman," as it were, in my eye).—The rebels, whom the report exposes, had long kept up a correspondence with the French government of that time; and, in the summer of 1796, had invoked the assistance of their French friends. To show the truth of what I have observed, respecting the first object of these villains being to couple reform and emancipation together, with a view to effect a revolution, I shall add, that in an account of the proceedings of a society at Dublin, dated Nov. 9th, 1791, it is declared that nothing less than a radical reform, and the complete emancipation of their country will satisfy them. Hence, the Secret Committee of 1798, declared, in one of their resolutions, "that the rebellion originated in a system framed, not with a view of obtaining either Catholic Emancipation or any reform compatible with the existence of the Constitution, *but for the purpose of subverting the government, separating Ireland from Great Britain, and forming a democratic republic, FOUNDED ON THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL CHURCH ESTABLISHMENTS, THE ABOLITION OF RANKS, AND THE CONFISCATION OF PROPERTY!!!*"

Now, reader, do but consider what the wretches are about at the present day;—if we could possibly *forget* what has happened during the last nineteen years, we might believe that the Irish Catholics, as a body, were the very best of subjects, and that a point might be strained, in order to grant them emancipation, as a reward for their extraordinary loyalty and zeal! Indeed the traitors, who are now writing

in their behalf, would go any length to *make* us believe, that not only the natural disposition of the priest-led creatures, but even their religious tenets are altered; and, while their persuasive and sympathetic arguments are daily and weekly reiterated, without experiencing any notice or refutation, is it to be wondered at, that some men, either from weakness of judgment, or disaffection, should be converted to espouse their cause? The Demagogue, in fact, openly exults in the successful efforts at conversion which have already been made, and, in his Register of last Saturday, considers the Emancipation of the Catholics as certain. He has the assurance to deny that there is any thing like "a *French party*" in "that unhappy country; the articles (he "adds) which, upon this subject, *I* have "lately published, seem to have *settled* the dispute!"—Hollo! what, is the business so near completion, that men's minds are made up upon it? No, no, this really *must* be a mistake; and the Demagogue, although he *says* he never drinks wine, must have penned his bold surmise under the influence of *spirituous* intoxication! I would advise him, however, to "wait a little," as Shakspeare says, for he will soon find that the dispute is very far from being *settled*. And, without any liability to the charge of arrogance, I will at once assert that *the settler* (I mean the *literary* one) remains with me! For a few days, however, the Demagogue must be allowed to flatter himself that all is going on according to his wish! He must be permitted to *believe* what he says in his last Paper, (p. 78), viz. that "the whole matter has been brought into a narrow compass; within the compass of *an hour's reading*; and, *so great has been the effect* (he adds) that I myself have received letters from more than *fifty* persons " (some of them *Clergymen of the Church of England* thanking me for having "*undeceived* them; and expressing their indignation at the arts which were made use of to keep the public in a state of ignorance as to the real merits of the question." Supposing this sentence to be one of the Demagogue's "truths," and, for my part, I believe it is, then the first thing to be regretted is, that, in his paroxysm of self-gratulation, he did not tell us the names of these "*Clergymen of the Church of England*, that their gowns might be stripped over their ears!" Oh! there are, to my particular knowledge, some precious *black sheep* amongst that

body of men! But respect and delicacy towards the upright, loyal, and virtuous portion, and their hitherto venerated calling, impel me to restrain the severity which I would exercise towards *the other set*—those who thank Cobbett for having *undeceived* them! and who have ransacked the dictionary to find opprobrious terms to apply to me, for having resolved to encounter Jacobinism, by the publication of this Register, with proper and determined vigour. I should like to see, *in-cog.*, the grimaces and contortions which their respective physiognomy will assume, when the *settler* which *I* am about to publish gets into their hands! And it is proper that the reader should be apprised, that the Demagogue's request, "not to "overlay truth with a multitude of words," has been strictly adhered to, in the document, from the pen of ALBION, which I have now in the press, under the title of "AN HISTORICAL and POLITICAL "VIEW of the CATHOLIC RELIGION, from which reasons are deduced, that must peremptorily compel every thinking man to combat *the Emancipation of the Irish who are of the Catholic Church*. In a series of letters to the *Right Hon. Lord Grenville*. By ALBION." It will come exactly "within the compass of *an hour's reading*;" and I will stake my existence that it will do more towards *reading-down* the Demagogue, and his whole gang of Irish Catholics, with the "*Jacobin Clergymen of the Church of England*" into the bargain, than any "*hour's reading*" which our press has yet fulminated against them, not excepting the "*fifty-thousand-pounds-worth of pamphlets*" with which, that HE might be read down, the Demagogue declared "the he and she speculators" had inundated the country! "In the mean while " (to use a word or two more of the Demagogues, from (p. 81) all men of sense "perceive the danger which threatens us "through Ireland!"—I hope they do, and also that our whole administration, collectively and individually, are amongst those men of sense, to whose immediate and serious attention I shall recommend the following striking remarks at the conclusion of Lord Castlereagh's report, already alluded to: they will serve as an example!

"Your Committee are of opinion, (says the report) that *from the vigorous and summary expedients resorted to by Government*, and the consequent exertions of the military, THE LEADERS found

themselves reduced to the alternative of immediate insurrection, or of being deprived of the means on which they relied for effecting their purpose; and that to this cause is to be attributed that premature and desperate effort, the rashness of which has so effectually facilitated its suppression.

“Your Committee cannot conclude, without observing that, on a review of the treason which has employed their attention, they trace a perfect coincidence, in *its commencement* and in *its progress*, its means, and its objects, with that by which THE GOVERNMENT, THE RELIGION, and the happiness of France, have been destroyed; *which has extended its desolating influence over some of the most prosperous and flourishing countries of Europe, and has shaken to its foundation the fabrick of regular society throughout the civilized world!* That the leaders of the system, *in order to adapt the minds of the multitude to the purposes of their treason*, have, after the example of their Jacobin allies in France, left no means unemployed which the most malignant subtlety could suggest, FOR ERADICATING FROM AMONGST THE WORKING CLASSES, EVERY SENTIMENT BOTH OF PRIVATE AND PUBLIC DUTY—all quiet and peaceable habits, all social as well as moral obligations, it has been their object to destroy; and *the more sacred the tie, the more industriously have they laboured to dissolve it*; they have incited the soldier to betray his King, they have armed the tenant against the landlord, and they have taught the servant to conspire with the assassin of his master; blasting the repose and confidence of private life, even in its sanctuary, and effacing every law of truth, of justice, of gratitude, and of religion, *except when it has been possible to make even religion itself the perverted instrument of their execrable views*. Such have been the leading principles, and the long-laboured preparatives for that rebellion, from which your Committee trust, this country has been happily rescued; and they indulge a sanguine hope, that their present statement, authenticated as it is, by such a mass of evidence, will contribute still farther to the complete re-establishment of tranquillity, by throwing the fullest light on the dangers to which the community has been exposed, and against which it is still necessary to guard.”

The man who does not see that the ve-

ry same diabolical arts are now, and have long been, employed for exactly the same purposes which the rebels of 1796 laboured to effect, deserves the utmost punishment that their success would entail upon him, for his political blindness? The question simply is, whether we shall retain Ireland, or suffer it to become an appendage of France; this will depend upon the course that must speedily be pursued; and on the heads of Ministers let all the responsibility fall!

F. W. B.

LORD GRENVILLE'S PAMPHLET.—I perceive, by the *Sun* of last night, that his Lordship, also, has resolved to write on the Catholic Question. We understand, says that respectable Paper, “That Lord Grenville has declared that he will not give his support to the Catholic Petition, unless the Catholics consent to allow his Majesty a *veto* in the appointment of their Bishops. His Lordship, we are further informed, means to state his sentiments upon this subject in a Pamphlet, with his name affixed to it.”—This, I think, looks something like a secession on the part of his Lordship: just as if his mind was not exactly made up on the propriety of siding with the Catholics at all! Suppose they will not consent to allow the *veto*, which, to make the best of it, would be an insignificant concession on their part, what then? Why his Lordship will withdraw from them his patronage *in toto*! This is the very point which I should exult in; because I have always entertained, and always manifested, the most profound respect for his Lordship's splendid talents, and nothing would give me more real pleasure than to see him shake off his apparently close connection with the *thick-and-thin men*, no matter whether *titled* or *plebeian*,—those who under *any* pretext, would go all lengths to subvert the Constitution.

The notification of his Lordship's Pamphlet, which I take for granted to be semi-official, will prove an additional stimulus to me to bring forward the *Settler*, and I hope that it will be ready time enough for his Lordship's perusal, before his pamphlet is transmitted to the press: the “hour's reading,” with which I shall furnish him may, perhaps, cause some still farther alteration in his sentiments. If his Lordship will only have the patience to wait till the 10th of next month, *at the very latest*, he shall

see it on his table! Oh! the *Settler*! would to God that I could afford to cause it to be given away in the public streets, in the same manner as they distribute the lottery hand-bills!

F. W. B.

ON THE MOTIVES AND VIEWS OF THE FACTIONOUS.

Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbra.

Juv. Sat. 12. 109.

"Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise,
And in her borrow'd form escapes enquiring eyes."

No disguise can long hide the false patriot; his hypocrisy will but add to his condemnation, when it is no longer able to cover his guilt. The motto which I have chosen could not I think, be applied to any set of men with more propriety than to the *factionous* of the present day. To endeavour to point out the motives by which they are guided and the objects they have in view, is the intention of the present letter. Their practice is, continually and without discrimination, to censure and turn into ridicule ministers and their every action, whether in their conduct at home or under their direction abroad—Every public man, unless he profess sentiments similar to their own, is alike universally found guilty at their tribunal; every one is by them sure to be deemed either unworthy or incompetent to the duties of the situation he holds. Whether at a public meeting, or a common hall, a forum, or a tavern, their constant theme is, almost without exception, the fate of our expeditions and the conduct of the war—Let them be successful, or the contrary, they are certain of falling under their displeasure. As an instance of an expedition being both ably planned and successfully executed, but at the same, on which so much censure and opprobrium was cast by these declaimers against government, stands that memorable example of foresight in our ministers, the expedition to Copenhagen. On that occasion, it must be fresh in the recollection of every one, insinuations were heaped, without mercy, ay, and without either justice or judgment, on the then ministers, because, forsooth, they acted, as in most cases, it would be productive of beneficial consequence to the cause of this country, which ought to be considered the cause of Europe and of liberty, with promptitude and vigour, and, at the same time, not with injustice, as was basely insinuated by the *factionous*, for

the purpose of irritating the minds of the people. Only suppose, for the sake of argument, that we had not taken possession of the Danish navy? What would have been the consequence? That Buonaparte would have seized it in a short time; but a slight consideration of his general conduct, must convince even the *factionous* themselves. Yes, they would have told the people so, and blamed ministers for their inactivity, had they not acted as they did.

To quote an instance of the success of an expedition being only partial, is the more recent and extensive one to the Scheldt. Its merits and demerits have been discussed in every part of the kingdom. In this has been a lasting theme of ridicule and contempt, for the *factionous*. But any candid and impartial person, after a due consideration of the relative situation of France and Austria, not only at the time the expedition was preparing, but after it had reduced Flushing—in part effected the purpose for which it was sent out—this was, in the event of not causing a diversion, to keep Buonaparte at bay, which I maintain it did most effectually; nay, more, *it was the cause of Austria's obtaining the terms she did; it was the cause of the Emperor of Austria's keeping his crown!* But the disaffected obstinately insist that it totally failed in its object. The simple fact is, *these gentry are not to be pleased*. The motives *they assign*, when speaking against government (and this they always do) are as senseless as their *real ones* are base. For the good of the country, they tell us, to open the eyes of the people, and to place before them *their* opinion of abuses which *they* conceive to exist in every department of the state, and of the incapacity and imbecility of ministers! Would to God the eyes of the *factionous* were opened, that they had the sense to understand what they talk about, they would then perceive the wickedness of endeavouring to alienate the affections of the people from their Sovereign; or, which is the same thing, from his ministers, for they do but act for him, and in his name. But this is one of the objects they have in view; bankrupts, as they are, (with but few, very few exceptions) in reputation, so is the greater proportion of them equally so in fortune—so little have they to lose, that they care not what anarchy they create, because they long for, and why mince the matter, a revolution; for this, it

is evident, is their grand object, would be to them not a cause of *fear* but of *hope*. What cannot but be lamented is, that they should be allowed, with impunity, to practise such deceit on the vulgar, intermixing with language unintelligible to those to whom it is addressed, a few barefaced falsehoods, in the shape of accusations against ministers, as suitable, in the present state of this country and society, to the palate of the one, as the applause which is sure to ensue, can be gratifying to the ambition of the other.—By these means they ingratiate themselves with the mob, whom they would make use of as instruments to carry into effect, on a convenient opportunity, their vile and treasonable projects. And why, at a time, when if a libel appear in a Newspaper, the Editor is brought to condign punishment, are the factious permitted to make the most seditious and delusive speeches, containing the grossest libels, without the interference of the law? If it have hitherto been the case, I hope it will soon cease to be so, and that it will be made the subject of Parliamentary investigation. It would not, perhaps, be so well to abolish the Debating Societies altogether, as it might be considered a restriction on the liberty of the subject; but certain regulations might be laid down, whereby the Democrats who frequent them might feel the force and justice of our wholesome laws, and be sentenced, by a *British Jury*, to pass a few years in a prison: a fit place for such as the factious are; for they will there have an opportunity of doing, what perhaps many of them never did before, of reflecting and repenting. Englishmen! be assured it is your interest to do the same.—Be moderate both in your conduct and desires—vie not with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but take a nobler aim—contend alone in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and be more desirous of being good and virtuous subjects, than to appear so. May every one of us be alive to his *real* interest, forgetting all party animosity, and anxious only to *prove* to the world how tenacious we are of the liberties we enjoy, and of the mild government under which we live, by cheerfully seconding its intentions as the only *sure* way, in the present state of things, of continuing, what we most certainly are, and long have been, a *free people, at once the admiration and envy of the world!*—ALIGUIS.

TO MR. WAITHMAN;

SHOWING THE SYSTEM HE PURSUES TO DISTURB THE PUBLIC PEACE AND REMOVE THE MINISTRY.

Vir bonus est quis
Qui consulta patrum, qui leges juraque servat.
HORACE.

Who is a good man?—He who respects the decrees of the legislature, and bows to every positive law, and every moral obligation!

By ALBION.

LETTER IV.

SIR,—If a man were, to form his idea of the *English* government, from your orations, by the perpetual cant that runs through them, concerning liberty, public spirit, corruption, slavish doctrines, and dependant parliaments, he would imagine that the bondage of the *English* was more terrible than that of the *Turks*; but, at the same time, strangely puzzled to conceive how you would dare to disperse such libels with impunity, in a country where there is no shadow of liberty left, which would be punished with the greatest severity in one where the people enjoyed all their liberties in the utmost latitude: it is a story very commonly known, that a person of very great distinction, and who had been himself a deputy of the states of Holland, at the period of her republicanism, was sent to the *Rasp-house* for life, for publishing a libel, not near so gross as yours, against one of the magistrates of Rotterdam.

And yet it may appear, at first sight, a very unnecessary undertaking in me to endeavour to show the unreasonableness of attempting to raise dissensions in the kingdom, at a *time* when the nation *seems* in perfect tranquillity; when our liberties are preserved, sacred and entire, and when the spirit of jacobinism lies dormant, in private corners, till a more proper season offers itself for its full exertion.—But, Sir, as there is still a spirit of discontent endeavoured to be kept up and *fomented*, even in the midst of our happiness and tranquillity, by a few base and profligate incendiaries, I cannot think it improper for those who, in earnest, wish well to this government, to endeavour to apply some antidotes to that secret poison they are artfully instilling into more unthinking people, which might otherwise prove fatal, or at least highly prejudicial to the whole body.

I very freely own, Sir, that the manner in which our present political controversies are carried on by *you*, has been the

chief motive that induced me to give myself the trouble of writing you so many Letters. And, as the principal arguments may be collected into a very narrow compass, so the eloquence and reasoning employed upon them would have been very short, if you had confined yourself to matters of fact, and the true interest of your country.

A man that acts upon honest and sincere principles, who is in reality, and not in pretence only, a patriot, reasons on all public occasions with calmness and temper; expresses his fears for the empire with hopes that they are groundless, and is ready and *desirous* to be convinced that his apprehensions were unnecessary. But it is the direct reverse with you and every other knave and zealot. The first step you take is, to vow ruin and destruction to one man, or to a set of men, in power; and then to make use of any arguments, any reasons, *any means*, any artifice, to put your rash vows into effectual execution. Truth and falsehood are to you things indifferent, except as to their tendency to the great point they have in view.—The welfare or ruin of your country bears no proportion in your mind to the prosperity or ruin of the man you hate; you triumph and rejoice in the midst of civil discord; and the greatest pain you are capable of feeling, is when you are sensible of the peace, the plenty, the liberty your native soil enjoys, under the influence or administration of the persons you *have been seduced* to dislike.

I am sensible there is no one man in England, save yourself and Cobbett, how “angry” soever he may be with the present ministry, will own the resemblance of the picture I have drawn; and I hope for this advantage from it, that I shall incur *no other* person’s displeasure. For I have so much charity, even for the most inveterate incendiaries, that I believe, at *first setting out*, they did not design to run the lengths that time and despair have since obliged them to do.

It is, therefore, very interesting to observe by *what* steps they have gone on from one degree of iniquity to another, and *how* they gradually inured themselves to write, and the people to read, and endure such traitorous falsehoods, as, in the first instance, would have been odious and shocking to their readers, and possibly even to themselves.

“*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*”—No man ever became, in the first instance,

the most base, was the saying of a man who lashed the follies and vices of his time with great freedom and acrimony, and yet he was willing to allow that alleviation to those whose crimes he inveighed against with most severity. I can never be convinced that any men, whose principles and education proclaim them to be Whigs, and whose actions, for the first part of their lives, confirmed that opinion, could, on any offence, disappointment, or even ill usage, resolve, *at once* to throw themselves into the arms of the Jacobins, whom they professedly opposed; to renounce, vilify, and abuse, not only those particular persons whom they profess to despise, but all their former Whig friends, acquaintance, and partizans; to traduce and arraign the majority of both Houses of Parliament, and, by lies, insinuations, and *infamous parallels*, to endeavour to disturb and reflect on his Majesty and his government, and, as much as in them lies, to alienate the affections of the people from that illustrious family, *which it was the characteristic of their former principles to defend and support!*—These things, I say, Sir appear to me impossible to be the effects of one stated resolution; and yet such *were* the professed principles, and such is the notorious practice, of yourself, of your *patrons*, and of the faction you mutually maintain and abet.

I am not unconscious that this will be turned into ridicule by the witty reasoners of the age in which we live. What! is all this bustle about the paltry speeches of a pedlar at the corner of Bridge-street?—Is Mr. Waithman such a dangerous enemy to the State? Can he raise discontents and sedition, overturn his Majesty’s government, or alienate the people’s affection from his august family?—Poor must be the strength of that government, and contemptible must be the affection of that people, which the harangues of so petty an individual has power to weaken!—This I know *will* be said: this I know *has* been said:—but this give me leave to say, in answer:—Poor is the defence this sarcasm supplies, to such as write and act in conformity to *what* you speak and publish: and, as what you speak and publish in the Common Council and Hall is industriously dispersed throughout the kingdom, and as it is of very pernicious consequence, by impudently asserting falsehoods, fomenting discontents, and instilling

groundless and malicious insinuations into the minds of unthinking people, I cannot see that I need make any other apology for continuing to take particular notice of them.

I shall, then, Sir, without any farther ceremony, proceed to consider the system pursued by you to disturb the public peace; that is, to destroy the present ministry. It was far from being proper to that purpose, to enter coolly into the debate of the reasons and motives for the several steps taken by government with regard to the *general* prosperity of Europe. The interests of nations, and other *remote views*, are of too dry and too abstract a nature for your purpose. The bulk of the citizens seldom take an interest in debates of that nature. While they enjoy peace, liberty, and plenty, it would be difficult for the most refined reasoner, or the most accomplished orator, to inflame them against the administration, to stir them up against their representatives, to induce them to revile the whole legislature, or to incite them to sedition or rebellion, against his Majesty, from whose goodness, candor, and wisdom, they receive all their blessings.—To do this effectually, recourse must be had to other methods than remote theories:—Every little, unavoidable inconvenience must be aggravated and doubled; every success, either totally denied, or lessened and ridiculed: jealousies and suspicions must first be invented and raised, and then published and cultivated as the most irrefragable truths:—the ministers must be accused of every crime that the heart of man can invent, and compared to every tyrant that this or any other country has produced:—the majority of the House of Commons must be described as a pack of mercenaries; the whole bench of Bishops must be stigmatized as enemies to all virtue, moral and divine; the entire Nobility, in a *lump*, must be devoted to destruction, and the best of princes must be vilified and traduced by these infamous libellers; while, to consummate their villany, the sacred majesty of the King himself must be insulted, and the histories of sedition, rebellion, deposition and murder, set before him as terrors and examples!—such is the system of all incendiaries.—I return, Sir, again to that particular one of yours.

The first thing I shall take notice of, is the pains you take to aggravate every inconvenience, though they are such as

must unavoidably attend *all* governments, and which no human prudence can entirely avoid. Whenever administration makes use of means duly proportionate to the end proposed, and chuses, for obtaining such an end, men of acknowledged abilities, they have done their duty; and, however unfortunate the *issue may be*, they stand acquitted of all demerit to the public. Till your time, Sir, no minister was ever supposed to be *the master of events*; and, if you are supported in this folly, no man will be rash enough to accept the helm of the state. This, I trust, will not be the case. After this responsibility, you inveigh against the load of taxes which you say the nation lies under, and, by constant, unwearyed endeavours, you strive to make the populace uneasy even at the absolute, necessary provisions for the support of the government. The debt incurred for the *preservation* of our religion and liberties, you insinuate as a charge against the present rulers, and you take no notice of the extraordinary advantages derived from the Sinking Fund.—The next misfortune you aggravate and improve, is the waste of public money and public blood. Accustomed to the details of a contracted comptor, and to limit your views to the precincts of the Fleet, those subjects appear to you in the most gigantic shape! Born in a shop, and bred in the Stock-Exchange, you cannot raise your ideas to the exigencies of the State.—Sir! it is men of your description that have induced a neighbouring *empire* to look upon us as a “nation of shop-keepers!”—Habituated to vulgar contemplations, it is not upon the altar of your God, or upon the throne of your Sovereign, that your eyes are fixed, but upon the Stock-Exchange. You feel not for the honour of your country—you tremble for no generous nation!—Do the British immortalize themselves at Seringapatam, at Alexandria, at Maida, at Vimiera, at Talavera, at Cape St. Vincent, at the Nile, at Trafalgar—throughout all the lands and waters of the earth?—What of that? thank God, *the stocks rise*!—Does Napoleon enslave the French, cross the Alps, subdue the Italians, lay waste the fields of Marengo, devastate the heights of Jena, overrun the plains of Austerlitz, and depopulate Wagram?—What then?—*Thank God, stocks rise still*! But when the miserable amount of a few taxes, *necessary to the very existence of those worshipped stocks*, is felt proceeding out

of your own pocket—it is not then, thank God! It is then—the *palladium of the country is in danger*, and that Britons, sooner than pay such a tax, had better bend their necks to a foreign yoke, and drag out the remains of degraded life under the obscene dominion of Buonaparte!!!

These are the only inconveniences or *real* misfortunes that you charge to the account of the present ministers; and, as these are fewer and less considerable than ever attended this nation for a long series of time; it is in vain to attempt the destruction of the ministry on such vague and puerile ground. However, still to contribute toward it, as I have observed, any success that may attend their councils, must be lessened and depreciated. The *actual* peace of the country, the flourishing state of our trade, the increase of riches to the empire, and the prosperous state of public credit, are so far from being matters of joy and gratitude, that some are presumptuously denied, and others represented as the effect of pusillanimity, and inglorious to the nation. Loss of trade, scarcity of money, difficulties in credit, and a state of war and confusion, are the waters you delight to fish in. These you wished to make apparent, and your disappointment has driven you to that degree of madness, as to deny, at noon-day, this enjoyment of contrary blessings.

Thus far, Sir, you and your city faction labour in vain. The Ministers still subsist, *with a proper exception*, and no vacancies are made for republican successors. This cavilling about Spain and Walcheren, and some trifling inconveniences resulting from war, have not inflamed the people to call out for a change of Government; therefore, some domestic grievance must be found out, that may more sensibly affect them. But here is the difficulty. No such grievance is really to be found, nor is it easy to invent such an one as shall gain sufficient regard, to be of any service in contradiction to the senses and daily experience of those who must be made to believe it. I must, notwithstanding, condescend to notice some of the scurrilous language and groundless aspersions, with which you endeavour to defame his Majesty's government. But I presume, I shall not be called upon for particular instances to support this fact: to do that effectually, would be to transcribe all your political labours for some years past. Ex-

amine your orations! and, let the subject be ever so remote, you may be sure of meeting some *odious epithet* tacked to the word *minister*, to season it after the manner of a city feast. Nor is it at all thought necessary that these *Newgate* appellations should be consistent with each other, much less founded in truth or even probability. Names must be called, no matter what; but the more the better. One name of reproach may affect a hearer of *one* kind, and another of *another*; till, by the help of this catalogue of slander, no man can want a proper appellation to stigmatize the person he wishes to abuse. Thus *avaricious* and *expensive*, *enterprising*, and *cowardly*, *bold* and *fearful*, *ignorant* and *cunning*, seem to be at first sight somewhat inconsistent and contradictory; and yet, by a little artifice, and a great deal of impudence, they are all made to centre in the same person. But the two favourite epithets with you, Sir, are *CORRUPT* and *BLUNDERING*; and, as you so often repeat them, they shall now meet my direct and particular attention.

I believe nobody will deny, that, for some time past, there has not been wanting a malignant disposition utterly to disgrace and destroy those Ministers whom you thus abuse. It will likewise be readily granted, that, among those who excite you to their destruction—and *who have vowed it in the Whig Club*—there are not wanting men of great abilities, versed in the ways of business, acquainted with courts, and not ignorant of mankind. Can it then be doubted that they are at a loss for the most speedy and effectual method to accomplish their designs? Can they have a doubt within themselves that one or more apparent proofs of this heavy charge of *UNIVERSAL CORRUPTION* would contribute more to the attainment of their end, than volumes of papers, or the most laboured harangues, without it, can possibly do? Can they be so ignorant of his Majesty's honour and integrity, as to doubt that such a proof is the readiest way to remove the Ministers from his favour? Or can they believe that their Sovereign is so weak, or any number of men so credulous, as to be convinced without it? What then must every impartial man think of this charge? He must immediately conclude, it proceeds from malice, and is a groundless slander!

All that I ever hear alleged by you and the Whigs, whose *delegate* you are

in the city, in excuse for not producing any evidence to support this accusation, is, that the times are improper; that those who ought to remedy this evil are sharers in the guilt, and those who ought to cure the disease infected with the same distemper. Poor and low is this subterfuge! Bold and daring is the insinuation! His Majesty can remedy this evil were he convinced of the truth: is he, therefore, such a sharer in the guilt of his servants, that you and your *honest, honest*, IAGOS dare not acquaint him with their crimes. This you will all, with one voice, disclaim: and still, with an assurance little inferior, affect to lay it at the door of the body of the legislature; traducing at once a number of peers and gentlemen, much your superiors and betters in the eyes of all the world, but your own.

Now let me ask, Sir, what mischief could attend you, were your *accusations proved*, according to your invidious insinuations? None certainly. This *you know*; and from this *I know*, that the excuse is false, and your accusation of corruption groundless! What then, Sir, must you be, who, without foundation, and without *remorse*, go on thus to vilify and abuse, not the Ministers only, as I find by your speech in the Common Hall, but the whole legislature? HE that calls another a *villain*, should be ready to prove it, or to expect the scandal to recoil. HE that can bring proof of a crime against the state, IN A TANGIBLE FORM, and conceals it, is guilty of misprision, at least, of the same offence: If he know it, he ought to declare it; but, if he know it not, and yet proclaims it as fact, he is a *false slanderer*, and, as such, a pest to the community at large.

The public may perceive by this much, Sir, what a *spectre* I should make of you, were I to go through such a wild scene as your harangues, paragraph by paragraph; but, as I have given the *clue*, they may easily clear the rest of the way themselves. What I have remarked is, I hope, sufficient to evince the folly of men being captivated with such romantic orations, where one sentence eternally contradicts the next, and framed and constructed on such a sandy basis, so senseless and ungrounded, that the orator's friends may truly say, "*it is totally unanswerable*;" for, I challenge the orator, or others for him, to show any fact proved, or so substantiated, as fairly to demand credit from any one reasoning man in the kingdom; or, indeed, any thing that

looks like a fact, in one place, that is not, in another, directly opposite. Such ingenuity, mingled with so much invective, so invidiously contrived, to amuse, alarm, and deceive, is quite a new species of declamation; and such as was never before uttered in any assembly of honest people. It appears, Sir, to have its source in a bad heart and a distempered brain; and let the speaker be of what party, or take what side of the question he will, he is equally to be despised and discountenanced!

Not having defined, Sir, your other *tangible* charge of "BUNGLING," and other crimes against Ministers, I shall have to beg your attention to one more letter from, Sir, your close observer,

ALBION.

SPANISH MANIFESTO.

Continued from page 544.

----- This is the time—this, to collect in one point the national dignity and honour, and when the Spanish people may will and decree the extraordinary surplus which a powerful nation ever has within it for its salvation. It alone can encounter and put them in motion; it alone can encourage the timidity of some and restrain the ambition of others; it alone will suppress importunate vanity, puerile pretensions, and enflamed passions, which, unless prevented, go to tear in pieces the Government. It will, in fine give, to Europe a fresh example its religion, its circumspection, and its discretion, in the just and moderate use which it is about to make of the glorious liberty in which it is constituted. Thus it is that the Supreme Junta, which immediately recognized this national representation as a right, and proclaimed it as a reward, now invokes and implores it as the most necessary and efficacious remedy; and has therefore resolved that the General Cortes of the Monarchy, announced in the decree of the 22nd May, shall be convoked on the 1st day of January in the next year, in order to enter on their august functions the 1st day of March following. When that happy day has arrived, the Junta shall say to the Representatives of the Nation:—

Ye are met together, O Fathers of your Country! and re-established in all the plenitude of your rights, after a lapse of three centuries, when despotism and arbitrary power dissolved you, in order to subject this nation to all the evils of servitude. The aggression which we have suf-

ferred, and the war which we maintain, are the fruits of the most shameful oppression and the most unjust tyranny. The Provincial Juntas, who were able to resist and repulse the enemy in the first impetus of his invasion, invested the Supreme Junta with the Sovereign Authority, which they exercised for a time, to give unity to the State and concentrate its power. Called to the exercise of this authority, not by ambition or intrigue, but by the unanimous voice of the provinces of the kingdom, the individuals of the Supreme Junta showed themselves worthy of the high confidence reposed in them, by employing all their vigilance and exertions for the preservation and posterity of the State. The magnitude of our efforts will be apparent from the consideration of the enormity of the evil which preceded. When the power was placed in our hands, our armies, half formed, were unprovided and destitute of every thing, our treasury was empty, and our resources uncertain and distant. The despot of France, availing himself of the tranquillity in which the North then was, poured upon the Peninsula the military power under his command, the most formidable that has been known in the most warlike regions, better provided, and above all more numerous than others, rushed on every side, though much to their cost, against our armies, destitute of the same expertness and confidence. A new inundation of barbarians who carried desolation through all the provinces of which they took possession, was the consequence of these reverses, and the ill-closed wounds of our unfortunate country began painfully to open and pour with blood in torrents. The State thus lost half its strength; and when the Junta, bound to save the honour, the independence, and the unity of the nation from the impetuous invasion of the tyrant, took refuge in Andalusia, a division of 30,000 men repaired to the walls of Saragossa, to bury themselves in its ruins. The army of the centre being thus deprived of a great part of its strength, did not give to its operations that activity and energy which must have had very different results from those of the battle of Ales. The avenues of the Sierra Morena and the banks of the Tagus were only defended by ill-armed handfuls of men, to whom could scarcely be given the name of armies. The Junta, however, by means of activity and sacrifices, rendered them such, so routed and dispersed in the two battles of Ciudad Real and Metellin, instead of de-

spairing of the country, they redoubled their efforts, and in a few days collected and opposed to the enemy 70,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry.

These forces have since fought, it is true, with ill-success, but always with gallantry and glory. The creation and reparation, and the subsistence of these armies, have more than absorbed the considerable supplies which have been sent to us by our brethren in America. We have maintained in the free provinces unity, order, and justice: and in those occupied by the enemy, we have exerted our endeavours to preserve, though secretly, the fire of patriotism, and the ties of loyalty: we have vindicated the national honour and independence in the most complicated and difficult diplomatic negotiations; and we have made head against adversity, without suffering ourselves to be ever beaten down by it, trusting that we should overcome it by our constancy. We have, without doubt, committed errors, and we would willingly, were it possible, redeem them with our blood: but in the confusion of events, among the mountains of difficulties which surround us, who could be certain of always being in the right? Could we be responsible, because one body of troops wanted valour, and another confidence; because one general had less prudence, and another less good fortune? Much, Spaniards, is to be attributed to our inexperience, much to circumstances, but nothing to our inattention. That ever has been to deliver our unfortunate King from slavery, and preserve to him a throne, for which the Spanish people has made such sacrifices, and to maintain it free, independent, and happy. We have, from the time of our institution, promised him a country; we have decreed the abolition of arbitrary power, from the time we announced the re-establishment of our Cortes. Such is, oh, Spaniards! the use we have made of the unlimited power and authority confided to us; and when our wisdom shall have established the basis and form of Government most proper for the independence and good of the State, we will resign the authority into the hands you shall point out; contented with the glory of having given to the Spaniards the dignity of a nation, legitimately constituted. May this solemn and magnificent assembly be productive of efficacious means, energy, and fortune; may it be an immense, inextinguishable volcano, from which may flow tor-

rents of patriotism, to revivify every part of this vast monarchy; to inflame all minds with that divine enthusiasm, which produces the safety and glory of nations, and the despair of tyrants! Raise yourselves, noble Fathers of the country, to the elevation of your high duties; and Spain, exalted with you to an equally brilliant destiny, shall see returned into her bosom, for her happiness, Ferdinand the Seventh and his unfortunate family—shall see her sons enter on the paths of prosperity and glory, which they ought thenceforth to pursue; and receive the crown of the sublime, and almost divine efforts which they are making.

Marquis of Astorga, President.

Pedro de Rivero, Secretary General.

Royal Alcazar of Seville, Oct. 28, 1809.

Declaration of War by Spain against Denmark.

ROYAL DECREE.

Don Ferdinand VII. by the Grace of God, King of Spain, &c. &c. and, in his name, the Supreme Central Governing Junta of Spain and the Indies, to my Counsellors of War, Viceroy, and Captains General of my Armies and Provinces, and all other Officers of my Armies and Provinces, and all other Officers of my army and navy, Intendants, Governors, and Alcaldes of towns and fortresses, and other persons, of whatever class, estate, or condition they may be, in all the cities, towns, and villages of these my kingdoms of Spain and the Indies, to whom the contents of this my Royal Decree may refer, be it known, that on the 18th of September, I have sent to the President of my Supreme Council of War, the following Decree:

Spain, elevated in one day to the summit of glory, which her valour and magnanimity acquired her, cannot now, without compromising her honour, observe much longer with indifference the aggravated and hostile acts of the Danish Government, for which that Government cannot plead in justification or excuse to the Court of Spain, the loss of liberty, and the oppression suffered on the part of France.

One of the means by which the French Government took advantage to forward its designs, was to send from Spain a part of the Spanish army, first to Hamburgh, and, and then to Denmark, in which it was evident to the Sovereign of that kingdom, and to the French themselves, in the war in which they were

engaged, that the services which all Europe has seen (and which were to have been expected from the discipline and valour of the Spanish troops), and which were performed with so much glory, became an injury to themselves, of which the loss of so many men in distant regions is a manifest proof.

The moment that part of the Spanish army which was in Denmark, got intelligence of the noble resolution of their compatriots throwing off the yoke and declaring war against France, they adopted the noble plan, examples of which are very rare in history, and abandoned Denmark, embarking themselves to unite with their fellow citizens in their own country; to fly to succour their brethren, fearless of danger, and to partake in the glory which the others had acquired—a memorable instance of the unanimity and cordiality of sentiment which reigned among Spaniards, even when divided by so immense a distance. The Marquis of Romana, who commanded that corps, not doubting of the valour, the constancy, and patriotism of his soldiers, assisted by the zeal of the officers and the common sentiment, resolved to withdraw with the greater part of his troops, reuniting them in the Island of Langeland, from which they were to embark for Spain, by means of the efficacious assistance which was rendered them by the English navy stationed in those seas.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The late favours of J. J. W. J. will be duly attended to.

Cobbett and Waithman, versus Lords Castlereagh and Hertford, cannot be noticed this week for want both of time and room. “Jacobin Guineas” shall also speedily be seized on.

It is my intention to insert a letter, received some time since, signed “Farnham,” with a few remarks to convince the writer that he has formed a wrong estimate of the effect of seditious publications.

Poetry, of any description, can never be admitted into this Register, except as quotations. The lines on the Subscription Patriot have been inserted in my *Phoenix*.

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Ye hands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys,
 Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS:—Important remarks on the proceedings which are reported to have taken place at and since the opening of Parliament.—Real aim of Oppositionists exposed.—Consequences of believing in the dangerous sentiments of Sir Francis Burdett.—Effect of such harangues upon Continental nations.—Result of the indiscriminate war of the Opposition.—Advantage derived by the Constitution from what are denominated Rotten Boroughs.—Reasons why the Catholics must not be emancipated.—Expected change of Ministry ridiculed.—On the dangerous tendency of Cobbet's Register, with arguments to convince the timid or apathetic, that no Jacobinical publication ought to be despised, or be suffered to pass unnoticed.—Alarm of Cobbett, at the success of this Register.—Farther remarks on the War-taxes, by J. J. W. J.—Letter of PHILO ANGLUS, exposing a diabolical plot of the Jacobins, and their reasons why it has not yet been put in execution.—Continuation of various public Documents.—Numerous literary favours announced.

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Addressed to the People of the United Kingdom &c.

— O cæca nocentum
 Consilia! O semper timidum scelus.—STAT.

"Oh, the blind councils of the guilty! Oh, how ever cowardly is wickedness!"

By ALBION.

With a trembling hand, with conscious inability, I guide the pen which is to address the Public of England. The man who demands an audience at that awful tribunal, however he may borrow his powers from nature, should receive his instructions from the heart. From that sovereign within himself, he ought to write, and to the like, within others, he ought to appeal. I sit down, therefore, with a design to cast off, in the outset, the degrading yoke of faction or party, and to be biassed by no other consideration than an ardent desire to promote the welfare of my country. Besides, as I think the hereditary, the principled, or the unprincipled *Jacobin* is not to be either reclaimed or reasoned with, I shall not attempt to oppose a cherished error. But it is not from *those* that the Government can be now altogether endangered. It is from *those* who take up, or lay aside, their principles as calumny suggests, as ignorance conceives, or as expediency prescribes. Insensible of the gradation from dissatisfaction to disaffection; unknowing where liberty ends, and licentiousness commences, many rush, from disliking measures, into hating persons; and some, from the principles of resistance,

which nature and liberty warrant, are hurried into the practice of insurrection, which reason and religion disclaim. But let me ask Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Ponsonby, Sir Francis Burdett, the Hon. Mrs. Ward, and other members of their complexion, whether the Government, under the august House that now sways the *British Sceptre*, has ventured upon those fundamental violations of the Constitution, which make professions lose their faith, and *Treason* its name.

I forbear to go into the vulgar practice of numberless exemplifications, in the negative of this question. I am far from being one of those who deny that the jealousy of the people has been sometimes warrantably, virtuously, and critically alarmed; but I deny that *that* alarm was ever attended with the real danger that warrants the means employed by the opposition to accelerate the dissolution of the Government. Yes, my countrymen, the real aim of the Opposition tends to the fundamental ruin of every guard to private property, of every fence to public liberty, that the labour of ages, the *blood* of Britons, and the wisdom of your ancestors, had won, had preserved, and had established! It tends to dissolve that even tenor of Government, that happy temper of Constitution, which bless you beyond all that the profusion of nature, the richness of soil, or the serenity of climate can bestow.

The blessings of liberty are such, that a generous mind alone can either confer or enjoy them. But it is with *your* liberties as with *your* fruits; though some were *indigenous* and coeval with the soil itself, yet it was care, it was culture, it was the happy hand of industry, it was

the deep engraftment of judgment, which cherished the tender bud, which spread the enlivening bloom, and matured the generous produce! And shall you—shall the sons surfeit upon what formed the aliment of their forefathers? Shall the enjoyment of this best of blessings be more fatal to you, than its acquisition was painful and laborious to them? Yet this must be the case, when senators like Lords Moira, St. Vincent, Grenville, Grey, Erskine, Whitbread, &c. &c. &c. lose reflection in the midst of happiness and gratitude, in imaginary danger.

The charm of virtuous enjoyment flows equally from the communication as from the reception of happiness. The great deliverers of mankind, the successful improvers of nature, borrow their fame from the felicity they bestow upon others; and I must have integrity enough to own, that the *present* legislature have but too many, and too melancholy opportunities of acquiring glory by the same means. That glory, however, is not to be obtained by believing, with Sir Francis Burdett, that no *legitimate Legislature* exists, that the House of Commons is merely a *chamber-room, assembly, or forum*, filled with persons *assuming* to be members of the Parliament House; nor is it to be realized, by imitating the *idolatry* of the Hon. Mr. Ward, who turns his eyes from the throne of the nation, to fix them upon that "*Great and consummate statesman and general, Buonaparte, who contains within himself all the shining qualities of those men, who, at any time, by their talents, rendered France formidable to this country—who unites the policy of Richelieu with the military genius of Turenne, and adds the ambition of Louis XIV. to the enterprise and virtue of Condé!!!*" No; to secure the glory I allude to, the Parliament must assert its dignity, by *expelling* any member who denies the supremacy of the House, or who endeavours to excite insurrection against the Crown by parallels that are at once criminal and meretricious. In short, it must behold the opposition in its true light—in that point of view in which it was, on the night of the 23rd inst. so justly and so glaringly depicted. The division on that night was considered as the loss of their last anchor; and received not only with the fretfulness of disappointment, but with the rage of desperation. When they found that the Ministry were strong, in spite of their machinations, and that the soft effulgence

of tranquillity shone out upon the nation, they felt no motion but that of sullen malignity; they could not, like Milton's prince of hell, abstract themselves a moment from their evil; as they have not the wit of Satan, they have not his virtue; they tried once, again, what could be done by sophistry without art, and confidence without credit. They represented their Sovereign as dishonoured, and their country as betrayed; or, in their fiercer paroxysms of fury, reviled the ministry for having enslaved the land.

Foreign nations, unacquainted with the arrogance of opposition, the insolence of common-councils, and unaccustomed to the howl of plebeian patriotism, when they read the speeches of our orators; when they hear of rabbles and dissensions, of petitions and remonstrances; when they see the chain of subordination broken, and the legislature threatened and despised, will naturally imagine that such a government may be defied; that the opposition will espouse the cause of the enemy of mankind; that the Mayor of London is to be commander of the army and tutor to the King; and that the world may expect war or peace from a vote of the members of the Common-hall!

But our enemies have now lost their hopes, and the friends of order and government are recovered from their fears. To fancy that our Constitution can be subverted by the Opposition, whom its lenity pampered into impudence, is to fear that a city may be drowned by the overflowing of its kennels! The distemper in the Government, which cowardice or malice thought either decay of the vitals, or resolution of the nerves, appears at last to have been nothing more than a political *phthisiasis*, a disease which is the effect of negligence rather than of weakness, and of which the shame is greater than the danger. It is true, notwithstanding, that among the disturbers of our quiet are some animals of extraordinary bulk, whom their power of roaring persuades us to think formidable; but we ought now to perceive, that sound and force do not always go together. The noise of a savage proves nothing but his ferocity and hunger.—After all our broils, then, foreign and domestic, the issue of the first week of our session, is favourable to our dignity, and fruitful of anticipated success. It has shown that we have gained political strength by the increase of our reputation; that we have

gained real strength by the augmentation of our navy; that we have manifested to Europe, that seventeen years of war have not yet exhausted us; and that we have enforced our trade and settlements into regions on which, twenty years ago, we durst not venture to look.

These are the gratifications only of honest minds; but this is a time in which hope comes to all. From the present strength of the Ministry, the *patriots* themselves may derive advantage. To be harmless, though by impotence, obtains some degree of kindness. No man hates a worm as he hates a viper: the opposition was lately dreaded enough to be detested, as serpents that could bite; they have now shown that they can only hiss, and may therefore quietly sink into holes, and change their *slough*, unmolested and forgotten.—Yes, Englishmen! as our Constitution stands on a nice equipoise, with steep precipices and deep waters upon all sides of it, it behoves you to be *watchful* of your domestic enemies, and to be careful, that, in removing the Constitution from a dangerous leaning towards one side, there may be a risk of oversetting it on the other. Every project of a material change, in a government so complicated as ours, combined at the same time with external circumstances still more complicated, is a matter full of difficulties; in which a considerate man will not be too ready to decide; a prudent man too ready to undertake; or an honest man too ready to promise: and which, every wise man must know, should not be confided to the calumniators of a Brunswick, and the eulogists of a Buonaparte.

By indiscriminate war against all administrations, the opposition have banished all integrity and confidence out of their parliamentary proceedings; have confounded the best men with the worst; and weakened and injured, instead of strengthening and compacting, the general frame of government. If any person is more concerned for the liberties of his country, than for the Constitution and for order, even he is equally concerned to put an end to this course of *indiscriminate* opposition. It is the blind and undistinguishing opposition that feeds the fountain of those very disorders, by which he is frightened into the arms of that disaffection which contains, in itself, the source of all disorders, by enfeebling all the visible and regular authority of the state. The

distemper is increased by his injudicious and treasonable endeavours, or pretences, for the cure of it.

I cannot say that the opposition respect the public or themselves by this indiscriminate rage, or by engaging for more than they are sure that they ought themselves to attempt, or be able to perform, if in power.—From their speeches in both Houses of Parliament, it is very evident that they propose to pledge themselves, to effect a *reform* of the legislature, and to an *emancipation* of the Romanists of the British empire. There are two considerations which dispose me to doubt the *sincerity* of these two points. In the first place, they must know, that, if ever they *reform* the parliament by the extinction of the boroughs, they subvert the Constitution, and sink *themselves* to the level of ordinary men. For it is well known to them, that the "*rotten boroughs*" are the true palladia of the Constitution; the instrument which repels the power of the people, and enables the ministry to maintain the dignity and reputation of the state. Hence arises their abhorrence to those boroughs; and be assured, that if ever they hold the helm of government, they will preserve the "*rotten boroughs*," as the only means for securing a continuance in the ministerial seat. The fact is, the *boroughs* are the salvation of this country; they were created by our wisest ancestors and best of monarchs, to check the *licentiousness* of the delegates of the people; and to them we owe, that this country is not, at this moment, in a desperate and plunging state of anarchy and republicanism. Without their aid, a ministry, however distinguished for talent and virtue, could carry no question whatever; and the attempts of government to support the state, to execute the laws, and collect the supplies, would meet with nothing but violence, contumely, and opposition. In the second place, the opposition can never intend to effect a complete Catholic emancipation. They are conscious that that measure would also produce a dissolution of the Government. They are conscious that the Catholics would return at least eighty Roman members to parliament, which, coalescing with *any* opposition, against *any* ministry, would destroy the equipoise of the legislature, and open all the flood-gates of popular domination and plebeian power. My Lord Grenville, who is gifted with more integrity, moderation, and judgment than

any of his party, has had the liberality to express his doubts about the propriety of a complete and total emancipation: when he reads a pamphlet, which Mr. Blagdon is about to publish, he will, I have no doubt, proceed a point farther; he will confess that, although the concessions have been already sufficiently munificent, or sufficiently submissive, yet the Irish Romanists are neither gratified by our kindness, nor softened by our humility; and that nothing short of political supremacy and clerical dominion can satisfy the votaries of that aspiring and tyrannic religion. It is, therefore, evident to the opposition, that the reform of parliament and the Catholic emancipation can never be effected with safety while England respects her Monarch and her nobility. If forced upon the government, it must be regarded as political assassination; if voluntarily accomplished by the government, it must be found to be political suicide—a crime but little known to any civilized nation. It is natural, then, to ask, what do the opposition mean by dragooning ministers into a measure which they themselves, if in power, would not dare to execute? It is very evident, that they *can* only mean to multiply charges against the government, and to bring down odium upon it, by compelling them to reject propositions, which they have so long strove, by their harangues, and by their writings, to render popular; and this for the distinct and *single* purpose of obtaining, for themselves and friends, a controul and dominion over the offices and treasures of the empire.

The proceedings of the House, on Lord Porchester's motion, respecting "the policy and conduct of the expedition to Walcheren," do not appear to justify the glow of hope and confidence which animates this communication. And I also know, that I stand nearly alone, when I calculate upon the continued existence of the present Ministry. I also know the despondence of my friends and the arrogance of my enemies. *I know the subject of their midnight orgies.* But it is not for me to despond. When the tempest they have raised has dissevered the good old vessel, it is then time enough to fly, as a coward, to ignominious refuge. For me—"as long as the gilded lion is at the head," I will uphold it with romantic enthusiasm, and exhibit it to you, my countrymen, as the glittering sign, the honourable emblem, the splendid presage

of public happiness and political victory. Canning, Croker, Peele!—while distress and danger are destroying all fanciful respect for every thing that has hitherto been held sacred by the House; while exhausted, sinking majesty is precipitated into premature ruin—let it be for you to give it elevation and support. And, even, when it has had its use—when it has performed its service, and can no longer illuminate the state,—let it be no longer exposed, and dragged about, by Burdett and his gang of infamous levelers, for mockery and insolent profanation; but let it be generously and gratefully laid up, like a votive tablet, in the temple of the country,—the consecrated record of virtue and greatness.

In regard to the ministerial minority, it was a situation into which Mr. Perceval introduced them himself. There was no wisdom in opposing the motion of Lord Porchester—the *enquiry was a phantom* which the country was determined to pursue, and Mr. Perceval should have known that the torrent, which may be taught to irrigate and to improve, by a judicious government, may inundate and destroy, by being improperly dammed up and checked in those avenues through which it ought to have been instructed to flow.—Had Mr. Perceval submitted *the papers*, alluded to in his Majesty's speech, to the House, and courted enquiry on the Walcheren expedition, it would have saved the Cabinet, and the country, all the endless and useless investigation they are now condemned to suffer; for, in that case, the enquiry would have been confined to the *manner* in which the Expedition was conducted; but, as the motion is *now* framed, the enquiry is to extend to the *POLICY* of the measure, and consequently is intended not only to criminate Lord Chatham, but to annihilate the present ministry altogether. Before the prosecution of this enquiry, I shall only repeat a remark which I made on a former occasion,—that, whenever an administration makes use of means duly proportioned to the end proposed, and chuses, for obtaining such end, men of acknowledged abilities in their profession, fully instructed and empowered to act, they have done their duty; and, however unfortunate the issue may be, they stand acquitted of all demerit to the public. No minister was ever supposed to be the master of events;—and the sea is known to be the most inconstant place for the rea-

lization of the most judicious operations. The gentlemen of the opposition, it would appear, have hemispheres of their own creation. They have no storms to vex, no dark nights, no excessive and continuing winds, no pestilential fogs to obscure their ocean, or disguise the dangers of the land! What a heavenly change shall we experience by their accession to power! What a climate we shall enjoy! What a paradise shall our country become! What angelic ministers will reign over the delightful whole!

Presuming that the country may be seduced by these flattering expectations, (for, from the present perverted state of the public mind, I am justified in presuming any act of desperation, political suicide and popular madness), I shall conclude this address with a few serious remarks on the *expected* change of ministry.

The clamour raised in favour of this measure rises from one grand argument of the Whig Club; namely, the decisive superiority of abilities, on the part of opposition.—This favourite *common place*, so perpetually and so modestly urged, might lead to personal parallels, of all others the most invidious, as well as disputable. On this question every man must judge for himself. All that I shall here say, is this; that it must, indeed, be a much more infinite superiority of talent, than frequently falls in the scale of human understanding, that can, at once, render the qualifications of any set of men, so supremely superexcellent to those of others, some of whom have been literally educated in office, others passed the greatest part of their lives in foreign embassies of complicated concern, with the ablest and purest reputation; and *all* perfectly equal to their competitors in every advantage of rank and situation.—To this the thousand declamatory common-place replies of practised fraud, veteran subtilty, and hardened treachery, as they may be easily imagined, shall be silently despised. Certainly, fellow countrymen, there are individuals in opposition, of most extensive, and possibly of unequalled understandings, the *accession* of whose abilities would give lustre to public council, and be, indeed, almost a national blessing. This tribute has been accorded by me some time since, and is to be found in many of my Letters, published in this Register. But I assert, if the miserable *appendages* of Lords Grenville, Grey,

Moira, and Erskine; of Messrs. Whitbread, Ponsonby, and Grattan, must forever fix their ponderous and oppressive influence on talents formed for free and bold aspiring;—if a Burdett is to be torn from the treacherous bosom of Tooke; if a Sheridan is to be dragged from the altar of vice; if a Ward is to be taken from the regions of the stews, and a Wardle to be looked for in the haunts of Despard; THEN may their perverted excellence be justly pronounced the ruin of their country: and, while to vulgar observation, this luminous and malignant prodigy, this splendid, but baneful portent, scatters admiration and amazement;—by every more thinking mind, it will at once be wondered at and lamented, deprecated and deplored.—For pre-eminence of genius becomes doubly pernicious by the abuse of its own superiority, and the contaminating degradation of the faculties of others; and is, indeed, both by effect, and by example,—the decay of a whole age.

ALBION.

Jan. 28th, 1810.

ON THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY OF COBBETT'S INFAMOUS REGISTER.

“Let the serpent COBBETT, hiss and vent his spleen:—the wretch will bite *himself*, and mortify from his own wound.” FARNHAM.

How mischievous soever may be the designs of the arch Demagogue, and all the other common enemies of our national welfare, yet so many false colours are generally used to *disguise* and *cover* them, so many constructions given of any discovery, as often gain and keep numbers of unthinking proselytes in their favour, who are so ready to *resent* and *expose* every step that may be taken to weaken their fatal influence, that if we would lend an ear to their wise thoughts, *we must never question or suspect any danger till it open upon us, and is ready to destroy us!* In other words, we must “let the serpent hiss,” and make no attempt to annihilate the reptile that disturbs our felicity or repose. Had there never been *new* occasions given by Cobbett, his patrons, and *their* parasites, for any unnecessary fears, the aversion from *any* search or reflection might be regarded; and it would not be a little desirable to cast a veil upon past transactions, were they not followed by, and hourly supported with fresh marks of disaffection and madness, so visibly contrary to our best interests. But it is asked, must we silently sit down under the constant

alarms of danger, of national ruin, that eternally sound in our ears, and take it for our necessary inheritance to be continually embroiled with the gloomy tidings of the traitors to our land? Is there no way of coming at men's minds, to give a turn to their infatuation? As great weakness as it may be conceived in any to cramp their own thoughts, or to *flutter* the country with false or unnecessary fears, yet since Cobbett now makes it absolutely appear, that a dangerous conspiracy *has been for some time found, and is DECLARED TO BE STILL CARRYING ON, for an innovating and theoretical reform*, though it were owned to be attended with a feeble and contemptible power, must we carelessly see it gather and spread, without taking any notice of it, and tamely suffer "*the serpent to hiss*"—tamely permit any encouragement for the Burdettites to make another effort to overturn the Constitution, and destroy the vital principle both of Church and State? Is it not high time to look out for some expedient for a final prevention of such repetitions? May it not be granted necessary to change our labours with a view of the complicated intentions of our opponents?—for however seemingly withered they may be, like *Aaron's rod*, they are every day shooting out new blossoms.

Since a farther increase of hope is added to this faction by a fresh generation of city Jacobins, to keep up their insolent designs against us, and to perpetuate the concerns, if not the dangers of future ages;—since, after all the demonstration that has been made of the frenzy of such as lean towards the spurious doctrines of Cobbett, there is yet more than the remains of murmurings, which encourage the hopes of mischief, even when there is no *open* hostility: since, notwithstanding the most cautious and softening measures of the government, *not a few* are daily observed to spread the most sly and flaming insinuations, to shock and alienate the wavering and undiscerning minds, it is in vain for any man to think that such a prospect would OF ITSELF withdraw and vanish without any ill consequence, if at last left alone, unopposed and unobserved. Besides, to say that when the body is for the most part sound, free from this putrid taint, some few sprinklings of poison can do but little harm, is laying down an hypothesis unsupported by any philosophical precept; it being ever allowed, according to the Scripture aphorism, that a

LITTLE LEVEN *leaveneth the whole heap!*—that every degree of evil still tends to impair our Constitution, and that whatever carries any infection with it cannot be too much guarded against. Under such convictions, it is again asked, what lover of his country can be content to see the malignity of Cobbett lurking and spreading in the body-politic, till it corrupt and gangrene the whole system of the state?

Notwithstanding the weight of the above reflections, I find, and have for some time found, a slight current of contrary opinion setting in against me; arising as I conceive, from that political luke-warmness, that *milk and water principle*, which, if persevered in, will assuredly conduce to our ruin; and as the following letter signed "FARNHAM," is a true representation of so destructive a stream, I insert it for the amusement of some and the astonishment of others of my readers. For my own part, being constantly honoured with all sorts of anonymous attacks, I was at first undecided whether the letter in question were not a gentlemanly kind of a satire upon my loyal exertions; but, on an attentive perusal, I was convinced that the writer literally felt as he expresses himself.

After a sentence or two of no importance, the writer thus proceeds:

"I fear, Mr. Blagdon, you make too much of this *Botley thing*, by condescending so regularly to notice him as you do.—History tells us of a man who set fire to the Temple of Delphos, merely to immortalise his own name; and there are men in our days, who, from equally laudable motives, would perpetrate the foulest deeds. It is a pretty thing, let me tell you, to see *one's name* in the *public* prints,—to see the literary world in arms about *one*. Indeed, Sir, I should fancy myself of vast importance if my scrawls were half so *happy*; and what would the people think me?—Why, a GREAT MAN, to be sure. This is, probably the case with the *Botley thing*. He *may* feel flattered by such distinction, and thereby gains his point. But, on the contrary, were men like you to let the serpent hiss and vent his *spleen* unnoticed, unregarded, the wretch would *bite* HIMSELF, and mortify from his own wound. As to me, far from apprehending any evil consequences from this *thing's cacoethes*, I laugh at the fellow's impudence; and wish him a rod. Poor soul! what must

"it not cost him, to distort and pervert *good sense**, as he does: (Mark, however, I do not mean *his* good sense. O! no; that is *quite out* of the question; for, had he any, he could never act so much like an IDIOT); and, yet, we see he cannot leave it alone. Ah! Billy! Billy! thou art a fine lad. There are few such *wits* as thee, (thank heaven)! Yet it would seem, that all thy sapience, all thy rhetoric, is vain. John Bull will not "take heed." The *fool* will be "LOYAL," even though he be so "for nothing;" he will not weep when thou thinkst fit. He will "rejoice, and give thanks," and love his COUNTRY and his KING, spite of thy *threats* and *visionary plagues*!!!!

"Excuse this momentary effusion, Mr. Blagdon; Billy *was* a townsman of mine, but he *forsook us* ALL,—we thought him LOST.—Happy event, had he never been found again!

"I remain, Sir, your constant Reader

"FARNHAM."

There was a time when I could perfectly agree with "Farnham," but believe me, Reader, that time is gone by. Had not the venal prints of this metropolis been employed for the last ten years in writing Cobbett *up hill*, it is certainly true that the labour of kicking him step by step to the bottom would not have been imposed upon or courted by me.—But finding him on an eminence, where the folly or depravity of my cotemporaries has placed him, and knowing, as I well do, that he has taken that post for the purpose of advancing designs inimical to the welfare of the nation, I must persevere, notwithstanding the gentlemanly admonition of Farnham, and other friends of his complexion, whom I have the honour to possess: hence, in the very words of the Demagogue himself, I answer, when it is intimated that I am too *personal* against the Jacobins,—“What! ought we to show *delicacy* towards fellows like these!” Whom does the Demagogue *spare*, let me ask, on the ground of *personal delicacy*?—No, no; I must persevere in my efforts to crush the head of the serpent, instead of suffering him to hiss and ejaculate his poison in the face of my insulted countrymen!

I know that there are many who unite with Farnham, in advising the friends of the Administration to *despise* the complaints of its opponents. I answer, were

* Vide his letter in answer to Mr. Goodlad.

there *only* some little prejudice against the government, yet *even this*, if unremoved, would be too apt to degenerate into malicious wishes and endeavours, vilifying the letter of that saying, “he *that is not with me is against me*,” there appearing but small difference between being thoroughly against a person, and being for his competitor or adversary. ILL WILL is soon ready to lean to the contrary side, if unfortified with due apprehensions of any bad effects ensuing from its exercise: and when such *ill-will* continues festering and gathering within, though caution and subtlety may for a while retard its progress, how commonly does it afterwards break out with greater violence?—Like volcanic eruptions, the more they are suppressed by circumstances common to nature, the more loud and terrific is the action of their intonations.

I am also reproached for *meddling in religious affairs*—(but before I proceed, I must declare that such reproaches have come only from those “*Clergymen of the Church of England*,” who have abused me for putting them to the expence of the postage of my circular Prospectus!)—“LET THE CHURCH ALONE, SHE WANTS NO POLITICAL AID,”—say these *worthy* pastors, whom the Demagogue has “*undeceived*!” I own that meddling in religious controversy had better be avoided; I own, too, that such discussions are but little congenial to the habits of my mind; but as it is undeniable, that loyalty, in honouring our King, is a branch of duty to be joined with fearing God; that the tumultuous jarrings of a disaffected people give religion the most mortal wounds; that under a *frittered* church there can be nothing but national destruction; that the interest of our worship is so closely *interwoven* with that of the state, that where the latter is at all struck at, it must affect the former; that if the first sink, the other cannot long keep its standing; that many in attempting to *fritter* the one have worked to cast down the other, and that though the designs of our enemies are nearly unmasked and broken, there is still as much of the *spirit* of an AN ENEMY as to darken the hopes of uninterrupted happiness, I conceive I am entitled to trust that I may be justified and supported in my firm design of precipitating Cobbett from his unnatural eminence; and of representing the monstrous madness *which many show themselves insensible of*, in favouring the disturbers of our peace. I repeat, *madness*

Nothing, certainly can indicate greater symptoms of insanity, than whatever shows a want of *thought*, a want of *resolution*, and a want of *grace*! And I may more roundly aver, that most of these instances are applicable to *any* individuals or class of men who appear *indifferent* to *murmurs*, and who conceive that no danger resides in the thunder which is not immediately destroying the fabric above their heads!!!

Some time has now elapsed since the letter signed "Farnham" came into my possession; and I have often wished for an opportunity of giving it insertion, for the sake of adding to it my own opinion, so directly opposite to that of its author: but, if in last November, I felt any slight satisfaction at the opportunity which it would afford me of opening the eyes of the writer, and those of his sentiments, that pleasure is now changed into EXULTATION! THE DEMAGOGUE HIMSELF IS AT LENGTH AFRAID THAT HE WILL BE WRITTEN DOWN, and he howls aloud for the future protection and attachment of those very apes and bears whom he has so long been permitted to drag after him with the specious chain of revolutionary falsehood! Reader, can you believe your eyes?—This *virtuous*, and *great* reformer, who, only a few short months before the appearance of my Register, hurled the gauntlet of contemptuous defiance in the teeth of the writers for "*the Satirist*," and publicly declared that he would never thenceforward CONDESCEND to notice in the *slightest* manner ANY attacks that might be made upon him, is now actually *trembling* at the effects of what he is pleased to call *calumny*; and he has devoted the first four pages of his last vile vehicle, to entreat his admirers to "*suspend their judgment*," as to what has been LATELY written concerning him! But lest the reader should be deterred from perusing every syllable of this article, on account of its apparent length, I shall give a new head to the spontaneous remarks that will arise from my usual glance at "Cobbett's Weekly Political Register;" and I will put the Demagogue in the character of a plaintiff, appealing to a public court, and being consequently *heard first*: the report of his trial and condemnation I will, therefore, place under the appropriate head of

LIES VERSUS TRUTHS!

The Roman poet says, "*Degeneres*

animos timor arguit;" and I am sure my readers will join with me in the opinion, that the Demagogue's last Register proves him to be both *degenerate* and *cowardly*. Of his degeneracy there can be no doubt; but as to his cowardice, what else, I would demand, could have induced him so suddenly, and certainly so *unexpectedly*, to throw himself upon the *mercy* and even upon the *charity* of that portion of the public whom he has so long deluded? He *pretends* to come forward, like a hired barrister, solely in behalf of *Citizen* Waithman, that falling *ignis fatuus*, that foul and almost exhausted meteor, engendered from the inflammable vapours of the jacobinical dunghill, and rudely shaped into the *semblance* of a politician, by the brutal ignorance of his disaffected herd of civic compatriots!—But it does not require any sort of supernatural penetration to discover, that *the Demagogue* is only making a cat's paw of *the Citizen*.—It is for his dear *self* alone that he is alarmed; and he is too well aware, that if the tide of popular opinion should once set in against his despicable Register, then, in his own words, as applied to our invaluable Constitution, cemented by the blood of our ancestors, "*away goes the whole thing!*" Whether I am destined to be the literary Hercules who is to overcome this daring political Antæus, will depend upon the opinion of the public at large, amongst whom, with pride I am enabled to avow, my present publication is circulating with a very rapid sort of vermicular motion, dispersing the sentiments of jacobinism before it, as a mole, by its incessant exertions, scatters the particles of earth! I will now proceed to try the Demagogue by his own words, and before I have done, it will be seen that, as in former cases, out of his own mouth will I convict this wicked servant!

In the first place, the Demagogue *pretends* to be *afraid* that the *outcry* which is now raised against Mr. Waithman, will *dishearten* him, and induce him "to give up the thing," (vide Pol. Reg. p. 100.) "For many years, says he, Mr. Waithman has been called a *jacobin* and a *leveller*." Well, and is this what *you* call *calumny*, Cobbett?—It may, indeed, be one of your "*lies*," but on that very account, it is one of my "*truths*!" Is it a libel to call that man "a jacobin and a leveller," who, in the year 1800, when the conduct of the government in resisting all offers at negotiation from the horrible tyrant, who now rules the continent

of Europe with a rod of iron, was avowedly approved of by the Parliament, had the *impudence* to vote a petition to the House of Commons, requesting them to make a peace with that Jacobin revolutioniser, who, to establish himself as the supreme tyrant of degraded France, overturned the Jacobin national directory of that devoted kingdom—and this too at a time when the representatives of OUR people in Parliament assembled, had declared that such a negotiation would be most unwise, impolitic, and dangerous? At the very time also, (or I should have said just before) when the same audacious *shopkeeper* was making his declamatory harangues, a handbill was circulated through the city, filled with the very same common-place *slang*, which now daily and hourly annoys our ears, respecting the thousands of lives of our brave fellow-creatures, which were sacrificed, and the millions of money which were expended, in the *unjust* and *unnecessary* war, &c. &c.—This slight anecdote will convince the *reasonable* part of the public that the *system* of the Democrats was in the beginning, what it is now, and ever will be,—but what I have related is only *one* of MY “*truths*,” which I hope the British public will keep in their “mind’s eye,” and woe be to the Demagogue and his gang, before I have completed the series!

[In consequence of the length of the remainder of this article, it is not possible to insert any more of it in the present number.]

ON THE OBSERVATIONS OF C. F. RELATIVE TO THE WAR TAXES.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—I have already contemplated and answered such observations as those of your Bromley correspondent C.F., where I say, that, if men in business were, *bona fide*, to pay the Taxes, they must become bankrupts, and the nation go to pieces; else their profits must have been most exorbitant, a thing I cannot suppose from the general and constant competition in the various branches of business and traffic. Many consider 10 per cent. as a bare profit on their capital. What then would be the case were men in business to pay even 5 per cent. out of this towards the Taxes? How many from the effect of competition do not clear even 5 per cent? How then pay any thing out of this and live? Must not the tradesman

provide for his family’s existence and future means? Must not he be prepared for unexpected losses, and is it not fair that he should lay up in store, after a life of labour and toil, to enjoy comforts in his old age? But it is notorious, that men in business are accustomed not to be unmindful of even a farthing, in regard to their profits. It is then totally impossible that the great and industrious body of the community can pay any part of the Taxes, or even not be fully reimbursed of the enhanced price on the articles of life in consequence of those very Taxes. As with the higher employments, so it is with the handicraftsman, and accordingly he has wages commensurate to the enhancement. A shoemaker at Bristol, who has made for me 12 or 15 years, lately assured me, that he pays, to journeymen, 12s. for making a pair of hussar boots, for which he so far back paid only 3s. 6d. But, Sir, only for the expressed meaning of your correspondent, I should conclude that he intended to support my position, for he advances no kind of *argument, e contra*, and principally takes notice of a common-place saying, “that by proving too much we prove nothing,” or in other words, that, by endeavouring to prove too much when our cause is bad, we slip into ground that will not support us. This is a very lame kind of argument, deserving more the name of a subterfuge—but he says that it is true, “by proving too much we prove nothing,” and does not qualify that expression by saying, “when we attempt, &c.” for, it surely is not against us, to *prove too much*, if we do not fail in our proof. It may be redundancy, but it surely cannot weigh against us. It would be a very strange kind of observation, in arguing against an opponent, in a court of law, to say, “My lords and gentlemen of the jury, my opponent, by *proving* “a *great deal*, has proved more than was “necessary, or than we thought could be “proved, *ergo*, he has proved *nothing* at “all, and I must expect a verdict, and “judgment for my client.” This is a strange paradox, and would be very fine law and logic truly! But, when we say, a matter “*cannot be proved*,” we should advance substantial reasons, and not be satisfied with assertions only. Some matters are, it is true, *self-evident*, and do not require such elaborate or minute proof; others, however, do, and which I should suppose, from the difficulty with your correspondent, to be the case with

respect to that before us. But, Sir, we are not to stop short with the matter he only alludes to, but clearly see that those very taxes are provocatives to, and the direct cause of, immense individual and national wealth.

I repeat that I am sorry the great Mr. Pitt did not think this deserving of his notice, as it is of such immense importance to society in the midst of firebrands, not only in appeasing the unjustly-irritated feelings, but in prompting to exertion and employments, as well as proving to the enemy the extent of our resources, and promoting improvement in all the arts.

I grant your correspondent's assertion, that "an injudicious friend is worse than an enemy;" but I repeat, I am no admirer of *bare assertion*, when applied to particular cases. It should be shown that this friend is in that, or the other instance, injudicious: in the present case, I may, without being charged with obstinacy, say, "*hic labor, hoc opus est.*" But here your correspondent drops the palm of victory, and I run off with the prize.

That this or the other has been said, or not said, is nothing to the point. Because the *mariner's compass* was not found out until 1302, it would follow, from what your correspondent says, that it is a mere delusion. This would be a very fine kind of plea in favour of scepticism, and certainly would be no encouragement to find out the cause of the *perpetual motion*, or for any other invention; as the discovery was not before known, it should be deemed delusive and imaginary when known. Why doubt a theory merely because it is contrary to experience? *Printing* was not known until it was invented, as we are told, by a German, in 1441; and are we to doubt the matter of fact and its conveniency now? *Windmills* were not in use, or known, prior to 1299; and are we, therefore, to believe that they are not in existence now, and extremely useful, because prior experience knew nothing of them? If this kind of reasoning were conclusive, why offer premiums for better modes of cultivation than were known and practised time immemorial?

Till the *Income Tax* came to be known, the operation, as proved, was very much unknown and unfelt; for the former description of taxes was not sufficient to much enhance the articles of life, nor were they much felt by the industrious. But when 10 per cent. came to be laid

on all profits, the necessity of placing it on the goods in the market appeared at once, else commerce, manufactures, and the arts must have disappeared from this country: and, therefore, at that early period, it is likely even Mr. Pitt did not foresee the operation, a most important part of which I deem the stimulation to exertion. Every man would immediately see that necessity, when he looked round, and perceived how the busy man was enabled to acquit himself, and having once tasted of the sweets of business, he would work double tides. This is the *sum-mum bonum* of the operation I allude to; for it leads to strengthening the sinews of the nation.

From the whole tenor of your correspondent's concluding remarks, I should infer, that he is one of the idle loungers, when we oppose such to the idea of men engaged in *money-making* exertions. But, because he has not experienced the truth of my position, or because, if engaged in business, he is *able and willing* to make sacrifices for his King and country, are you, on that account, to doubt the fact laid down by me? If he is in business, and acts as he points out, he must undersell his neighbour in the market, or he deceives himself; for, if his prices keep pace with others, he loads the goods with the tax, and I have already shown that, if all honest men did not do so, they must shut up their books, ruin their neighbours, and run away. So much for the matter of fact.

I, Sir, must highly admire the public spirit and magnanimity of your correspondent, where, at the end of his communication, he adds, "I am willing to go farther, and to say, that, if even greater sacrifices were necessary to support our venerable King and glorious Constitution, we ought not to shrink from making them." Here he and your humble servant agree extremely well, and, I trust, he will give me credit, when I tell him, that I, as one of the idle loungers, have not only paid my *quantum* cheerfully, and, of course, the enhanced price of the articles of life, without relief, by vending or bartering in turn with others, but have done much more, by voluntarily subscribing, at one time, to the necessary war expences, and having, as well in Ireland, as in this country, at the hour of need, embodied men in armour, at my own private expence, and much more, for the defence of my King and country. Six years back, when we were threaten-

ed with nightly visits from the murderous foe, I, unassisted by either government or the country, raised a body of the most expensive description of infantry force (two companies of riflemen), which I armed, clothed, and fully equipped for the field, for the service of my King and country, a body that I will contend, contrary to Mr. Windham's idea, although *volunteers*, are equal to any regular force. This I say, in justice to the officers and men whom I have the honour to command, and I am confident they would, if necessary, do as much service.

But, Sir, I never thought it honourable or wise to expend my cash in bribing my countrymen, nor in purchasing a vacant space in the assembly of the nation, like some of my cotemporaries—the very bane and ruin of the country!

This would lead me into too wide a field, on the subject of the people, who are now complainants, reforming themselves, and be foreign to the purpose for which I took up my pen. I must, therefore, conclude with the assurance, that I shall give you my sentiments on this point, whenever I feel myself equal to the task.

In the mean while, I have the honour to remain, with the most perfect respect, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. J. W. J.

Clifton, Jan. 20, 1810.

P.S. I would advise all who feel oppressed with the taxes, to immediately turn *honest* brewers, and rival Mr. Whitbread and others, which would be of immense service to the public, at this moment, when the porter and ale, so necessary for the hard-working labourer and mechanic, are found so bad, and which, as with others who have gone before, would ultimately lead the adventurers to high honours, as well as profits.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—As the rational part of my fellow countrymen have, I believe, at length, sufficiently opened their eyes to the dangers of Jacobinism, and are now upon their guard against its destructive effects; yet, notwithstanding, it certainly is the imperious duty of every friend to social order, and good government, to give the greatest publicity, in his power, to every circumstance, which may by accident have come to his knowledge; tending to discover their horrible and atrocious designs. It is this duty, forcibly impressed

upon my mind, which impels me to relate the following anecdote to you, an anecdote which, I own, I could with difficulty have brought myself to believe, if it had not been related to me, by a gentleman of undoubted veracity, and the strictest honour; and whom I have known as such above thirty years. This gentleman had been acquainted with a *certain squire* (not of Hampshire) in England, and in France before the revolution; and, after a very long residence abroad, returned to London about eight years ago; and meeting accidentally with this *certain squire*, the acquaintance was renewed; an invitation to dinner followed the usual compliments; the invitation was accepted; where he was introduced to the whole gang; Sir Frantic not excepted; the *fraternal hug*, I suppose, was not omitted; and thus behold him favoured with the *honours of the sitting*. To be serious; as this gentleman had resided long in a remote part of the world, and in a place which has no direct communication with England, he had not an opportunity of receiving English newspapers, and, of course, was unacquainted with the *squire's* political character; and he was therefore unwarily surprised into this pestiferous, jacobinical society; if that may be called a society, which consists of men leagued together for the destruction of all social order. No very long period of time however elapsed, before, by frequently joining their parties, he began to perceive that he got into very dangerous company. Having, however, after a long residence abroad, some business to transact with government, after Mr. Pitt's resignation, which was not attended to in the manner he wished; he had, I believe, at different times, in their company, spoke of the ministers, in such language, as to give them hopes that he would be an easy convert; and, even after he had perceived their aim, he still continued the same conduct: and, though a man of an irritable disposition, he smothered for some time his detestation of their principles. At length, however, at a sociable dinner party, the wine flowing briskly round, they let (as he termed it) the cat out of the bag: declared freely that their intentions were, *to bring about a revolution in this kingdom upon French principles: that they had, at that moment, 80,000 names of men in Great Britain subscribed to their scheme; and BOUND to support them; and they added, in the true Robespierian cant of feigned humanity,*

that the only circumstance, which afflicted them was, the impossibility of preventing the destruction of, at least, one-third of the whole population of Great Britain in the dreadful contest. If you had known the character of my friend, who gave me this relation, you would easily have guessed at what followed. He is a man of a loyal heart, and sound principles; a man of a bold spirit, and determined resolution; and, hearing this, he could no longer subdue his natural irritability; but, in a burst of indignation, he started up; spurned at them with contempt; and poured upon them the most consummate abuse: laughed at their 80,000 rascally subscribers: vagabonds and scoundrels, (as he called them,) real sansculottes, who would hang together, like a rope of sand: the whole body of whom, if collected together, he said, a few thousands of loyal, honest, and determined men, like himself, (of whom he did not doubt but there were near a million in Great Britain) would put to flight like dust before the wind. He added to this (and a great deal more, which I do not recollect) that he did not doubt but he should see some of them swinging on the gallows: which was his most sincere wish. After this he marched out, and bid them adieu for ever. "And stern as Ajax' spectre stalked away." Since that time, he has seen his prophecy fulfilled in one instance, (Despard), and he hopes ere long to see a fuller completion of it.

When the gang peruse this anecdote, it will bring every additional circumstance to their recollection, and they will immediately recognise the man. I beg leave likewise to assure them, and which I would have them keep continually in their remembrance, that this anecdote was immediately related to *those who ought to know it*; and that it stands upon record, with the *company*, and *their observations*; ready to be produced at a proper opportunity. But the fruit will not shake from the tree till it is ripe. *Verbum sat sapienti*.—I remain, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

PHILO ANGLUS.

London, Jan. 5, 1810.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

ROYAL DECREE.

Continued from page 576.

The delicate proceeding of the Marquis of Romana, and his care in avoiding

every thing which could be considered as an act of hostility towards the Government of Denmark, and in maintaining, on his part, that good harmony which has subsisted between that Court and his own, declined the indispensable seizure of some Danish vessels to carry his troops to the fortress of Nyburgh, which might have protected their escape, and he requested the English admiral to carry them across.

If Denmark had remained neutral during these events, and had not opposed their flight, nor used force to retain that portion of troops, Spain, constant in her system of delicacy and scrupulousness, would not now have had recourse to strong measures towards Denmark, nor would have broken the ties of good harmony and amity which have existed for time immemorial between the two nations; but the succeeding events fully prove the active part which the King of Denmark, whether spontaneously or by force, has taken, and continues to take, in the war between Spain and France.

Denmark opposed the retreat of the Spanish troops from her territories, and if she did not succeed in detaining them, it ought to be attributed more to the bad means taken to oppose them, or to the exertions of the Spanish troops, than to the will of the Danish Court, which adheres in its system of coalition with France, and blindly obeys the orders which are dictated to it by the Emperor of France.

One clear proof of this is, the refusal to receive a Negociator from Spain in Copenhagen, and the declaration of Count Bernstorff, that circumstances did not permit him to maintain any correspondence with Shaw. D. Edmund Bourke, the Minister of Denmark, was at this time tranquil and respected in Madrid, and only departed from that capital, abandoning his employments, to follow the French in the month of July, 1808; which proves, by the most obvious evidence, his attachment to France, and his renouncing all correspondence with Spain.

The Declaration concludes with the usual Order to the Ships, &c. of Spain, to attack those of Denmark.

ADDRESS OF THE SUPREME JUNTA.—

"SPANIARDS!—Our enemies announce, as positively certain, a peace in Germany; and the circumstances which accompany this notice give it a character

of truth which leaves little room for doubt. They already threaten us with the powerful reinforcements which they suppose to be marching to complete our ruin. Already, proudly elated with the favourable aspect which their affairs in the North have assumed, they insolently exhort us to submit to the clemency of the Conqueror, and tamely bow our necks to the yoke.

“What unheard-of insolence! unparalleled effrontery, which posterity will scarcely believe, notwithstanding the testimony of public records. Thus do these barbarians dare to impute to us the calamities which this country has suffered from their scandalous aggression, and thus make us responsible for those which are about to befall us anew, should we prolong our resistance. But when have we ever seen the innocent victims accused of the ferocity with which the inhuman tyrant sacrifices them? These declaimers very soon forget, when their armies entered Spain, how they entered—what posts they occupied—what was the signal of combat which they gave—and the whole series of gratuitous and unparalleled atrocities which they committed against us. Because in their own degraded hearts they find nothing but servile submission when they are feeble, and insolent atrocity when they are strong, they, forsooth, imagine that the Spaniards, equally destitute of the support of native fortitude, will renounce their just and lofty expectations. Who has told them that our virtue was to be assayed by so low a standard? They may, perhaps, throw greater obstacles in our way. We will redouble our efforts to surmount them. Our toils, our dangers, will be augmented. We shall acquire the greater glory.

“No! slaves of Buonaparte, waste not your time in practising hackneyed artifices, which, at this time of day, can deceive nobody. Speak out frankly, and say, ‘Because we think ourselves the most powerful, we are resolved to be the most wicked of mankind.’ This language, however barbarous the sentiment which it conveys, would be consistent and intelligible. But do not attempt to persuade us that the abandonment of our just rights is wisdom, and cowardice prudence. Though your iniquitous aggression has placed us between ignominy and death, what alternative can you expect a magnanimous nation to adopt, except that of defending itself to the last extremity, rather than consent to so disgraceful a sub-

mission? Rob, murder, waste, and destroy: that you have been doing for these twenty months past; but with what effect, you well know; and so also do the provinces you occupy; where, in proportion to the injuries you inflict upon them, increases the insuperable aversion they bear towards you, the eternal rancour and implacable revenge with which they incessantly swear to pursue you.

“To yield!—Are these sophists really aware of the advice which they are giving to a people the most jealous of their honour of any nation upon the face of the globe? After such admirable efforts, such incredible successes, it would be an act of infamy, for which no precedent can be found in the pages of our history, to fall down at the feet of the crowned slave that Buonaparte has sent us for a king? And for what should we do so?—That, from the midst of his impious orgies, the pimps and parasites who offer him adulation, and the impure prostitutes who accompany him, he may point out with his finger the temples which are to be burnt, the manors which are to be partitioned among his odious satellites, the virgins and matrons who are to be dragged to his seraglio, the youths who are to be sent off as a tribute to the French *Minotaur*!

“Think not, Spaniards, that the Junta thus addresses you to excite your valour by the arts of language. What occasion is there for words, when things speak for themselves with such persuasive energy? Your houses are demolished, your temples laid in ashes, your fields ravaged, your families dispersed, or hurried to the grave. Shall we have made so many sacrifices, shall the flames of war have consumed one half of Spain, in order that we should shamefully abandon the other half, to that much more destructive peace which awaits it at the hands of the enemy? Surely nobody can be the dupe of the insidious parade of reform which the French hold forth in their proclamations. The Tartar who governs them, has decreed that Spain shall have neither industry, nor commerce, nor colonies, nor population, nor any political representation whatsoever. To be turned into a vast and solitary sheep-walk, in order to breed flocks which shall supply the French manufactures with our valuable wools; to form a nursery of human beings to be hurried away to slaughter; misery, ruin, degradation in every part of the Peninsula:—such is the fate to which he

consigns the country the most favoured of heaven of any upon earth! But should our apathy even go so far as to induce us to abandon interests so highly valuable, could we ever consent to the total destruction of that holy religion in which we were born, and which, in all our proceedings, civil and political, we have sworn to preserve? Shall we, then, abandon the interest of heaven, and the faith of our fathers, to the sacrilegious derision of a frantic banditti? And shall the Spanish Nation, celebrated in every quarter of the globe for their fervid piety, forsake the sanctuary, which, for seven successive centuries, and with the loss of thousands of warriors, our ancestors defended against the impious ferocity of the Saracens? Were we so to act, the victims who have fallen in this memorable contest, would lift up their heads from their graves, and say to us,—‘Perfidious, ungrateful wretches! Have we fallen an idle sacrifice? Is our blood of no estimation in your eyes?’ No! brave fellow-countrymen, now no more, rest in peace, and let not that agonizing solicitude disturb the repose of your sepulchres. Your glorious example has taught us our first and greatest duty, and we are perfectly convinced that the peace which we ought to seek is not behind but before us. It is through war and combats, it is by valour and noble daring, that we have to procure that tranquillity, that repose, of which those traitors have despoiled us. Do we fear death? Many of our companions have already met it, and sealed with their blood the solemn oath which all of us have taken. Who can fly from it? Who shall dissolve that alliance in glory and danger to which all of us are subject. Our country is laid waste, and we are insulted, and treated as a vile herd of cattle, which are bought and sold, and slaughtered when our master pleases. Our King—Spaniards! Would you have infused into your hearts that ardour and energy which lead to victory? Remember the vile, the treacherous manner in which this abominable usurper tore him from our arms. He called himself his ally, his protector, his friend; he pretended to give him the kiss of peace, but his embraces are the folds of the serpent, which twine round the innocent victim, and drag him captive to his cavern. A perfidy unknown to civilized nations, and scarcely practised among the most barbarous, was reserved in store for our unfortunate Monarch. Behold, condemned to

groaning solitude, surrounded by guards and spies, the idolised object of your hopes, him whom you destine to the glory of the throne, that he may govern you with benevolence and justice. See him incessantly fixing his streaming eyes upon his country. Hear him, amidst the anguish of his sufferings, imploring the valour of his beloved Spaniards, and calling upon them for liberty or revenge.

“There is no peace—there can be no peace in this state of things. That Spain should be free, was, and still is the universal wish of the nation; or that it may become an immense desert, one vast sepulchre, where the accumulated carcasses of French and Spaniards shall exhibit to future ages our glory and their ignominy.

“But fortune is not so inimical to virtue as to leave to its defenders only that melancholy alternative. It is written in heaven, and the history of all ages attests the fact, that the people who are decidedly attached to their liberty and independence must ultimately establish them, in despite of all the artifices and all the violence of tyranny. Victory, which is so frequently the boon of fortune, must be the reward of fortitude and constancy. What but these defended the small republics of Greece from the barbarous invasion of Xerxes? What protected the capital when assailed by the Gauls? What preserved it from the arms of Hannibal? What, in more modern times, rescued the Swiss from German tyranny, and gave independence to Holland, notwithstanding the great power of our ancestors? What, in fine, inspires at present the Tyrolese with such heroic resolution, that, though surrounded on every side by enemies, and abandoned by their protectors, they take refuge in their rocks, and climb the summit of their mountains, and hurl defiance and defeat on the battalions of the conqueror of Dantzic; Let us, bravely, imitate their example! our situation is the same; we are animated with the same ardour, and should support ourselves with the same hopes. The God of armies, for whom we fight, will protect us, and in reward for the unshaken fortitude with which we have encountered adversity, will finally conduct us through all the dangers that surround us to the throne of independence.

“Spaniards! the Junta announces this to you frankly, that you may not for a moment be ignorant of the danger which threatens your country; they announce

it to you, with confidence that you will show yourselves worthy of the cause which you defend, and of the admiration of the universe; they announce it to you, because appointed to the sacred duty of saving the State, and, convinced that it is the unanimous wish of the Spaniards to secure their freedom at every risk, they will make every possible effort to expel the enemy.

“When the storm rages, the most valuable treasure must be thrown into the sea to save the vessel from sinking.—Perish the man whose selfishness can render him wanting in his duty, or induce him to conceal what is necessary to be distributed among his brethren for the common defence!—Perish a thousand times the wretch who can prefer his own interest to the delivery of his country! All such the State will severely punish. Our enemies omit no means which can be employed for our destruction, and shall we neglect any which can conduce to our preservation? There are provinces which have driven out the enemy from among them; and shall not those who have not yet suffered from such a scourge, sacrifice every thing to preserve themselves from it? Our brave soldiers endure the rigours of winter, and the scorching heats of summer, and nobly encounter all the dangers of battle; and shall we, remaining quietly at our homes, forgetful of their incalculable fatigues, think only of preserving our wishes, and refuse to resign even the least of our luxurious enjoyments?

“The victory must be ours, if we continue and conclude the great enterprize we have undertaken with the same enthusiasm with which we began it. The colossal mass of force and resistance which we must oppose to our enemy, must be composed of the forces of all, of the sacrifices of all; and then what will it import that he pours upon us anew the legions with which he has been successful in Germany, or the swarm of conscripts he endeavours to drag from France. With 80,000 less troops than we now have, we began the war; it was begun on his side with two hundred thousand more. The experience we have obtained in two campaigns, and our very desperation, will consign these hordes of banditti to the same fate which the former have suffered.—If some of the Monarchs of the North have consented to become the slaves of this new Tamerlane, and at the expence of ages of infamy have purchased

a moment's respite till their turn shall come to be devoured; what is that to us, a great nation, resolved to triumph or perish? When we, twenty months ago, armed against tyranny, did we ask their consent? Did we not enter into the contest single-handed? Did we not, for one campaign, maintain it single-handed? Europe, when she first heard of it, refused to believe it. When she saw it, she looked upon it as a sudden and ephemeral meteor; and even now, contemplating the effects of our constancy and our magnanimity in the midst of our reverses, she considers it as a phenomenon, a prodigy, in the series of political events. Let her continue to behold us, she ought, with admiration, or, if it must be so, with terror. We are deficient in none of the means necessary for our defence. Our connection is daily drawn closer with America, to whose assistance, equally well-timed and generous, the mother country is so deeply indebted, and in whose zeal and loyalty is centered a great part of our hopes. We are resolved to perish or triumph. The alliance we have contracted with the British nation continues, and will continue.—That nation has lavished for us its blood and its treasures, and is entitled to our gratitude, and that of future ages. Let the machinations of intrigue, or the suggestions of fear prevail with weak governments, or misled cabinets; let them (and welcome!) conclude treaties of peace, illusory on the part of him who grants, and disgraceful on the part of those who accept them. Let all those great potentates relinquish the cause of civilized nations, and inhumanly abandon their allies—the Spanish people shall firmly stand alone amidst the ruins of the European continent.

“Here is drawn, never to be sheathed, the sword of eternal hatred to the execrable tyrant; here is raised, never to be lowered, the standard of independence and justice. Hasten to it, all ye who wish not to live under the abominable yoke, ye who cannot enter into a league with iniquity; and ye who are indignant at the cowardly desertion of deluded princes, hasten to us. Here the valiant shall find opportunities of acquiring true honour; the wise and virtuous obtain respect, and the oppressed find an asylum—our cause is the same, the same be our danger, the same our reward. Come hither, and in despite of all the arts, and all the power of this inhuman despot, you

shall witness how we will render dim his star, and be ourselves the creators of our own destiny.

"The Archbishop of LAODICEA,
President,

"PEDRO DE RIVERO, Secretary.
"Royal Alcazar of Seville, Nov. 21, 1809"

FRANCE.—*Conservative Senate. Sitting
of the third of October.*

*Address of his most serene highness
the Prince Arch-Chancellor of the
Empire.*

"GENTLEMEN,—His imperial and royal Majesty, taking in with a single glance the present situation of affairs, finds it necessary to order a levy of 36,000 men.

"This is the purport of the decree which is to be submitted to your deliberation, and by which the new levy is imposed upon the new classes of the conscription of the years of 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, and 1810.

"Your wisdom will already have discovered the benefit of this arrangement. You will soon be assured that it is the result of a prudent foresight, and of the unceasing anxiety of his Majesty for the public interest.

"Whatever, Gentlemen, may be the issue of the negotiations at Altenburgh, there are strong indications that the English, after having been driven back from our territories, will endeavour to prolong the war in Spain. The numerous battalions which his Majesty opposes to them in that kingdom, need only be kept up to their full complement, in order to baffle all the attempts of the enemy.

"If the peace be renewed between France and Austria, it will be impossible, without great inconvenience, to suddenly transport the brave troops who will have conquered it, from the banks of the Danube to those of the Guadalquivir. This remark has not escaped the paternal attention of his Majesty; and let us be persuaded, that after such glorious exertions, he is desirous, and with justice, that the conquerors should receive the testimonies of public gratitude and general admiration.

"These points, Gentlemen, will be explained to you by the orators of the Council of State, and more particularly in the report of the Minister of War; which the emperor has ordered him to communicate to you.

"The levy required is, moreover, much

less than his Majesty could draw from the classes by which it is to be supplied; besides, it will be rendered as little burdensome as possible.

"In this crisis the Senate will be anxious, as on former occasions, to forward the intentions of our august Sovereign, for the honour and glory of the French name.

Report made to his Majesty the Emperor and King, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, by his excellency Count de Huneburgh, Minister of War, Sept. 15, 1809.

"SIRE,—If the numerous victories of your Majesty, and the extraordinary successes of your armies, be at the same time the work of your genius, the result of the most scientific military combinations, of your inherent intrepidity, and of the courage of so many brave men, these victories and successes are no less owing to your admirable foresight. It is this which has inspired your Majesty with the idea of assembling at first, in the interior of the Empire, whatever might be the complexion of affairs, the youth of France who are successively called to serve their country, and of making them constantly pay their contribution to the safety of the State, at the same time that they accustom themselves to arms.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS. — ALBION will perceive that it was not possible to insert in this Number his last Letter to WAITHMAN.

The following articles are intended for speedy publication. "A Loyal Citizen of the Ward of Bishopsgate"—J. J. W. J. on Parliamentary Reform, and on National Wealth. "A True Patriot," on the cause of the unsound principles of young Members of Parliament. A review of the pamphlet entitled "Truth in search of Wardle;" and ALBION's Letter to SHERIDAN. The Old Englishman's Essays are carefully preserved; it is probable that I shall keep them to increase the variety of the matter in the Second Volume of this Register.

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Ye hands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys,
 Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS:—ALBION'S *Second Series of Strictures on the reported proceedings of Parliament, in which is exposed a comprehensive attempt of certain opulent public characters to purchase the principles of various Newspapers and Reviews, that they may be devoted to the intentions of the Opposition.*—Comments on the infamous language said to have been applied by Sir Francis Burdett to Mr. Wilberforce, with an eulogy on that Gentleman's character and conduct.—Different talents of the new Opposition Members explained.—An appeal to Britons.—Lies versus Truths resumed, being an exposure of the Demagogue's alarm at the alteration in the public mind concerning him, and his inflammatory writings.—Reasons for that increasing change.—Different methods which the Jacobins resort to, to intimidate those who come forward to write them down, illustrated by outrages committed by the Demagogue and his gang!—A hint to the Democrats, respecting prosecutions!—ALBION'S *Fifth Letter to Mr. Waithman, in which is exposed the difference between the conduct of the Demagogues of Queen Anne's reign, and those of the present day!*—Letter of a Patriot on the cause of the unsound principles of young Members of Parliament.—Fragment of a document.

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Addressed to the People of the United Kingdom, &c.

Non nunc agitur de vectigalibus, non de socorum injuriis:

Libertas et anima nostra in dubio est. CICERO.

“The question is not now respecting our revenues, or the injuries done to our allies: OUR LIBERTIES AND LIVES ARE AT STAKE.”

By ALBION.

STRICTURE II.

ENGLISHMEN!—Twenty years have passed since the cruelties of war have filled the world with terror and with sorrow, and yet rage is not appeased, nor is strength exhausted. Of this situation *all* must feel the misery, and *all* should implore the discontinuance; but what discontinuance of misery can be expected, when the whole system of the ruler of France is seconded by the Opposition in Parliament, and when a contention for power makes them determine on domestic concussions, that must eventually destroy the fabric of the state!

If, in the course of what I am about to lay before you, there may be many things in which I shall not have the good fortune to have the concurrence of my countrymen, I am confident I shall be able to state one thing, on which there will not be a single dissentient voice; namely, that this is a time of all others, in which it is most material and most important, THAT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS SHOULD STAND HIGH IN THE OPINION OF ITS CONSTITUENTS, and that it should be entitled to general confidence,

and respect, by showing that it is really concerned for their dearest and most valuable interests. This no man will deny—nor will any man deny, that the dangers which surround the country at the present crisis, are many and alarming; and, therefore, it must follow, that the House of Commons cannot be said to do its duty, to do it faithfully and conscientiously, if, in a time of the greatest and most imminent danger, it give blind and implicit belief and confidence to any opposition, without grounding that confidence and belief on thorough, serious, complete, and detailed investigation of the past conduct, and present views of that opposition. It is not for me to go into so necessary a detail, nor would it come within the volume of this Paper to contain so much matter. I must confine myself to a more limited range—I must take but a bird's eye view of passing events, and leave to others the more minute detail of panoramic inspection. There are many in the House, and his Majesty's Ministers are unfortunately of the number, who THINK that disaffection to the constitution of the country has not diffused itself so wide as what I know it has spread; many are less afraid of the progress of the Jacobins, than what I am, because they think them much less considerable in their influence, and their numbers, than I have been able to discover them to be. And yet I am of those who think, that a great majority of you are full of loyalty to his Majesty, and of affection to the constitution; however, I must persist in being of opinion, that there are many now, both in and out of Parliament, who are actuated by different sentiments and different views. I am

very much afraid that such men are encouraged in a great degree by the progress of the French arms on the continent, and by the hopes which the failure of all our enterprises allow them to entertain, of triumphing over the present friends of the people—the faithful servants of the Crown! The consequence certainly is, that treacherous principles and opinions have rather gained than lost credit; and this danger, which is rapidly and hourly increasing, is propagated, not as formerly, by plots and conspiracies, but by proclaiming in the most solemn and public manner the incapacity of his Majesty's military and political advisers, and also that the House of Commons *are not* the representatives of you—the people of England! Sir Francis Burdett, according to the newspaper reports, after trampling down the prerogatives of the throne, declares that the Members of the House are not even virtually *your* representatives; that they do not sincerely feel for your calamities, and that, though returned *by you*, they do not take that lively concern in your comfort and happiness which their situation calls upon them to take. If such an opinion goes forth, and if there be too much reason to suspect that it has made a considerable impression on the public mind, what language can be strong enough to condemn the friends of the legislature, for suffering such doctrine to take its origin in the House, as it is reported to have done, and to spread like a flame, in order to kindle conflagration in the breasts of you, my brave but credulous countrymen? Nor is this attempt to destroy the legislature, and consequently to destroy the entire frame of government, the only means which the Opposition purpose to employ to perpetrate their designs; no, fellow subjects, I come from discovering, on the memorable night of the 29th of January, that they intend to subvert your Constitution, by striking at the source of your intellectual life, and by making *the press* the instrument of your assassination.

Long before this memorable night I repeatedly had occasion to reprobate the manner in which the opposition papers reported the speeches of Parliament. "*The Times*" was peculiarly criminal: it printed the opposition orations in full, and in a large type, and the speeches of the friends of order and of government, *it either entirely omitted*, or else printed in so small a letter, that he must indeed

be a lover of his country and of politics, who would condemn himself to the fatigue of reading it. But this was a contemptible subterfuge of "*The Times*," and which I would not honour with the slightest animadversion, did I not see the flagitious example followed by its servile admirers, and, had I not learned in a certain lobby, and from *authority not to be doubted*, that the Opposition PURCHASE this prostitution of the Papers, and that they have bought, and intend to buy, the principal talent of the metropolis! Not being a man of mere declamation or vague assertions, I must stoop to expose some few extraordinary facts. In this exposition I feel considerable regret that I must implicate a character which I had hoped had been above reproach. I must implicate Lord *****!† But it is an undertaking of the highest difficulty as well as delicacy to point out the corruptions or mistakes of men, whose disappointed ambition has led them to offer their services to a multitude, whom they have themselves enraged, and whose abilities of character and situation *seem* to promise a successful issue in the cause of their opposition. In important parts of public duty, every consequence which relates to *self* is to be hazarded; on this consideration I will ever, notwithstanding the malevolent persecution I endure, and the very extraordinary efforts that are made to discover me, both by night and by day, I will ever, in all great points of national welfare, express my genuine opinions to my countrymen; and, on this principle alone I undertake the invidious task of making observations on the baneful tendency of the present and past conduct of some public men.

It must be known to every person acquainted with political literature, that most of the newspapers of London, and many of the Reviews, have, within the last two months, experienced a sudden and fundamental change; and, it is also generally known, that the cause of such literary tergiversation sprung from a desire of the proprietors TO CONCILIATE THE OPPOSITION, or to caress the tiger whom timid anticipation exhibited as the future patron of their felicity and fate. This opinion is generally true—it only remains for me to show, that there are a few *extraordinary exceptions* to it,

† ALBION must excuse me, if, on certain occasions, I do not feel justified in printing as decisively as he thinks proper to write. F. W. B.

and for the knowledge of which, you, my countrymen, are but ill prepared.

A month has not elapsed since an advertisement appeared in "*the Times*," stating that a political writer was wanted on the establishment of a distinguished Review.—A constitutional writer,—a gentleman of eminent virtue and literary attainment, and who occasionally condescends to become my Amanuensis, made an application, and sent, in with it a variety of composition, and various academic testimonials. A negotiation ensued, and several interviews succeeded, *from which it was apparent*, that the gentleman's talents were highly admired; but, as a summing up of the conversation, it was intimated that, as Lord *****, Mr. W., and others of that party, *had purchased the principles* of the Review, he could not be taken on the establishment *without*, in short, he would engage to become a strong and virulent apostate!!!

A few months only have elapsed since Cobbett, contrary to his avowed maxim, began to write in favour of the "*Statesman*," and to recommend that most infamous paper urgently to the public at large. And what, Englishman, could be this man's view? Was it from "sincerely feeling for the calamities of the people of England?" In lauding the Statesman, was he governed "by a lively concern to promote your comforts—to extend your happiness?" No, deluded nation, no! He was actuated by far contrary designs. Having traced the vile scribblers for that infernal paper to the doors of the Fleet, or the gates of Newgate, he took advantage of their calamity, and their bodies were soon redeemed at the expence of their principles, for the paltry sum of *one thousand pounds*! Not of his own money; for he knows better, but of money procured from Sir Frantic, who was duped into the plot by the atrocious representations of the Demagogue. The stipulated agreement between *Messieurs les Demagogues* and the scribblers in question, is, that they shall appoint the Editor, who is to conduct the paper according to *their principles*, till the above-mentioned sum is refunded, together with the interest thereon.

AGAIN—a month has not elapsed, since a *bankrupt Ministerial paper*, the *National Register*, has arisen from its ashes, and has now an ostentatious capital, and a PATRIOT Editor, one of the

most infamous Jacobins in the kingdom, to force it into popularity and fame!!!

Is it necessary for me to augment the catalogue of literary degradation and shame? Certainly not! But it is necessary for you, Englishmen! to ponder over these few facts, and to enquire among yourselves for *the motives* which govern Opposition, in their determination to debauch your principles, by prostituting, in the first instance, the purity and independence of your press! Do, I entreat you, make this enquiry among yourselves, and save me the ungracious task of exposing the *infamy* of my enemies, and of correcting the *ignorance* of my friends!

The celebrated debate of the 29th, is also marked (*according to the reports of it*) by a stigma which will for ever stain the annals of the house. That memorable night saw with impunity (*if we may believe these reports*) the *worst* man in the nation vilifying the *best*; it saw the advocate of the African insulted by the tool of licentiousness; and the support of religion mocked at by the candidate for power!—To your honour, Englishmen! there is but *one* man among you, whose piety is so perverted, or whose politics are so depraved, as to insult a WILBERFORCE;—and that man is he who dares to call himself the people's friend;—that man is Sir FRANCIS BURDETT! Let me record his words, not with a view to humiliate mankind, but to prove to you to what atrocious lengths the domination or lust of ambition will drive its victim; of the amiable Wilberforce, of the lover of the human race, this brutal patriot, this drunken Catiline, is reported to say—"I am probably bringing upon myself some *charitable* remarks, particularly those of Mr. Wilberforce, whose *charity* is of a very peculiar nature. But I am careless about his remarks; I deprecate his *charity*; I will not shun; I rather solicit his hostility." Englishmen! where was the sensibility and the honour of your house, that it did not rise in a tempest, and tear up this aspiring tree by the roots? Where was the electric fluid of the clouds, that it did not penetrate the roof, and strike such presumption to the earth? Or where, O God! where was thy thunder, and why didst thou not hurl it at the blasphemer of *him* who has advocated the gospel and extended thy precepts to the Indian shores and to the Ethiopian coasts?—Where, where, was justice, where humanity, where the chivalry of Burke,

the dignity of Fox, and the honourable hostility of Whitbread, Erskine, and Moira? They are gone, my friends, from the Commons' Opposition, and you are destined to behold nothing more in the members of the Whig club, than the rage of a mob and the brutality of a bear-garden!—The meekness of Mr. Wilberforce's reply, and his remarks on the *partiality of public reporters*, do him great honour; but I can assure him, that, although he stands *alone*, in the House of Commons, and that although he thinks there is no publisher in London, manly or virtuous enough to advocate his rigid and independent principles, yet I will take upon me to assert, that the Editor of this Register, will, at all times, enter into his cause with zeal, and deem it his first honour to be the vindicator of *such* a man.—A man who has spent his life in a glorious and successful combat with those innovators and impostors, to whose rage and implacable resentment he shall never fall a sacrifice, while I have any influence in the senate and on the press! While the eloquence of Sir Francis studies only what will gratify the people; while he is intent on nothing but to soothe and flatter their follies and their vices, Mr. Wilberforce directs his discourse to what is *best*; his principal aim is to reform his fellow subjects, to inspire them with a love to mankind, to cultivate in their souls noble and generous affections; in short, his precepts and instructions tend to what is good and useful, although they prove not pleasant to our elegant *Athenian* sense! For this reason he delivers nothing rashly, and is always on his guard to keep in view, his chief and favourite end. He imitates artists who do not *hastily* make choice of what, *at first sight*, seems conducive to their work, but reject, and embrace only after full and mature deliberation. And why shall the philosophic orator be less careful in his art? shall not he consider in what the health of the soul consists? how men shall become virtuous, and act agreeably to nature? And are not the justice, piety, temperance, and fortitude, which Sir Francis mocks at, *necessary* qualities for an end of so important a character? To these, like a wise and good statesman, Mr. Wilberforce directs his views; by these he regulates his speeches and actions, his instructions and chastisement: wholly devoted to the generous labour of procuring wisdom, and all the virtues to his fellow-citizens, and to banish vice

and folly from among them.—He is now growing infirm, and *ingratitude* takes advantage of physical impotence, and stops to devour him! But I assert, and I trust his constituents will hear my voice, that Mr. Wilberforce is like the statues of *the Sileni*; if you only view their outside, nothing has less embellishment;—but, when opened, they contain the images of all the gods. Thus, at first hearing, his discourses appear rather harsh; he talks of *morals*, of *piety*, and his similes are drawn from his experience of life; on this account, Sir Francis, the Honourable Mr. Ward, with Lords Milton, Cochrane, Porchester, and Folkestone, cry him down, when he first attempts to speak: but when they unfold and look into his sentiments, they find that there is the most profound sense in every word; that his speeches are divine; that they contain the *images* of all the virtues, and all the precepts necessary to form an honest and a good man!—Were I not suspected of personal friendship, I would declare, on oath, (without, however, pledging myself to accord with all his sentiments), how I have always been affected when I have heard Mr. Wilberforce advocate the cause of the *distant* slave. Distracted like the *Corybantes*, my heart used to leap for joy, or my eyes suffuse with tears. I had heard the sublime Burke, the generous Fox, the immortal Pitt, but I never felt the same effects; my soul was not confounded; I was not enraged at myself for my own slavish life, nor did I bleed for the slavery of others. But *his* eloquence could extort the confession, that I was indigent of many virtues necessary for doing real good to my country. And should I listen to him at present, when he declaims, even on erroneous principles, of public freedom, I know, I should remain no longer master of myself, but be, as formerly, transported. Therefore, when he speaks on the dangerous theme of innovating reform and Catholic emancipation, I shall be obliged to seal up my ears by force, or run off and fly the power of his declamation. I am conscious of the truth of all he says; I am conscious it is the duty of every friend of his country to act as he advises.—BUT THE PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES OF MY COUNTRY FORBID MY COMPLIANCE! How often could I wish such a man dead, rather than act in opposition to his virtues; yet, if it happened, I know no man existing who would feel a deeper sorrow?

The next event that merits your particular notice, is the opposition of Lord Cochrane to the vote of thanks to that gallant officer, Lord Gambier. I shall suppress the indignation which this opposition has excited in my breast, and particularly so, as I have already exhibited, in this Register, the political life of Lord Cochrane, and exposed the motives of his attack upon the other noble Lord. I am to lament that my friendly interposition has been so unproductive of improvement, and that he continues to travel through a bog, without that staff of principle and prudence which I proffered for his support. Like prostitutes *reproved*, he plunges deeper and deeper into guilt, and shuns that circle of society in which he was once beloved and esteemed.—He now declares, that there is no wisdom in individuals, no justice in court-martials, no integrity in parliament, and no supremacy but in the people! From which we may infer, that he will appeal to the sovereignty of the people, excite them to insurrection, and terminate his career in the *glorious* manner of Fitzgerald or Despard!

The Opposition have also attracted notice by the number and quality of their fresh levies, or raw recruits. Of these Lord Porchester, the Honourable Mr. Ward, and Mr. Vernon, are the most conspicuous. I shall say a few words of these gentlemen, beginning with the Hon. Mr. Ward. The Opposition have trained this Hon. Gentleman to such a degree, that he opened upon Ministers with all the system of a veteran Whig. This, however, shall not stand between him and my opinion of his merit.—Mr. Ward has some beauties of diction peculiar to himself. He affects a glow of style, and often obtains it. He designs that his words should be both sublime and becoming; and sometimes they are so:—but they are also frequently rough, and his principles are borrowed from the Burdett school. This makes him obscure and confused. He is nevertheless accurate and elaborate in academic ornament; but, by an anxious endeavour to excel, he falls into an excess of novelty, by which he is still farther involved in democratic perplexity and theoretic darkness.—Lord Porchester has, undoubtedly, talents, and all the vices of the faction, of which he now assumes to be a principal head. His style is concise, abrupt, and too often unintelligible; he is also dry and stiff in narrating what he

calls facts, though, sometimes, a certain purity and brightness breaks forth, and dazzles like a flash of lightning in the gloom of the night. But the greatest triumph, in my opinion, gained by the enemies of the Constitution, remains yet to be noticed. I mean Mr. Vernon. Very few are acquainted with his character: he is a young man of ancient family—brave, gallant, and ambitious of worth. At college he acquired literary fame; at home he was the admiration of the good. His style is formed from the Roman model; sometimes he talks in a positive commanding manner; at other times in a modest, doubtful way; this moment he is interrogative, the next suppliant: and a melody of composition, just numbers, and accurate proportions pervade the whole of his speech. These qualities early attracted the notice of a Noble Lord in Opposition, and Mr. Vernon was introduced into Parliament for the direct purpose of combating with the friends of the *****!

Thus, Englishmen! are your delegates *debauched* in their infancy, and your press *purchased*, to accommodate the yoke to your devoted race!!!

At this awful epocha of future evil or good, when the power of intellect is perverted by the harangues of the factious, and darkened by the depravity of the press; when the public mind is staggering in the maze of policy, with the film of error on the legislative optics, all men of virtue, property, and thought, are imperiously summoned to join the standard of legitimate power, to bind humanity with those soft and tutelary ligatures of civil coercion, that may restrain the passions, till intellect, recovering from the degradation of deceit, and having rubbed off the bandage from the eyes, becomes enlightened and awake.

Englishmen! what must be the pangs of my heart, who behold the dangers of your present situation? who behold the progress of desperation and republicanism! who fear that my native fields will soon be overwhelmed, and the cities of my fathers lost in the general inundation! Transitory, compared to this, are all the other scourges of the earth. The fertility swept away by floods and tempests, by war and pestilence, by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, is shortly succeeded by smiling plenty. I have seen the heights of Jena; I know the plains of Wagram and Austerlitz; I have beheld Marengo's vineyards, and Vesu-

vius' fiery mount; and I am told that agriculture is in those parts again encouraged, and that the beauties of nature begin to revive. Even *Talavera* has corn rising out of human blood!—But many successive generations, with hopeless sighs, must view the sterility of a nation impoverished by republican thieves, and exposed to jacobinical marauders.

O, England! once a country of mind and manhood!—awake! FLY, BRITONS, TO UPHOLD THE THRONE; strengthen the anchor of power in this storm of policy which threatens wreck to the sacred vessel of the State! View the humbled nations of the continent; *they* cut the cable of sovereign power in the face of the tempest, and soon lost all political existence. O! thoughtful Britons, while the folly of surrounding worlds serves you as admonitory sea-marks, navigate your state vessel through the Scylla and Charibdis of power and liberty; let the refinement of social life continue to augment your characteristic sensibility, that it turn your minds inwards upon yourselves, and induce you to beseech a benevolent Providence not to traverse his original designs in your favour, but to interpose his authority, and avert the deluge which threatens your much-favoured isles!

ALBION.

Feb. 5, 1810.

LIES VERSUS TRUTHS.

In my last Register it will be recollected that, after I had given some plain and feasible reasons, to prove, that to treat the infernal artifices of the democrats with apathy is not merely unjustifiable but criminal, I had just begun to enter, *con amore*, into an exposure of the alarm with which this publication has inspired the Botley Demagogue. I shall now resume the topic from the very point at which I had suspended it, and proceed to prove, out of the Demagogue's own mouth, that his fear for Mr. Waithman being *disheartened*, in consequence of the contempt and ridicule which his late conduct has entailed upon him, is a very secondary consideration, compared with the apprehension of the Botley Caliban, respecting his own chastisement and fall! "It is of the greatest possible importance that the public, that the *people in general*, should bear this in their mind," (Cobbett, Jan. 27, p. 98), because when their eyes become opened, as they doubtless will, in a short time, on discover-

ing how grossly their senses have been imposed upon, they must, of necessity, desert him, and come over to the cause of truth and the Constitution; and then, in the words of our immortal bard, they may most justly exclaim,

"Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal.—He is not the man he would gladly make show to the world that he is."—

Such a knave as Shakespear describes, he is now tolerably well known to be. In fact, it is the rapidly increasing prevalence of this opinion, which has placed the Demagogue in a state between fear and desperation. Like the criminal who has gone to a certain extent in wickedness, he cannot submit to the self-mortification, of retreating, or abandoning his project, but plunges desperately forward in the same course of iniquity, till the strong arm of justice arrests his infamous career. To keep up and augment the disaffection of the people, he knows that nothing is so effectual as to descant perpetually upon abuses, and to magnify the enormity of those which really exist, while he gives currency to fabrications which persuade vulgar minds that the whole constituted Government is a mass of villany and fraud. Till lately his purpose was answered by representing systematic corruption as peculiar to the present epoch; but it is now his object to do away the *novelty* of the thing, and persuade us that abuses are the natural consequences of *regal* states.—To effect this point, he has, by his *researches*, made the wonderful discovery, that the same sort of abuses, as those of which we now complain, existed in the reign of Queen Anne!—There were "public robbers" in that reign, "who played the same tricks," and, he might have added, that there were demagogues too, who found it to their *interest* to attack all men in the confidence of their sovereign; though it is certain that they would have stood appalled, if counselled to adopt one-tenth part of that outrageous system of falsehoods which the gang of the present day, "being united in guilt and interest," have the boldness to publish.—Nay, he also informs us, that there were not only people in those days who, as at present, made improper use of the public money, but that, when these people were attacked, they resented the attacks, and began "by taking away the *reputation* of those who "desire to do right to their country;" i. e. of the demagogues, which arts, he

says, they always will make use of! But a "*truth*" in which he is most intimately concerned is, that a great portion of the people "have always been credulous enough to listen to the calumnies" that have circulated against levellers; or, in other words, that, when men of integrity and character have come forward in behalf of persons invested with the power of office, and have defended them against the assaults of the base knaves, who are destitute both of character and conscience, such defenders have always found a great portion of the people who would attend to, and believe them. So far, indeed, I agree with the Demagogue, that in Queen Anne's reign the people did "just as they do now;"—but when he tells us that the great mass of the people have always been credulous enough to listen to calumnies, he speaks, to their shame it must be allowed, a real and indisputable "*truth*," the well-proved result of his own *experience*! How many years have they covered themselves with eternal infamy, by listening, with avidity, to all the daring calumnies, to which HIS union of "guilt and interest" has stimulated him to give publicity; from the detestable calumny against Captain Powell, down to the detraction employed by him during the last four years, against every public character who has been rendered estimable in the eye of the world by hereditary rank combined with splendid talents, honour, patriotism, and every virtuous attribute that can dignify human nature? It would, indeed, be a most difficult task to ascertain who, out of this description of English men or women, the audacious wretch has suffered to escape his malignant bite; and yet *he* now has the effrontery to complain of *being calumniated*! But *where* is the calumny, and *who* are the calumniators? Let him tell us this, and we will be satisfied; let him *name* his defamers, and, if they are obscure and vindictive beings, seeking only the means of revenge, for some private injuries received at his hands, we will qualify our credence of what they may assert, and enquire whether they are persons who ought to be believed upon their oaths! But if he mean (as he assuredly does) that the gentlemen, who have associated to write him down, as an enemy to social order and civilized society, and whose honour and fame are pledges for the independency of their principles, and the truth of their assertions, then is his situation desperate; he *may* "hiss and

vent his spleen," but his doom is fixed; and, as a seditious contaminator of the public mind, down he must go!—He will not, however, *name* his calumniators; no, that will not do; it would only bring the matter sooner to a conclusion; for, if he were to say that the "*wretches*" who calumniate him, are 1st, those who insert their "*truths*" in BLAGDON'S REGISTER; and, 2dly, those who read such truths, and afterwards promulgate them, he knows that, on a discovery of his being justly "*attacked*," his partisans, in the aggregate, would cease to "*stand by him*," and consequently, being "*left to himself, he would be unable to resist!!*" (Vide his Register of Feb. 3, col. 169.)—Therefore, I say, he will not *name* either the writers or the vehicle through whose means he will be held up to public contempt, because his remaining admirers might be induced to enquire into the nature of the "*lies*" about which he is uttering such novel lamentations!—He nevertheless will be found to level four-fifths of the spleen contained in his paper of last Saturday-week against this very Register, which I well know to be the subject of his nightly curses and his daily abhorrence.

Citizen Waithman, as has been already noticed, is now deemed an object deserving of the Demagogue's sympathy.—The *Citizen*, like the *Demagogue*, has been *slandered*; and the anticipated consequence is, that, although the *Citizen* may have a sufficient stock of assurance to be callous against the hootings and execrations of all *principled* auditors, yet some of the fellows who are striving to acquire a momentary popularity from the same source of pollution, "*having less political courage*," that is, not being sufficiently matured in impudence, "*would be deterred from coming forward*," (col. 100.) But both the *Citizen* and the *Demagogue* have, if we may believe the latter, a sufficient quantum of jacobinical courage, to withstand all the irrefragable and incontrovertible series of exposure, which, to their eternal confusion, is now issuing forth against them.

After this negative compliment to Mr. Waithman's courage, the Demagogue leaves him to continue its exertion, and descants upon that courage which is peculiar to *himself*—a *courage*, the extent of which seems to be, that it enables him to withstand the "*truths*" that have *lately* appeared concerning him, with sufficient fortitude to prevent him from

committing suicide. The reasons, however, for this *generous forbearance* on his part are so *sound*; his present rule of conduct, is so different from what it used to be, under similar circumstances, that nothing ought to prevent me from laying them before the public in his own words. "The mere time and labour" (says he) of giving a simple negative to each of "their downright LIES are more than any man has at his command. If, during *the three months of the last year*," (that is as much as to say, since the first appearance of *my Register*) "I had written only a simple assertion, in contradiction to every LIE that was, during that time, published against me, it would have taken up *the whole of my time*. No wonder, therefore, that men, in general, should be *afraid* of exposing themselves to such a swarm of calumniators!—The *wretches*, who are employed for this purpose, are *afraid* of *no consequences*; they have nothing to apprehend; they themselves have no character to lose; from the nature of their office, they must be destitute of all sense of honour and of shame; and, generally, their associates are of the very worst description of men and women. But whatever gets into print carries *some degree* of credit with it; and it is next to impossible, that, by *some part* of the people composing a whole nation, the calumnies, though pure inventions of such wretches as I have described, should not pass for *truths*, and should not produce, at least, *some effect*, upon the minds of a part of the people!" (col. 100)

This is rather a striking instance of the Demagogue's sentiments respecting the effects of a free (or, as I should be inclined to say, an abused and perverted) press. What do *you* think of this, Mr. Farnham, and all ye gentlemen of talents, whose mistaken generosity, and whose too-favourable ideas of the public liberality, induce you to imagine literary Jacobinism to be perfectly innocuous? Here you perceive the Demagogue himself confesses, that *WHATEVER* gets into print carries with it *some degree of credit!!!* But, to illustrate this home "*truth*," I will place the matter in a simple and incontrovertible light. Suppose, in this free country, where every person is at liberty to *speak*, to *write*, to *print*, and to *publish* whatever he may think fit; to *attack* or *defend*, to *calumniate* or *extol*, any individual or body of men—suppose

there was no man possessing a sufficient portion of "*political courage*" to induce him to write conscientiously in behalf of the established Government, and, Heaven knows, there are few indeed who have either courage or principle to do so, what would be the consequence? Could any Government, I do not mean any set of *Ministers*, but "*the whole thing*," could it be expected to withstand the combined assaults of the banditti who would conspire to destroy it? Where is the idiot that can suppose it would? The government of the Capets, which had been adored during a whole *millenium*, was at last destroyed by *literature*, and, with one half the violence which has been displayed by the literary Jacobins here; because that government, having the press under certain restrictions, were weak enough to conceive, that perpetual satires, comparisons, allusions, and inuendos, *could do no harm*. Such a criminal infatuation seems to possess a certain class of people in *this* country, who are not to be convinced that a perverted press is the *primum mobile* of all commotions in a state. It cannot be denied, that, till the appearance of certain strictures and animadversions on Cobbett, which were published during the last year, that Demagogue publicly exulted in the certainty that he was advancing towards his meditated object with all possible celerity! By the writers in question, however, he was thwarted, annoyed, and exposed—he, therefore, tossed and foamed like a whale when it first feels the harpoon; but it was not till *my* perpetual machine was brought into action that the monster became desperate through the fear of destruction! And whence, it may be asked, does this alarm originate? It is evident, that there are for it two grand causes, both of which the Demagogue has himself explained in the paragraph that I have quoted. The first is, that, in proportion to the increase which the circulation of this Register derives, so will its plain "*truths*" overturn the Demagogue's "*lies*," and then "*men in general would be afraid to expose themselves to*" - - - the *ridicule* which would be vented against them for continuing the dupes of Jacobinical imposture:—But the second cause is still more striking, it is because "*THE WRETCHES ARE AFRAID OF NO CONSEQUENCES!*"—Now, to take all the honour of the Demagogue's epithet, at I am one of the "*wretches*," (nay, I really believe that I am the principal "*wretch*,"

if not the only one, to whom he alludes, all the other writers seeming to have left to me the task of giving him the *coup de grace*,) it will be rather appropriate to explain what he means by this remarkable expression. When I resolved to undertake this publication, I made up my mind, "to be afraid of no consequences!" I knew the arts which the Jacobins resort to too well, not to be convinced, that they would adopt every possible mode to prevent me from carrying my plan into execution: but, first of all, they would try whether I was to be *intimidated*, either by attacks upon my *person*, or any *other sort* of attacks which their ingenuity might devise! The first they *KNEW* would not answer; though it is the way of all others that they prefer, and the second proved equally hopeless: indeed, I have some reason to believe that they have been informed of the effect which their *terrifying* anonymous Letters had upon me!—I pasted them upon the walls of my library, and made it a point to show them to every person who came into my residence, requesting each reader to write a sort of critique upon the margin or blank leaf, for reference at a future opportunity! By this means I have pretty strong reason for believing that I have *discovered* one or two of the authors of such Letters, and by which discovery *their lives are in my power*. But it is my practice to step over, and not to tread upon worms. Respecting the first-mentioned mode, it is one which the Demagogue used to be very partial to, and which the Jacobins still enforce, when they think they can *frighten their man*. The mode I now allude to, is, that of invading the domestic privacy of families, and threatening the destruction of the object of their vengeance! It was tried by the Demagogue in the beginning of the year 1802, when he went into the habitation of a most respectable gentleman, John Heriot, Esq. accompanied by an American *Chevalier d'Industrie*, as his bully, and there *finding him alone*, threatening him with, or *attempting* to inflict upon him personal chastisement! How it happened that the Demagogue came out with a whole skull, unless it were through the generous lenity of the gentleman who was assailed, I have always been at a loss to imagine; as that gentleman, having been several years in the celebrated regiment of Westminster Yeomanry Cavalry, could, in the half of a minute, by the simple operation of the poker, assuredly have broken every limb

of his carcass! Another attempt of this kind was made *upon me*, in September 1808, when, as some of the readers of this Paper may recollect, I had in my Phoenix, compared a Common Hall orator to Jack Ketch! On that occasion, the particulars of which I have long since explained, the irritated Jacobin presumed upon his bulk, and had probably not then heard that I was well acquainted with the art of *self-defence* in *all* its various branches (an art very necessary to be known by such persons as oppose Jacobin innovators.) The result of that *rencontre* was long since made known to the Demagogue, and *therefore*, as I am authorised to infer, he thinks proper to include me amongst the "*wretches who are afraid of no consequences!!*"—If he do not mean, that I am not afraid of personal abuse or assaults, he must mean that I am not afraid of any *prosecutions for libels* on the part of the Jacobins; and here he is most certainly correct. In fact, I do not think *any* Jacobin, from the very highest to the most contemptible of them, possesses sufficient "*political courage*" to try the experiment! If any one of them really do think himself "*slandered*" or "*calumniated*" in this Register, I hope he will not balk his wish to bring me to *justice*; for, above all things, a prosecution for a libel against any "Jacobin and leveller" is what I should most delight in; it would do their business and mine too!!! But I am certain that I shall not be gratified in this way; my readers may depend upon it, that the *whole gang* will never muster a sufficient portion of "*political courage*" amongst them to bring about such a "*consummation!*"

Having thus explained of what *I am not afraid*, and which I am certain not one of my readers, who may have perused Cobbett's Register of the 27th ult. will deem supererogatory to the point in question, it remains for me to comment upon what he *is* afraid of!

In the first place, he is afraid of being looked upon as a *villain*, (col. 101) but "having been so long accustomed," says he, "*to bear* the calumnies of these miserable wretches, and am so happy in the "*conscious innocence, good sense and fortitude of those, whose uneasiness under a participation in such calumnies could not fail deeply to affect me, that I care nothing at all about any thing that is said against me, through such channels.*"—Admirable fortitude!—Yet this

shows, again that, "whatever gets into print carries some degree of credit with it," and "is believed by some part of the people!"—But, after *admitting* such belief to be *now* prevalent, he exclaims, "Well, *I cannot help this*. It is no fault of mine. I know, that the greater part of *well-informed* people are perfectly convinced, that all that has been said against me by these knaves is false. And, then, I have always perceived, that one effect of such abominable falsehoods being published against me is, to create inquiry, personal inquiry, *into my character*" (What! is he concerned about his *character*! This is another consequence of matters getting into print!) "and my conduct in private life; and, such inquiry has produced a wonderful impression in my favour."—Indeed! this is something new!—To be sure, the *tenderness* displayed towards poor Jesse Burgess, the *liberality* which never allows his labourers to have any recreation, or to enjoy "*a drunk*," except at *their own expence*, (Vide his remarks on the Jubilee) must produce a very "wonderful impression" upon those who sympathise in the misfortunes and miseries of the hard-working poor, "so that *upon the whole*," (as the Demagogue, in my mind, is by no means an object of envy, I will agree with him,) "that if one can but bring one's mind to *to be tranquil under the knowledge, that one is thought ill of by a considerable part of one's countrymen!*" (What, by a *considerable* part, Cobbett? This augurs well!) "one gets nearly as much "as one loses by the calumnies."

From the above passages, out of the Demagogue's own mouth, it will be evident, as I said in my last number, that he is afraid his hour of literary decadence is almost come; but it will perhaps be difficult to decide whether his suddenly-assumed fortitude ought to be pitied or ridiculed! If we are to believe him, it is the *feelings of men's families* (col. 101) which makes them "afraid of exposing themselves to the torrents of lies, that are sure to be poured out against them:"—There is doubtlessly some "truth" in this; but the Demagogue is determined that *he* will eradicate all such feelings from his breast, and persevere, whatever may be the consequences, in his flagitious and abandoned career.—I have been informed, from undoubted authority, that *his* private connections have long anticipated, with alarm and

disinay, *certain* consequences which *may* take place, from his perseverance in such a line as he has adopted, and it is with a view to persuade them that "the effect of the calumnies is, to bind his friends more firmly to him," that he has thus assumed the appearance of "courage" to conceal the evidence of fear! We are therefore to expect, that the serpent will, with more inveteracy than ever, "continue to hiss and vent his spleen," against our venerated establishments; but the task which I have undertaken, of producing an immediate antidote to the poison which the reptile diffuses, I pledge myself to execute, totally regardless of all consequences whatever! F. W. B.

TO MR. WAITHMAN;

ON HIS CHARGE OF BUNGLING, AND VARIOUS OTHER CRIMES AGAINST THE MINISTRY.

Suo sibi gladio hunc jugulo. TERENCE.

With his own sword do I stab this man!

By ALBION.

LETTER V.

SIR,—An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence. To this I attribute much of that conduct which has called for so much animadversion in my late and present communications. I am now to comment on the other *epithet*, &c. &c. which I engaged to take particular notice of, as inseparable by you from the word *Minister*. I mean "*blundering*," &c. &c." And I own it fills me with astonishment, when I consider how very low human nature may be reduced by the effects of rage and despair.

The attacks against the Ministers proving still ineffectual, you are reduced to consider how it happens that these ignorant *blunderers* can to stand their ground, against the opposition of such able and infallible politicians as you and your faction. At length, with much labour and study, you discover, that the two Houses of Parliament are friends to the present establishment, approve the measures his Majesty pursues, and show that deference which is due to the judicious statesmen he is pleased to nominate. Since, therefore, you cannot prevail on

the Common Council to distress the King, you must endeavour to inflame the people against the Representatives. In order to this, you pitch upon two expedients, one of them ridiculous and absurd, and the other base and unmanly. Can the *electors* of Great Britain take it as a compliment to be told by a city shop-keeper, that *they* have chosen persons whose principles they dislike, from mercenary views and private advantages? Or will they not rather think it shameful that *they* must be abused, because the gentlemen they have chosen, are not wicked and weak enough to assist in carrying on the ambitious views and private advantages of these flagitious revilers? How short-lived were the hopes of Sir Francis Burdett, when he flattered himself with the disappointment those gentlemen would meet with, whom his Majesty honoured with marks of his favour at the end of the last Parliament. The unanimous voice of their electors restored them to the capacity of serving their country, and consequently of rendering the most acceptable service that can be shown to such a King, by contributing their endeavours for the good of his people.

This brings me, Sir, to your next expedient,—which is to make the Representatives *odious*, by insinuating that they are as mercenary and corrupt, as you before described their electors. And this, for one single reason, because some of those who are thought worthy by the people to take the charge of their welfare in Parliament, are *likewise* thought worthy by their Sovereign, to be trusted with some share of the civil Government to which profit is of absolute necessity annexed. How base is the maxim, how false is the conclusion! Is our Commonwealth so formed, that the service of the King and of the people is inconsistent? Is the throne filled with such a Prince, that obeying his commands, and protecting the liberty of the subject are incompatible? Or should that ever be the case, which it is almost infamous even to suppose, what inducement have you to imagine, that men of honour would sacrifice the liberties of those they represent, to *mean* and *transitory* advantages for themselves? But, alas! Sir, men are too apt to judge of others by the experience of the dictates of their own hearts. I am grieved that this observation also involves humanity in your disgrace.

Having endeavoured to blast the honour of the House of Commons, you proceed

to the other branch of the Legislature. But here, the "*Pack of Judges*," as you and Colonel Wardle are civilly pleased to call them, must be attacked by the way; and the Bench of Bishops must be singled from the rest of that noble body, to receive particular marks of your resentment. Nor am I at a loss for the reasons of this procedure when I consider the uniform tenor of your late actions. As the *foreign* enemies of the state have been all along the *favourites* of the *faction*, and the *allies* of this nation been *treated* as their *enemies*; so, to be conformable in domestic affairs, they have ever shown their greatest malice against such as are the chief ornaments of their profession, and do the most credit to the stations they possess. Thus, Sir, your particular rage against the judges proceeds from your "*anger*," that the known abilities of those who now fill the Bench, their great experience in the Laws, and their just and equitable execution of them, give not the least room for complaining of oppression, and consequently no handle to your friends for the encouragement of sedition. From the like foundation proceeds your displeasure against the Bench of Bishops: as their learning and piety give no room to complain of the choice his Majesty has made in their promotion, so the steady affection they have shown to the state, leaves you no hopes of clamour and sedition from that quarter, and which had formerly been so serviceable on similar occasions. Nor does your animosity stop here: but, as Cobbett recommends to the people, to follow the precedent that was put in practice against the *De Wits* in Holland, by assassinating our Ministers here; so you, his fellow labourer, have given nearly the like infamous advice with regard to the whole of the public functionaries, official and *diplomatique*. For you have, in almost brutal manner, in your speeches and harangues, endeavoured to incite others, as profligate as yourself, to INSULT the PERSONS of those, whose *reputations* you have, with so much zeal, but with so little success, attempted to murder or destroy!

While you go on in practising the little arts of antiquated prudes, and endeavour to establish a reputation of your own, by destroying that of others, the natural curiosity of mankind, and the bent we may observe in most people to desire to see their superiors of any kind reduced to a level with themselves,

will make your libelous orations be heard and read for some time, by some with ardour, by most with patience. His present Majesty, on the loss of his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, observed, with equal grace and humility, "that such losses are *finis* mankind must pay to Heaven for the blessing of long life:"—and we may with as great justice pronounce, that *obloquy* and slander, *envy* and *malice*, are the evils which Ministers must endure, as necessary attendants on a series of favour and prosperity. As such, they consider them; as such they despise them. It is not, Sir, the accusation, but the truth of it, which gives the wound; and an innocent man feels no more pain from the publication of a false slander, than the *slanderer* gains credit by the invention of the falsehood.

Thus your libels are tolerated and endured: the envious and the malicious hear them with pleasure; the indolent and unwary with patience. The *professions* of loyalty to the King, and attachment to his illustrious house, might even, for a while longer, impose on the giddy citizens, and the secret, villanous designs of your prompters, pass undiscovered. Men might consider the controversy as a dispute between private persons for power. But now the thin veil of loyalty is thrown off, and sedition stalks abroad in its own odious colours; men begin to be astonished how they could thus long have been deceived with idle *pretences* to patriotism and the love of liberty, when they see the reigns of the worst of tyrants produced as *parallels* to the best of kings; when they see necessity of war represented as a thirst for blood, though practised merely for the salvation of the land; when they see the struggles our ancestors have made for their liberties by force of arms against arbitrary tyrants, recommended as examples for our imitation, against a Prince who knows no fear but that of injuring the least of his subjects; when they see the reigns of the weakest of our monarchs compared to that of his present Majesty, who hears, indeed, the advice of his Ministers, but whose own judgment can yet best chuse, and whose own heart is most strongly inclined to follow that which is most for the ease and welfare of his people;—when this King, Sir, is threatened with sedition, unless he forthwith discharge those counsellors he at present trusts, and whom he

finds faithful, in order to place *your* ABETTORS in their room; when these flagrant things appear, and are obvious to the meanest capacities, mankind are shocked, not only at the impiety but impudence of such abandoned *pretenders* to superior talents and virtue. Even the envious and malicious begin to *fear* what may be their *share* of the miseries you are labouring to bring upon your country; the curious and inquisitive are no longer at a loss to find out your designs, and, consequently, no longer believe your groundless insinuations. The honest, the indolent, and the unwary, being aroused from their security, a just indignation makes them concerned that our excellent laws should prove a sanctuary for artful revilers and hypocritical dispersers of treason.

After these reflections on the extraordinary character of your conduct, and that of your Whig allies, I will only say a word or two as to what you allege in your vindication; and I think you offer but one grand argument for that purpose: it is,—that the spirit of liberty, which you profess, and the glorious struggles to preserve that liberty in former ages, are the things to which we owe our present felicity, and therefore proper to be recommended at this time.

Sir, it cannot be denied but that the "Spirit of liberty" is the distinguishing characteristic of a TRUE BRITON, and to that we owe the superior advantages this nation enjoys above all the kingdoms of the earth. But there is a wide difference between the *spirit of liberty* and the *spirit of sedition*. Liberty is, indeed, jealous of the least invasion of our civil or religious rights, and ready, on all occasions, to exert, with courage and vigour, against all attempts to subvert and destroy them: but, though she be thus bold in times of danger, she is of a meek and quiet disposition, while we enjoy those blessings in peace and tranquillity, and while we are obedient and thankful to the prince, by whose goodness and wisdom her blessings are secured. On the other hand, the spirit of sedition is ever suspicious and uneasy without cause, loud and clamorous in the midst of peace and prosperity; pays an unwilling obedience to the laws, and is never so unhappy as when she can have no pretence to murmur against the constituted authorities. The man possessed with this spirit, must needs be unhappy, whilst he has no relish for the blessings he enjoys

himself, under an apprehension that his neighbour enjoys them in a superior degree. The struggles for liberty which we read of in our histories, will ever be remembered with honour. But though, on proper occasions, it may be necessary to use so harsh a remedy, yet it is the *occasion* only can justify the prescription. A nauseous draught, or an acute operation, may be absolutely requisite in a dangerous distemper; and the physician who, by these means, restores his patient to his former health of constitution, will ever be remembered with gratitude and esteem; but it would be difficult for a quack, who acts like a monkey, merely from imitation, to prevail upon any person in perfect health, to receive his daily food out of an apothecary's shop, and be cupped and scarified every morning, by way of prevention. No man in the country, Sir, is more sensible of the blessings we enjoy in consequence of the revolution, or is more thankful to that Providence, and those *patriots* by whom it was effected, than myself; but I am far from thinking him a *patriot* who desires *another revolution*; and that *he* certainly does, *who* attempts to raise discontents and sedition, at a time when we are blessed with the full enjoyment of our civil and religious liberties under a king who owes his title to that glorious event, and who gives us daily cause to show our gratitude, not only to himself, but to the memory of our Immortal Deliverer.

Whoever, Sir, reads the History of England, will find we have had many struggles, and much bloodshed, which *cannot* be placed to "the *spirit* of liberty:"—where power was contended for more than property, and the dispute was, *who* should oppress, rather than *who* should relieve their countrymen from oppression. Such were the contests between the houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, and such were many of the struggles in former ages, which took their rise from the disappointment, ambition, and revenge of some of the powerful and haughty nobles of those days. If any struggles then are to be recommended, I would be glad to know of what nature those are you *would* propose for our imitation:—It cannot be any of those glorious ones, in behalf of liberty, for *that* we enjoy to the highest possible degree. Of what nature then, Sir, is it to be of? I can never believe there is vanity enough in any one man, or set of men, to imagine that the people of *England*

would stir a little finger to gratify the ambition or revenge of the most haughty noble among them. Indeed, the struggles of former days were not only *haughty*, but great and powerful; *great* in their descent—*powerful* in their alliances and possessions: a kind of petty princes, whose tenants and vassals were obliged by their tenures to attend their persons, and obey their commands, without enquiring into the motives. Thanks to God, the nature of those tenures is now at an end, and every *Briton* may call what he has his own, without *that* slavish dependence on the caprice of another. Since, therefore, the noble and powerful are out of the question, I would advise you, Sir, and Sir Francis Burdett, and all other such demagogues, not to expect too many followers of the haughty, the ambitious, and the revengeful. Take example from the list of subscribers for the purpose of snatching Col. Wardle from the jaws of Bridewell, or the humiliation of a work-house!! Besides, I cannot frame to myself a more ridiculous idea, than to see the *Wat Tylers* and *Jack Straws* of our days, strutting and swelling till they fancy they resemble the *Northumberlands* and *Warwicks* of old, and that they can, like them, **MAKE AND UNMAKE KINGS AT THEIR PLEASURE!!!**

I also perceive, Sir, in your last speech delivered in the Common Hall, that you justify the vulgar and audacious proceeding of Sheriff Wood, on the plea of the example of former times. I allow that, in the reigns of King *Charles* and King *James the Second*, great liberties were taken with *persons* in power, and even with the *prince* on the throne; and, in the reign of Queen Anne, the pamphlets abounded in very great freedoms with regard to her Ministers; but those freedoms extended no farther than to the *measures* they pursued, and sprang from the just dread and apprehension the people were under of the ruin they thought approaching them. When the fears of *popery* and *arbitrary* power were so strong, it was no wonder the expressions of those who were endeavouring to alarm the people and encourage them to resist their enslavers, were strong in proportion to the danger; and that their sheriffs should rush, like assassins, into the presence of their sovereigns. But to act in this intemperate manner now, Sir, you must first show the *like cause* of apprehension, and own the *like design*: till

you do this, you cannot be justified in those reigns for having, in a more outrageous manner, calumniated THIS. In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, the same dreadful apprehensions arose, as did in that of *Charles* and *James*; then, again, the spirit of liberty rose, and those who were endeavouring to destroy us were treated as our destroyers. But here, again, Sir, you must show your *parallel*, or go without your *justification*. To my idea it seems the reverse; and, as the opposition of those days endeavoured to alarm the people from the danger they were in, lest the HANOVER SUCCESSION should NOT take place, your labours appear to be all pointed to convince them, that they cannot be worse than now *that succession* is so long and so firmly established. Having said this much, partly by way of defence, or rather excuse, for the liberties formerly taken, I think I may venture to say, that I could undertake to produce, more scurrilous language, more private scandal, and more ungentleman-like abuse, out of the libels of the three or four last years, than can possibly be shown in all the polemical writings of George I. and II. or the three other reigns I more particularly mentioned!

This invidious proceeding may be treated with pity and contempt; but when you, and a sheriff of London, and a few other perverted citizens, are so audacious as to go *farther*, and justify their conduct by insults and reflections on their Sovereign; and, when you are daily labouring to incense the people, and involve numbers of citizens in the guilt of your own disaffected practices, indignation ought to take place of pity, and you ought to be punished instead of despised. The more daring and insolent the enemies of government appear, the more ought the real friends of it to unite and exert: and, as all I have said has arisen from a real sense of my duty to my King and my country, so I shall look on myself as amply rewarded, if any thing I *have said* can contribute to give the alarm to any one honourable citizen, to warn him of the danger your incendiary harangues are unawares leading the Corporation into, by insensibly endeavouring to lessen the honour and duty it owes to so good a monarch; and by preparing its temper for such seditions and tumults as the artful and the profligate shall think it their interest to foment.

MILLIONS must have felt the dread-

ful shock, when the liberties of England were threatened to be laid in the dust by the early partizans of continental rebellions. MILLIONS must feel it—should the like attempt be renewed. It is a virtuous unanimity, without departing, however, from that public jealousy, which is connected with the spirit of liberty, that alone can prevent a return of such calamity. When this unanimity is effected, which I have no doubt it will, if "*law and literature*" can effect a thing so desirable; when our deluded fellow-citizens are brought to a *better being*, and see all the advantage and beauty of their government and constitution, *then* let the *vipers* of liberty lick the *file*; let them, with *vain*, though *venomous* efforts, spill their blood, or exhaust their eloquence, in endeavouring to weaken that impregnable tower of defence, the present establishment, which is built upon the rock of liberty, against which, Sir, I beg you to join me in beseeching the Almighty, that the tyrant of France, the attempts of dark treason, and the arms of open rebellion, MAY NEVER PREVAIL. I shall continue to be, Sir, your strict observer,
Dec. 1809. ALBION.

ON THE UNSOUND PRINCIPLES OF YOUNG MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—From the uniform zeal that you have shown in the support of every thing that is dear to Englishmen, and to that *rational* liberty that they are so enviably possessed of; and from the utter and *proper* contempt with which you view that diabolical *licentiousness*, falsely called *liberty*; and *tyranny*, which the foolish and the wicked call *freedom*, that Frenchmen and French principles have, with unexampled audacity, and duplicity, imposed upon the greater part of Europe; I am led to believe, that I shall not be disappointed in my wish to occupy a small space in your valuable and *truly patriotic* Paper; in a few observations which I think of momentous importance at this critical period.—It has been often the subject of my contemplation and remark, and in which I believe I am not singular; that the *worst EFFECTS* of the wild theories that have emanated from that greatest curse which Europe has for centuries been visited with, "the French Revolution," had not yet arrived, but would be experienced when those, who were children and boys at its commencement, should be grown

up to manhood, and become husbands and fathers; some of them filling the first offices in Church and State, and particularly should be Senators.—*That* period is I think, *now* arrived, and it will require more than ordinary care to ward off the dangerous effects that may arise from so much inexperience and so much consequent rashness as will attend it.

The French Revolution has now existed, with all its horrors and deformity, nearly twenty years; during that time the press has vomited forth more of sedition (I might say treason), more false, yet deluding principles, more attacks upon pure religion and morality, than during such a period has ever come from it before. It has been also more industriously and more boldly disseminated, (and with very inadequate checks) than it ever was before.—It has crept into almost every species of literature, not excepting even *children's books*—(witness "*Minor Morals*," and other such publications), and thus the pliant and susceptible minds of the young and unwary have been unavoidably contaminated with tenets the most dangerous to social order and domestic happiness, conveyed often in a garb the most specious, and with a glare the most dazzling:—all the books and periodical papers that have been employed in this wicked system have been made to convey a few well known and acknowledged truths, as a cover and passport for positions the most fallacious, as well as most dangerous to society, which have been eagerly swallowed by, and adopted as the creed of, the young and unwary, always too self-sufficient, too confident in their own opinions, and too apt to reject those of older and cooler heads than their own; and, being incapable of reasoning and comparing, from a want of experience, and of separating the *few* truths contained in such works from the *many* falsehoods, have with that credulity which belongs to, and is even amiable in, unsuspecting youth, believed *all* to be true, because they knew that *some* were true, and were truths universally admitted.

The period that I have expected, and expected with considerable anxiety, is, I think, arrived.—Many *very young men* are now become legislators, perhaps at a more early period of life than it may hereafter be thought they ought to be, and it may be necessary to make them ineligible to be so until after a few more years of experience shall have fortified their judgement:—there are not want-

ing examples in the present Parliament, in both Houses, but more particularly in the Commons, to show, that the younger Members of it are infected with principles that threaten the subversion of that Constitution, which, till the madness and folly of French principles bewildered men's minds, was the admiration, the envy, and the desideratum of the civilized world. That there are not wanting shining examples of a contrary conduct amongst our youth is a matter of great congratulation, but the instances are more rare than a real patriot would wish they should be. That sufficient care has not been taken to counteract the principles that have been disseminated, and conquer the prejudices that the youth of this country have imbibed, is, I think apparent, and must be admitted:—The French Revolution began with breaking down the barriers that stood between the good and the bad, without which it never could have been accomplished. It broke asunder all the ties that held society together; let loose the passions against the light of reason, set decorum at defiance, and destroyed the true principles of honour and virtue, to make way for wickedness and immorality, under the specious, but delusive, pretence of *philosophical regeneration*.—That there has been too great a laxity in regulating the conduct, of youth, and too loose a rein held over their conduct, is, I think, evident; that it has even found its way into *schools**, and that parents themselves have yielded to it is but too visible.—The governed always feel an inclination to resist their governors, and the French, well aware of this, have used the principle as their most successful weapon; they have run away with the passions and prejudices of men to the annihilation of their reason, and have done more mischief to society and been more successful in their schemes, by the declaration of the illusory "*Rights of Man*," and the positions built upon that basis, than by any other means.

Having pointed out the *evil*, in the doing of which I have been much more prolix than I expected, though I do not know that I could avoid it, I may be expected to say something as to a *remedy* for it, which I do not

* So early as the year 1795, so great insubordination showed itself at Winchester College, that it became necessary to expel many of the senior boys, and it was well ascertained that newspapers and other writings containing revolutionary principles had found their way into the College, and contaminated the minds of the youth.

think so difficult as may at first appear. I would recommend that parents should be more than ordinarily circumspect as to the conduct of their children; that they should let them profit by their experience by frequent admonitions; that they should early, and upon all occasions inculcate in their mind, a readiness to obey and to submit to their elders, which they should rigidly insist on, in the first place, in their conduct towards them.—They should teach them, that *true loyalty*, whilst it is the best cement of society, is productive of quiet and happiness to themselves; whereas, a contrary conduct is productive of the most turbulent passions, and the most unsocial ideas, and must fret them with disappointments, so long as the good shall preponderate, and the present state of things be preserved. I would have our youth, when legislators, act with a mind totally unfettered upon all *minor* objects, to accustom them to reason and to act from its dictates; but upon all matters of *vital importance to the State*, I would recommend to their fathers to require them to listen to advice, and I would wish that parents should, whenever they can, withhold qualifications from such of their sons as should not merit them, by the rashness or the obstinacy of their opinions. That I may not be thought a cynic, and grown too old to make allowances for the indiscretions of youth, I must observe that had the ever-to-be-lamented Mr. Pitt been spared to his country, there would have been but a few months difference in our age. When he began his great, but too short, career as a politician, I first began to think for myself on such subjects.—I am one of those who feel a pride in having approved and supported his principles, and consequently deplore the irreparable loss that his premature death produced to his native land: I have not done this from any interested motives, or been a slave to the opinions of others, but from an attentive observance of events as they arose, and I think, as that arch apostate COBBETT † once *told* the people of this country he did, “*THAT, NEXT TO THE VIRTUES OF HIS MAJESTY AND THE GENERAL LOYALTY OF HIS SUBJECTS, THIS COUNTRY OWES ITS PRESERVATION TO THE WISDOM AND INTEGRITY OF MR. PITT AND HIS COLLEAGUES!*”

I have so much exceeded the limits

† In his Prospectus of “the Porcupine,” Sept. 29, 1800.

which I intended to prescribe myself when I began, that I can hardly expect to be indulged by an insertion of this letter; but, if you shall so far favour me, you will oblige,

Sir, your faithful servant,

A TRUE PATRIOT.

Hants, Jan. 25, 1810.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

Continued from page 608.

“The temporary dereliction of this system would be productive of some danger to the Empire, and it would be placing rather too great a reliance upon the future, however flattering appearances may be at present, to suffer the depots in the interior of France to want the regular supply of recruits, whenever a part of the young soldiers who fill them should be called into actual service.

“A short glance at the state of your Majesty’s armies will be sufficient to show that the levy which I feel it my duty to propose, is sufficient at present.

“Master of Vienna, and of more than half the Austrian Monarchy, your Majesty is at the head of the most formidable army that France ever had beyond the Rhine; and to judge of what it is capable of effecting, it is only necessary to mention, that it was hardly formed when it conquered Austria in the fields of Thaur, of Abersberg, and of Eckmühl. Whether the negotiations at Altenburgh terminate in peace, or whether the war continue, your Majesty has in your depots troops enough, fit to take the field, to recruit your army in Germany.

“In the month of January, your Majesty pursued the English army in Gallicia. While you were engaged in it, your Majesty was informed that the Court of Vienna intended to break its engagements. Though such an event seemed to call the principal part of your forces into Germany, your Majesty nevertheless thought proper to leave your veteran army in Spain; - - - - -

(To be continued.)

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Ye hands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys,
 Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS:—*The third Stricture of ALBION on the reported proceedings in Parliament.—Result of the adulation and sycophancy of the Opposition.—The people ridiculed for not knowing what to make of the sovereignty which the Jacobins wished to invest them with.—Consequences of Whigs being again admitted in'o the Cabinet.—Summary of the misfortunes of the Fox administration.—Profligacy of the Opposition.—A review of the reported debate on closing the gallery.—Contrast between the conduct of Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Windham.—The Editor's address to certain Correspondents who wish to influence his sentiments and bias his opinion; being a prelude to the Letter of PHILO ALBION.—Strictures on the conduct of Mr. Windham with regard to the Newspaper Reporters, with an exposure of the motives of the Demagogue, for defending those Gentlemen.—Letter of J. J. W. J. on the proper mode of effecting a Reform in Parliament.—Review of a pamphlet entitled Truth in pursuit of War-*

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Addressed to the People of the United Kingdom, &c.

Tel vous semble applaudir, qui vous raille et vous joue;

Aimez qu'on vous conseille, et non pas qu'on vous loue !

BOILEAU.

By ALBION.

STRICTURE III.

ENGLISHMEN!—One of the chiefest advantages derived, by the present generation, from the improvement and diffusion of philosophy, is deliverance from unnecessary terrors, and exemption from false alarms. The unusual appearances, whether regular or accidental, which once spread consternation over ages of ignorance, are now the recreations of inquisitive security. The sun is no more lamented when it is eclipsed, than when it sets; and meteors play their corruscations without prognostic or prediction.

It is infamous to flatter any court, any faction, any person, or any people. I therefore disclaim the above paragraph, and am the first to assert that it contains that dangerous species of adulation, which the polluted harpies and vile sycophants of Opposition employ to rob you, Englishmen! of your judgment, and then to ravish your boasted freedom and independence. They know it is necessary to the success of their ambitious designs, that their flattery be accommodated to particular circumstances in your condition, and they enter your heart on that side where the passions stand ready to receive them. They exact your mind

by immoderate praise, and instigate your emulation by insidious incitements. Nor are they ever detected; for an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the power of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deception. Hence you have been taught to believe, that the sovereignty of the nation resides in you, and that you are so enlightened by philosophy, and the advances of political knowledge, that you can conduct your government *en masse*, and pocket the expences of a legislative administration! Admitting, for an instant, with Lord Cochrane and Sir Francis Burdett, that you are the only "legal sovereign of the land," I may be allowed to revert to your conduct on a recent occasion or two, when you showed a disposition to exercise the power you assumed.

At one of the periods I allude to, between the years 1793 and 1795, when you were forming yourselves into deliberative bodies and associations, under the instructions of your executive, the Whig Club, had not administration shown more zeal and activity in defending the country, than appeared on your part, we should at this moment have a French army in the heart of the kingdom, and a Corsican seated upon the throne. We should have our social order so completely subverted, that the French peasantry would riot in the oscitancy of the palace, while your own nobles would approach a premature dissolution, in the incongenial occupation of the fabric, or the field! Necessity would make the priest a soldier, the lawyer a sailor, the prince a labourer, the liberal artist a toiling mechanic, the philosopher a drudge, and youth and age a

troop of beggars; and *thus* civilization would have been deluged in the chaos of ferocious anarchy by the destruction of the perennial dykes of personal property and national power. Never were you before so insensible to the dangers which surrounded you. Never did such criminal slackness appear among any people, and at an hour, too, pregnant with great events. Instead of the resolution and fire of persons assuming to be *sovereigns*,—like a sluggish horse, you showed no inclination to advance a single step. Whence, let me ask you, did such criminal inactivity proceed? Surely, when *sovereigns*, you did not consider the greatness of your danger. The declared object of the French was, to blot out your name from the independent nations of the earth. Their declared object was, to destroy your arsenals, to occupy your sea-ports, to possess your navy, and to pillage your country! What then, you were the sovereign people, and you were willing to suffer these things! You were willing to have your property, the saving fruits of your industry, forcibly taken from you, and perhaps yourselves murdered, the chastity of your wives and daughters violated, and your corn and cattle seized for the maintenance of foreign tyrants and troops. And the Opposition, at this moment, both in and out of Parliament, are desirous of precipitating you into all the horrors of anarchy and tumult, in order to realize their ambitious views, and fatten upon the spoil of a land so prostituted and abused. Having miserably failed in acting the part of sovereigns, you, some few years after, forced upon his Majesty a *patriot* Ministry of your own election. And in what manner, my countrymen, did they succeed? An executive government proceeded, for about one year, on a plan,—whether originally good or bad, I shall not dispute with you about,—which incurred an expence beyond the example of all former times, occasioned an effusion of human blood beyond all former periods; recommended a system to be adopted for the attainment of certain objects; pursued that system; obtained confidence; and, then, in less than two years, abandoned the government for want of capacity to sustain it, and left the country confessedly farther from every object that they for years held out, and with an augmentation of the very taxes and debts they consumed the early part of their life in condemning. Every plan failed, every darling system turned against them. And still that plan and those systems the present Opposition wish once more to see pursued. Do they defend them on the ground of any practical good they produced? No—certainly not. Do they defend them on the ground of being constitutional? No. On what ground, then, do they assume a right to form the Ministry; to awaken the indignation of the world; to call down upon us a series of domestic disgraces, disasters, and calamities, and subject us to the scoffs and scorn of our enemies? If they be again admitted into the *Cabinet*, will not the result be precisely and exactly the same as at several former periods of *THEIR administration* and *YOUR sovereignty*? And, notwithstanding, you believe that the Opposition is to be believed and implicitly confided in! And why? Because they *flatter* your passions, and darken your intellectual light, that you may not discover the atrocity of their designs. By flattery they augment the frailties of your nature. They elevate your ideas to magnify your wants; they affect to feel for your condition, and to pine for the abridgment of your liberty. But what greater liberty can you enjoy, than what you at present possess? Does not true liberty consist in the power of acting, every man, just as his inclinations may prompt him, provided he injure none but himself? I now ask you, do you not enjoy this liberty to its most ample and full extent? In truth, my friends and countrymen, you do enjoy it, and to an extent unknown to the other *civilized* nations of the earth. What then, I must demand, do the Opposition in Parliament mean, when they say that they will make you *free*? They mean that they will make you *licentious*, and then instrumental to some revolutionary or treacherous scheme. Did there exist no other testimony of the profligacy of the Opposition—their perpetual *flattery* would establish that vice beyond any manner of dispute. The distinct property of flattery is deceit. It is employed for every meretricious end. It inundates the capital with prostitutes, and fills the country with Despardes! Englishmen! take the admonition of Boileau, who says, in the words of the motto to this address—“those men appear to applaud you, who in fact make you their instrument or their sport; let your inclination be to those who *advise*, rather than to those who *praise* your conduct.”

In order, too, my countrymen that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent man by interest, the friend by tenderness, and the *patriot* by ambition or flagitiousness! Perhaps, in the infamous history of *flattery*, there never was a scene of its performance exhibited in such high and remarkable colours as in your Commons House on the night of Tuesday the 6th instant. The performance was predicated upon by Mr. Sheridan's "standing order for the exclusion of strangers," and the *actors*, of his CAST, manifested all the excellence and all the manner of the Roman tribunes, who solicited the suffrage and applause of the populace, by boasting of their own deeds and by flattering the passions of the dregs of mankind! In *Mr. Sheridan's* effort to be esteemed and hailed as the general patron of the London press, he solemnly declared, before God and his country, that he believed "THE NEWSPAPERS WERE NEVER INFLUENCED IN GIVING REPORTS OF EVIDENCE!!!" With the same veneration for truth, Mr. Peter Moore, in the face of your representatives, attested, that "*the proprietors of newspapers were substantial and respectable characters.*" And Mr. Tierney, to complete the triumviri, with his hand upon his heart, and *with an eye uplift to Providence*, "acquitted the newspapers of wilful misrepresentation!!!" In the midst of this scene, so humiliating to human nature, there arose a SPIRIT to vindicate the Divine authority, to avenge the affronted majesty of truth, and to chastise its miserable and wicked violators, or to reclaim them and bring them back to a sense of misery and guilt. *There arose a WINDHAM!* The circle of debate immediately contracted its circumference,—the profane withdrew and witnessed, from a distance, the defeat of profligacy, and the triumph of virtue and greatness!

What a contrast is seen between the two combatants after this important victory. Mr. Sheridan retires from the service of his country, till some adversity befall it: then he greedily catches at such an opportunity, and suddenly sallies forth like a whirlwind out of his lurking hole, uttering shouts, and encouraging sedition!—while Mr. Windham enjoys himself in quiet, till the real dangers of his country

elevate his courage, and precipitate him among the wild beasts, or into the tempestuous hurricane which threatens the destruction of order and civilization. I am no personal enemy of Mr. Sheridan. So far from it, that, when I contemplate the *exergue* of his *medal*, when I see the laurelled poet, the author of "the Monody," of "the School for Scandal," and of the "Tribute to Garrick," I prostrate myself before one of the greatest literary geniuses that ever lived, and the sweetest harmonist that ever flourished; and I curse and abhor the policy which is the sepulchre of such distinguished merit! His sun will set in desolation, but not in darkness: no night will follow: through all eternity his wit will illuminate his horizon, and as long as intellectual light has power to dazzle, so long will his admiring name be blazoned in the record of distant ages! I appeal to you, my countrymen, am *I* a slanderer? Can Mr. Sheridan say that he has a *malignant* or a *personal* enemy in ALBION?—No;—But I cannot deny that I have been for a number of years the *political* enemy and *violent* adversary of his opponent, Mr. Windham! Of him, indeed, I have said much evil, and I was prepared to say a great deal more, till I witnessed his speech on the night of the 6th, when I had to blush for my former injustice, and to reproach myself for having so long cherished an animosity against so extraordinary and so amiable a character. I entreat him to accept this acknowledgment as a tribute, and to pardon the prejudices under which I laboured! Divested of that vice, I now perceive all his excellence. In the choice of words and the structure of periods, he is simple and unaffected: yet, by his elegant and well-chosen metaphors, his diction is often poetical and harmonious. His manner is persuasive, pleasant, and instructing; his composition uniform and beautiful: no orator seems to have so exalted, so sounded the depth of his own genius. Hence that easy, calm, steady pace, never deviating, nor never soaring. You will not find in him any irregular sallies of wit; any turgid, unnatural swell of style, no towering flights of imagination. In his sentiments, if he rise, it is gradually, and no higher than the subject will bear; never in danger of a sudden fall, but descending with the same order and tranquillity with which he rose: like the western gales, which visit your shores, brisk, constant and salutary. His wisdom soon

discovered, that to grant the multitude a right to inundate the House, would be "to change the character of the representative government into that of a democracy," and that, "like the O. P.'s in the Theatre, the gallery of the Commons would set themselves up as THE PEOPLE of the country, and, by a system of applause and violence, influence the debates in parliament." In these two periods, I venture to assert, there is more sense and strength of argument, than in all that was on that night uttered in the House, nor has all that has been since written on the subject, confuted these assertions or exhibited the same degree of moral and political force. In short, Mr. Windham must have an acute penetration in discerning so accurately the various relations between the people and the senate; he must understand the nature of policy, justice, and truth; for he accommodates his reasoning to them, and draws from thence his inferences so clearly, that his hearers may easily perceive they flow naturally from the subject and from the heart. He does not wish to deny the people access to the House, "he would only have the order occasionally enforced, for the same reason that the gates of a park were sometimes shut up, to prevent the establishment of a right of foot-way." How adverse to this is the conduct of Mr. Sheridan, and the *sophists* of his political persuasion! How greatly do they abuse the gifts of nature and the arts of oratory; instead of advocating the dignity of Parliament, and consequently the rights of the people, in the manner of Mr. Windham, they amuse them with vain and imaginary speculations, not founded on truth or the nature of the times, but calculated to flatter the vicious and to impose upon the vulgar. Hence, Englishmen! if you adapt yourselves to their notions of political equity, you will have to prepare yourselves for a state of democracy, a state like that of Athens:—You will have to destroy the character of your representative government, to elevate a republican fabric, and cultivate that despotism which has so lately desolated all the other countries of Europe!

Thus, my countrymen, you may perceive, from this Stricture, that I contemplate your Commons' House both in a moral and in a political light. I do not so much regard its members under the obsolete titles of Whig and Tory, as I do under the more specious terms of friends and flatterers of the people. Disdaining

the slave of a minister as much as I do the tool of a faction, I form these Strictures without any political bias, and therefore view the parliament more with the eye of a moralist than that of a party-man or prejudiced individual. Governed by this way of judging I cannot refuse my heart the pleasure of expressing its sensations on the evening of the debate which has exposed you to this communication.

To see Mr. Sheridan, that hardy veteran, pursue with vigour whatever measures tend to the support of his own party, though pernicious to his country, to find him inured by a long train of low, mean, and selfish actions to a *lost sense* of any higher interest; to know him to eradicate those natural principles, by which he should have been led to promote the welfare of the government, and to hear that he is determined to spend the dregs of an infamous old age in transmitting his opinions and vices to posterity, gives me but that transient infelicity which arises from the evidence of perverted excellence. But, when I see a Wellesley, a Windham, a Wilberforce, and a Yorke, rouse mankind from such fatal lethargy, and make them shake off their yoke before they be fettered with the chains of prostitution and sycophancy, regret is lost in gratitude, and terror is banished by hope.

Having just mentioned the name of the Marquis of Wellesley, and having omitted, in my former Strictures, to notice my admiration of his late conduct in parliament, I must here, in order to make these Strictures a faithful record of extraordinary merit, recommend him in the strongest manner to your particular notice. The Marquis is the present object of the dislike and complaint of the weightiest families of the Opposition, because they know him to be distinguished for untainted honour, public and private, and by a zealous attachment to the constitution of his country. They also condemn him for his attachment to Mr. Canning. I do not. I know of no error Mr. Canning ever committed but that of *missing his aim* at a man whom I consider to be the sepulchre of his country's glory!!! And if the Marquis be the friend of that great statesmen rather than another, it is not that he wishes to make his aggrandizement the end of their union, or because he knows him to be the most active in caballing to obtain for his connections the largest and speediest emolu-

ments! No; it is because he knows him, by personal experience, to have wise and enlarged ideas of the public good, and an invincible constancy in adhering to it; because he is convinced, by the whole tenor of Mr. Canning's conduct, that he will never negotiate away his own honour or that of the noble Marquis; and that, in or out of power, change of situation will make no alteration in his actions or in his politics. This conduct of the Marquis of Wellesley, and the liberality of sentiment that pervades the first speech he delivered in his place this Session of Parliament, ought to recommend him to you most strongly, and give him an authority and respect, which a less enlightened Minister has no right to enjoy; such as servility can never give; such as ambition can never relish.

Englishmen! pursue the line of conduct pointed out to you by the noble Marquis, by Mr. Windham, and other lovers of truth. Drive your flatterers from your hearts, and I may reasonably hope, that the Divine favour and protection will be extended once more to you, the inhabitants of these distinguished islands. I may reasonably hope, that providential interposition, and the zeal of the lovers of *truth*, and the impotence of the friends of flatterers, will baffle all the malicious efforts of our enemies, and turn their violence back upon themselves. For much is it to be lamented, that the Opposition display in every possible instance, in the "*Room*," and in the Palace Yard, the most implacable animosity against the established authorities, as well as against the best interests of the land. Let us not, I implore it, let us not believe their pompous words and benevolent declarations. They have language without meaning, phrases to blind, and ideas to delude. But when *the scheme* is accomplished, and when they *obtain* the power, their language will be perfectly intelligible. The poison of asps is under their lips. Simulation, fraud, and treachery have ever been the prominent features of their character. They approach you with the smooth words and smiling countenances of flatterers; but when the scheme is *accomplished*, and when they obtain the power, they will scruple not, assassins like, to strike daggers at your hearts. They have drained to the very dregs all their stock of subtilty and artifice, to induce you to withdraw your confidence from government, and to imagine that you suffer the cruelties of tyran-

ny and the misery of oppression! But I ask you, my countrymen! who ought to be the most competent judges? I ask you to read these Strictures, and the answer will be seen as *the hand-writing upon the wall*, and you will exclaim with the poet:—

"Tel vous semble applaudir, qui vous raille et vous joue,
Aimez qu'on vous conseille, et non pas qu'on vous loue!"

That you may venerate truth and detest adulation, is the sincere desire, the ardent wish of your countryman,

Feb. 12.

ALBION.

THE EDITOR TO HIS ADMONITORY CORRESPONDENTS.

BEING A STATEMENT OF FACTS, WITH REMARKS THAT HAVE ARISEN CHIEFLY FROM THE PERUSAL OF THE LETTER SIGNED PHILO ALBION.

In the arts and sciences, professors have general outlines of the plan, method and arrangement to be followed by the pupils who study them: on the same principle perhaps it is, that the friends and the enemies of this Register honour the Editor with their correspondence, and point out to him such plans, methods, or arrangements, as they wish to see pursued, either to promote the *establishment* OR the *destruction* of his undertaking. As these Correspondents, whether friends or foes, predicate their opinions on a false principle; and as no Editor of a free and an independent mind can shackle his designs, to advance the public welfare by the adoption of plans, method, or arrangement which would coincide with the wishes of *every* communicant, it would be a waste of time to prove to such correspondents the impropriety and impossibility of attending to their amicable or malignant remonstrances. Those who have a knowledge of human nature must allow that partiality to *ourselves* is seen in *every* instance! "The liberty of the press is a blessing, when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants; as the power of the crown is always thought *too great* by those who suffer through its influence, and *too little* by those in whose favour it is exerted! A standing army is generally accounted necessary by those who command, and dangerous and oppressive by those who support it!" On the same principle it is futile and vain to expect, that a political paper can be consistent in the opinion of

individuals ; and an Editor, who would follow the opinion of individuals, would show a contracted knowledge of life, or a shameful indifference to the interests of the public at large. Therefore, should the Editor of this Register continue to govern it with an independence which is dear to his heart, and should he not be able to attend to, or insert, the various Letters he receives, still he trusts that such a line of conduct merits no reproach, and that his Correspondents will, in consequence, conceive no offence.

He candidly admits, however, that were he to consult his individual interest, he might, by adopting the hints thrown out in several of the letters which he receives, frequently improve his condition. Of this he has indeed, acquired a memorable proof. During a late investigation, he received innumerable intimations and threats, that if he persisted, *contrary to the public sentiment*, in advocating a certain cause, his Subscribers would withdraw themselves, as it were, in a body, and suffer his PHOENIX to return to the ashes from which it rose. Animated, however, by a generous wish to combat jacobinical artifices and illiberal and groveling prejudices, he despised the threats of some, and disregarded the friendly admonitions of others. He persisted in the exertion of an *unbiassed opinion* ; and he was rewarded BY THE DEFECTION OF ONE THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS ! being exactly *one half* of the entire number ! The operation of such a drawback upon a rising property, upon which a moderate fortune had been already exhausted, but which was then gaining so rapidly the good opinion of the public, as to indicate to its owner the flattering prospect of a *speedy independence*, may be readily conceived. He has ever since conducted the Phoenix with a degree of disgust that cannot easily be explained : for, although the character of the personage in question is now admitted to stand higher than ever, while the despicable tool of a desperate faction is reduced to the level of the most contemptible of mankind, yet so greatly is the *vanity* or *self-love* of the *seceders* from the PHOENIX mortified, by the discovery that they were the dupes of a *sham-patriot*, that they cannot be expected to return to the support of that Editor, who refused to give in to the stream of their malignant prejudice ! Again, in a recent transaction, springing from the same source, he was admonished not to

persist in opposing Colonel Wardle in this Register, *because* the public still conceived him to be an enemy to corruption ! He, however, *would persist* ; he displayed to the world the real character of that pitiable demagogue, and a good many of the Subscribers to the Register, withdrew their names ! But as he exposed that malicious calumniator from principle, which he could not barter for sordid views, he feels no chagrin, nor has he other regret than that poignant one which he must ever feel for the loss of any enlightened and valuable friends. The time may perhaps come, when they will see some injustice in their measures, and when that patronage, which was so lately the encouragement and support of his youth, will be the ornament of his declining years.

It was no part of his intention to make these memoranda a vehicle of reproach : and he could wish that this sentiment, which has escaped his heart, may not be attributed to the illicit emotions of a discontented mind. He sat down with other sensations—with those which flowed from a perusal of the following letter, which he had just received. In fine, he sat down to write from an impulse of gratitude to his learned and worthy Correspondent ; to whom, in this public manner, he returns his thanks for the friendly admonition it conveys.

He confesses to PHILO ALBION that, when he *first* perused the passages which are pointed out, his judgment staggered, and he anticipated *some* injury as certain to follow their publication. He read the passages over and over ; he found their sentiments, to a certain extent, similar to such as he himself had already promulgated ; and he sent that letter of Albion to the press with the feelings of a man who would rather destroy the foundation of his own house, than consent to adapt it to the illiberal ideas of an irritated body of passing strangers ! He saw the *rage* of the rigid *moralist*—he heard the cry of the *hypocrite* ; but as he had discovered from Albion's general style, and from that very particular letter, that he judges of man as HE IS, not as what he OUGHT TO BE ; that is, finding that Albion grounds every precept upon the *existing state of society*, the Editor did not feel himself justified in altering Albion's remarks, and substituting such as, by agreeing with the *general sentiment*, would have accorded with the pecuniary interest of his

work!—The consequence of his firmness has been already stated.

It will be immediately said, that such sacrifices on his part could only have been submitted to from a *ruling necessity*! This, he knows, is already said; and to the sacrifices he has made, he has the mortification of being considered a **SLAVE TO THE MINISTRY!** On this head, however, he has so often pledged his faith and honour, that he acts unaided and unadvised, that he will not now stoop to the humiliation of contradicting that assertion of his interested opponents. And as to Albion being implicated in the political crime attributed to the Editor, he is bold to assert, that such an opinion could never be formed by any gentleman, who reads the "*Strictures*," of that eminent writer with any kind of thought. They are submitted to Philo Albion's reconsideration; and he is requested to communicate, either to the Royal Cockpit, or in a more public manner, the sentiments to which they may give birth. The phrase, "*in a more public manner*," is made use of, because the Editors of *some* publications are very fond of inserting articles that may lead to controversy; and, because, the writer of this must confess that he would *rather* be admonished or attacked through any other medium than his own house or his own press! The present mode of proceeding towards him exposes him to the necessity of exhibiting an *egotism* which he detests, and *sometimes* reduces him to the ungracious task of inserting in his columns what he himself condemns.

The Editor agrees with Philo Albion on many points. **MORALS** are undoubtedly capable of conferring on society the most invaluable blessings: they therefore shall have the Editor's most decided support. It is obvious that while morals govern the conduct of men, the laws will have very little trouble in regulating their lives. The loss of this influence contributed to the downfall of the French monarchy. Let men of rank, therefore, in England, take warning by her mournful example. Let their morals give them that ascendancy over the minds of the multitude, as may, *in case of a national convulsion*, which one and all ought to deprecate, prove of the most essential service to the state! But let not *morals* make men *hypocrites*! Let them not be made instrumental to the designs of the vicious, or applied to the intentions of the depraved. For, much is it to be lament-

ed, that in the transaction alluded to in Philo Albion's Letter, they *were* employed TO EXCITE ANIMOSITY, TO ENGENDER HATE, AND TO INDUCE THE PEOPLE, NOT ONLY TO OPPOSE AND PULL DOWN AN INDIVIDUAL PRINCE, BUT TO INSULT THE THRONE, THE NOBILITY, AND ALL THE RESPECTABLE INSTITUTIONS OF THE STATE! The Editor hopes this long digression will be excused—he will not, without *provocation* revive the subject. He now hastens to the Letter which has been so repeatedly mentioned.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—I am one of the many to whom you have sent the Prospectus of your Weekly Political Register, but, from illness, and other causes, it is but lately that I have been able to indulge myself in the perusal of your excellent work. I rejoiced most sincerely to find another determined public advocate had nobly come forward, in the waning cause of *poor old England*, ready to be torn in pieces by a banditti of ungrateful, graceless, seditious fanatics. This, I am sensible, is speaking far too lightly of the wretches who are combined, from base, self-interested motives of the moment, to spread discord throughout the land; inflame the gulled populace, and hasten the ruin of their country; and I only mention it, to convey to you an idea of the congeniality of our sentiments, on this general subject of lamentation, that such unnatural monsters should exist, and be allowed to proceed in their nefarious purposes with *impunity*. On these principles, Sir, I trust you will give me credit for my good will in the hints which follow.

No one can admire the talents, and apparent patriotic, virtuous designs of your valuable correspondent, Albion, more than I do; but, as it is said of the prince of poets, "*Aliquando bonus*," &c. so I was greatly concerned when I perused part of his second letter, in your 12th number, to perceive something like inconsistency, which, I fear, might be construed, by the watchful foe, into a partial dereliction from the noble sentiments which so eminently distinguish the former part of his inestimable letter to you, in that number. I submit to you, and Albion himself, Mr. Blagdon, whether, on the *particular* point to which I allude, a too general opinion may not be formed, to the injury of your truly patriotic exertions, no less than to the depreciation

of the character of Albion, as a *sound*, consistent advocate of the cause he professes to maintain. I would intimate, that, though you may be innocent *yourself*, in acceding to the article which arrests the public censure, yet that you may be judged *particeps criminis*, for allowing so *unpopular* a vindication to have a place in your valuable Paper. I will yield, Sir, neither to Albion, *yourself*, nor the most *immaculate* champions of British liberty, in the land, as to *sterling* love of my country, and enthusiastic admiration of her constitution; and you will conclude, of course, that I abhor, *de toto corde*, all such despicable tools of faction as Burdett, Wardle, Cobbett, or the whole horde of *Catilinian* conspirators. This is *lumping* my opinion concerning them—and they are not worthy farther notice, excepting the wish of a casting vote for their *extermination from society*; and, happy should I feel, were it in my power to effect so glorious a work. If, therefore, Albion and yourself would preserve, inviolate, the high esteem in which you both now stand with the virtuous portion of the community, I would recommend the most vigilant caution against admitting future inconsistencies, which may afford room for the enemy to cavil and exult. It could not fail to grieve all your sincere admirers, as well as myself, after Albion's having so completely *exposed* and *castigated* the *chaste, heroic, clever little* Colonel,—that “the cloven foot of *power-courting* “vassalage” should be said to lurk under the mask of *public spirit*, which he too obviously seemed to incur, by a *fulsome* profession of prostituted praise * * *

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It is with the deepest concern Albion obliges me to revert to this transaction, and, though I speak thus warmly and openly upon it, do not imagine, Sir, that I am less a friend to the exalted rank of *Princes*, than I am to the person and just rights of the venerable and unexampled *Sire*, whose inveterate, infernal enemies, that God may confound, in all their diabolical machinations, is my *constant*, and fervent prayer. But *sola nobilitat virtus*, Mr. Blagdon, must ever be the merited motto of *Princes*, as well as *Kings*. Whereas, to the surprise and concern of his admirers, Albion as absurdly, as profanely, seemsto hold out a general licence for dissoluteness and dereliction of conduct in the great ones of the earth. By this, it has been observed to me, that

this writer, whatever *other* attainments he may possess, is clearly not much versed in holy writ*. He might, with equal propriety, have endeavoured to prove that *private vices were public benefits*. In short, Sir, had I been at your elbow, when you perused the manuscript of his second letter, I should have voted for the expunging almost the *whole* of his unexpected remarks, from the second paragraph of the 380th column, to the end of the letter, as being a manifest departure from the main subject of his attack on the justly-reprobated procedure of the *Whig's cat's paw*; whereas, by this misplaced eulogy, he has spoilt the former part of his incomparable philippic against that *renowned contemner of all impurity*, who, we have seen, would wade above the chin, in the foulest investigation, (whether the filth of *prince* or *prostitute*,) to gratify the secret purposes of his employers, and gain a *name*, at the expence of the peace and order of the community. Like the wretch who fired the temple of Delphos, though it perpetuated his infamy, he would madly lend a hand, with the enemies of the *illustrious house* upon the throne, to involve his country in irretrievable misery, so that his execrated name might live in the perpetration of the base designs.—These my animadversions, on this exceptionable part of Albion's letter, proceed from the apprehension that our common enemies may be disposed to turn the tables upon him, under the surmise of his interested interference:—As, in truth, the *primary* objects of Wardle's enmity might retaliate upon HIM, for having transgressed, in the *very point* on which he rests the merit of his several formidable accusations against *them*; viz. the exposure of the *meanness, prevarication, licentiousness, and impurity* of the parties; and for all which he certainly has so eminently distinguished himself. I shall judge how we agree in *essentials* by your *inserting*, or the mode of *receiving* this most friendly hint. At all events, I shall consider it as a *favour*, to intimate that it *has been received*, and whether the remarks are duly appreciated by your friend and yourself or not, I do, in *purest sincerity*, subscribe myself, not only YOUR admirer and well-wisher, but most *truly also*, PHILO ALBION.

* The Editor requests the attention of Philo Albion, to the Pamphlet of Albion on the CATHOLIC QUESTION, which will be published at the end of this week! It may induce him to change his opinion on this point.

MR. WINDHAM, THE DEMAGOGUE, AND THE NEWSPAPER REPORTERS!

"The wonderful Philippic against Newspapers, delivered a few days ago, would have perhaps occasioned more surprise had it not proceeded from a quarter remarkable for logical precision—that same quarter which once discovered an intimate connection between those two grand measures of national policy, the suppression of *Methodism*, and the encouragement of *Bull-baiting*!"—*The Daily Papers*.

After the highly interesting, liberal, and just sentiments contained in the preceding Stricture, it may perhaps by some be deemed a matter of supererogation in me to follow up the subject in that *common place* manner in which alone it is requisite that the Demagogue should be answered, and his low-lived malignity repelled. I have, indeed, often felt, *mentally* felt, the *degradation* to which I am every week obliged to submit, in order to refute the sedition of the Demagogue, and counteract the injury which it does to society, by writing in the *first person*, by adopting his own base style, and by imitating, *as far as possible*, his own brutal manner, which has certainly brought more disgrace upon literature than ever has been entailed upon it by the emanations of Grub-street! But if the degradation have concerned and chagrined me, to a certain extent, I have yet had the consolation to know that the mode which I adopt is of all others *most* calculated to recover the public mind from that debasement to which he has reduced it: And as the *effects* of my perseverance are daily becoming more and more evident, I am contented to sink the literary fame which I have previously acquired, as the author and editor of *many* more volumes than I am years old, and to condemn myself, in future to labour to uphold our undermined Constitution by such exertions and modes as I have ascertained, by *experience*, to be best calculated to answer so patriotic an end. Hence it is my determination to answer Cobbett every week, by an article which shall be written as nearly as possible in his own vulgar manner; and, therefore, those who may object to the colloquial style and the *occasionally* gross composition of which such an article may consist will do me injustice, inasmuch as it must be my object to despise all academic rules and regulations, while considering how far the character of *any* author can be disgraced, by allowing his effusions to be compared with the *verbiage* of a Cobbett!

On the present occasion, however, I have little room for controversy, or opposition of sentiment, because the Demagogue has unfortunately hit upon a point on which it is impossible for me to dissent from him. I allude to his exposure of, certainly as I should suppose, an unpremeditated, and *most unfortunate* attack made by Mr. Windham upon the great body of respectable gentlemen who gain a precarious livelihood by devoting their talents to the reporting of the speeches of the members of Parliament, for the daily papers; and by which reports alone the public are enabled to understand, and to form their respective opinions upon what is going on in "*the room*," in which the persons whom they have elected, assemble to preserve and maintain their liberties and rights, and defend them against every class of innovators!

The Demagogue, in the instance to which I allude, stands forward as the champion of an *unjustly* insulted body of men; and labours to repel the *ingratitude* of their calumniator; but while I accord a tribute of praise to the spirit with which he now vindicates their cause, I feel my very bowels yearn with disgust on the perfect remembrance of the contempt in which he has *ever* heretofore held both them and their occupation! Indeed, on taking a retrospective glance at the conduct of the Demagogue, at the time when he was the proprietor of the daily paper called "*the Porcupine*," I cannot avoid thus publicly lamenting the depravity of the human heart, knowing, as I do, that the Demagogue, under the mask of a righter of grievances, *now* comes forth as a champion for a set of men, whom, at the period in question, he did not hesitate to proclaim to be the most venal and "*rascally*" of mankind!!!

It is necessary, however, that I should endeavour to separate Mr. Windham's attack from the Demagogue's defence of the gentlemen who are denominated the reporters of the parliamentary debates; and here I am, in justice bound to declare, that the Demagogue has a most triumphant hold of the besotted timeserving senator! What sort of a *face*, what *assurance*, what unparalleled *impudence*, what base, what infamous, what shocking *ingratitude* must that man possess, who can publicly abuse vilify and calumniate a *whole body* of men, to whom, as the Demagogue *proves* in his last Register, and as *I know* from a va-

riety of instances, which will never escape my memory, that he is under obligations that can never be repaid:—What *reason* could he have for such scurrility? was there either justice or truth in his asseverations?—As far as my knowledge of newspaper literature goes, and it is known to be pretty extensive, (I having been *perpetually* engaged in it ever since I was thirteen of years age), I do solemnly declare, that what Mr. Windham *is reported* to have said respecting the venality of newspaper reporters, is the grossest libel upon a large body of learned and respectable individuals that ever was uttered in any “*room*” or in any *company* whatever!

My readers will here please to do me the justice to observe, that I am making a very wide distinction between Mr. Windham's strictures on the perversion of the press, and his libel upon those who, for a handsome weekly or annual income, are doomed, while destroying their bodily health, to the dreadful task of converting *nonsense* into *common-sense*, at the same time that they are the scribes, who transmit to posterity some of the most brilliant specimens of oratory which ever dignified the spot of a public assemblage, whether it were known by the temporary appellation of Forum, Tribune, Council-Hall, Convention, or Senate; or degraded by the denomination of *Chapel* or “*Room!*” With respect to Mr. Windham's remarks upon the *consequences* of the perverted state and unparalleled influence of the press; at the present epocha, there can be but one opinion; and most cordially do I agree with Albion in all the praise that he has lavished upon the *logical* senator for his *perception* of the consequences that are likely to ensue from that influence and perversion. It is, therefore, not without a mixture of astonishment and regret, that I discovered Mr. Windham had laid himself open to all the potent *stings* with which those, who are justly hurt by his unpropitious reflections, have already annoyed, and will continue to annoy him! There are several *fables* which would admirably represent his present predicament; but as none of them happen to occur to my memory, I will relate a *fact*, that will not fail to *tell* to the point in question! When I was about eight years old, I was walking with my father on a public road, and as we passed a decayed trunk of a tree, whose foliage was almost annihilated by the merciless

hand of time, he observed a wasp issuing from a hole, caused by the gradual decay of the venerable column. We had before, as well as I can recollect, been engaged in a conversation on the beauties of nature, by which I was in some degree enlightened: but when we reached this unfortunate tree, my father *wantonly*, and without any *provocation* on the part of the *wasp* that had issued out, thrust his stick into the hole;—immediately a whole nest of wasps, justly irritated, and unjustly injured, poured about our ears! They seemed to join with one another, to sting us to death; they buzzed, they settled they *stuck to us*, they STANG us, they made the blood come, and if we had not been very near a hedge ale-house, God knows what might have been the consequence. Perhaps I might not at this day have been able to oppose the Botley Demagogue out of his own mouth, or to sympathise with Mr. Windham for the *consequences* which have ensued, and doubtlessly are yet to arise, from his wanton, ungenerous, and *unjustifiable* attack upon the Reporters of the Parliamentary Debates for the daily newspapers! In what way he will *hedge off* from such a scrape I cannot possibly imagine, as I will venture to assert that no man is more, if *so much*, exposed to the literary vengeance which, in a moment of unthinkingness, he has so absurdly brought down upon his devoted head! Talk of a *bull-baiting*; why, it is nothing to it! However, it is not improbable that, by seizing the opportunity for a well-timed palinody, he may recover the good opinion of those agents, of the political press, to whom, *to my knowledge*, he is under such extensive and inexpressible obligations!!! Equally remarkable with Mr. Windham's sweeping assault upon the body of reporters, is the Demagogue's *indiscriminate* defence of those gentlemen; but *his* motive is at once perceived. He wishes to defend or rather to bring into notice, a person named John Wright, who is his literary drudge, a man of notorious jacobinical principles, and an avowed “republican and leveller.” He wishes to persuade his readers that Mr. Windham's attack was *personally* directed against this man, who had been a bankrupt, and is now an industrious literary scavenger; and if a few *compliments* from the Demagogue can be supposed capable of rendering him any service, there is no one who will envy him on *that* account. But it is excessively ludicrous to observe the

Demagogue making the attack upon the reporters, the medium of a *puff* for his own "fourteen volumes of Parliamentary Debates," which he admits are, somehow or other, *prepared* by this said John Wright! "Through the whole of the 14 volumes," says he "there is not a single instance of *partiality*!" and yet, in the very same paragraph, he admits that his drudge has always been in the habit of waiting upon the *speaking members*, to prepare and correct their speeches, according to their wishes, before they have appeared in his volumes! But the charge of *venality* against this man seems to be the most galling to his employer. It compels him to take retrospective glances at former times, and, though he have a *bad memory*, it is very possible that he may recollect something like venality on *his own* part, if the *taking of money*, for doing any sort of a service be deemed venality, and, I suppose this is the meaning of the word! I would wish therefore that the Demagogue would tell as whether Mr. Windham himself, have not *repeatedly* given to him for literary services, *sums of money*, to a considerable amount! But it is probable that he has considered such reward not as *venal*, but as a just tribute for his "desire of contributing something towards the support of a cause in which he had so long been a *zealous labourer*." (Vide the first number of his Register, Jan. 16, 1802.) As to his affected defence of the body of reporters, it can only excite from them a smile, knowing, as they well do, that when, as the owner of a daily paper, he had occasion for their services, he avowedly held them in the greatest contempt, and treated them in the most ungentlemanly and even brutal manner. But now he wishes to court the influence of them and their employers, he talks of their "*feelings*" (col. 207) which he never regarded; he inserts their strictures on Mr. Windham's attack, and they, in return, give publicity to his sentiments in their respective vehicles; mentioning his name and recommending his infamous Register to the notice of all their readers! So much for Cobbett's *disinterestedness* in defending the Parliamentary reporters!

With respect to the late speeches of Mr. Windham and Mr. Yorke, they have certainly convinced the House of the propriety, to say nothing of the right, of closing the gallery. And this right, being now regularly exerted, ought to be continued, on all similar occasions; par-

ticularly as the public, notwithstanding the efforts of the Jacobins, are perfectly satisfied with the minutes which are constantly laid before them. F. W. B.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

"*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illos.*"

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—The present times are big with preposterous events, and the minds of infatuated and restless men with great designs. Amongst those, the subversion of thrones, governments, and states, seems to be the most notorious and striking. There was a time when the human mind felt sweet and modest content generating peace and happiness within.—Not so now.—Surely some unseen, or unsuspected and *ungenial* cause must, unhappily, have an influence over the transactions and thoughts of mankind. We know that that noble luminary, the moon, has very great influence, not only over the human body, but over the vegetable productions of the world. Perhaps something more may now be acting upon the mind of man, without supposing any immediate *Divine* interposition. Likely the influential impulse of comets, and particularly of that which was lately visible, may operate in distracting the senses, and in rendering men fretful and turbulent. But let the cause be what it may, certain it is, that man, everywhere, is restless and dissatisfied in his sublunary state. There is one thing, however, appears rather to afford room for argumentation, contrary to this supposition of sudden, or unsuspected influence, and that is, that all do not seem rendered uneasy and agitated alike; yet, perhaps, it is that very thing which has an effect in urging me to take up my pen, to point out, what I call, *great deviations*; and that may occasion even statesmen, embarked in the same vessel, to fall out with each other. Let that be as it may, it is most true that the times are changed, and that men are not, in this country, what they were, even in the reigns of Charles I. and II.; or, when our greatest Magna Charta, the *Bill of Rights*, was framed, else they would not now fall out with their bread and butter. Under that famous coacervation of rights, we have every thing that can be wished for or desired, and as a *people*, the greatest of all rights, next to that of safety of person, (and I doubt whether it be not the greatest), is there ascertained and preserved, that of guard-

ing our purse against any encroachments on the part of kings, or depraved and profuse ministers. By that famous Bill of Rights, we are not to be taxed, unless with our own consent; to ascertain which was, in fact, the cause of the calamitous civil war at that time: this consent to be declared through our delegates; and so well has it provided for our security, in this respect, that even the thanes, or great lords, of the land have now no power to intermeddle in this most important concern to the great body of the people, who, as being the most numerous and moneyed, are, of course, more interested in the matter; for *money-bills*, all know, rest exclusively with the Commons, in so much that the Peers have not a power to effectually alter them. If they did, it would be futile and vexatious, and they would be altered again, as a matter of *course* and of *right*, by the Commons. Men, however, are not content with the enjoyment of this most important right, and all the others, established by that mighty and ponderous roll.

Of the number of the turbulent, some, more absurd than the rest, say openly and aloud, that they are not *fairly* and *effectually* represented; and that the whole machinery of the Constitution is a mere *deceptio animi*. Others are not quite so outrageous. But, whilst I say, that the mind is altered more than the *matter* about which it pretends to complain, I must subjoin, that, if their objections be not a mere *farce*, such men must be bereft of their seven senses. If we are not properly represented, depend upon it, Sir, we are to blame *persons*, not provisions.—The matter, as it really is, appears perfectly *clear to me*. I see the provision made by the Constitution for health and happiness under it, and if men will deviate from the path pointed out, and get into brambles and briars, they alone are to blame. The fact is, that the men to whom *I allude*, and who are constantly carping at the Constitution and the provisions under it, would willingly nibble all away, if they could, like great rats in a wainscot, in order that they might, as they fancy and are attempting, get at the good things or dainties, which ravish their senses. They want, in fact, the *loaves* and *fishes*, and they think the best mode is to gnaw away, if they cannot tear down that bulwark which our forefathers, at the expence of much labour and pains, and

with the loss of much blood and treasure, have erected, upon, as they thought, and I trust, a firm basis. The gentry alluded to, indeed, try many crafty expedients. At one time they scratch and tear;—at another time they lurkingly try to undermine, and, not unoften, they endeavour to tempt you, like the shadow with the dog, to give up the reality for the deception. In this way, as a nice expedient, they frequently try to impose upon the credulous and the unwary. At other times they act like the fox with the crow, in the fable, and, by holding out bewitching temptations, highly flattering, they pretend to promote your interest, whilst, at the expence of your all, nay, your very existence, they are only contemplating their own private advantages. One time they will tell you, boldly, and *viva voce*, that the *public money* is granted to *court favourites*; and again they, as unblushing, confess their *trifling* error, because they have no blushes within! At another time, they will tell you, that *high departures* from *military duties* are committed by illustrious personages, and again confess, reluctantly, that their defamatory charges were *false* and groundless, whilst they stand convicted of their villanous mischief-hatchings, by their own honest countrymen and *legal peers*!! At other times, they will point out, most anxiously, the *MOLE* in their brother's eye, in reflecting on their deviations from *strict* duty, in the matter of befriending a worthy candidate at an election, without suffering you to see the *beam* in their own eye, on that very subject; but which, I was well aware of, in one instance, among many, when they were in power, where a person, without a stake, a second brother, who had been branded as a declared enemy to his King, country, and the Constitution, as a promoter of rebellion in Ireland, whose directing uncle was detected in rebellion, and hanged; whose cousins were hanged, and who himself, had he not thought it more prudent than courageous, to fly from his rebellious post, to Wales, and thus to desert his coadjutors, would have been hanged too; who had been known to *damn* the King, and whose elder brother had voluntarily lived in France, whilst we waged war with her, and admired French depravity; yet, who was returned a member for a *county*, to serve in Parliament, by the undue influence of *men THEN in office*!! In the same breath,

you will hear those men condemning both kings, princes, and monarchical government, and demanding that we shake hands with Buonaparte, who would devour your country with your countrymen, so to say, at a breakfast.—Again, vilifying our good and gracious Monarch, and his august family, and, in the same breath, the upright and faithful representatives of the people, whilst they abuse the most valuable of Constitutions. Here they cry out vociferously for *reform*—for *subversion*, I should rather say!! And, what is still more convincing of their real designs, you find *that* bawled out by those, who, as countenancing, and even furthering, practices contrary to all *justice* and *humanity*, are, if not bad judges, at least to be deemed *ill-disposed* towards the correction of those very fault and crimes they would pretend to hold forth and cry down. As to their *plan of reform*, I would say, in two words of law Latin, *caveat emptor!* to which I should add, by way of a rider, in the words of our favourite author "*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*,"—a word to the wise!

But, Sir, whilst we observe all this very necessary caution, let us not cry down the fish without examining it. Let our senses discriminate, and not condemn rational and temperate enquiry, because the clamour comes from a suspected quarter. Let us not say, Shut your eyes and your ears, because we find the very matters complained of are practised by the declaimers; and let us not say, because they chiefly corrupt and bribe the gulls to vote away their rights under the Constitution, and because they and their colleagues have, *pro lucro capando*, bartered *place* and *seat* for interest, that the matter *generally expressed* of reform be futile in itself. Yet, whilst we declare so, let us act the cool and impartial spectator, unheated and unfrenzied, as well as disinterested with regard to the sordid object; and, in so doing, let us put the cap on those it fits—*qui facit illi capit*; by this impartial mode, we shall readily repair any blemish that the noble and fair structure has suffered from the passing, thoughtless, and ill-contriving traveller, without touching a stone of the building. Let us not say, because the face of the fabric has been bespattered by inconsiderate passengers and idle sojourners, that the building is one whit the worse within, or its structure damaged. If these be any thing out of order, let it be repair-

ed with all the care of a timepiece-maker.

They say that the country is not fairly represented; a thing which I, Sir, for one, cannot subscribe to; because, though there were corrupt and foolish persons in the Commons House, the great majority are honest and wise. And if that be the case (which I believe will be fully admitted), it is only fit, in our sublunary state, to compound for the trifle that may be deficient; and, as each delegate is a representative of the whole people, I am perfectly satisfied, that general and ample justice will, at all times, be done. I care not whether he comes from *Old Sarum*, or the populous village of *Birmingham*: I shall not pick at straws, nor squabble about trifles. However, in the same way that a painter may feel, ever desirous to finish his subject in the highest state his art is capable of, by the addition of touches, judiciously and delicately applied; I can have no objection to see the same mode resorted to, if necessary, in order to render our representation still better, and our political system more beautiful.

Here I am, of a sudden, called to behold the group of complainants. They would demolish the production, and substitute other outlines in its place. I feel no such destructive disposition. I would merely touch the subject, and, in doing so, I should *mar* the practices of the *quondam complainants*; and, like an unerring Scotchman, kill two birds with one stone. I would lop off their clumsy performances who have intermeddled with the perfect piece, not with the judgment of a painter's boy, of old, who judiciously penciled a fly on his master's *chef d'œuvre*, and deceived even the incomparable artist himself, but most *destructively* and *injuriously*. I would prevent them giving more *bribes* for the elevation of their own dear persons, and in so doing should correct any further mischiefs! I would view this as a high crime, greater than even robbery on the high road, or an attack upon my castle. I would class it with such *subtile* crimes as *assassination* and *forgery*. I would, in short, render the offence *capital*! "He who steals my purse steals trash,—it is something, nothing;" but he who robs me of my rights as a citizen, by the giving or taking of a *bribe*, takes not that which enriches him, and makes me poor indeed. This then is the point in the piece I would fresh touch—viewing it as a great blemish, I

would touch it boldly—I would erase the deformity entirely—this done, I should have a masterpiece!

Some of your *quack* reformers would pretend to rectify this, by shortening parliaments, by extending the right of voting, and by stubbing up the few rotten roots growing out of the great one. I would do no such thing. I would not shorten parliaments (of which presently), but rather limit the right of voting to 10l. freeholders, agreeable to the first spirit of the constitution, and I would not think a few rotten seats worth my serious attention. These latter should remain in *statu quo*, rather than, by probing and amputating, make a wound. If I were not to punish the crimes alluded to *capitally*, I would at least remove the committers of them out of the society injured by the commission, and, as unworthy members, send them to Botany Bay. I would so frame my law, that even the most subtle and crafty should not expect to slip through my fingers; and, like the crimes of assassination and forgery, which are of the same stamp and die, I should very soon see as few commissions of the offence. The crime itself deserves extreme punishment, for, when we allude to assassination and forgery, these crimes dwindle in our eyes, compared to that of bribing, or of giving our purchased suffrages, at an election of a fellow being to represent us *honestly* and ably. The crime in question involves every thing important, both public and private, now, and with regard to posterity—All are at stake. For a guinea or a pot of porter, a robber and assassin of this kind, will barter away his vote to another robber or a fool, and these latter, for selfish purposes, will not spare their tempting *douceurs*, which are never offered with *just* views. A rogue to pillage, and a fool to gratify vanity, will not stop at any thing—Were it as I would frame the law, such men dare not to show themselves on the hustings; for, curb men's groveling propensities, and they will soon discover the *worthy* and the *wise*. Prevent the *bribe*, and you will soon have the choice of members, for parliamentary services, as pure as it was when they were mere *messengers*; or, as the elections of the clergy to church livings in Scotland, where the people, uncorrupted, weigh and determine wisely the merits of each candidate. Then the elective body will grow wise here, and really and rationally enjoy their rights as free citizens. They

will then weigh all the candidates (and these would be many) in the scale of *wisdom* and *integrity*!—As it is at present, integrity and wisdom are never almost thought of. The *great fool*, or the *small rogue*, commands the venal dupes. Until the fault be corrected, by *force*, by the strong arm of a strong framed act of the legislature, it will not be corrected at all. Palliatives will never do with so mighty and general an offence, and you may change your government over and over again, and there will be no remedy to the evil, until men are completely checked in the manner mentioned. Yet, as it is, I can scarcely think that any thing very wrong will be done, especially on *important* and *great* occasions; first, because we must suppose the great majority correct; and next, even though the majority were corrupt in principle, they would not, upon *great* and *striking* occasions, attempt to act so, having the eyes and judgment of the whole country upon them. But, I must confess, it would be better to have even the small minority correct too, or rather to say the whole body, upon both small and great occasions. Shut the doors of the great council of the nation against adventurers and designers, or vain fools, others will not bribe. It would not be worth their while. Honest men generally lay out their money in other ways, and have it not to spare for the purchase of mere *feathers* of *vanity*.

As to the qualification of voters, I think as 40s. was the *minimum* of old, that it should be fixed at 10l. at the least now, *pro bono publico*, a 10l. freeman not being, at this day, so great as a 40s. man was then, and the inducement to bribery having increased. In this way, the disposition to take small bribes would be lessened and limited.

But, Sir, as to shortening the duration of parliaments, I must, upon every consideration, entirely deprecate such an idea, and say, that, under a good and gracious monarch, such as we have to boast of, there is no doubt but we should frequently be afforded an opportunity of correcting our representatives, for the power of re-election has often been most graciously returned before its time into the hands of the constituents, on great occasions; and they were, on the last dissolution, expressly desired, from the throne, to exercise their judgments on measures of importance, by a *free direction* of their fresh votes. But, in one part, of the

country, where I was, the elective power and right were insidiously wrested from the freemen of a populous commercial city, by dexterous artifice, "proceeding from venal motives, in which the provisions under the constitution had nothing to do; and, no doubt, many such instances will occur, against which there can be no provision.

Having said thus much as to rational and irrational ideas of parliamentary reform and representative amelioration, and touched upon some of the prominent features, I feel, whilst calling to mind the value of your pages, reluctantly obliged to close this letter, after trespassing at some length on your time and patience, and shall, on another occasion, resume the subject on that part as touching the advantages or the reverse of long or short (septennial or triennial) Parliaments. In the meanwhile, I am proud to remain, with every consideration of high esteem,

Sir, yours, &c. &c.

Clifton, 30th Jan.
1810.

J. J. W. J.

POLITICAL LITERATURE

Truth in Pursuit of Wardle: being a Letter addressed to Col. G. L. Wardle, M. P. This letter contains an exposition of Col. Wardle's political scheme of introducing Frenchmen into the National Militia: accompanied by the letters of some Members of the present Parliament, with their sentiments on this interesting subject. It will also detail the real motives which have influenced Colonel Wardle's political career; and exhibit him in his true character, a government contractor; and fully explains the just claim Colonel Wardle has, to be considered a most honourable man, at least in the modern political acceptation of the word!!!

Written by T. FARQUHARSON.

"When interested motives induce wicked and depraved men to combine, and 'the country swarms with such numbers of robbers of private character, that no honest or good man is safe;' it is the duty of every friend to his country, to endeavour to undeceive the public."

Alas, poor Wardle! where will thy exposure, thy degradation, terminate? Through what new scenes of infamy are we yet to trace thy foul and obscene progress? This unhappy being, the object of every good man's scorn, the assailable of every thing great and vene-

nable in our time-hallowed Constitution, complained, the other day, at the meeting of the Westminster rabble, that he had been *calumniated*! Gracious God! with as much propriety might the sooty African complain, that his skin had been cruelly asserted to be black! To calumniate Wardle, would be to pass the *ne plus ultra* point; for he has himself, with his own tongue, by his own hand and deed, affixed the seal of infamy so indelibly on his forehead, that all his efforts, combined with those of his associate gang of reformers—his Burdetts his Cobbetts, his Finnertys, his M'Callums—can never restore him to the estimation from which he has fallen. It is with astonishment, bordering upon disgust and execration, that we perceive that there are members of a certain assembly, who can yet suffer the personal defilement of sitting on the same seat with this wretched outcast, from whose tact we should shrink with instinctive horror and dismay. Yet it was but the other day, that this lost creature, with all his bloated crimes upon his head, was presented with the freedom of the first city in the world! Only to think of such things, makes the blood of honest men run cold, and curdle in their veins.

The pamphlet before us may seem a dear publication; but it is cheap, considering the crimes which it discloses; and when it is known that the unfortunate author—one of Wardle's numerous victims—is pining within the narrow limits of a gaol, "incarcerated through the immaculate Colonel's means, despoiled of his property, and subject to the privations and contumelies inseparable from poverty and a prison, we apprehend its purchase money (three and sixpence) will not be contemplated with a grudging eye. Of Mr. Farquharson we know nothing, beyond the contents of the letter now in our hands. He presents his case precisely as we have here described it; and, should his statement be incorrect, the object of his attack has the means of redress in his power.

We war not with the dead; nor should the benevolent precept, *de mortuis nisi bonum*, be violated by us, did we not feel that, in numerous instances, of which the present is one, justice demands the substitution of *verum* for *bonum*, of rigid, undeviating truth, for empty flattery and praise.—M'Callum, with a brief abstract of whose character and history we are about to present the

reader—M'Callum, the notorious author of a notorious work, misnomered "*Travels in Trinidad*"—M'Callum, the assassin-like persecutor of General Picton—M'Callum, the *friend* of the reforming Colonel, died not many days ago. For the welfare of his immortal soul, we hope that, ere death excluded from his view all sublunary things, he had repented of his manifold crimes.

"Your association with the reptile styling himself Pierre Franc M'Callum, Esq." says Mr. Farquharson, addressing Col. Wardle, "admits of no palliation—intimacy with so abject a being is the height of contamination; that you should avail yourself of so foul a channel, for an introduction to Mrs. Clarke, might possibly, as a solitary instance, be barely tolerated—but subsequent familiar intercourse, and continued intimacy, proclaim the vile avocations which could require so vile an agent, and bespeak a parity of mind attracted by similar baseness.

"Amongst the foibles of my nature is a proneness to commiserate distress, without waiting to enquire into the worthiness of the object, and I may add a too great facility in attending to a tale of woe. This same M'Callum practised on my credulity, but ever to permit him a familiar footing was utterly impossible; I thank God I needed not the services of so disreputable a minion. As the tree is known by its fruit, so is a man by his company. On the late investigation in the House of Commons, it appeared that this degraded being ranked as your friend. This pretender to literature, (for be it known M'Callum is an author) has since that period appeared in the character of your private secretary, and been actively diligent in aiding and promulgating your politics, for the no small edification of numerous pothouse clubs—you have lately identified yourself more closely with him, by your recent employment of him, during your legal contest with Mrs. Clarke and the Wrights.—It was not the first time, however, that M'Callum had exhibited as a mark for the finger of scorn, in a court of jurisprudence—neither are you the first individual who has had the benefit of M'Callum's attendance on the day of trial, although the results of his aid are uniformly fatal; for his former patron and employer, the celebrated swindler, Richard Andrews, was, like yourself, found guilty, notwithstanding he was assisted by

the self-gifted Pierre Franc M'Callum, Esq."

"I have already stated that M'Callum was not unknown to me, and it remains to explain how I became the dupe of this low illiterate fellow: about the year 1806, M'Callum was confined for debt, in the King's Bench prison, where he had nearly famished for want, having been upwards of forty hours without tasting food. In an evil hour I was informed of this miscreant's distress, and that he had a pregnant wife, participating in his wretched lot; careless alike, "his merits or his faults to scan," I hastened to relieve him—not ostentatiously, but, nevertheless, effectually. *Soon after, his misconduct occasioned Mr. Jones, the Marshal of the King's Bench, to commit him for one month to Horsemonger-lane, the county gaol.* When you plant, with your own hand, a twig in your garden, henceforward, from you, it receives additional cares. I had already interested myself in this man's fate, and humanity prompted my further kindness. During his confinement in Horsemonger-lane, I hired him a bed to lie on, and amply supplied him with food. I even sent him wine from my own table, as he had complained of temporary illness. I ministered also to the wants of his pregnant wife; and, in short, spared neither trouble nor expence; on his emancipation, finding that he not only carried about him his entire wardrobe, but his all of worldly goods, I expended more than twenty pounds, in procuring him cloaths, &c. The return this monster of ingratitude has made, for all my ill-bestowed kindness has been unceasing abuse, and a constant endeavour to injure me, in which conduct he has persisted from the moment he imagined my credulity was no longer to be imposed upon. Soon after obtaining his liberty, M'Callum abandoned his wife and child, and the poor unfortunate woman now earns her hard bread, and drags on a wretched existence, in the capacity of a common menial. - - - - -

(*To be continued.*)

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Ye hands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms; whom either Iad obeys,
 Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS:—On the persecution of the Opposition towards Lord Chatham.—Cruelty and ingratitude the characteristics of Patriots.—Historical Anecdotes, in proof of this striking fact.—Consequences which would have resulted from Lord Chatham's attempting to take Antwerp.—View of the State of Parties during the last Session.—Reasons why Lord Chatham has been insulted by the Patriots.—Causes of the Errors of the People, respecting the merits of Public Characters.—Tribute to the talents of Lord Chatham.—Distinction between bravery and rashness.—Ingratitude of the Public towards Mr. Pitt.—Appeal to Britons, to venerate their Sovereign.—Letter of J. A. on the progress of Treason in the mask of Reform.—Account of the Catholic Settler, its nature, and contents.—On the termination of the Essex Election.—On the Demagogue's alarm.—C. F. on the War Taxes being burthens.—Truth in Pursuit of Wardle, concluded.—A hint to Mendicant Speculators.—Continuation of Documents.—On the Prisoner's Petition.

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Addressed to the People of the United Kingdom, &c.

Quemcumque miserum videris, hominum scias.
 SENECA.

“When you see a man persecuted, know him for a fellow-man!”

By ALBION.

STRICTURE IV.

ENGLISHMEN!—There are men in the Opposition so impatient of inferiority, that the whole of their conduct in the existing Inquiry is a species of revenge, and they persecute Lord Chatham, not because retribution is due to justice, but because a sense of inferiority perverts and tortures their malignant minds. They that know themselves despised, will always be envious; and still more envious and malevolent if they be condemned to act their political parts in the presence of those who despise them. It is not, therefore, an honourable interest for the glory of the nation which urges the Opposition to violate the great law of mutual benevolence. Public interest requires some noble qualities, not universally bestowed. Public interest can diffuse itself to an immense compass, and is seldom pursued but at some hazard; but to spread suspicion, to invent calumnies, to propagate scandal; to endeavour at eminence, not by raising oneself, but by pulling others down, and to enjoy the pleasure of our imaginary superiority, by interrupting others in a more real felicity, requires neither talents, nor labour;

nor courage, nor any other qualities than the malice and ingratitude which disgrace the moral character and brutalize the human heart.

It is proven from the history of all ages, that cruelty and ingratitude have ever been the distinguishing characteristics of those who assume to themselves the title of PATRIOT, or the people's friend. When Cæsar extended the Roman name and dominion to the remotest regions of the known earth, when he encouraged agriculture and commerce, patronized letters, and multiplied the public wealth, Brutus, the patriot, stabbed him to the heart! When Henry IV. regenerated France, banished bigotry, and diffused the light of reason and the rays of national hope, Ravillac, the patriot, blew his brains out in the street! On the same principle, among ourselves, a Stafford perished, and a Byng was shot. Blood, nothing but blood, can gratify the cravings of disappointed hopes. Had Cromwell failed in rebellion, his head would have been struck off at a stroke; had Nelson lost the battle of the Nile, the Patriots would have petitioned Parliament to have him shot upon his quarter deck: and, had Lord Chatham taken the 23,000 men to slaughter under the walls of Antwerp, or to perish in the prisons of France, (which would have been the inevitable consequence of his daring to act in any other manner than what he did), the Patriots of our Opposition would have had him lapidated to death! This narrow and shameful conduct must ever govern the opinions of those who judge of public men by the issue of the enterprises they are appointed to conduct. And, I am mortified and astonished, that

such a meretricious mode of judging should not be abhorred by us, Englishmen! who boast so much wisdom, integrity, and truth.

To proceed regularly in clearing up that cloud which the Opposition have thrown over the measures of Lord Chatham, as well as to refute the aspersions they cast upon that nobleman's friends, is more than a respect for the privileges of Parliament will, *at present*, allow me to perform. I must content myself by endeavouring to set a point or two, now in darkness, in a clearer light. And, to effect this necessary purpose, I fear I shall have to detain your attention, at times, on subjects which *appear* to have no analogy to the question in dispute. It is however necessary, and, although digression, it deserves excuse.

The *glorious* spirit of liberty and licentiousness which prevailed after the proceedings of Colonel Wardle, in the last Session, gave inexpressible joy to the *patriots* of England; they trusted that their redemption was accomplished, and that the days of refreshing were come from the presence and power of their *political lords*! Representations accordingly, from all parts of the kingdom, were poured in upon him, fraught with the strongest expressions of gratitude for his vigilance and faithful conduct; a conduct which had produced such miraculous effects, and expressing their hopes, that there would be a total change of measures as well as of men; earnestly requesting, at the same time, his most strenuous endeavours to promote such salutary laws as should be proposed, in order to restore the ancient freedom of the Constitution, to maintain the independency in Parliament, and to secure the country against any future subjection to corrupt and official delinquencies. And more particularly, to have a strict and immediate scrutiny made into the causes of our mismanagements, and into the authors of abuses so long groaned under, in order to revenge an "injured people," and to deter future public men and ministers from a wanton or wicked exercise of power.

During this agitation of the political atmosphere, the more moderate and feeling part of the Parliament, consternated with the shock of opinion which was conducting the *country* to ruin, or treason to the scaffold, had no arms but their integrity to oppose to this anarchy of principles, and therefore only employed themselves in proving how little they merited

the wide-wasting reproach of malversation and peculation. The violent party, actuated by avarice, ambition, egotism, and want of virtue, missed no opportunity to give force to the prevailing storm. Anarchy was their harvest, and the social system was all comprehended in the idea of the aggrandizement of themselves. Those men, swimming ever with the torrent, had nothing to dread from its vortex: joining ever the standard of the ephemeral leader, possessing no thought or reflection, they were embarrassed by no principles or system; and, if their animal sensation was kept from languor by a quick succession of events, they demanded no peace, no order, no society, no country, no civilization, no government, no King, nor no God!

At a time so pregnant with moral, religious, and political turpitude, an expedition was destined for the continent, and a brother *to the very man* to whom the *Patriots* attributed *all* the presumed calamities which are said to desolate the nation for the last twenty years, was appointed to its command! It naturally followed, that Lord Chatham, the brother of the immortal Pitt, was instantly exposed to all the obloquy and hatred that the upright conduct of his noble relative had excited. It naturally followed that his Lordship should be insulted by calumny, and cried down as the most unfit person of the empire for the office of Foreign Commander in Chief! Every pernicious event, every pertinacious disaster was anticipated, and the failure of the Expedition was predicted and EXULTED IN, previously to its leaving the British ports. The flights of birds, and the orgies of the magician, prognosticated that the brother of a Pitt would be attended with calamities, and the army he commanded were instructed by the Opposition to consider themselves as men whom the Ministry meant to disgrace, and to decimate, on the continent, in the manner disastrous legions were treated at Rome!

There were other circumstances which concurred to render Lord Chatham's appointment unpopular. The services which his Lordship has rendered his country have operated in silence; without ostentation, he never sought to be greeted in the market-place; without ambition, he never exposed himself to the multitude on the platform of Palace-yard, or at the hustings of Covent Garden. He was unknown to the people.

The people were ignorant, that Mr. Pitt consulted him on every important occasion; that many of Mr. Pitt's best and most successful enterprises were of his suggestion; that the navy made more captures, and that the ordnance was in a more flourishing condition, during his Lordship's superintendence, than were ever known under any former administration. Yes, my countrymen! you were indeed ignorant of Lord Chatham, you were ignorant both of his life and of his actions. But you are intimately acquainted with a Cochrane, a Folkstone, a Wardle, a Burdett; you also know one Finnerty, one Favell, one Waithman, one Gale Jones, one Cobbett,—and why, let me ask you? Because you hear them haranguing in public places, and raking in the kennels of the city, to gratify the illicit appetites of a vitiated populace. Yes, this is the reason that you are acquainted with those men. But you will ever be ignorant of such as Lord Chatham. He whose munificence extends to the inhabitants of distant fields and villages, and who sacrifices thousands to humanity without any other evidence than Providence, dies unknown and unlamented: while he who bequeaths a few loaves of bread, to be issued from a church, has his name blazoned in golden characters, and parochial tears are shed, to irrigate the turf under which he lies buried.

Perhaps of the causes which contribute to your disgrace, as a people, Englishmen, none is so effectual as the false opinions you are instructed to entertain of the public characters of the nation. Thus, he who leaves an annual loaf for a pauper, or a shoulder of mutton to annoy a parish by the clamour of a weekly bell, is extolled for humanity; and thus, he who rises in the forum, or stands on the head of a tub, to advocate the cause of a "*suffering people*," is considered by you as the only true *patriot*, the only man who, in cases of emergency, should be relied upon. Hence all your errors, hence all your admiration for some men, and hence all that prejudice and malignant hatred with which you persecute others. I shall prove this to you. Is it not true, that, some short time ago, the god of your political idolatry was Colonel Wardle? And what has Colonel Wardle proved himself to be, since he received your incense? I shall not say that he has proven himself a traitor, because the humanity of the laws constitute a libel out of truth;

but I will say, in the face of the law, of God, and of my country, that whenever I may meet with a man with gore upon his mouth, and with blood upon his shirt, I shall arrest him as a murderer; and, whenever I see a man stabbing a nation, that is bleeding from every pore, for the fate of Europe, and sucking the blood from her open orifices, I may not call him a traitor for fear of the Attorney-General, but I will call him a villain, who is a stranger to honour, to freedom, to morals, to religion, to virtue, to patriotism, and to truth.—And who, my countrymen! is your next and present idol? Sir Francis Burdett! is he not? And who, have you ever enquired among yourselves, *who* is Sir Francis Burdett? Sir Francis Burdett, saying the very best and the least of him, is a man who has too much folly to have any fear, too little thought to have any doubt, too little sensibility to have any caution, too little judgment to have any discrimination. Memory and imagination, in which centre all his intellectual faculties, give so much irritability to his sensation, that it precipitates him into perpetual and dangerous action; which, like the precocious blossoms of the spring, paying no regard to the season and the times, retards the fructiferous autumn to another revolution of the globe, and makes an arid waste, not a fruitful garden of the land. This is the man you adore. I say, this is the man; because I defy the best friends of Sir Francis not to acknowledge the justness of my portrait; and I assert, that, if his biographers do not form his character from these features, they are infamous sycophants, who propose to flatter the man, and to impose upon posterity. And who is the man whom you persecute and despise, and whom you excite your representatives to arraign and condemn? It is my Lord Chatham! It is the son of the most virtuous legislator that ever lived, and the brother of the most distinguished statesman that ever flourished!—It is the general officer who had *courage* to decline *operations* which he knew would compromise his own honour; but to save the army committed to his charge; it is the man, in short, who has rescued from death and imprisonment 100,000 souls, and who preserved the fleet in which they were embarked. And it is the man on whom the Roman virtue would bestow a mural crown, for having preserved more lives than ever were before seen at the disposition of an

inhabitant of this earth! I esteem Lord Chatham both as the saviour of the army, and as the bravest man that history has upon record. Lord Cochrane is not brave when he exposes his frigate to conflagration, and when he immolates the crews under his immediate command; but Lord Chatham is surely brave, when he dares the contempt and indignation of his country, and saves an army, sooner than engage it in a contest in which he saw no hope to succeed. Lord Cochrane's road to glory is short; he who thrusts his head into the jaws of a lion, will register the deed in the records of Fame: the Israelite who flung himself off the Monument has made that structure the Mausoleum of an obscure individual; but Lord Chatham's path to distinction is circuitous and wearisome. It resembles that of Moreau, who advanced to eminence and military distinctions, by a toilsome retreat from a situation connected with so many unexpected and imperious circumstances, that mankind have united in considering him the bravest general of the present or of any former age. Were this the time or the place, I could prove, from the *evidence before the House*, and from a local knowledge of the topography of the Scheldt, that, had Lord Chatham advanced to Antwerp, either by water or through Flanders, he would have had his army cut off from retreat, and seen himself compelled to fight an enemy one hundred times superior in point of numerical force. And I also predict, that if Lord Chatham be censured for the magnanimity and prudence he so eminently displayed on that intricate and perilous enterprise, *it will compel Lord Wellington to sacrifice the army now under his command*. For, if the character of commanders is to be established by parliament, and to be formed from EVENTS, commanders must become *rash* instead of *brave*, and plunge into every danger to preserve a reputation, or to immortalise a name. This conduct of the Opposition is of the most ruinous kind. They, who set no estimation upon prudence or upon blood, are enemies of the human race, and the most dangerous citizens of a free state. Englishmen! such persons are of a black character—do you beware of such!

In reverting once more to the principal spring from which has flown the chief stream of virulence against Lord Chatham, I mean his affinity to Mr. Pitt, I cannot avoid expressing my indignation at the

base ingratitude of the Opposition, which makes a crime of a circumstance of which every honourable man would consider as a cause of the highest exultation and boast.—It is a melancholy proof of individual degeneracy, and, I fear, of national vice. The first step to prostitution is ingratitude. And nothing brands the Opposition with so infamous a mark, as the ungracious pleasure they derive from the gratifications of insolence to superiors, and the indulgence of contempt to the dead!!! Shameful ingratitude! A name heretofore pronounced with mystery by the virtuous; with hatred by republicans, and with horror by tyrants; is now mentioned neither with reverence nor respect; and, were it not for the jealousy and apprehension it once awoke, would, perhaps, ere now, be effaced from the records of departed greatness and worth. To Mr. Pitt you owe your present independence as a free people; to him you are indebted for the existence of your government, for the succession of your kings, for the preservation of your religion, for the chastity and morals of your land, and for the aggrandizement and wealth of your empire! And what is his reward? Ingratitude, oblivion, reprobation or contempt! But he never sought for much. For all these inestimable benefits, he never asked any reward at your hands. He desired no monument; he solicited no triumphs. A perpetual commemoration, an eternal memorial of his services, was the sum of all his wishes. And these you deny him. O Englishmen! where is gratitude, where is justice? Let his triumphs, I implore you, let all his ensigns of honour, his monuments of glory, all orations in his praise, be constructed in your minds. Let them be there deposited and preserved. Mute honours, and silent memorials of glory; the reward of common services, affect him not. He wished them not. In your memory, O countrymen! in your memory alone let his glory live; upon your tongues let it be displayed; and in the justice of your and posterity's records, let it gather strength from time, and flourish in immortality.

But the cause of your ingratitude is because his services were silent, and diffused their influence with gentle progress throughout the land. You should know that there is a great difference between the successes of war and those services which he rendered to your country. The general and the warrior can succeed on—

ly by the slaughter or enthrallment of their enemies. The statesman by the advantages secured by his wisdom to the community. It should, therefore, be your especial care, that, while the successes of such men procure for them, as in the recent and honourable instance of Lord Wellington, the most solid advantages, his services may not eventually escape your memory. He often secured you against the impious and abominable machinations of your enemies; do you then take the same precautions in regard to his merit, and display that regard in a perpetual veneration for every branch of his illustrious family.

It must not be understood, either from the motto to this Stricture, or from any observations that I have made, that I apprehend there exists in Lord Chatham's enemies the power of doing violence to his person. Great is the defence he has in the friendship of the virtuous; a defence that I am assured will never fail him. Great the dignity of his character, his perpetual, though silent defender. And great, so great, indeed, the force of conscience, no man can abuse that monitor, without anticipating that violence for him, by a manifestation of his purpose. There is, beside, my countrymen! a spirit in the name of Pitt, which scorns to yield to the most daring Opposition; such a spirit, as courts the attack of the infamous and abandoned. But, if a host of public enemies should oppose their united force to his single person, the care of his safety would then be *your* most honourable duty. In every case, Englishmen! you are to consider his own particular services; and that he is the *brother of a man* who had the virtue, and the courage, to set at nought the strength and malice of millions; and to incur the most laborious, unremitting, and imminent dangers, for the protection and preservation of your religion, your property, your laws, rights, and liberties!

Nor has Lord Chatham's private life ever disgraced his public character; if possible, it has been the ornament and dignity of his elevation; and I hope, in such a degree, that if his services to the state must necessarily be pursued by the obloquy of envy, those efforts will recoil upon itself, and serve eventually to brighten his glory. In brief, his deportment, on every occasion, bears a reference to his name; and the whole of his conduct appears the result of uniform and fixed principles of wisdom and virtue; not the

offspring of that accident and chance, which direct the operations of ambition, and the schemes of impudence and insolence.

The motives which govern the Opposition, in all their nefarious proceedings, have been made evident; but the cause of *your* animosity to Lord Chatham, and to other distinguished statesmen, is not, to you, sufficiently conspicuous. Englishmen! it is the herd of vain, interested, or ambitious writers, who substitute inflammable dogma to dubious disquisition, that corrupt your understandings, and endanger the progress and repose of society. And I call upon the British Juries, in the sacred names of truth and universal good, to check the licentiousness of those, who would set fire to the city, who would vend poison to the whole nation, to obtain the means of intoxicating themselves; and who, to procure the sale of a paper or a pamphlet, would promote the general bankruptcy of their native land! The supporters of faction have no *debtor or creditor* account in their calculations; all their arrangements are made on that side only where they find their interest, and they urge you to immediate action, though the question involve the very existence of civil society, and the cause of universal good.

Dangerous fanatics, of every denomination, whether in or out of Parliament, should be suppressed, if their dogmatic and inflammatory writings and harangues endanger the happiness of society. You tell me the Opposition have *honest intentions*! I demand of you, what atonement can good intentions offer to injured nature. The fanatic, who, perverting the order of cause and effect, deranges the harmony of the world, and checks the improvement and enjoyments of life, is a monster, whom every man should persecute. I conjure, then, in the holy name of civilization, I conjure the civil powers of this nation to repel fanaticism, to hold the reins of justice, at this awful crisis, with a firm hand, to suppress all kinds of popular, *unconstituted* assemblies, all inflammatory efforts of the press, to bind the passions of mankind with the strong ligatures of authority, and, at the same time, to liberate their reason in the salutary and unbounded latitude of moral and disquisitive religion and philosophy.

People of England! I have instruction, but no flattery to address to you: RESPECT THE SERVANTS OF HIS MA-

JESTY.—Above all, REGARD YOUR SOVEREIGN AS THE ONLY SUPPORT OF YOUR NATIONAL EXISTENCE! He is the guardian of your happiest sphere. He is the principal wheel of your political machine. The wheel is old, it is true, but if you preserve the clogs from being worn off by the friction of credulity, superstition, or atrocity, it may yet perform many a profitable revolution, and secure to you a continuance of that prosperity which you have for ten centuries so eminently enjoyed.

Such are the reflections to which the reported proceedings of your Parliament have this week given birth. Nor have I any thing more to add, than a retribution I owe to justice, and to a gentleman, whose feelings I unintentionally injured in my Second Stricture. After passing a merited eulogium on young Mr. Vernon, I censured him for coming into Parliament through the influence of an Opposition nobleman. I since learn, that his political integrity accords with the extent of his talents, and that when he acts with the Opposition, he is governed by the principles or impulse of his own mind. I trust that this acknowledgment will reinstate me in the good opinion of Mr. Vernon; and that, from this atonement, you, my countrymen, will be convinced, when I tell you, to "*regard a man persecuted, as a fellow man,*" that I am myself incapable of persecution and injustice, and that I found my claim to your attention to these Strictures, upon the IMPARTIALITY and HONOURABLE MOTIVES by which they are composed.

Feb. 19, 1810.

ALBION.

ON THE PROGRESS OF TREASON IN THE MASK OF REFORM*.

To F. W. BLAGDON, Esq.

SIR,—It is truly astonishing to reflect, that what has been held in abhorrence by nine-tenths of the people of this Island, but a few years ago, should now become, not only a matter of indifference to many, but an object of desire to a large portion of the inhabitants. INNOVATION—OR, in plain English, A CHANGE OF GOVERN-

MENT. The delusion of *French principles* was done away from the minds of all lovers of order and goodness, by the horrors of its attendant crimes and calamities; how then has this change of sentiment been produced amongst us, and why do we now wish to obtain what we have so lately and *successfully* struggled to avoid? Nothing has occurred to obliterate the evils that marked every step of the Revolution in France, nor have any events taken place to soften the irreparable miseries, which it has occasioned over the Continent of Europe. How is the infatuation we are bewildered in, to be accounted for? and I may as properly ask, how is it that Government does not now check the seditious efforts of the *Illuminati*, as it did when they were members of Corresponding Societies? —The matter cannot be disguised. REFORM is the stalking horse of disloyalty with the disaffected in England, as CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION was, with the *Rebels* in Ireland; and, sooner or later, it will assume the same hostile form: This is a most melancholy and alarming consideration, Mr. Blagdon; particularly for men who have acquired a competency by their industry, or have families to bring forward in the world; but, in the divided state into which PARTY has plunged us, I very much fear the evil is unavoidable!

There is no pains nor expence spared to disseminate disaffection among the people, and to alienate them from their duty to the THRONE, and their reverence to the CHURCH.—Talents and literature are prostituted, and purchased by the *Orleans* of the present time, to sow sedition among the multitude; and this is so effectually done by the numerous periodical papers now published by these unprincipled hirelings, that it is almost impossible for a single village in the kingdom to escape contamination; therefore, it behoves every true patriot, every loyal and religious British subject, in whatever station he may be in, to exert himself in encouraging publications of an opposite tendency, and opposing the diabolical designs of these *wicked* men; which, if not speedily checked, must soon be met in a most formidable shape indeed!

The danger that threatens us from a foreign enemy, the greatest and most inveterate we ever had to contend with, cannot be contemplated without some uneasy apprehensions; but these are the regrets of generous minds in the cause of huma-

* The reader will not fail to be struck with the great coincidence of sentiment in many parts of this letter, and the contents of the preceding Stricture of ALBION. It is a matter of exultation to the Editor to find that a unanimity of opinion prevails amongst his readers and Correspondents, respecting the extent to which the licentiousness of the Press, and the intentions of the Reformers have arrived.

nity, and not the fears of a brave people, for the issue of a contest with foreign invaders. No, Sir, it is the parricidal stroke of her own unnatural children that Great Britain has to fear; which, like the dagger of Brutus, is ready to give the mortal stab, whenever their country shall have to struggle with any inevitable misfortune.

If the accounts which are given in the newspapers are at all to be credited, these TRAITORS are become as audacious in their proceedings, at this day, as they were in *committee* and *corresponding* times; and from the open and universal publicity of their democratical principles, are far more to be dreaded. The PLOT is divested of secrecy. Confidential letters to SOCIETIES, and whispering communications among *sworn associates*, have now given place to open declarations against Government; and the treason which was then in a great measure confined to a revolutionary party, is now openly addressed to the public at large, and its baneful influence diffused over the whole kingdom, by means of pestiferous newspapers.

ALBION'S addresses to our infatuated countrymen, which grace your excellent Register, do him great honour; and, I think, cannot fail of producing the most happy effects. They are *calls* on all men, who value the inestimable blessings of orderly society; who feel for the peace and happiness of their relatives, friends, and fellow subjects; and who are influenced by that divine principle, which teaches us "to do good, and eschew evil." These will answer his call, and boldly step forward, in defence of every thing *dear and sacred*;—"In defence of all, for which good men would wish to live." But, Mr. Blagdon, if we reflect for a moment, that the *million* are daily supplied with *seditious* publications, executed with consummate talents and imposing plausibility; we shall find that something more than *words* will be wanting to check this wide-spreading evil, which has been systematically carried on for some years, and has, at length, warped the public mind from the line of rectitude and truth. Besides, the number of newspapers, &c. &c. against Government, with which the *press* is daily groaning, so far exceeds those in its defence, and are so industriously circulated among the middling and lower classes, that the laudable efforts of the few, who write in the cause of virtue and the Constitution, are

in a manner unknown to them; not only from the scarcity of publications, but also from their want of proper patronage—the countenance and recommendation of the great.

All Newspapers, Registers, &c. are considered, in a political point of view, to be *Ministerial*, or *Anti-Ministerial*, terms which may now be justly interpreted, FOR and AGAINST the existing government. Some few of the daily Ministerial Papers are *said* to be under the pay of Government; whether this be so or not, I do not know; but, allowing it to be true, I sincerely wish there were many more of them; for, surely, money could not be better laid out, than in *un-deceiving the people*, and attaching them firmly to their King, Country, and the Constitution. The *Anti-Ministerial* papers are *known* to be under the pay and patronage of *two* parties; *one* of which is endeavouring to bring about a revolution; the *other*, regardless of what may happen, is striving, at all hazards, to place the administration of the government in the most odious light to the people, because they want their *places*, and it is the *places* only; for we must do them the justice to believe, that modesty would deter them from saying (after the experience they have lately had), that the *honour and interest* of the nation, by being again placed in their hands, would be better managed than it now is, by the present Ministry. That the Opposition papers are so numerous, may, in a great measure, be accounted for, by their serving the purposes of *two parties*, whose different views, in the support and circulation of these papers, unfortunately meet in that point which tends to create disaffection and ruinous disorder.

The Press, which might have been made the vehicle to convey the *antidote* as well as the *poison* into the minds of the people, has been little, if at all, supported by the purses of individuals for that salutary purpose; whereas, many have paid, and are at this time paying, largely, for its destructive working. And here, Mr. Blagdon, I must revert to the subject of my former letters, and say a word or two in elucidation of the principle I there advanced, which may be comprised in this short sentence—*The fate of Great Britain depends on the conduct of her nobility*.—This position is proved by the simple fact,—that the morals of a *people* are formed on the *example* set them by their *superiors*; and this truth,

one would think, is sufficient, to make an everlasting impression on the minds of *titled men*, and to influence all their actions. When a man of RANK speaks of his SOVEREIGN with indifference,—of RELIGION contemptuously,—or of the ESTABLISHED GOVERNMENT of his country with disapprobation; he not only disgraces himself, and the ORDER to which he belongs, but he leads the undesigning populace into the commission of his premeditated offence.

What a departure from the spirit of true nobility, and even from common sense and prudence, have the *reported* proceedings in Parliament lately evinced, in the association of LORDS with a man who has repeatedly avowed himself the enemy of all established order! Is it from the pupil of *Parson Horne*, the advocate of the *traitor Despard*, and the friend of *mutinous sailors*, that these *young Lords* can expect to derive honour? If Sir Francis Burdett should ever be able to accomplish his threat, and tear the *Red Book* to pieces, I cannot see how any Lords could be benefited by its destruction; nor can I perceive, should his *insults* to Parliament, which are in the true *Oliverian* style, be the means of removing the *hauble*, as the mace has been termed by the reformers of old, (once more) from the House, that any advantage could accrue to them from such an event taking place. Oh PITT!—truly noble without a title! how would thy loyal heart have been fired with indignation, at hearing such contemptuous language said to have been made use of against the great legislative body of the nation. ORDER! Thy *patriotic* soul would have made that call felt, in the bosom of every Member who had heard it. But what *did* this repeated call produce? *Fine, disgrace, or severe animadversion*? No, nor *contrition* neither; but, it did produce *that*, for which the insult was made—a general circulation throughout the country, of the *darings* of a leader of a *faction* against the *government*!!!

To conclude, Sir, GRANDEUR should reflect, that hereditary honours, large domains, and princely palaces, are preserved by the present existing laws, in their original splendour; and I fervently pray to God they may continue so, to the latest posterity. Innovations in a government under which men have risen to greatness (however trivial they may appear) must be to *them* hazardous, and might be fatal; therefore, interest, gra-

titude, and duty, bind the *great* in the strongest manner, to support it, against all innovators, by every means in their power.

J. A.

York, Feb. 16, 1810.

THE CATHOLIC SETTLER!—In the physical world, occurrences of a serious or violent nature are usually predicated by certain elementary commotions, which serve as prognostics of the events which succeed. The seaman is aware of an approaching storm by the hue and undulations of the aqueous body which supports his fragile bark, as well as the agitated courses of the animals of which it is the element. In moral operations, also, all violent results are indicated by corresponding symptoms, and in the activity and simultaneous motions of the whole body of Irish Catholics, we may be convinced that they look forward to some extraordinary consequences. It is my opinion, as well as theirs, that the business will in a few months be *settled*. And though the Demagogue lately assured us that it is settled already, yet if he really wished to persuade himself and his "*undeceived clergymen of the Church of England*," that matters have gone as far as they could wish, it is but too certain that the day of disappointment is at hand. In such a contest as that which is approaching, it is evident that the Catholics and their disaffected supporters will omit no opportunity of working upon the feelings of the populace of this country, by all manner of appeals to their generous passions, in which the preposterous nature of their claims, the political consequences which they intend should result from them, if conceded, and, above all, the abominable superstition, absurdity, and even blasphemy of their tenets, will be totally kept from our view. When the various engines which these people have at their command are considered, it must be instantly perceived, that, as far as falsehood and duplicity can be exerted to second their intentions, they will be strenuously called into action, and the effect will be proportionate to the efforts. Indeed, not a day now passes without the insertion of articles in the *Jacobin* prints of England and Ireland, calculated to induce a belief that the resistance which is opposed to the arrogant pretensions of these people is both impolitic and cruel! And how can we doubt that such audacious assertions will be credited, when we observe that

every man has the question before his eyes according to the *Jacobin* version of it; but no one has a British or Constitutional answer—the poison is laid upon every body's table, but an antidote is unknown. For, to insinuate that the question has *already* been answered, and that nothing *new* can be said upon it, is equivalent to an admission that the Catholics must gain their point. To be sure, if the *novelty* of any refutation of the Catholic tenets be descanted upon, we may assert at once, that old John Fox, who wrote in the time of Queen Elizabeth, comprehended, in his three ponderous folio volumes of martyrdom, every *fact* that the Protestant can stand in need of, to render him the determined opponent of the Catholics' pretensions, either at the present, or any future period; but although there have within the last twenty or thirty years been published many a waggon load of different dissertations, on the very point that is now so forcibly demanding our attention, yet the matter is dispersed abroad, and its effects have evaporated from the mind: so that, if a man, who may be influenced by the specious and insidious reasons which the Catholics adduce in behalf of their claims, were to ask another why they *ought not* to obtain them, it is fifty to one, that the latter could not give him any plausible answer; and the *Catholic* question, as it is called, like all other topics in which the *populace* take part against the *Government*, is exultingly proclaimed by its partizans to be incontrovertible!

I have already had an opportunity of laying before my readers a rapid summary of my sentiments, as opposed to those of the Botley Demagogue, on this important subject; and it was my intention to make this Register the vehicle of constant reference to, and comment on, a matter of such vital importance. I had just contemplated, with exultation, six impressive and animated Letters to Lord Grenville, for which I am indebted to the masterly pen of my indefatigable correspondent ALBION; they seemed to me, even with due allowance for my partiality, to be the *ne plus ultra*; as they embraced not only the history, but the political exposition of the matter: it seemed that this was the very thing that was wanting at the present critical period to settle men's minds. It appeared admirably calculated to convey that information, "within the compass of an hour's reading," as the De-

magogue said, which would put the loyal Protestant, in point of irrefragable argument, upon a proud level with the seduced contender for the *justice* of the emancipation of the Catholic!—But when the Demagogue had the impudence to assert that the business *was settled*, astonishment and indignation alternately pervaded my mind. Instead, therefore, of keeping my readers in suspense, during eight or ten weeks, or *tantalising* them by the occasional insertion of detached portions of those Letters, I resolved upon publishing them altogether, without an hour's delay; in case any one of such readers had been seduced to sympathise with the pretendedly-oppressed body of individuals who are sowing the seeds of civil discord in the sister isle, that his eyes might be opened, and he might be "*undeceived*!" Had there not been a dispute amongst the journeymen printers of London, which has put a temporary stop to business in general, these six letters should have been before the public in as many *hours* after my last notification, as days have since elapsed! At present, however, I have the gratification to announce that this literary *Settler* is published, and may be had at my Offices, or at any bookseller's under the following title:

"AN HISTORICAL and POLITICAL VIEW of the CATHOLIC RELIGION; from which Reasons are deduced which must peremptorily compel every thinking Man to combat the Emancipation of the Irish who are of the Catholic Church; in a Series of Letters, to the Right Hon. Lord GRENVILLE; from ALBION."

It may happen that some of my readers may conceive that the Pamphlet, or I should rather say the *volume*, which is here so seriously recommended to their notice, contains the usual portion of common-place sentences on the grand subject which now agitates the empire, and that it is only a recapitulation of what has been an hundred times promulgated. They will find themselves mistaken:—it is what I have, in an eccentric moment, when ridiculing the threats of the Botley Demagogue, described it to be—viz. *the Settler*! If the statements contained in this tract were to become known throughout the country, I would ask any *dispassionate* advocate of the Catholic claims, what he can adduce to controvert the facts and reasoning which are here brought forward? The *simple* fact is, that they are *unanswerable*; as they strike at the very foundations of the claims of the

Irish Catholics; and as they will furnish every opponent of those claims with a triumphant answer to the sophistries of their arrogant partizans. But, as it is probable that some fragments of the abundant matter contained in the Pamphlet which I have just published, may be frequently introduced into the subsequent numbers of my Register, as *morceaux* of political literature, I shall merely communicate to the reader the heads of the Letters which are contained in it, from which the great importance of the whole may easily be anticipated.—In the first place, the “Six Letters” consist of *one hundred printed pages*; each of which contains about twice the average quantity of an ordinary, or times-serving Pamphlet; they are entitled as follow:

Letter I.—PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS—HISTORICAL SKETCH OF RELIGION IN GENERAL.

II. ROMAN EXACTIONS PROVED TO BE THE ORIGIN OF PAPAL POWER.

III. THE WEALTH AND POWER IG-
NOMINIOUSLY OBTAINED BY THE
ROMAN PRIESTHOOD, DISBURSED IN
THE EXERCISE OF TYRANNY AND
THE EFFUSION OF BLOOD.

IV. MOTIVES FOR THE EXTER-
MINATION OF CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES,
NOT FOR THE EMANCIPATION
OF THE CATHOLIC SECT.

V. THE DANGER AND UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF ACCORDING TO THE
IRISH ROMAN CATHOLICS A RIGHT TO
BECOME MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT,
&c. &c. &c.

VI. ON THE PERJURY AND IDOLATRY,
&c. PRACTISED AND JUSTIFIED
BY THE ROMANISTS.

In recommending this invaluable tract to the attention of the public at large, I have only to observe that, by its publication, I have been influenced by no selfish motive of emolument—but by a sincere wish to reclaim the errors of my deluded countrymen in regard to a point, which, if once *suffered* to be gained, even *partially*, will not only induce its advocates to “*triumph openly*,” but to cause that horrible theology to “*operate unseen and unacknowledged*!” (Vide page 2 of Pamphlet)—an irrational theology which, by the sanction it allows to the sensualities of mankind, is daily undermining the pure system to which we are indebted for all the civil and religious privileges which render us the envy of the world!

Having already hinted at my disin-

terested motives in the publication of this valuable pamphlet, I have only to add, that I should exult in seeing it *most widely disseminated*. All country printers and publishers will therefore do a service to mankind, by inserting extracts from it in their various newspapers and publications.—They have my full permission to make use of it in any manner they may think proper, or even to *reprint* it in a cheaper form, if they be so inclined! I did mean to print it for general circulation myself; but it has now become a question with me, whether genuine and legitimate *patriotism* ought to be suffered to pass the Rubicon of *prudence*!

THE ESSEX ELECTION.—The friends of order and good government have just enjoyed an enviable triumph over Whig professions and selfishness. But it is not the rejection of the *pensioned* candidate, who took so much pains to persuade the electors that he is “not a *leveller of ranks*”—it is not the mere contempt of the great body of independent freeholders towards such a candidate that is the subject for exultation—No; it is the frustration of the hopes which the Jacobins entertained of *success* in this election—the boasting which they made of their *certainty*, that this *pensioned friend of the people* would be enabled to command a majority, through the influence of the few Demagogues of fortune who have always *professed* similar principles. In the words of the pensioned Whig’s advertisement, they “could never persuade themselves that those who call themselves Whigs will abandon him who stands on true Whig principles.”—The fact, however, turned out to be, that the Jacobin-Whigs did exert themselves to the utmost to bring in their pensioned candidate; but the good sense and firmness of the electors disappointed their expectations, and thwarted their most sanguine views. As long as such spirit and judgment prevail, the credit of the county will be upheld; there will be no occasion for any “degrading system of compromise,” and the Representatives who are returned will be men, who are interested in supporting the Constitution, and preventing that system of *levelling*, which is predicated in the pensioner’s advertisements, wherein he excites “*the people* to work for their own cause!”

THE DEMAGOGUE, THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, AND THE ANTI-JACOBIN NEWSPAPER!!!—It is likely that I

shall devote a few columns of my next Paper, to some remarks upon the alarm, and the mortification of the Demagogue, at the apparent determination of the Government to notice the *licentiousness* of the press!—In commenting upon this subject, I will endeavour to suppress that tendency to laugh, which always operates upon me, when I observe that the Demagogue manifests a sort of *apprehension*! In his last number, he shews that he is *excessively* afraid that though the Catholic Emancipation be, in his opinion, “settled,” yet that matters are *not* settled respecting the Jacobins, and that the libellers of the throne are likely soon to be in “*a blessed condition*!!?”—Perhaps another week may tend to confirm him in this opinion; and I am, for want of room and time compelled to let him “anticipate the rack,” undisturbed by the lash of satire, or any new effort to tear off the mask of the most refined democratical hypocrisy that ever disgraced our empire.

F. W. B.

“THE WAR TAXES NO BURTHENS.”

MR. BLAGDON.

SIR,—Surely your correspondent J. J. W. J. was rather premature when he exclaimed “*Io triumph!*” before he was completely sure of success, I certainly did not intend to have troubled you with any farther observations on his wild theory, had not some part of his last remarks seemed *imperiously* to demand them; for, fortunately, I am not afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, or I might probably have introduced antideluvian longevity, or some such subject, which would have been quite as a-propos as his remarks on windmills, and the perpetual motion! I have, indeed, wondered that you, Sir, whom I believe to be *prudent*, as well as *loyal*, should admit into your truly valuable Register, arguments and assertions in direct opposition to the King’s, his Ministers’, and *your own*. In his Majesty’s late speech to Parliament, as given in your 17th Number, he desires his commissioners “to express how deeply he regrets the pressure upon his subjects which the protracted continuance of the war renders inevitable,” and in the same number *you* say, “when once the fences of the Constitution are adequately repaired, its guardians will have time to turn their attention to the consideration of those great objects which the national interest requires at their hands.” “Whatever means may be suggested for

“lightening the burthens of the people” should be instantly resorted to.” Now, I cannot see how you can reconcile these opinions with that of your correspondent, and I suppose you must have introduced *his*, purely upon the principle of the “*audi alteram partem*.” Sir, I should be glad to know whether any one doubts the sincerity of his Majesty, in his declaration, or believes him inclined to favour the democratic and disaffected party? But you need not to be told that his Majesty’s speech is *supposed* to be dictated by his Ministers; is it likely then, that *they* are inclined to favour the disaffected party? Surely not. And lastly, I would candidly ask you whether your own words, as quoted above, have any meaning; if they have, you certainly allow what nobody but your correspondent doubts; namely, that the taxes are serious burthens upon the bulk and body of the people. That there are solitary instances in which individuals fatten upon that which is a public misfortune, I never doubted. It is indeed an indisputable fact that it is so; but there is another circumstance mentioned by you, Sir, in the same column from which my former quotation was taken, when you say, “and above all, some rigid measures should be adopted to make *an example* of daring public defaulters.” Here again your opinion (a most just one) completely clashes with that of your Correspondent. Not content with saying the taxes are *no burthens*, he, with another dash of his prolific pen, tell us, that they are *advantageous stimulations to exertion*, and tend to strengthen the sinews of the nation. Those of your readers who can “swallow” this, may truly be said to be possessed of “most miraculous organs.” Public defaulters, upon this principle, are public benefactors, they give additional stimulations to industry and exertion, and additional strength to the sinews of the nation. I shall only add, that I do not object to the taxes, that I consider the property tax the most equitable as well as the most effective one that can be resorted to, and if an addition is made to it, which *will probably be the case*, there is no loyal man who will not cheerfully bear the privations it will necessarily subject him to, especially when he reflects that it is in defence of a mild and legitimate government, and that it will be employed in opposing the gigantic and sanguinary measures of the greatest scourge and tyrant of the human race.

I remain, Sir, with the greatest respect,
your most humble servant, C. F.
Bromley, Feb. 8, 1810.

POLITICAL LITERATURE.

Truth in Pursuit of Wardle: being a Letter addressed to Col. G. L. Wardle, M. P. This letter contains an exposition of Col. Wardle's political scheme of introducing Frenchmen into the National Militia: accompanied by the letters of some Members of the present Parliament, with their sentiments on this interesting subject. It will also detail the real motives which have influenced Colonel Wardle's political career; and exhibit him in his true character, a government contractor; and fully explains the just claim Colonel Wardle has, to be considered a most honourable man, at least in the modern political acceptation of the word!!!

Written by T. FARQUHARSON.

"When interested motives induce wicked and depraved men to combine, and 'the country swarms with such numbers of robbers of private character, that no honest or good man is safe,' it is the duty of every friend to his country, to endeavour to undeceive the public."

(Continued from page 702.)

- - - - - The proprietors of the Globe Newspaper employed M'Callum for a few weeks, in the lowest department of news rumour about London, but from this situation his stupidity and ignorance, his dissoluteness and propensity to lying, procured his speedy dismissal."

"This needy villain has lately appeared with borrowed plumes, under your patronage, and again he is Colonel Wardle's *private secretary*; the use you, Sir, have made of this man, in advertising works not in existence, and attempting to intimidate honourable men, by newspaper calumny, by threats of slanderous productions, from the pen of this refuse of literature, will more properly form the subject of future discussion, when your share in a late publication, professedly by M'Callum, entitled, "*Livre Rouge*," or *Accompaniment to the Red Book*, shall be duly noticed. I willingly revert from the disgusting recital of your private secretary's delinquencies, to yourself, remarking, *en passant*, that your punishment, Col. Wardle, is close at hand, for having formed a connection so degrading."

Such is Mr. Farquharson's history of Colonel Wardle's *friend and private secretary*. We have, however, omitted several minor anecdotes of this person's atrocity; but we shall mention the following, as a proof of his *modesty*, that constant attendant upon *merit*. It must prove, we think, particularly amusing to Mr. Alley, the respectable Counsel alluded to.—Mr. Farquharson asserts the Colonel's friend to have declared, that, "at the time his patron and employer, Andrews, was tried at the Old Bailey, for the theft of Harrison's plate, he, M'Callum, by ingenuity and superior talent, saved Andrews's life, *having made and written the Counsel's speech, and instructed him, moreover, in many points of law, relative to which the Counsel was before entirely ignorant*; the keeper of Newgate and the turnkeys on the felons' side will corroborate this statement."

The *Livre Rouge*, just before mentioned, has not yet fallen under our notice; but it will possibly very soon become the subject of animadversion.

After hinting at his "military career," and at "an *unpleasant* story, current in Chester and its vicinity," relating to the mode in which our wholesale dealer in patriotism had supplied government with a number of horses, Mr. Farquharson proceeds to the period of the *gallant* Colonel's becoming a parliamentary orator, "and bursting on the astonished public like a fiery meteor." Most of our readers will recollect, that the subject which Mr. Wardle selected for his maiden speech, was the contract for supplying great coats for the army; a subject on which, certainly, the hero of the debate found himself quite *au fait*. Nor, as will appear, ought any one to be surprised at the wonderful *acumen* which he then displayed. Mr. Farquharson here charges the Colonel with practising a dishonourable and unmanly deception towards Mr. Perceval. Apparently acceding to a proposal from that gentleman, for a private conference with Ministers, by which the alleged evil might have been immediately remedied, he most disingenuously brought on the discussion, when no preparation whatever had been made to controvert his statement, or even to place the business in its true light. The Colonel, it seems, though he has since so bitterly complained of having been *taken by surprise*, had no objection to *take others by surprise*, when he found it likely to answer a sinister and selfish,

purpose. "Now, in elucidation of this subject," says Mr. Farquharson, "even to you, Colonel Wardle, from whom truth is not easily to be extorted, I wish to put a few questions, *which the public are, however, to consider as charges, until fully and satisfactorily answered.*

Long before, and at the very time when, you so unblushingly passed general censure upon all government contractors, and assiduously imposed yourself on the public as a country gentleman, actuated solely by disinterested patriotism; was you not then, and are you not at this hour, a government contractor yourself? Nay, are you not an army taylor? Start not, dismayed at this allay to your pride—an honest taylor is in itself no cause of shame.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

"What is the nature of your connection with your pretended agent, Mr. H. E. Scott, the army clothier, of No. 13, Greek-street, Soho-square? Are you not a partner with the same Mr. Scott, in a cloth manufactory, established at Tre Maddock, in Wales, and also in the army clothing concern, carried on under the firm of Scott and Co. at No. 13, Greek-street, Soho-square, London? Whence then arose your indiscriminate censure upon all government contractors? Are we to suppose that your virtuous mind became at once indignant against the over-reaching tricks you had discovered in the course of trade, and goaded you to disclose the secrets of the prison house! No, Col. Wardle, I will answer for you, and assert, that the compunctious feelings of conscience had no share in it, and that, like another Catiline, you could stand unmoved, and without regret, amidst the conflagrations you were raising to destroy your country."

"The plain facts, however, are these, and I defy you to rebut them; neither patriotism, nor the advantage of the country, had any influence on your mind—avarice stimulated your exertions. As a cloth manufacturer at Tre Maddock, in Wales, and an army taylor, at No. 13, Greek-street, Soho-square, London, cupidity rendered you anxious to extend your trade. You consider an impeachment of Messrs. Pearce as necessary to your selfish views, conceiving it impossible that this contract should be permitted to remain longer in their hands; and combining as you do, the double profits

of manufacturing and army clothing, you concluded that, in the first instance, you could afford to make a tender at a fraction less than any of your brethren knights of the goose; and by that means secure Messrs. Pearce's contract to yourself."

Having exposed the worthy Colonel's *disinterested* patriotism on this head, our author next notices the *honourable* motives by which the same worthy gentleman was actuated in his attack upon the Commander in Chief; an attack respecting which Mr. Windham so happily expressed himself in the House of Commons:—"he would rather have been guilty of all the conduct *imputed* to the Duke of York, than have *descended* to that of his accuser." But, on this subject, enough has been said; the accuser's *motives* have been sufficiently exposed—the accuser himself has become sufficiently the object of scorn, contempt, and execration.

The next charge against the patriot Colonel is that of his attempting to introduce *Frenchmen*, or rather a *Frenchman*, into the *English* Militia. The real name of the Frenchman alluded to was Pierre de Calowé, which Mr. Wardle thought proper to soften down to Peter Calowe. This charge is substantiated by the most indisputable evidence, contained in the following "*Letter from the Hon. W. H. Lyttleton, M. P. to G. L. Wardle, Esq. M. P.*"

"MY DEAR SIR,—I should have supposed that no Foreigner ever had held a Commission in a Regiment of Militia, but as you mention an instance of a Foreigner serving in the Fencibles, I will make further inquiry, and sound the disposition of the Worcestershire Colonel on that subject. In my opinion, such an appointment is improper, and if I were a militia colonel, I should certainly prefer to leave a commission, or even several commissions *vacant*; but if Colonel Newport be of a different opinion, I shall have no scruple about recommending Pierre de Calowé, and I will consent to call him Peter Calowe. I think, however, that he ought to have some certificates of his good conduct in the military stations in which he has already been placed. You shall hear from me again, as soon as I have consulted Col. Newport, and I remain, my dear Sir, very faithfully, yours,

"W. H. LYTTLETON."

"Hagley Park, July 24, 1808."

Colonel Wardle also received a flat denial on this subject from Sir W. Wynn, M. P. of the Royal Denbigh Militia, who expressed the very proper determination of not giving commissions in that regiment to any persons who were not either natives of, or nearly connected with, North Wales.

We have now given the reader a fair analysis of the leading features of this interesting tract; which, however, contains many subordinate passages, from the perusal of which he may derive both amusement and information.

A HINT TO A CERTAIN MENDICANT SPECULATOR.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—Notwithstanding the sovereign contempt in which they profess to hold the rags of Threadneedle Street, there is no class of men in the world more anxious to scrape them together, either by honest or dishonest means, than the Jacobins. Amongst various modes, resorted to for this purpose, several of them have, at different times, seized with avidity on an opportunity of instituting actions for damages for alleged libels. About ten or twelve years ago, Anthony Pasquin, a notorious character of this description, who had himself libelled every thing, and almost every individual, who was virtuous, just, or honourable, in the kingdom, thought proper to attempt a grand *coup de main* of this description, with the laudable view of rising at once from a state of beggary to affluence. He commenced actions against twenty or thirty booksellers, for the publication of an alleged libel against him, laying the damages at 1000l. in each action; and, had he carried the first, he must have carried them all in succession. Unfortunately, however, for Anthony, but fortunately for the cause of justice, the speculation failed; and the prosecutor was under the necessity of secluding himself from public view, to avoid the horrors of a gaol, to which he had rendered himself liable, for his own lawyer's expences. I cannot at this moment lay my hands on the particulars of the case; but I recollect well the substance of what Lord Kenyon said upon the occasion; and neither you, Sir, nor your readers, will find any difficulty in applying the sentiment of that truly great and enlightened judge, to a certain Mendicant Speculator—one of the foulest libellers in the United Kingdom—who is understood

to have four actions now pending against booksellers, printers, &c. for libelling him.—I quote only from memory; but the substance of what Lord Kenyon said, was—that *when a man called for damages against another, he should, HIMSELF, be careful to COME INTO COURT WITH CLEAN HANDS!*—This remark at once taught the Jury their duty, and decided the *first* action; all the others were consequently quashed.

I sincerely hope and trust, that when the actions now pending—brought, too, by a stickler for the liberty of the press—shall come before a jury of twelve honest men, the general character and conduct of the prosecutor will be taken into due consideration, I am, &c.

C. D. L.

P. S. I should like much to be informed, through the medium of your excellent Register, whether there is any truth in the report, of the Mendicant Speculator having, some time ago, sold the produce of his subscription for 6000l.?—If it be so, the purchaser, I apprehend, will burn his fingers by his bargain. The Jacobins, dearly as they love the *good old cause* of sedition and rebellion, do not love to part with much of their money, unless for *solid* reasons.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

FRANCE.—*Report made to his Majesty the Emperor and King, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, by his excellency Count de Huneburgh, Minister of War, Sept. 15, 1809.*

(Continued from page 670.)

----- not that the whole of that army was actually necessary to complete the subjugation of the Spanish rebels, but to deprive England of the possibility of prolonging that rebellion, of which she is the cause. That power, seeing in the new system established in Spain the presage of her own ruin, did not, however, despair of overturning it; and *her efforts upon this occasion have greatly surpassed all that we have seen her make upon similar occasions.*

“General Moore had not been able to bring off from Galicia the half of his troops. The immense losses which his army sustained, did not dissuade the English Government from sending a fresh army, consisting of 40,000 men to Lisbon. It penetrated to the centre of Spain, and rallied around it the various corps of

insurgents. The banks of the Alberche and the Tagus witnessed their flight and their confusion. Compelled to retreat to the further side of that river, and pursued at the point of the bayonet, they totally evacuated Spain, and the Portuguese saw them return in disorder to their territory.

"At the same period, an army of equal force suddenly made its appearance at the entrance of the Scheldt, with the intention of burning the dock yards at Antwerp; there our enemies were covered with confusion. At their approach, Flushing was provided with a numerous garrison; 12,000 picked troops marched from St. Omer, under the orders of the Senator General Rampon, and eight demi-brigades of reserve, which were at Boulogne, Louvaine, and Paris, proceeded, post, to the points that were menaced.

"These troops were of themselves sufficient for the defence of Antwerp. That place, which is covered by a strong rampart, and the advanced works which your Majesty caused to be constructed four years ago, is still further protected by extensive inundations; and on the left bank of the Scheldt, the fort of *La Tete de Flandre*, which is itself surrounded by an inundation of 2000 toises, secures the communication of Antwerp with our fortresses in the North.

"The English Expedition was formed upon the supposition, that Antwerp was only an open city, whereas that fortress could not be taken but after a long siege. Independent of troops of the line, your Majesty saw, at the first signal, 150,000 national guards ready to march, and at their head the majors of your infantry, officers of the fifth battalions, and veteran officers; you found in their ranks a number of old soldiers.

"Numerous detachments of cavalry of the line were preceded by the gens-d'armes of France. The English were not aware that this branch of force alone could, at a moment's notice, assemble at any given point 60 squadrons, composed of men that had seen sixteen years of service, all equally experienced, equally well-disciplined and armed as these brave cuirassiers, who, under your Majesty's orders have brought to so high a pitch the glory of the French cavalry.

"As by enchantment, the dispositions prescribed by your Majesty caused to appear, at the same instant, on the banks of the Scheldt, and at the rendezvous of

the Reserve at Lisle and Maestricht, four different armies, under the command of Marshal the Prince of Ponte Corvo, and Marshals the Dukes of Cornegiano, Valmy, and Istria.

"The sudden developement of such a force, and the national impulse which continued to multiply its numbers, struck the enemy with consternation. Their enterprise, calculated upon false data, completely failed.

"Europe has witnessed the realization of that which your Majesty's penetration anticipated, when you pronounced that this expedition originated in ignorance and inexperience; and when, sparing of French blood, and directing that a plan merely defensive should be followed, you wrote to me: 'We are happy to find the English crowding into the marshes of Zealand; let them be merely kept in check, and their army will be speedily destroyed by the bad air, and the endemic fevers of that country.'

"Whilst our troops were distributed in comfortable cantonments in the environs of Antwerp, or stationed in that fortress, the English army, encamped in the midst of marshes, and destitute of water fit for drinking, lost upwards of one-third of its soldiers. But the facility which the English have of going by sea from one quarter to another, may lead us to expect that all that will have escaped the disasters of this Expedition will be sent to reinforce their army in Portugal.

"Sire, the various *fields of battle* in which your armies have distinguished themselves are *too remote from each other to admit of your marching, without inconvenience to the soldier, one of your armies from one scene of action to the other*; and your Majesty, so highly satisfied with the zeal of the troops whom you command beyond the Danube, is *anxious to spare them from the fatigues of the war in Spain*. Besides, the French armies beyond the Pyrenees now consist of 300 battalions and 150 squadrons. It is therefore sufficient, without sending any additional corps thither, to keep up at their full establishment those already there. Thirty thousand men, collected at Bayonne, afford the means of accomplishing this object, and of repulsing any force which the English may cause to advance.

"In this state of things, I conceived that it corresponded with your Majesty's views to limit the levy necessary at this moment, to the contingent indispensably

requisite for replacing in the battalions of the interior, the drafts which are daily made from them. The returns which will be laid before your Majesty will inform you, that of the conscription for the years 1806-7-8-9 and 10, there still remain more than 80,000 men, who, though balloted, have not yet been called into actual service. *This immense reinforcement might march against your enemies, should that measure be rendered necessary by any imminent danger to the State.* I propose to your Majesty to call out only 36,000, and to declare all those classes entirely free from any future call.

By this means, your armies, Sire, will be maintained at their present respectable establishment, and a considerable number of your subjects will be *definitively released from the conscription.* Your Majesty will also have, at your disposal, the 25,000 men afforded by the class of 1811; upon whom I shall not propose to your Majesty to make any call, *unless events should disappoint your hopes and pacific intentions.*

"Your Majesty's armies are equally formidable from their numbers as from their courage. But who could advise France not to proportion her efforts to those of her enemies? In giving such advice, the result of the most imprudent security, it would be necessary to forget that Austria, very lately, had on foot 700,000 men; and that to create this gigantic force, that power did not hesitate to expose her population to almost total destruction, and to attack the very basis of her prosperity. We must equally forget that England has taken part in the continental war, by landing, at the same moment, three different armies, on the coasts of Naples, Holland, and Portugal.

"The agitation of those who are jealous of France, has been redoubled, because they are conscious that the present crisis has *for ever fixed her greatness.* Their efforts will be impotent, because France has been enabled to reach the highest pinnacle of success and of glory, without making any of those ruinous sacrifices which destroy her enemies. In fact, notwithstanding the successive calls, up to the present moment, made upon the different classes of conscripts, scarcely have one-fourth of those who composed them taken the field.

"In considering the situation of your Majesty's armies, and the result of the English expeditions, can we, without a degree of satisfaction, behold England, in

imitation of Austria, making efforts disproportionate to her means, and the wants of her navy? What can she expect from this contest upon land; and man to man, with France; that shall not redound to her own injury and disgrace?

"Sire, the French people will have to thank your Majesty for the inexpressible advantage and glory of a peace, conquered without maritime expeditions, from an enemy who, by his situation, thought himself free from all attack. Every serious attempt upon the Continent, on the part of the English, is a step towards a general peace.

"The *English Ministers* who preceded the members of the present Government, a *more able set of men than the latter*, were well convinced of this truth, and took good care not to commit themselves in an unequal contest. It did not escape their observation, that to carry on a long war, it was necessary that it should press lightly upon the people who had to support it.

"Within the *last twelve months* the war has cost *England more blood* than she had *previously shed from the period when she broke the peace of Amiens.* Committed in the battles of *Spain and Portugal*, whence her duty and her interest forbid her to recede, she will see those countries become the tomb of her bravest warriors. Sorrow for their loss will at length produce in the minds of the English people a well-founded abhorrence of those cruel men, whose ambition and frantic hatred dared to pronounce the expression of *eternal war.* It will excite in that people the wish for a *general peace, which every man of good sense may predict to be near at hand, if the English persist in a continental contest.*

"I am, with respect, &c.

"Count de HÜNEBURG, Minister at War."

An interesting article on the proceedings in the British Forum, for which the Printer and the Jacobin orator have been called before the House, was sent to me last week, and was intended to appear in this number, but room could not be found for it. It shall be given next week.

Another Chapter of the life of the Demagogue next week.

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Ye bands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Iud obeys,
 Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS:—*Strictures on the infamous parallels which are openly made in this country, to degrade our adored Sovereign, and to prepossess Englishmen in favour of Buonaparte.*—*True parallels offered respecting those two characters.*—*Inconsistency and perverseness of the Opposition*—*On the paternal tenderness of his Majesty towards his people.*—*Necessity of imposing serious taxes.*—*Justice of our not abandoning Portugal.*—*Comparison between the reported public sentiments of Lords Grenville and Wellesley.*—*Exposition of the Deniagogue's pretended alarm for the liberty of the Press.*—*The true reasons explained, by instances of what the Press has done, and has yet to do for him.*—*His calumnies respecting the Anti Jacobin Newspaper refuted.*—*His present hypocrisy towards the Newspaper Reporters proved by an original anecdote of his former treatment of them, and his own opinion of them in the year 1803.*—*His ideas at that period respecting the liberty of the Press.*—*Another chapter of his life.*

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Addressed to the People of the United Kingdom, &c.

Virtus laudatur et alget. JUVENAL.

“Virtue is praised and freezes.”

By ALBION.

STRICTURE V.

ENGLISHMEN!—In the present critical situation of your country, domestic vice rears itself in all parts, and makes head with the vile principles of foreign atrocity. It is at such an interesting moment that I continue my Strictures, and that your attention is claimed to the sentiments of a fellow-subject, whose greatest pride is, to advance the good of the community. Respecting your manly virtues, I view, with a jealous eye, the machinations of men who render your failings subservient to their cause. In the honorable character of true Britons, you are but ill-qualified to obtain that knowledge of their designs, as might guard you against the attacks of masked villany, and ward off the consequence of infamous friendships.

Recollect, my countrymen! that you have a foreign enemy, both daring and subtle, to deal with; whose schemes of artful policy labour at the annihilation of your empire; whose public declaration foretels the downfall of your invaluable Constitution; whose assassinating armies are now extending from the heights of the Mediterranean to the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and whose powers of

every species, will shortly be put in motion, to destroy your government, which, he feels, cannot exist with safety to his own! Recollect, then, that you are to be deprived of liberty, of consequence, and of wealth. Your influence and riches are to be annexed to the tyranny of France, and you are again doomed to become, what you were in the days of the Romans, the tallied slaves of foreign usurpation and ignominious power. You are humbly to exchange the independence and happiness of Britons for the protection of regicides; and you are to endure the yoke of obedience round your necks, as the tacit acknowledgement of your content and degradation! Gracious God! what have I written? Is it darkness or perversion that pervades my mind? Have I a heart corrupt, or an understanding clouded? Am I reduced to the servile language of adversity, from baseness of character; or has any of the reported proceedings of your Parliament, made me forget the lofty tone, and dignified language of honour and happiness? Alas! it has; for, what have I heard, since the opening of the assembly, but PARALLELS, drawn in France, between the tyrant of that country and the chief Magistrate of your own? PARALLELS, odious as false, and exhibited to you for the direct purpose of alienating your affection from your Sovereign, and of inviting your mind to the admiration of a man who is the sepulchre of the Bourbon dynasty and regal name? Have I not heard it echoed in the House, and reiterated, in debate, that Buonaparte “possesses all the great qualities that have, at any time, rendered any man formidable to this country;” and have I not heard it

reverberated by the same echo, and reiterated in the same debate, that your own Sovereign is - - - - -

I cannot profane these Strictures: enough to say, the sacred and venerable name of Majesty has been abused; and that the Opposition, dazzled by the glare of success which illuminates a Usurper, have lost the moderation necessary for the enjoyment of the virtues of their own Prince. To be of advantage to his subjects; to do good, rather than to be conspicuous; to be of a pure life, unconscious of guilt; to have a mind fraught with integrity, and to despise more shining possessions, is all the ambition that ever animated his Majesty. While the desire of Buonaparte has ever been to pursue the great object of his lust, through the dark and bloody paths, of war and policy; and, by the abuse of power and religion, to undermine the foundations of moral virtue!

Englishmen! You have celebrated the tenth lustre* of your Sovereign with rapturous joy, and you have seen the third of his enemy with indignant sorrow; then, why will you attend to *parallels*, made in a certain assembly, by men, who prefer the murderous tyrant of France, to the virtuous Monarch who sways the British sceptre? Having the inclination to avenge your King, your Father, your Protector, why will you let escape, without punishment, without the punishment of reproach, at least, the public abettors of his destructive enemies? Men who draw *parallels* to deaden the energy of your country, and to raise upon its ruins; first, the monstrous republic, and next, the despotic Monarchy, which succeeded the abolition of the ancient authorities of France. Why such dereliction? Whence proceeds this apathy on your part? It proceeds, my countrymen! from a shameful ignorance of the character both of your Sovereign and of Buonaparte, and from a disposition to despise disappointed virtue, and to admire successful vice; so true is it, that "Virtue is praised and freezes." You have seen the *parallel* of the Hon. Mr. Ward, and you have heard the remarks of the MONITEUR ON HIS MAJESTY, reiterated in a certain House,—I have a right to ex-

pect that you will pay some attention to MY *parallel* and to MY remarks. If any man say, that they are untrue or unjust, do you, readers, tell such a man, that the truth is not in him. When Albion violates truth and justice, I call upon you to disregard his works. Till then, let his voice be heard; till then, let his labours contribute to the dignity of the national character, and the improvement of the public mind!

Englishmen! from the instant your Sovereign became a King, he resolved not to cease to be a man; and his first public declaration was, *that he gloried to be born a Briton!* Since that auspicious period, he has always endeavoured to raise for himself a reputation, which, by its solidity rather than splendour, might be capable of satisfying the whole extent of his ambition; but, in spite of all his cares, you see, he is still daily exposed to the censure of the Opposition, who, having their eyes continually fixed upon him, judge of his actions according to their own disposition and caprice; for, how many are there who believe they *cannot* show themselves good subjects but by censuring the Government under which they live; nor good politicians, but by presuming to comprehend the mysteries of cabinets. The principal of his Majesty's duties has ever been, to employ, *usefully*, all the moments of his life. His ruling passion, and that which contributes most to his happiness, is to make, if possible, all his subjects happy; but it is a torment to him to endeavour to content the tastes, the caprices, and the too-often unreasonable pretensions of those who aspire to his favours. Experience has sufficiently convinced him, how difficult it is to satisfy all those who believe they ought to partake of them. In distributing them, he gives the preference to the deserving, or to those whom he considers the most likely to advance the glory and happiness of his empire. In the exercise of justice, it is as dangerous for him to dissemble, as it is disagreeable to punish; yet his clemency has often passed for weakness, and his resolution for obduracy. In military affairs, he forgets nothing for maintaining the glory and interest of the nation; but, if he is for making and retaining conquest in the East and West Indies, the Opposition deem him ambitious, and a usurper; if he seek for peace, he is thought incapable of using his power. In civil affairs, however exact the measures be

* The reader is requested to correct with his pen a singular erratum, which appeared in the last Stricture: In col. 713 line 13 for "ten centuries" read "ten lustres."

takes, they are said to be ill-concerted, if not attended with success; and if, in the exercise of his legislative capacity, he procure, by his Parliament, the abrogating of ancient laws, formerly useful, at present inconvenient, and, in their room, have new ones enacted, this change is considered as a sketch of prerogative, or, a tendency to despotism. In the finances, the Opposition accuse him of profusion, and yet he is entirely sensible of the hardships his people suffer, by contributing to the necessities of the state. Believe me, Englishmen! it is with the deepest regret, that his Majesty imposes taxes upon you. When driven to that necessity, he fancies that he wrests, violently, from himself what he asks of you; and he feels, with the most acute sensibility, what a melancholy thing it is to see one's self the father of a family in distress!

Nor is the King unacquainted with the artful turns and cunning that have been introduced into politics; he has, even, to comply with your wishes, more than once, introduced the Opposition into his cabinet; but herein he has been entirely influenced by a respect for his country, and by good faith, under the guidance of justice and truth. If his sincerity, *always the same*, be not successful, he is blamed for making use of a weak compliance; and, what none can help deeming a virtue, is imputed to him as a crime. Add to this, that, what some detest in his enemy, notwithstanding his successes, they wish the King had put in practice himself, even at the hazard of reaping disgrace from the attempt. Now, consider, Britons, abiding by his maxims, how much it must cost your Sovereign, on certain occasions, when, by reasons of state, he must, or must not, follow the principles of any other than his own distinguished mind!

Englishmen! here is no flattery. I simply lay open to you the inmost recesses of his Majesty's heart; you now see the candour of his intentions; but these candid intentions have been far from turning to the good of his Majesty. Must it not be painful, when justice is never done them by the Opposition, and when an evil construction is put upon his best manner of conducting himself for the good of his people? Yet this consolation is left him, that he has nothing to reproach himself with; that he has made his country a field open for talent, where merit has favour, and industry reward.

What more can be said of any Prince, or of any nation? We all live in a state of relative wealth and prosperity; that which is called misfortune on the continent, contributes but little to the suffering of our life; and still the Opposition persist in proclaiming our wretchedness and slavery. The TAXES, they cry, are, at once, a proof of the prodigality of the Crown, and of the oppression of the community. What an error is this, either wilful or unintentional! I ask you, my countrymen, one and all, can you have wealth without your commerce is protected by power? Can you be respected abroad but by force? Can you have tranquillity at home without arms? Can you have justice, morals, religion, and government, without constituted authorities and troops? Can troops and authorities be maintained without pay? Can that pay be made good without taxes? Are not taxes the cause and the guard of all your boasted independence and public wealth? You answer in the affirmative, and still the necessary accumulation of taxes is the only excuse you advance for suffering yourselves to hearken to insinuations tending to the injury of so good, so munificent a Prince.

Nothing of this can be said in regard to Mr. Ward's Buonaparte. He ceased to be a man the instant he became a king, and denied in himself the power of committing any crimes. Self-love made him deviate from the paths of justice and reason; vain-glory excited him to carry war abroad, and to attack the property, the morals, and religion of the people at home. He has, to ill-purposes, squandered away the public treasure of the House of Bourbon, and dissipated, in like manner, the tributes and plunder of every other continental nation. In council, instead of interrogating truth, and encouraging innocence, he inflexibly shows that every answer must accord with his own flagitious principles. In society, he bears with faults worthy of reprehension, endures those which are base and criminal, and grants to terror, what should only be conferred on merit. Hence, it is plain, that when he does good, he has no due sense of its virtue, and when he does evil, it is from the deliberate nature of his mind! Can any character be more atrocious? We must condemn his virtues as well as his faults! I have discerned both in the impostor, and despise both equally.—Whereas, the whole of the

contemplation of our Sovereign charms me.—I survey his life with exultation and pleasure; I view that of Buonaparte with indignation and horror. Buonaparte will become *old*; and be afraid of age. In the *decline* of an infamous life, he will see the necessity of *beginning* to live: While our gracious Sovereign has arrived at *old* age, without one thing to lament, or to wish for. I deceive myself, he has *one* thing to lament;—*one* thing to wish for. He laments that the clashing of arms forces him to employ the sustenance of his country in foreign enterprise; and he wishes that, as his subjects form with him the same body politic, there may be between them an inseparable union, in order to their having as much confidence in his government, as he has always had in their ardent zeal and affectionate fidelity.—Oh! more than happy, Englishmen! if ye knew your own advantages—and if the guilt committed by the Opposition were not to go unpunished. Oh! more than happy, as Persius says, were you not but soft and moist clay, and therefore, instantly and incessantly, to be formed to *any shape* by the glowing wheel.—The Greeks were feared, even when they offered presents. You should be on your guard against the Opposition, when they proffer kindness. It is said, that “the people are to be taken by the ears, as a pot is by the handles.” This is a reflection often cast on the credulity of the public. It conveys a lesson not to be disregarded. Englishmen, think of this proverb, when next you hear your orators flatter your passions, or insult your Prince. Remember, too, that the remaining liberty of Europe is meant to be smitten and destroyed, by Buonaparte, in this precise island: that your Sovereign is the guardian of that liberty, and you the guardian of that Sovereign; and that *that* man is miserably deceived, who thinks it slavery to live under an excellent prince. Never did liberty appear in a more gracious form, than under a pious king.—But you are instructed to think otherwise. It is even a truth, which cannot be lamented in language too pathetic, that the Opposition have succeeded in their hostile attempts. The torch of discontent already appears. Inflammatory speeches have been delivered by the factious; by those perturbed spirits, who can never be at rest, and who wish to raise themselves to an elevated point of distinction, even upon their country's ruin. Some of your *popular* politicians go so far as to extol Buonaparte for the charms of his youth, and to condemn their Sovereign for the crime of old age. Others of them decry their native country, and wish themselves on the borders of the Seine, or else to see the tricoloured standard of our enemies planted upon the banks of the Thames!—Surely the spirit of the British people was never so insulted, since you first asserted your claim to independence: never, Englishmen! no, never! What would be the language of our brave ancestors, the EDWARDS and the HENRIES of old time, before whose victorious arms the French nation has so often bent its suppliant knee, were it in their power to revisit their native land? What would be their language, but that which the most indignant emotions could excite? And shall we, the descendants of those very men, who have so often shaken France to the very centre, shall we so far forget our origin and our power, as to hearken to orations in the praise of her Usurper, and to submit to have terms of peace dictated to us, by an ambitious and inveterate foe? And let me ask the admirers of this man, with what feelings can we censure our own most gracious master? Can we reflect on the benefits derived from his virtues, and at the same time hear him insulted in the House, and see him placarded in the streets? Or, can there be, fellow-citizens, men so base among you as to encourage such proceedings as these? I call on you, ye heroes! on you who have triumphed in Egypt, at the Nile, and at Trafalgar; at Maida, in Italy; at Vimiera, in Portugal; and at Talavera, in Spain: I call on you, who have so freely, so unsparingly, bled for your country's honour!—On you, nobles! gentlemen of England! bravest and best of men! on you I call; and, in the hour, big with the fate of your sovereignty! on you, who behold the scene, I call, and of you I ask, whether the stupendous virtue of a Brunswick shall be *praised* and *frozen*, while the successful crimes of a Corsican meet with applause, and fill the voice of Fame?—O, wretched Britons! shall future ages record this cause of manly deploration? How, alas! will you answer this to your children! How justify ingratitude to yourselves? You cannot. Accursed be those who have rendered you ungrateful! And thrice accursed be those who praise a foreign despot, who has raised himself by blood and po-

licy, to an unlawful dominion, which invades the liberties of every country, and tramples on the laws of nature, of society, and of God !

It was not my intention to occupy the whole of this Stricture with one particular subject, but the *reported* debate, in the upper House on Thursday, and in the lower on Friday night, confines my mind, and denies it any farther flight. Conscious that the demon of war *must* still reign ; conscious that the current of human blood, with which Europe has been so long deluged, *must* still flow, it is with poignant mortification I perceive that Mr. Whitbread opposes his Sovereign through Lord Chatham, and that my Lord Grenville unites himself with those cowards, whose despondency fills the bosom of our enemy with courage, and the hearts of our allies with fear. I cannot doubt the motives which govern Mr. Whitbread, or his Lordship ; but I beg of you, Englishmen ! to be suspicious of those doctrines, and watchful of those persons, which depreciate the character of your Prince or your country, and elevate that of your enemies. In particular, what does Lord Grenville mean to say, (I shall notice Mr. Whitbread on a separate occasion) that we must abandon Portugal, because we are unable to maintain a contest with the troops of a nation, which have been so often and so shamefully beaten by our forefathers ? Does he forget the days of Edward, of Henry, of Anne, of Elizabeth ? Has he told the House, there are no Marlboroughs now amongst us ? Is he so sunk in despair, as to degrade the nobles of the State, by telling them, to their face, that there exist not upon the shores of Albion, a Manlius, a Camillus, and a Curtius ; men ready to devote themselves for their country's welfare ? If his Lordship, together with the Marquis of Landsdowne, Lords Erskine, Holland, Moira, &c. manifested such pusillanimity, you cannot be too active, too vigilant, and too circumspect. You cannot, my countrymen, watch them too narrowly, or hold too fast together yourselves. You have no occasion to despond. Read the speech of the Marquis Wellesley, and you will not be dismayed at the predictions of your presumed friends. The Noble Marquis tells you, that you may have good hope, for you have a good cause. He excites you all to come forward, heart and hand, at this hour of danger to your allies. He implores you to forget all private animosities,

the spirit of party, the opposition and struggle of rivalry, and to unite both in defence of your country, and to drive your enemy from that of Portugal and Spain. He implores you to remember, that the object of the war is totally changed, and that, if you do not bring your foe to terms on the continent, the object will be *no less*, than the possession of your liberties, the possession of your rights, the possession of your property, the possession of every thing which is dear and valuable to you as a wealthy people, and an independent nation. The language of the Noble Marquis is that of a true Briton. To promote the liberties of Spain, and to protect the ancient establishments of Portugal, is the characteristic of generosity, of bravery, of virtue. And, if some of our troops fall in their defence, it is dying honourably and gloriously. Such were the sentiments which our forefathers entertained ; and shall you, the descendants of such men, now deny the truth of them ? Will Englishmen, dastardly, submit to abandon their friends in the hour of peril and calamity ? are we in future condemned to fold our arms, and view our most ancient allies, in sullen silence, tugging the oar, and dragging the chains of servitude ? Assuredly not. And yet, whither is fled the military ardour of our ancestors, that we seem to require rousing to perform the sacred duties of obligation and friendship ? Not to defend the Portuguese, is not to defend our own honour. Not to advance the liberty of Spain, is not to be worthy the liberty which distinguishes our own life ! I demand of Lord Grenville, what does he mean ? Shall Great Britain suffer the territories of an exiled friend to become a province to France ? Shall she see the sons and daughters of her allies traverse the Pyrenees, in hard captivity and ignominious bondage ? I ask his Lordship, must he not call upon Heaven to forbid this national outrage, or must he not desire to make his country blush, and to sink her beneath the humblest nations of the continent ? But, am I not indebted to the very able speech of Lord Liverpool for the motives of the Noble Baron's conduct. To change the Ministry and to effect a reform, the Opposition are willing to sacrifice their private honour and the pride of the national character ! To change the Ministry is unnecessary—to *reform* must always be a duty and a use. But, Englishmen, if abuses have insensibly crept into the dif-

ferent departments, let us, at proper time, reform and correct them. Let us not, by our cabals and our disunion, encourage the enemy to invade our own country, or to pillage and overthrow the wealth and liberties of Spain and Portugal. If your minds be deeply impressed with the truth of these things, do you all, with one accord, manfully stand up in their support. To maintain your own independence, and to protect that of your friends, is the only public virtue these Strictures propose to inculcate. However, from this particular one, I trust, you will derive the private grace to check that growing spleen against an illustrious character, whom the good men of all countries have so generally agreed to admire, and to repress that veneration for a foreign despot, whose character and conduct future ages will execrate and deplore.

The proceedings of this week have also been distinguished by the intimation of Lord Grey, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. On this important question, I have the arrogance to beg my countrymen, and the members of the government and legislature in particular, to look for information to a pamphlet of mine, entitled "An Historical and Political View of the Catholic Religion, &c." just published by Mr. Blagdon. I am bold to assert, that it contains sufficient motives for the rejection of "the claims," and that it will amply justify all those who may refuse to place the Roman on a level with the Protestant church.

Since the commencement of the Session, no Member has manifested so independent and so public a spirit as Mr. Yorke. His conduct in supporting the privileges of the House, or the dignity of the nation, has been marked with a firmness and humanity which do him great honour. Were I not, at the close of this Stricture, fatigued, and the night advancing, I would pay that tribute to his patriotism, of which he is so eminently deserving*. This memorandum will remind him of my attention and integrity, and it will convince you, my fellow subjects, that no *proceedings* escape me, that promise to advance the information and weal of the community. ALBION.

Feb. 26, 1810.

* Mr. Yorke's independent and manly conduct impresses me so strongly that I shall make it the basis of a supernumerary Stricture.

"SHUTTING THE GALLERY."

Under this head, in the Demagogue's Jacobin Register of the 17th inst. appeared a piteous, whining article, calculated to induce his besotted readers to conceive that the laudable enforcement of the Standing Order for the exclusion of strangers from the House of Commons gallery, is "the last step but one before you arrive at complete despotism." There are, to the disgrace of the age in which we live, too many foes to the Constitution, who reiterate his cries, and echo his sentiments, with all the additional falsehood and venom which their own base minds can engender; and thus the libels of the Demagogue, transfused from his own fountain-head of treason, into the numerous secondary vehicles under his control, are dispersed over the land, and inspire the disaffected wretches who peruse them, to persevere in their diabolical designs. Thus Cobbett stands forth as the abandoned leader, the Apollyon of all the minor demons of sedition, who are continually employed in extending the flames of treason from the centre to the extremities of the empire. If the audacity of the Demagogue be, to some, a matter of surprise—if it be demanded, to what chief cause can the success of his machinations be attributed, the answer is equally forcible and simple;—there is no human conspiracy as yet operating against this impostor! Yet he cannot be said to proceed altogether with impunity; for nature, outraged at his pride and insolence, has caused his own passions to rebel against him, and to *devour his heart in solitude and dismay!* Nothing can be more despicable or more miserable than what the old age of this man must be; for even now, when the vigour of middle life begins to fail him, and that his vices pall with frequent repetition, we see his strength sink into peevishness, and we hear of nothing but of the anger and the apprehensions of his mind. He was *angry* with Ministers for extinguishing the *rush-lights* of the Irish conspirators at eight o'clock, and for not introducing disaffection and paganism into the Parliament House; and he is now apprehensive, from the manly proceeding of Mr. Yorke, respecting the closing of the galleries, &c. that they intend to fetter the freedom of the press!—*Apprehensive!* Why more apprehensive than he was in 1803, when he said, in his Register of March 19.—"I am one of those who

"think the publishing of Parliamentary Debates is a violation of the spirit of the English Government?" Why does he not give us something like a reason for his alarm? The fact is, that in his heart he has no apprehensions of the kind. He can have no regard for the liberty of the press; for he has fulminated maledictions against the provincial editors, whom he could not compel to copy a weekly quantum of sedition from his Paper; and he has procured the purchase of "*the Statesman*," which is now no more than an echo, doomed to reverberate the treasonable clamours of himself and his gang, which rend the Botley hills. Does this creature really think that he can persuade any man beyond the pale of his own desperate partizans, that he is apprehensive for the liberty of the Press? Can ever those partizans themselves, reflect on his former ebullitions, and yet believe that he is at all apprehensive?—Let them refresh their memory with the following sentiments which he published on the 4th of June, 1803.

"The press," says this apostate Demagogue, "has long been a favourite folly in this island: it has done infinite mischief; it has beyond all comparison done more harm than good, as to religion and civil liberty, as well as to politics. To the Press, it is, we owe the innumerable Sectaries who have for an hundred and fifty years past distracted the minds of the people, and in some instances led them to commit the most detestable and horrid of crimes; to the Press we owe all those hard-biting laws which, though absolutely necessary for the preservation of the peace and the safety of the State, must be regarded as a considerable diminution of the civil liberty enjoyed by the mass of the people previous to the prevalent influence of the Press: to the Press we owe the American Rebellion, the Rebellion of Ireland; and to the Press—the English Press, THE WORLD OWES THE REBELLION AND THE USURPATION OF FRANCE. But this most potent instrument, after having been employed in the work of irreligion, civil slavery, and rebellion, became, at the close of the last war, formidable to Buonaparte; not because he was an apostate, a rebel, an usurper, and a tyrant, but because, after having established his power, he had become the enemy of the Press itself, from a suspicion that it might produce, with regard

to him, effects similar to those which it had produced with respect to the lawful Sovereign."—Survey these sentiments, reader; peruse them again and again, and ask yourself of what is it likely that the Demagogue's present apprehensions, respecting the liberty of the press, can consist?—It is true that he has changed his sentiments! It is true that at this period the press has for him abundant terrors; and it is true that his apprehensions arise from no other source! He trembles at the power which the press is likely to exert towards him, and hence he flatters some of its directors, by advocating its freedom, in hopes of silencing them as to his past conduct, and gaining them over to his future designs. With the exception of Napoleon Buonaparte, there does not exist in Europe a man who has so much reason to apprehend the efforts of the press, as this self-same Demagogue. The press to which, he has admitted, the world owes so much, has exhibited the perverseness and disaffection of his youth, the crimes of his early manhood, the horrible apostacy, and all the other vices of his meridian life; and will record the infamy of every step that drags him to a reluctant grave! The press has reiterated the expiring sighs of the first virgin he is said to have betrayed! The press has revived the Court Martial, which, to his eternal infamy, he instituted and abandoned! The press has exhibited MARY WILLIAMS, who died of the wounds inflicted by a Porcupine, in the house of a bookseller, in Second Street, Philadelphia!!! The press has raised the ghost of an American senator, who was diabolically accused, by the same Porcupine, of an offence too disgusting even to think of! The press has reprinted the trial of Doctor Rush, and exhibited an American Jury condemning William Cobbett to a fine of five thousand dollars, for defamation, and memorialing their President to banish a being so dangerous, to some more vicious and distant clime! The press has shown the same monster sucking his paws under the benign canopy of the British Crown and Mitre, while fattening on the gold supplied through the auspices of Windham and of Pitt; and then, on the attainment of power and of strength, rushing forth to devour the objects invested with those insignia! Nay more; the press has published the trial at Southampton, which conveys the history of a feroci-

ous tyrant trampling upon the innocent offspring of a poor infirm old woman! The press has proved the Demagogue to be, turn by turn, Whig and Tory, loyal and treasonable, Protestant and Papist; and the same press will yet breed the disease of timidity in his mind, to such a degree, that it will be more fatal to him than all his former presumption. By the aid of the press, his vices shall fail to be rewarded with success, and his frightened imagination shall anticipate nothing but miscarriage!

It cannot have escaped the notice of the public, that this Register has hitherto preserved a *moderation* towards the Demagogue, which a great portion of its readers must have thought criminal: but that *forbearance* and *humanity*, which have hitherto graced its pages, are immolated by the continued impudence of this literary pretender; and that reproach shall be no longer applicable. For the future he shall be made to stand in terror of every eye, and suspicious of every tongue! Guilt, with all its horrors and anxieties, shall face him at every turn, and appal him at every step. He has hitherto enjoyed the prerogative of an assumed innocence: it shall be the care of this Register to strip him of that prerogative, and to clothe invariable virtue with its attributes. That power which he has acquired from the art of betraying, shall be turned in loose upon himself, to disease the health of his body, and poison the felicities of his mind! He shall learn, from these pages, that the first step to greatness is to be *honest*, and that virtue is the only basis of reputation or of fame!

These preliminary sentiments, of abhorrence towards the Demagogue, on account of his profligate assaults upon every man who stands forward to vindicate the honour and independence of Britain's representatives, I entreat the reader to believe, arise out of no private pique or personal resentment towards the individual; for such feelings hold no place in my breast: but they are such as, it is hoped, all real friends of insulted England possess; and I trust, I may call, with confidence, upon many of those friends, in the words of Albion, contained in his first letter, which appeared in this Register, (col. 107.) to assist me "in hunting down that *wild beast* of democracy, which ARISTOTLE describes as delighting in the destruction of the crowns of Princes!" and

such friends may depend upon it, that they will ever find me ready to exert that liberty of the press, which the Demagogue *pretends* to be apprehensive, will be speedily frittered away—"the liberty of publishing one's opinions freely, as to the character and conduct of". . . the desperate wretches who would exult in depriving us of every national privilege which we possess, and subjecting us to the "most grievous tyranny" that ever afflicted the human species!—It is, in fact, a sort of moral duty incumbent upon *every* man who feels himself competent to commit his ideas to paper, to aid me, in the very words of the Demagogue (col. 232.) to "pull off the mask from the hypocrites, to show how they have injured their country, and by exciting the public indignation against them, to drive them from". . . CIVILIZED SOCIETY!

A very ludicrous proof of the *apprehension* of the Demagogue, respecting the effects which may be produced from "the lengths to which those writers may go, who take the side of men in power," is evinced in his Register of the 17th. He there stigmatizes the whole body of gentlemen, who, twelve years ago, united their talents to confound the arts of the Jacobins of that period, by the famed Anti-Jacobin newspaper. He charges the writers for that paper, including Messrs. Canning and Frere, with filling it with *abuse*, *falsehood*, and *malice*, from one end of it to the other! I recollect, that this was exactly the charge that the whole gang, howling at the ridicule and contempt into which it suddenly brought them, made at the time of its appearance; and such was the sensation occasioned by their writhing and *wincing*, that had the gentlemen who conducted it, chosen to continue their labours, the sale of that paper would have been unparalleled, as the good which it would have effected would have been incalculable!—The fact, however, was, not as the Demagogue audaciously asserts, that they closed their labours because their stock of ideas were exhausted, but because they had brought forward that excellent satirical paper, merely as a source for their literary recreations, and an occasional relief from the fatigues of official and senatorial occupations: they had premised, that their literary efforts were only intended to continue during the Session of Parliament, and when that was ended, they

gladly exchanged their literary for rural amusements, and their admirable paper ceased to exist! As long, however, as it continued, loyal men perused that publication with pleasure; because, as there was never any doubt as to *who* were its authors, they were gratified in the discovery that, in the spirited and powerful government of that time, there were persons whose talents were not confined to the dry routine of state occupations; but who could, with equal vigour and effect, denounce our inveterate foreign enemy in the senate, and expose, with talents equal to those of the most celebrated satirists of antiquity, in their few moments of recreation over the sparkling glass, the wretched disseminators of domestic treason! It was by the writing of many of the poetical articles, for that paper, that Mr. Canning so justly acquired the title of the British Martial; and as to the prose, which the Demagogue, that brutal *cobler* of literature, that assassin of the English tongue, attempts to ridicule by the denomination of "*gentleman-like writing*," it has procured for its authors imperishable laurels; while all persons of taste anticipate, with regret, that, according to probability, they "*shall not look upon its like again!*"

The reader may perhaps be rather at a loss to discover, for what reason the Demagogue has, "*all of a sudden*," chosen to display so much "anger and resentment" (col. 236.) against the authors of that celebrated publication; or why "the public should *now* be made acquainted with its history." There are two or three reasons; of which not the least is, that some of those gentlemen now profess their wish to purge the press of its *licentiousness*, in order to preserve its *freedom!* This is the ground-work of the Demagogue's alarm; for if once the sedition of the press were to be checked, what would become of "*the thing*," misnomered his Political Register? The power of type, ink, and paper, would not be adequate to preserve it another year; but it would disappear from the public view "like the baseless fabric of a vision;" and on "*the merciless trunk-maker*" (col. 235.) would be imposed, the task of immolating its wretched and obnoxious remains!

In the brief history which the Demagogue has thought proper to supply, of this Anti-Jacobin newspaper, there is one sentence so excessively laughable, that I cannot refrain from calling to it the par-

ticular attention of my readers. It proves what I have so often asserted, respecting the Demagogue's *callousness*, or disregard of public opinion being not real, but completely *affected!* An eminent artist, Mr. Gillray, who has justly acquired, as a political caricaturist, more fame than ever fell to the lot of any man since the time of Hogarth, amused himself at the period when the Anti-Jacobin Paper was published, in personifying the characters who had been satirised in that excellent work; by which the political crimes committed by the banditti of reformers, were displayed before the admiring multitude with a double power; and, by the exactness of the likenesses, the individuals of the gang became so many marks for the finger of loyalty to point at with ridicule and contempt. When the Demagogue basked under the genial influence of the Crown and Mitre, he avowed sentiments of very great respect for the talents of this distinguished artist. In particular, respecting the very caricatures which were engraved as illustrations of the Anti-Jacobin text, the Demagogue not only bought them by hundreds, to send to America, but he publicly exhibited them in his shop, and, to every stranger who came to lounge in it, he extolled the abilities and passed the most unqualified compliments on the loyalty of the matchless designer, who certainly paid no respect to persons, whenever he could render the enemies of the Constitution the butt of public ridicule. He depicted the different Members of the gang in all the grotesque and humiliating forms which a fertile imagination could conceive; and the admiring spectator beheld the resemblances of a Tooke, a Bedford, a Burdett, a Fox, a Tierney, a Bosville, &c. performing the various repugnant offices which devolve upon the very scavengers of sedition! But the *chef d'œuvre*, the *ne plus ultra* of this genius was his *late* series of caricatures representing the progress of the Botley Demagogue, through all the devious paths of infamy, from the pot-boy, tormenting the inoffensive animals, at Farnham, to the point at which, according to the natural course of events, it may be anticipated that he will arrive; that *crisis* of his fate, when his enemies must rise in judgment against him, and consign him to that interminable hell, which is formed by the agitations of a guilty conscience! By the efforts of Gillray, therefore, has the Demagogue been ren-

dered the laughing-stock of all England, and he has at last found an opportunity of *resenting* the odium which has thus been cast upon him, by the display of a sneaking, miserable kind of peevishness, that is sufficiently indicative of what, with all his affectation of *callousness*, he cannot conceal that he *feels* upon the occasion; and under a paroxysm of "gentleman-like feelings," he says, (col. 235) "that Mr. Gillray, for *all* his representations of *louring knaves and cut-throats*, is indebted SOLELY to his mirror!!!" This I must positively and unequivocally beg leave to deny; for, "in plain English," the *louring, cut-throat* portrait which that "*worthy*" artist has given to the world as the resemblance of the Demagogue, I do assert and declare to be so striking and exact a representation of him, that whoever bears it in his memory will be sure to know the original, should he see him on a pillory or on a gibbet. Thus we see, that the Demagogue not only trembles at the effects of the *press*, but he has also become alarmed at the consequences that may arise from the efforts of the *pencil*; as the result of both will evidently be, that he will be rendered an object of public odium, and each loyal subject, recognising his obdurate features, from the pictorial and literary delineations which have been afforded of him, will be enabled to say with the satirist of antiquity,

"*Hic niger est, hunc tu Romane, caveo.*"

There is another topic on which the Demagogue has descanted, which is so appropriate to the subject now under discussion, that I cannot refrain from giving it a minute's consideration. He lately, in reprobation of the shutting of the gallery, represented the gentlemen who report the newspaper debates as having had their "*feelings*" grossly outraged and insulted by Mr. Windham's general accusation of *venality*. I exposed a fortnight ago the base apostacy of this hypocrite on the subject in question, when some of those respectable persons, whom he now designates as *gentlemen*, were subservient to the disgusting yoke of his authority! I then observed that any "*feelings*" which they might possess were of no avail against the overbearing tyranny and insolence of this literary upstart! Amongst the many *original* anecdotes which I could have quoted in confirmation of my remark, was one which I shall now insert, merely to show how far I was authorised

to make that assertion. A most respectable gentleman, who was about to be called to the bar, and had every qualification for a barrister, happened to be one day absent, and could not attend to his duty in the gallery. The next morning Cobbett sent for his Editor, to Pall-Mall, and the following laconic dialogue took place between them.

Cobbett.—Mr. —, what is the reason that Mr. Windham's *famous speech* of last night was reported in such a *rascally* manner in to-day's Porcupine?

Editor.—Why, Sir, the fact was, we happened to be *a hand short*; Mr. So-and-so was not able to attend.

Cob.—Not able to attend? What, I suppose the wretch was drunk!

Ed.—No; not exactly so; but he is just at present in an unfortunate sort of a dilemma!

Cob.—"An unfortunate sort of a dilemma!" What do you mean by that?

Ed.—Why, to cut the matter short, he was unluckily taken to a spunging-house, just as he was proceeding to the gallery, and he has begged of me to ask if you will bail him?

Cob.—"I bail him! I'll see him d—d first! This comes of your employing a parcel of *bl—st—d Irishmen*! He may lay there and be d—d for me! No fellow has any business to get into *debt*! and I insist that you stop his whole week's wages for getting into the *dilemma*, as you call it!"

The fact actually was, that the Gentleman's salary was kept back, and he only obtained it, either by threatening, or by commencing, an action at law!!!

But a few sentences out of the Demagogue's own mouth, will, as usual bear me out, respecting any assertion that I may make concerning him, and I shall therefore insert the following important extract from his Register for 1803, when he regularly descanted upon the NECES-SITY OF SHUTTING THE GALLERY, which measure he now declares to be the last step but one to complete despotism! It will also show the regard which he *then* entertained for the "*FEELINGS*" of those "*GENTLEMEN*," with whom he now so hypocritically pretends to sympathise!

Extract of a letter to R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

"You, Sir, from some quality, I suppose, more than commonly amiable, have

long had the press in all its branches completely at your command. In proof of this, there are two remarkable instances upon record. The first relates to your quarrel with Mr. Delphini, respecting a plagiarism committed upon the tricks of one of his pantomimes; and though this affair ended in an action of trover in open Court, and was precisely that sort of ludicrous thing which newspaper-writers thirst for, as the panting pilgrim thirsts for the brook, your influence was sufficient effectually to prevent its appearance in print; and it has never appeared, from that day to this, in any one of the London prints—prints at the offices of which ill-natured and even scandalous anecdotes relative to other people are greedily received and in many instances purchased. The other instance to which I allude comes under the copper-plate branch of printing. The public cannot have forgotten the set of prints entitled “*French Costumes*,” which appeared about the year 1798. In this collection you were represented as “*President de l’Administration Municipale*,” and the print was actually on sale for two days; at the end of which time it was not destroyed, but changed, by taking out of *your* face and putting that of Horne Tooke in its stead, according to which metamorphosis it has been exhibited and sold ever since. There is nothing that meddles with type-metal or lamp-black which is not your friend, from the Proprietors of newspapers, who ride in their own coaches, down to the lowest printer’s devil. They are a race of men fond, even to madness, of flattery and of fun; and you have at their service an abundance of both; in return for which they seldom miss an opportunity of convincing you that your liberality is not in vain. This traffic is, in itself, very fair; it proceeds upon the principle of perfect reciprocity; and, though some squeamish persons, rather than bear a part in it, would hear themselves execrated by all the printers in Christendom, from the 1st of January to the 31st December, dog-days inclusive, yet if you like it, no one has a right to complain, so long as neither himself nor the public weal is affected by it: but, when this reciprocity operates, whether from the intention of the parties or not, in a way injurious to the public good; when gratitude for the night breathes through the political paragraphs of the morning; and particularly when the sympathy between the boxes of the play-house and the gallery of the House of Commons produces partiality the most glaring, misrepresentation the most shameful, and falsehood the most atrocious; when, from this cause, every man who is opposed to you is pretty sure to have his expressions disfigured, his arguments marred, his meaning perverted, and, as far as lies with your friends, his public character destroyed; when this is the case, every Member of Parliament, every man in the country, has a right to complain of this curious reciprocity,” &c. &c. &c.

“Naked assertions have deservedly but little weight with those whose suffrages are worth having; therefore I shall give an instance of the manner in which debates, where you take a share, are reported; and not to incur the charge of partial selection, I shall appeal to the report of the very last debate in which you spoke, I mean that of the 10th of August, relative to the Volunteers. I heard this debate myself, and I well remember every circumstance belonging to it. The principal speakers were yourself, Mr. Windham, Colonel Craufurd, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. William Smith, and Mr. Francis. The speeches of the first four were each of them as long as your speech and reply put together: but while the reporters have given you four, and some of them *six columns*, they have not given three columns to the speeches of all your five opponents. To Mr. Windham and Colonel Craufurd they have given about a column each; but Mr. Francis, who occupied the House about half an hour, and who made some remarks highly worthy of public attention, they have cut off with two inches: to Mr. Wilberforce, whose speech was very long and very good, they have allotted half a column: and Mr. Smith, who delivered one of the best speeches I ever heard, adhering all along close to his object, arguing most logically, and producing conviction in the mind of every man who heard him; this Gentleman’s speech they squeezed into the space of half an inch; and in some of the papers they have allowed him only a single line, as thus “*Mr. William Smith entered into the subject at considerable length.*”—In explanations, which form a very important part of almost every debate, the Reporters generally observe merely that Mr. Such-an-one “*explained*,” or “*spoke in explanation*,” not stating any part of what he said; but when you explain, however much at length they give all

you say; and it is sometimes ludicrous enough to see an explanation from you relative to a matter which, from the contraction of your opponent's speech, the reader knows nothing about. Now, Sir, do you think that this is the way in which debates ought to be reported? that this is the way in which the Members of the House of Commons ought to be sported with? Do you think that they ought thus to be made use of merely as your foils, as your butts? You will say that this is not your fault; that you hire nobody to do what I complain of; and that, if other Members are not so happy as you with respect to the friendship of the press, it is their fault and not your's. Not so, Sir. It is not their fault; they have not the same means; they have not each of them a play-house; and if they had, it is far from being certain that they would know how to make so judicious a use of it, though they might be very honest and very able Members of Parliament.—In one respect indeed it is their fault. Each individual has at all times the power of **CLEARING THE GALLERY***; and it must be confessed that the gentleman who, with a knowledge of the facts which I have here stated, suffers himself to be misrepresented as to any debate in which he may be engaged against you, has nobody but himself to thank for the misrepresentation. I was, as I before observed, present during the whole debate of the 10th of August; and as the circumstances were, doubtless, such as generally occur on similar occasions, I will endeavour to describe them to you.

"The Gallery, in consequence of your promised motion, was at an early hour very full, principally however of persons appertaining in one way or another to the newspapers; *a sort of company at no time very pleasant; and certainly not peculiarly so in the dog-days.* At the end of the longest hour and half that I ever passed in my life, an intimation of your rising was conveyed through the crowd, not by signs, such as those which the Greeks discovered at the rising of Ulysses, but such as you may have seen amongst boys and bumpkins at the approaching appearance of punch: an elbowing, a jostle, a congra-

tulatory whisper, a moulding the features into a preparatory grin, an evident anticipation of vulgar and thoughtless delight. The moment you began to speak, that moment the muscles of my neighbours gave way into a half-uttered laugh, their breath stopping suddenly in the passage, and waiting the close of your period, when out it came in nearly a state of suffocation, something betwixt a laugh and a groan. Thus was I annoyed till relieved by the termination of your rambling harangue. Mr. Windham succeeded you; and as yet the reporters seemed to pursue their vocation, till Mr. Wilberforce rose, when several of them ceased to write; and I leave any one to judge of my indignation when, upon looking round me, at the hearing of a noise, during the admirable speech of Mr. W. Smith, I saw them all with their books shut, and conversing with each other, as if there had been a total suspension of the debate! I had never heard either Mr. Wilberforce or Mr. Smith speak before; and it will be readily supposed that I did not feel any very strong prepossession in favour of either of them; nay, from some few of their opinions I dissented; but upon the whole the matter of their speeches *was so good and so clearly displayed; their reasoning was so sound, their observations so just, and so eloquently and so forcibly urged; in short, their speeches were so well worthy of the serious attention of the Public, so well calculated to produce good and extensive effect in the country, that it was absolutely impossible not to feel enraged at seeing them excluded to make room for the bantering trash about Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and the Magpies at Hounslow.*—The history of the magpie jest, as far as it relates to its insertion in the debates, is curious enough. A Reporter who sat on my right hand, *and whose smell of spiritous liquors made me keep aloof from him as much as possible,* having missed the passage, pestered me for several minutes to repeat the words to him, swearing that he might as well go home without his *two eyes*, as without the *two pies*. "Sir," said he, "you cannot imagine, Sir, how fond the public are of Sherry's little jokes."

"What will foreigners think—what do they think—what must they think—upon reading the report of a debate like this? Is it possible that they should not conceive a low opinion of the persons amongst whom it could take place? Must not the character of the Government altogether, and the interests of the nation, suffer from that dis-

* This is in Italics in the original—and it is well known to several persons that Cobbett once had it in contemplation to promote, by a private subscription, the election of some Member whose sole business it should be to move the House daily for clearing the gallery.

advantageous opinion? And as to the people themselves, can any one believe that they will, under such circumstances, entertain that profound respect and veneration which are necessary, essentially necessary, to the due observance of the laws which it enacts? Am I told that the Parliament will maintain its respectability, as it has hitherto done, in spite of these *liberties* taken by Reporters? My answer is, that the Parliament has never till within these twenty years had the trial. *It was not till the administration of Mr. Pitt that talking became the only gift required in a Legislator or Statesman, and that the doors of the Houses of Parliament were thrown open, without restraint, to the compilers and venders of speeches.* I must, therefore, see the Constitution live another twenty years, IN SPITE of the efforts of the Press, before I shall be ready to allow that it has not thereby been impaired. *The truth is, that the publication of the debates, in the manner in which that publication is now conducted, has an evident and powerful tendency totally to destroy the liberty of speech, without which Parliament might as well not meet.* Against a combination of the Printers it is impossible for any Member of Parliament, not only to do his duty, but to open his mouth, without exposing his reputation to the foulest calumnies, spread from one end of the country to the other. Whilst this combination exists, no Member, not very well versed in debating, will, at any rate, venture to oppose *you*, being certain that, in such a case, he shall be represented not only as defeated, but as being little better than an idiot.”—*Political Register*, Nov. 26, 1803.

After these specimens of infamy—when we again hear this apostate exclaim about his *apprehensions* for the *liberty* of the press, let us bear in mind how often he has acted the part of the assassin, and not only endeavoured to destroy that liberty with his own pen, but represented its destruction as necessary to the preservation of the Constitution! F. W. B.

ANECDOTES EXTRAORDINARY!

The following communications may be relied upon as facts.

The immaculate Colonel, in consequence, it is presumed, of the hint which appeared last week in this Paper, relative to the notorious Anthony Pasquin, has actually, within the last two or three days, *dropped all the prosecutions*, which he had instituted against the different

calumniating Editors and Printers in the metropolis! As a proof of the imaginary value which a man will sometimes attach to a thing not worth a farthing, it is a fact that the *immaculate* gentleman in question had begun his *series* of prosecutions with that of the publisher of the *Satirist*, a well-known monthly publication; and had laid the *damages* which his *character* had sustained, at the trifling sum of *ten thousand pounds*!

Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, after six months reflection upon the inevitable consequences of a life of vice and debauchery, has entered into the ideas of Mother Cole, and resolved that before her latter end may arrive, she will make some atonement for the *juvenile indiscretions* of her former years. As no female is better acquainted with the *advantages of literature*, she has resolved that her exertions shall in future be altered from the *active* to the *sedentary* cast; and she is actually about to bring forth a - - - - Reader, it is a “truth” indeed, - - - a NEW SUNDAY NEWSPAPER, for the improvement of the *morals* of the rising generation. The materials are purchased, a printer is engaged, and presently, her whole budget of *secrets* will be placed in the hands of our young ladies, to enliven their minds, previous to their attending the monotonous minutiae of the morning service!

RETALIATION!—The gentlemen connected with the Daily Press have come to a resolution amongst themselves never more to publish any of Mr. Windham’s speeches in their papers; as a return for the attack which he lately made upon them, and the affected contempt with which he spoke of their labours. “Mr. Windham opposed, or supported the motion, or Mr. Windham explained,” is now all the notice they take of his senatorial effusions! It is *said*, that Mr. W. is very much inclined to adopt the hint which was thrown out in this Paper a fortnight ago, and has written a Letter to a literary friend, in which he declares that he did not mean to stigmatise the Reporters as a body, but that he alluded only to one or two *Proprietors* of Papers, who had not acted, as the Demagogue would say, “in a gentleman-like manner!” The answer is reported to have been, “*Name them, name them*, in the proper place!”

* * Several more anecdotes, equally ludicrous and surprising, have just come to light, and shall be given as soon as

possible, particularly the Patriot Genealogy, or the horses and the straw-yard; and the horsewhipping of the Demagogue!

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COBBETT,

THE HAMPSHIRE DEMAGOGUE;

Comprising a Review of his Writings, in America and in Great Britain.

“Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant.”

“Two things he never kept in his life, Fast-days nor promises; and his words being but wind, he never scruples breaking 'em upwards in good faith, nor downwards in good manners.”—CHARACTER OF A WHIG.

“I am one of those, who think that the publishing of Parliamentary debates, is a violation of the spirit of the English Government.”—COBBETT'S *Jacobin Register*, Vol. III. March 1803.

CHAPTER XI.

Cobbett's gratitude to Mr. Windham.—Specimen of Cobbett's political impudence.—Ditto, of his consistency.—Cobbett mutilates the debates of Congress.—Classification of Cobbett's intimates.—Defence of Newspaper literati.—Tribute to Mr. Sheridan, the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. H. Martin.—Comparison between literary and forensic hirelings.—Cobbett's Prospect. (Mem. this does not mean the gallows).—More of Cobbett's obstinacy.—Does not like to be thought a puppet.—Becomes a Censor, in bravado.—Cobbett's account of booksellers.—Opinion of Cobbett's American debates.

POOR Cobbett has been so lamentably galled, of late, that, in commiseration of his sufferings, we have, for a time, suspended the lash.

Much has been said, and much has been written, on the subject of Cobbett's recent attack upon Mr. Windham, respecting the publication of that gentleman's parliamentary speeches. We may love the treason, while we abhor the traitor; and, though we gloried in the exposure of Mr. Windham, for his cruel and wanton illiberality towards a body of men, who were incapable of efficiently representing the outrage, we turned, with feelings of loathing and disgust, from the violator of private confidence, from the heartless demon, who, to gratify his spleen, disclosed the secrets of his friend and best benefactor. In the words of Cæsar, when pierced by the dagger of Brutus, Mr. Windham may well exclaim, “*et tu, Brute!*”

It is curious, however, to observe, that this book-maker, this *compiler*—for we will not honour him so far as to term

him a *reporter*—of Parliamentary debates, at the very time that he was pursuing his money-making avocation,—at the very time that he, or his *respectable* agent, Mr. Wright, was dancing attendance upon Mr. Windham and other Members of Parliament, to obtain *correct* reports of speeches which, perhaps, had never been spoken—had the impudence to tell the world, that, to publish the debates of Parliament, was to *violate* the *spirit* of the English Government! Thus, he unblushingly avowed himself a *violator* of the spirit of that Government which he *pretended* to *revere*!

It is, still farther, curious to remark, that this man, with that noble regard for *consistency*, by which his conduct has been uniformly distinguished, some years ago, abused, and vilified, and affected to hold in the most sovereign contempt, the Parliamentary reporters of this country, though he had himself, when in America, been a reporter, or rather a mutilator, and retailer of the debates of Congress!!

Is it possible, that there can yet be people in England, capable of feeling a respect for, or of holding an intercourse with, this man? If there be, we must consider them as fools of the first class, or as villains of the deepest dye.

Surely it must have been in contemplation of such degraded, such lost characters as Cobbett, that the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn have thought proper to attempt the establishment of a regulation, precluding the admission of such persons to the bar, as had ever been known to receive pay, for writing in a newspaper. Yet these gentlemen must certainly be aware, that some of the most able, some of the most enlightened, and some of the most virtuous men that England ever produced,—men who have attained the highest honours of literature—men who have reflected the most dazzling lustre on the pulpit, the bar, and the senate—have been known, by their newspaper labours, to contribute towards the support of the Church and the State; nor have they been ashamed to receive the hire that was justly due for the honourable exertion and display of their talents. Thank heaven, *every* writer for a newspaper is not, like Cobbett, the “child and champion of sedition!” and, were honest men, and the genuine friends of their country, to meet with the encouragement which they merit, we should soon see their society courted by their present more proud, but less deserving,

less conscientious, defamers! Such writers as Cobbett—disclaimed, scorned, and despised, by men of honourable feelings—cast a stain upon any profession of which they may unfortunately happen to be members; but it is too much to consign a whole flock to perdition, for one infected sheep.

Differing, as we do, in politics, from Mr. Sheridan, we are proud, upon this occasion, to give him credit for his liberal exertions, and for that truly British feeling [by which they have been impelled. We are much gratified also in finding, that the Lord Chancellor, a Nobleman endowed with all those mental refinements which impart an irresistible charm to polished society, has not even been privy to the enforcement of a regulation so repugnant to gentlemanly sentiment. To Mr. Henry Martin, likewise, our tribute of thanks is due, for his manly disapprobation and resistance of the obnoxious law; perfectly according with him, *that there ought to be no objection against any person being admitted to the Bar, BUT AN OBJECTION FOUNDED ON HIS MORAL CHARACTER.* To the credit of the other Inns of Court, *every one of them has refused to adopt the proposed regulation.*

We cannot quit this subject, which, by its singularity, has forded itself upon our notice, without offering a remark or two upon the word "*hire*," in the regulation above noticed. We trust that we shall not too deeply wound the delicate and susceptible feelings of the sapient and liberal-minded framers of the resolution, if we ask them, which is less honourable, or more degrading; to *write* for hire? or to bawl one's self hoarse, to fritter away our lungs, to plunge through thick and thin, to set law, reason, and common sense at defiance, in a cause respecting the justice of which we are probably both ignorant and careless? for a client, too, whom, perhaps, we never saw, nor ever wish to see? Every lawyer—every frequenter of our Courts of Justice—knows, that this is no *very* uncommon case; but, is there *nothing* repugnant to human feeling, in receiving "*hire*," for labour such as we have hinted at? We would willingly raise a blush in those cheeks which have long worn the hue of brass!

Some of our readers may perhaps be disposed to ask—What all this has to do with the life of Cobbett. Not much, *immediately*; but we trust that we shall

not be censured for what we deem a laudable anxiety, to wipe off the aspersions which have been brought upon literature, by such low scavengers as Cobbett having insinuated themselves into the *corps of literati*.

In returning to Cobbett, we shall take the liberty, for the purpose of adapting this Chapter to the circumstances of the moment, to deviate a little from the chronological mode which we had prescribed to ourselves, for reviewing his *works*.

For the purpose of noticing Cobbett's method of reporting (i. e. of compiling, mutilating, or misrepresenting) of debates, we shall pass on to his *Prospect from the Congress Gallery*; one of the *works* which he vamped up for his friend Mr. Bradford. This *Prospect* was neither more nor less than a pamphlet, of about 70 pages, comprising a pretended report of the debates in Congress, from the 7th of December, 1795, till the 5th of January, 1796, inclusive, accompanied by remarks, interwoven with the speeches of the respective members. "I proposed," says Cobbett, "making a *mere* collection of the debates, with *here and there* a note, by way of remarks. It was not my intention to publish it in Numbers, but at the end of the Session, in one volume; but Mr. Bradford, fearing a want of success in this form, determined on publishing in Numbers. This was without my approbation, as was also a subscription that was opened for the support of the work. When about half a number was finished, I was informed that many gentlemen had expressed their desire, that the work might contain a *good deal* of *original* matter and *few* debates. In consequence of this, I was requested to alter my plan; I said I would, but that I would by no means undertake to continue the work.

"The first number, as it was called, but not by me, was published, and its success led Mr. Bradford to press for a continuation. His son offered me, *I believe*, a hundred dollars a number, in place of eighteen; and, I should have accepted his offer, had it not been for a word that escaped him during the conversation. He observed, that their customers would be much disappointed; for that, his *father* had *promised* a continuation, and *that it should be made very interesting*. This slip of the tongue opened my eyes at once. What! a bookseller undertake to promise that I should write, and that I should write to please his

customers too! No; if all his *customers*, if all the Congress, with the President at their head, had come and solicited me, nay, had my life depended on a compliance, I would not have written another line."

The reason for this most magnanimous determination of Cobbett, appears to have been, *according to his own account*, that he was otherwise fully employed at the time, having a translation and *another work* upon his hands; and, "I believe," says he, (I should not have published the Censor) a continuation of the debates "had it not been to convince the *customers* of Mr. Bradford, that I was not in his *pay*; that I was not the puppet, and he the show-man!"

When Bradford, however, found that Cobbett intended to publish a continuation of the debates, accompanied by remarks, he threatened him with a prosecution, for not fulfilling his contract; a circumstance which drew from the *debate-maker*, the subjoined feeling remarks:—

"Indeed these booksellers in general, are a cruel race. They imagine that the soul and body of every author that falls into their hands, is their exclusive property. They have adopted the bird-catcher's maxim: "a bird that can sing, and won't sing, ought to be made to sing." Whenever their devils are out of employment, the drudging goblin of an author, must sharpen up his pen, and never think of repose, till he is relieved by the arrival of a more profitable job. Then the wretch may remain as undisturbed as a sleepy mouse in winter, while the stupid dolt, whom he has clad and fattened, receives the applause."

At a future opportunity, we may perhaps have occasion to recur to these American debates; but, at present, it is only necessary to say, that the manner in which Cobbett now notices the English Parliamentary debates, in his Jacobin Register, presents a very fair picture of his *reporting* in America. He gives long extracts from the speeches of his favourites; and vomits forth an abundance of abuse, against such gentlemen as are so *unfortunate* as to differ from him in politics.

FERRET.

Address of the Livery of London, January 9, 1810.

To the KING's Most Excellent MAJESTY.

The humble and dutiful ADDRESS and PETITION of the LORD MAYOR, ALDERMEN,

and LIVERY of the CITY of LONDON, in Common Hall assembled.

"MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

"We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of the City of London, in Common Hall assembled, most humbly approach your Majesty, at this awful crisis, to exercise a duty no less painful than imperious.

"It is to represent, with humility, to your Majesty the present deplorable situation of public affairs, that we have again approached your Royal Person.

"Attached to your Majesty's House from affection and from duty, we should ill demonstrate the sincerity of our loyalty were we to conceal from your Majesty that it is not amongst the least considerable of our grievances, that attempts should have been made to brand your Majesty's faithful subjects with disaffection to your Person and Government, whenever they have exercised their indubitable right to complain of gross abuses in the State, or to attribute the disgraceful failure of expensive and calamitous enterprises to the ignorance and incapacity of those who either planned or executed them; as if infallibility were the appendage of office, and belongs of right to those who may be called into your Majesty's Councils.

"With equal grief and indignation we have seen the disastrous result of various expeditions in which your Majesty's armics have been unhappily engaged, and which most forcibly mark the disgraceful imbecility of those distracted Councils which have so scandalously lavished the blood and treasure of a patient, loyal, and burthened people.

"Towards the close of the preceding year, your faithful Citizens humbly expressed to your Majesty their deep concern and disappointment at the disgraceful Convention of Cintra; but we have yet to deplore that due and efficient enquiry has not been made into that disgraceful transaction.

"It is equally painful to call to your Majesty's recollection the melancholy fate of a second army assembled within the Peninsula, under the gallant Commander Sir John Moore, ignorant alike of the state and disposition of the Spaniards, and the force and designs of the enemy; this army being sent into the interior of Spain, was in imminent danger of being captured. In this critical emergency and state of agonizing perplexity, abandoned to his own resources, this hapless but meritorious Officer at length discovered that he had no safety but in flight; with the loss of his ammunition, horses, specie, and baggage, and harrassed and assailed on all sides, he secured the retreat of the remains of his gallant followers, by the sacrifice of his own invaluable life.

(To be continued.)

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THE SECOND SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER OF
BLAGDON'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.
 [ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

[To follow No. 22 of Vol. I. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28, 1810.]

Price 1s.]

CONTENTS:—On the dangerous tendency of Debating Societies.—Lord Chatham's Narrative of his proceedings at Walcheren.—Madison's message at the opening of Congress.—Address from the Legislative Body to Napoleon, and his answer. His Repudiation. The Expose of the Minister of the Interior.

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TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—Having come to town for a few days, and accustoming myself, whenever I can, to form my conclusions from my own observations, and believing with “ALBION” that *Jacobinism* still rears its detested head in this my happy and envied country, and that the *Debating Societies* of the Metropolis are some of the engines which are used to propagate its detestable principles, I went last night into that *Hot-bed of Sedition*, “THE BRITISH FORUM,” in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. It may be as well to state that the question for discussion was, “Ought the Enforcement of ‘the Standing Orders,’ for excluding ‘Strangers from the House of Commons,’ during the Enquiry into the Walcheren Expedition, to be approved as a Measure of Precaution to prevent Misrepresentation and promote impartial Justice; or censured as an insidious and ill-timed Attack upon the Liberty of the Press, tending to aggravate the Discontents of the People, and render their Representatives Objects of Jealousy and Suspicion?” Though the speeches of those who supported the *affirmative* of the *second* position would, for the most part, have done just as well for the purpose of sowing discontent and disunion in the country, (the motives which evidently dictated them), upon any other question; as this question, like most others, submitted at this insufferable *Focus of Jacobinism*, was merely “a peg to hang seditious notes on.” I will now endeavour briefly to detail to you the general tenor of the arguments, if they can be so called, that were made use of by the two persons whose speeches I heard with considerable attention, with a great degree of interest, and not less of surprise that such discourses should be tolerated. The plan of the managers of this place (as they call themselves), is,—the doors open at 7, and the chair is taken at 8: I did not go till 9, which I now regret, as I should have wished to have witnessed the whole of this extraordinary proceeding. When I went into the room, a gentleman was speaking, whose name I was told was Savage, and it was *gratuitously* added

also, “that he was a gentleman of independent fortune.” This gentleman, for so I must suppose him to be, was advocating the cause of the Parliamentary reporters, who I found had been accused of *partiality* by a gentleman who had previously spoken, and he managed this part of his argument very fairly and with considerable address, insisting, that if they did not report accurately, they would not be employed. He was lavish in his encomiums on their “TALENTS,” rank in life, &c. and, according to the good old jacobinical rule, held them up as *better men*, and of more respectability than a large portion of those who had now closed their doors on them, which he reprobated with great acrimony. He did however admit, that if the gentleman who had accused them of *partiality*, had made his accusation against the *Editors* instead of the *Reporters*, there would have been something more like truth in it; but the Editors also, he endeavoured to show, must necessarily be *impartial*, or their papers would not sell. Now, Sir, “ALBION” seems to know; and, you and I know, and every one who will take the pains to investigate the subject may know, that, in the present *venal* state of the public papers, the *Editors* of most of them are paid by one party or the other; and that, though in their reports they must take care to report nothing but what is *near the truth*, they do not publish the *whole truth*, but suppress that which does not make for the party by whom they are employed, and by whose partisans they are read; besides the trick practised by “The Times,” of printing the speeches of their own party in large letter, and of their opponents in a type scarcely legible, as has been so well described by “ALBION.” Unfortunately too, Sir, so blinded are most men by party, that those who read “The Morning Chronicle,” and “The Times,” those AUXILIARIES to the *Debating Societies*, will not read “The Morning Post,” or “The Courier,” or any other of those papers where some *antidotes* may be found to the insidious *poisons* contained in the others. For the same reason, those who read “Cobbett's Register” will not read

yours. This observation is, I believe, *universal* with respect to the admirers of Burdett, Wardle, and Co. *The real friends of the country*, those who wish to think well of the Government and their Representatives, do, I know, *frequently read the papers of opposite sentiments*, for the double purpose of being prepared to combat some of their principles and positions, and to strip them of their deceptive exterior, as also of discovering any *truth* which may occasionally, but which does very rarely, appear in them, and of which the *real patriot* may make a good use. But I have digressed too long, and will return to the speech of *Mr. Savage*.—Having justified the Reporters, he began a violent Philippic against Lord Castlereagh, (who, it appeared, had been *defended* by a young Hibernian, who had spoken before in the debate), and, *through him, made a general attack on the whole of the present Administration*, making the same accusations and using the same arguments as have been used by many Members of the Opposition, and stating that nothing but their *removal from office* could satisfy the people or save the nation; thus proving the perfect *coincidence* in sentiment and action between the *public orators* of this Society and some of the Members of the House of Commons, of which, I think, I shall give further proof hereafter. This gentleman then, by a quick and unnatural transition, *unnatural*, because it was wholly *unconnected* with the subject in question, *passed to the examination of the character of Sir Francis Burdett*, on which he was as lavish of his *praises and encomiums* as he had before been of his *abuse* of those of a different opinion from the honourable Baronet, and concluded by giving his opinion most decidedly for the *affirmative of the second proposition*. The next speaker who rose, *affected* to have hitherto abstained from speaking, from *great indisposition*, which had made him almost *doubt* if he should have spoken at all, though I have no doubt of his being one of the *paid PUBLIC ORATORS* of this ASSEMBLY, as the orators called it. He began, of course, in a *low tone of voice*, from his *indisposition*; but he soon became animated, and rose with his subject till he became quite *impassioned*, and certainly showed no *ordinary* talent as a *demagogue and advocate for reform*; or, as he himself plainly stated afterwards, *a revolution!!* I was in the room with-

out a single person whom I knew, but I was anxious to learn who this speaker was, and asked the person who sat next me *who* he was, when I was informed, in a tone of satisfaction, that showed my informant also knew *what* he was, that it was—who do you think, Sir? Gale Jones!! This made me more interested and attentive to hear what *he* should say, for I think I recollect this *gentleman's* name coupled with *some transactions* of a nature that I will not state from memory, but which I think was either *******, or something like it. He began by saying, that the gentleman who spoke last, had entered a great deal too much *into detail* in proving the injustice of excluding strangers from the House of Commons, and contended that the “standing order,” as it was called, did not authorise the exclusion from *the galleries*, but meant only to exclude “*strangers*” from *the body of the House*. He then said that he had really some intention of *defending Mr. Windham*, (who had of course been accused for the part he had taken in enforcing the Standing Order, by a former speaker, but which I had not heard); and quoted the following passage in his speech, or at least that he *said* was in his speech, though I do not recollect to have seen it in the papers that I have read. Mr. Windham, he remarked, had said, “that his reason for voting for the enforcement of the Standing Order, was, “that if the people should hear the debates on the question of the Walcheren Expedition, it would *bring about* “A REVOLUTION!!” This word, most *emphatically* pronounced, seemed to touch the *secret spring* of Mr. Jones’s heart. “What!” said he, “is then the country “in such a state, that, if they hear what “their Representatives say in Parliament, “it will *bring about a Revolution?* “If “it be so, *then is a Revolution necessary!!* “then do I wish that there may be A “REVOLUTION!!!”

This open, this *daring* declaration from *such a man*, in the presence of about 70 persons, (amongst whom, strange to say, were three respectable-looking women), convinced me that “*Albion*” is perfectly right in the cautions that he has given to Ministers, through your excellent and patriotic paper, and the censure he passes on them for being too *supine*, in suffering such *unconstitutional* and alarmingly *dangerous* meetings to take place; and I trust that, ere long, their eyes, and *the eyes of the country*, will be sufficiently

opened, and the great body of the people will be convinced that *Jacobinism and sedition still stalk abroad*, and that they *must be checked and subdued*, or the monster will devour the constitution. Mr. Jones then went into detail, and *exaggerated* the circumstances of the ill-fated Walcheren Expedition, and all the other topics that are the *present* theme of the opposition orators in Parliament, and which are not worth repeating; but one thing more which fell from him I must remark, to show the *settled determination* of the Jacobins and all the enemies of the country to *calumniate and cry down* the representatives of the people, and to withdraw from them the respect and confidence of their constituents and the nation at large. In the former speeches, allusions had been made to the *new* designation given to the *House of Commons* by Sir Francis Burdett and his party, by calling it a "*Room*." Mr. Jones affected *pleasantry* in speaking of this, and was angry at the fastidious taste of those who would have it called nothing but "*House*;" and, describing the various terms applied to where different associations met. He said that, in *foreign countries*, there were bodies of men associated, who were called *banditti, thieves, and robbers*; and where they assembled, the "*room*" was called a *cave or den*; and this would be a *proper name* for the place of assembling of *banditti, thieves, and robbers* in any country. The application, I think, Sir, any of your readers can make. Those who heard it, with the manner of its delivery, could not misunderstand it. Mr. Jones concluded with concurring with Mr. Savage in reprobating the present Ministry, as well as the "*Pitt*," or, as he said, some had called it, "*the pitiful*," and the "*PETTY*," Administrations; thus showing that *nothing* but a "*total change*," in other words, "*a revolution!!*" would satisfy him, and thus further proving the coincidence of opinion between him and some, (happily however but a few) of the present Members of the House of Commons. But, Sir, if more proof were wanting to prove the connection of these Societies with some of the *No Party* men, as they are called, it is in this:—The *Managers*, as they call themselves, and the *hungry orators*, that are *paid*, (and paid there can be no doubt they are) for speaking in support of the *insidious* questions that are put, *cannot be paid from what is collected at the door*. This was, I under-

stood, rather a full night, and *seventy shillings*, which was all that could be received, would not pay for *printing the bills* which are *posted all over this great metropolis*, and for the *use of the room*. A FUND, therefore, to *feed the hungry*, must come from the *private subscriptions* of some persons, and from whom should it come but from those, the support of whose principles is the sole end of these abominable meetings? These detestable *stews* of LICENTIOUSNESS, under the semblance of injured and insulted LIBERTY, that greatest blessing of the British empire, and which is *exclusively* her own, and to protect and preserve which, JACOBINISM, I repeat, *must be destroyed, or it will destroy her*.

The termination of this meeting was such as might be expected. Upon the conclusion of Mr. Jones's speech, who was, I suppose, the last of the public orators that was to speak that night, *the whole of the company rose*, and Mr. Jones and about a dozen of his friends *walked out of the room*, perfectly assured, no doubt, how the question would be disposed of, and which they did not wait to hear. The young Hibernian, who, I have observed, had previously spoken, addressed the remainder of the meeting, but who were all *standing up, ready to go away*, and was heard, for a short time, with more attention than I had expected, and really showed a great deal of courage, and a very fair share of talent, that might have made some impression on *unprejudiced* hearers; but I am satisfied that *any* argument against what has been *predetermined*, is, and will be, useless. Mr. CHAIRMAN, (or Moderator, or by whatever other name he may be known) after the manner of the showman, before he plays his *last trick*, when the company disperse, announced the discussion of an "Adjourned Debate" on Friday next, at the Pope's Head in Cateaton Street; and then, (which is rather, I believe, unusual on such occasions, but which is very convenient, as the *timid* do not like *first* to hold up their hands for the *negative* of a proposition) called upon those who were *against* the second proposition to hold up their hands—*Four or five* hands were held up, which those who afterwards voted for the affirmative *counted*, and then the Chairman called on those who would vote for the *affirmative*, to hold up their hands, which many did, (but many also did not hold up their hands at all, and who would most probably have voted in

the negative had that question been *last* put) and then vociferated "ALL, ALL," and the meeting broke up.

I wish, Sir, that I had more *time*, and you had more *space* in your valuable paper, and I would add more on this head, and which, if I have leisure, I may probably recur to. I trust, Sir, that you will see the subject to be of that importance, that you will give this letter as early an insertion as your convenience will admit; and I do hope, that, not only his Majesty's Ministers, be they who they may, but the Representatives of the people, and all those who know how to estimate *rational liberty*, and that protection they owe to their families and their property, will *take the alarm*, and, first, being convinced themselves of the truth of what I say, apply an *effectual*, and above all, a *SPEEDY* remedy to this growing and destructive evil. I remain, what I am sorry to say many of those who with me enjoy the blessings of the British Empire cannot claim the name of, Sir, your faithful servant,

A LOYAL BRITON.

Feb. 13, 1810.

Since writing the above, I called at the House in Bedford Street, to obtain one of the bills, in order to state the question; where I saw, in an inner room, the *identical* Mr. Gale Jones who had spoken the night before, and he was pointed out to me by the owner of the house, who I believe, concluded, from my application for the bill, that *I was one of the party*; and, from this and other circumstances, I have no doubt, but that Mr. Gale Jones is the *chief manager* and *main spring* of this *diabolical engine of sedition*.

COPY OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM'S STATEMENT OF HIS PROCEEDINGS,

DATED 15th OCTOBER, 1809.

PRESENTED TO THE KING, 14th FEB. 1810.

In submitting to your Majesty a statement of my proceedings in the execution of the service your Majesty was graciously pleased to confide to me, and of the events which occurred in the course of it, it is not my intention to trouble your Majesty with any further details of the earlier parts of our operations, which, having terminated in the speedy reduction of Walcheren by your Majesty's troops, and the occupation of the adja-

cent islands, and of the important post of Batz, received at the time your Majesty's most gracious approbation; but to confine myself principally in the narrative, which I am anxious to be permitted to bring under your Majesty's view, to the consideration of the two following points, as most immediately applying to the conduct and final result of the Expedition to the Scheldt. 1st, The ground upon which, after the army was at length assembled near Batz, a landing in prosecution of the ulterior objects of the Expedition was not deemed advisable. 2dly, Why that army was not sooner there assembled in readiness to commence further operations.

With respect to the former proposition, I am inclined to think that it is so clear and evident, that no further operations could at that time, and in the then sickly state of the army, have been undertaken with any prospect of success, that it would be unnecessarily trespassing on your Majesty to enter into much more detail on this point, than has been already brought before your Majesty in my dispatch of the 29th of August; and the chief object of this paper will be directed to show to your Majesty, that the second point, namely, why the army was not brought up sooner to the destination from whence its ulterior operations were to commence, is purely a naval consideration, and that the delay did in no shape rest with me or depend upon any arrangements in which the army was concerned; every facility, on the contrary, having been afforded by their movements to the speedy progress of the armament.

In doing this, it will, I conceive, be necessary, for the sake of perspicuity, that I should take up the consideration of this business from its commencement.

Your Majesty will permit me here to recal to your recollection the change which took place in the original project formed for the attack of Antwerp, and of the French fleet in the West Scheldt, in consequence of the opinions of the General and Staff Officers to whom this question was referred; and a combined operation of the army and navy, the whole, with the exception of the force to be left for the reduction of Walcheren, to proceed up the West Scheldt, was accordingly determined on.

Upon the practicability of such an operation being at once carried into execution, which was, however, the ground-



work of the Expedition, and which alone, in the opinion of all persons consulted, seemed to afford any prospect of success, even in the most sanguine view of the subject in all other respects, I must confess I entertained great doubts, till the communication of a distinct official opinion, given on this point by the Lords of the Admiralty, decided in the affirmative this important question.

At the same time it is to be remarked, that the occupation of Walcheren, which by some persons it had been thought possible to leave behind us, and the reduction of Flushing, which it had once been proposed only to mask, were deemed indispensable to the security of the fleet, in case of disaster; and accordingly a considerable separate force was allotted to this service; and, in this view, it was besides distinctly agreed upon, that a vigorous attack by the navy upon the sea-front should be made at the same time that the troops, after effecting their landing, advanced to invest Flushing; it being hoped that by a powerful co-operation from the sea, at the moment the troops presented themselves before the place, the labour and delay of a regular siege might have been avoided, and a considerable portion of the force allotted to this service set at liberty to follow the army up the Scheldt. How far this expectation was fulfilled, or whether the assurance given that the whole of the armament (the part to be landed at Walcheren excepted) should be at once transported up the Scheldt, in prosecution of the ultimate objects of the Expedition, was carried into effect, or was wholly disappointed, the information already before your Majesty will have in a great measure shown, and which it will be my duty to bring more particularly under your Majesty's view, when I detail the subsequent course of our proceedings.

From what cause this failure ensued—whether it arose from insufficient arrangements on the part of the Admiral, or was the unavoidable result of difficulties inherent in the nature of the Expedition itself, it is not for me, considering it entirely as a naval question, to presume to offer any opinion upon to your Majesty.

It may, however, be here proper to remark, that in all the projects which have at various times been brought forward on the subject of an attack upon the Island of Walcheren and the Scheldt, the necessity of having a wind a good deal to

the westward, with moderate weather, has always been insisted on. Without these advantages, in the one case, the passage would be difficult; in the other, the surf would prevent a landing on the points deemed most favourable in other respects. In the present instance, owing to the wind blowing strong from the westward, the surf was actually such as to prevent a landing on either of the points first fixed on for that purpose by the Admiral; and the situation of the gun-boats and transports at anchor in the Stone Deep becoming very critical, and the gale increasing, he found it necessary to carry such part of the fleet as was arrived for safety into the Roompot, and by which means the division of the army destined for the attack of Walcheren was enabled to effect its landing from a more sheltered anchorage on the Bree Sand to the westward of Fort den Haak. At this time, the division under Lieut.-General Lord Rosslyn, as well as that under Lieutenant-General Grosvenor, also the cavalry, artillery, &c. were not arrived; but they were afterwards, on their making the island, ordered by the Admiral into the Veer Gat. It is, however, particularly deserving of attention, that this measure, though in itself one of great advantage, as far as it applied to the division destined for the attack of Walcheren, by placing the transports, store-ships, and small craft, in security, was, if carried further, certainly not a little at variance with the leading purpose of the Expedition, namely, the running with the right wing, and the advance of the army at once up the West Scheldt, at the same moment that the attack upon Walcheren was proceeding. But that even this need have delayed it for more than 3 or 4 days, unless on account of naval difficulties, which it will be for the Admiral, not for me, to explain, I deny; for as soon as Ter Veere and the Fort of Rammekins fell, which happened on the 3d of August, the passage of the Sloe was open to the transports and gun-vessels; or they might have entered by the Durloo or by the Zoutland passages, the batteries of Dyshook, of Vygeteer, and the Nolle, having been all carried by the army early on the 1st of August; and on the same day the battery of Borslen, at the south-west end of South Beveland, was abandoned on the movement of a detachment from the corps under Sir John Hope; and I know of nothing (but this, of course, is a

point for the Admiral to speak to) to have prevented the line-of-battle ships and frigates from coming in and passing up above Flushing, in the first instance, according to the plan originally decided upon.

Before, however, I pursue further the details of the proceedings of the army, governed as they necessarily were (until a footing should be gained on the Continent) by the movements of the navy, I must for a moment refer to two separate operations; the one under Lieut.-Gen. Lord Huntley and Commodore Owen, and the other under Lieut.-General Sir John Hope and Rear Admiral Sir Richard Keats; but both directed to assist and ensure a rapid progress up the Scheldt, had the Admiral found it practicable in other respects. With respect to the former, which was destined to destroy the Cadsand batteries, and particularly that of Breskens, had it been carried at once into effect, and that the Admiral could have availed himself of it, to take the ships up the West Scheldt by the Weeling Passage, it would have been of the utmost advantage; but it was certainly rather fortunate it did not take place at a later period, as after all the transports, store-ships, &c. were ordered into the Veere Gat, and the plan of running at once up the West Scheldt by the Weeling Channel seemed abandoned, the object of destroying the Cadsand Batteries ceased, and a landing there would only have been an unnecessary risk, and a very inconvenient separation of our force, and, of course, occasion great delay in collecting it for ulterior operations. It must not however be forgotten, that the difficulties here turned out to be much greater than had been at all foreseen before we sailed. In the first place, the beach was so exposed, that in blowing weather it was found impossible to land; and, from what cause I know not, the Marquis of Huntley's division could not be taken up, in the first instance, high enough to attack the Breskens Battery, the only one, from its situation, of much importance. In addition to this, the enemy, who had been represented by all the intelligence communicated to me to be very weak, almost actually without troops in that quarter, appeared to be well prepared, and in considerable force. Under these circumstances, according to Lord Huntley's Report, Commodore Owen appears to have experienced great disappointment in not having the support

of Lord Gardner's fleet and of his boats: but his Lordship, as I believe, could never enter the Weeling Channel at all; nor indeed was I ever acquainted with what instructions were given to him on this head.

When it was found that Lord Huntley's division could neither land nor proceed by the Weeling Passage up the Scheldt, as I had intended they should, it was determined to withdraw them; but from the boisterous state of the weather, it was some days before this could be effected. As soon as it was accomplished, they were passed over to South Beveland.

With respect to Sir John Hope's operation, it was more prosperous. The object of it was this: In the original arrangement for carrying the army at once up the West Scheldt, Sir John Hope's division was included; but just before we sailed, the Admiral received intelligence that the French fleet was come down abreast of Flushing, and seemed to threaten to oppose our passage up the Scheldt.

In this view, it was conceived that, by landing on the north side of South Beveland, the island might be possessed, and all the batteries taken in reverse, and thereby the position of the French fleet, if they ventured to remain near Flushing, would be, as it were, turned, and their retreat rendered more difficult, while the attack on them by our ships would have been much facilitated; and, for this object, the division of Sir John Hope rather preceded, in sailing from the Downs, the rest of the fleet.

The navigation of the East Scheldt was found most difficult; but by the skill and perseverance of Sir Richard Keats, this purpose was happily and early accomplished, though the troops were carried a great way in schuyts and boats; and this division was landed near Ter-Goes, from whence they swept all the batteries in the Island that could impede the progress of our ships up the West Scheldt, and possessed themselves on the 2d of August of the important port of Batz, to which it had been promised the army should at once have been brought up.

Sir John Hope remained in possession of this post, though not without being twice attacked by the enemy's flotilla, for nine days before any of the gun-boats under Captain Sir Home Popham were moved up the Scheldt to his support.

But it will be recollected, that both

these operations tended directly to forward the original purpose of a rapid progress up the Scheldt; the former by opening the Cadsand Channel, could the landing of Lord Huntley's division have been effected; the second, by covering the progress of our fleet along the coast of South Beveland, while the division under Sir John Hope was at the same time so far advanced towards the destination at which the rest of the armament was to be assembled.

It will now only be necessary for me to bring before your Majesty the dates at which the several parts of the armament were enabled, according to the arrangement of Sir Richard Strachan, to pursue their progress up the Scheldt. In this place, however, it may be proper that I should previously advert to the grounds on which the 3d division, under Lieutenant-General Grosvenor, as well as the two light battalions of the King's German Legion (composing part of the force detained in the first instance to proceed against Antwerp), were landed at Walcheren, and employed before Flushing.

Your Majesty will be pleased to recollect, that the troops which sailed from Portsmouth, under Lieutenant-General Sir Eyre Coote, were destined for the service of Walcheren, and had been considered as sufficient for that object, according to the intelligence received, and the supposed strength of the enemy; though, at the same time, certainly relying for the first efforts against Flushing, on the promised co-operation of the Navy, and on their establishing, as was held out, in the first instance, a naval blockade, except on the side of Veer and Rammekins. Unfortunately, however, this did not take place, and for several nights after the army was before Flushing, the enemy succeeded in throwing from the opposite coast, probably from the canal of Ghent, considerable reinforcements into the place, which enabled him constantly to annoy our outposts and working parties, and finally to attempt a sally in force, though, happily, from the valour of your Majesty's troops, without success. This proving very harassing, particularly from the great difficulty of communication between the several parts of our line, I determined, in order to relieve the troops, and press forward the siege with as much vigour as possible, to avail myself for the time of the services of these corps; but it is to

be remembered, that this was only done because I saw no movement making to push forward a single vessel up the West Scheldt, and it therefore seemed more advisable to have their assistance before Flushing, than that they should lie inactive in the Veer Gat; and they might at any time be re-embarked from Rammekins in a few hours, whenever their transports could be brought up from Veer, and there was the least chance of our proceeding to our ulterior destination.

I have already stated that Rammekins surrendered on the evening of the 3d of August.

Immediately upon this event, feeling, as I did, great uneasiness at the delay which had already taken place, and at the departure from the original plan, I wrote a letter to the Admiral, then at Ter Veere, expressing my hope, that the ships would now be able to enter the West Scheldt by the Sloe Passage, and that no time should be lost in pressing forward as speedily as possible our further operations; and I requested, at the same time, that he would communicate to me the extent of naval co-operation he could afford, as well for the future blockade of Flushing, as with a view to protecting the coasts of South Beveland, and watching the passages from the Meuse to the East Scheldt, as this consideration would govern very much the extent of force I must leave in South Beveland, when the army advanced. To this letter he did not reply fully till the 8th of August; but I had a note from him on the 5th, assuring me the transports should be brought forward without delay; and I had also a very long conversation with him on the morning of the 6th, on the arrangements to be taken for our further operations, when I urged, in the strongest manner, the necessity of not losing a moment in bringing up the cavalry and ordnance ships, transports, store-ships, victuallers, &c. in order that the armament might proceed without delay to its destination; and I added my hopes, that they would receive the protection of the ships of war, none of which had yet entered the West Scheldt.

To all this, and to the several arrangements explained to him in detail, he fully assented.

In his reply to my letter of the 4th, on the 8th of August, he acquaints me, that several of the smaller vessels of different descriptions had passed through

the intricate passage of the Sloe, and that he had ordered the frigates to pass up the West Scheldt, to be followed by the line-of-battle ships; and he gave hopes that he should be able to go up the river with the flotilla on the 10th of August at furthest, and that the frigates and line-of-battle ships should follow, as they came in succession.

The frigates however did not pass Flushing till the evening of the 14th, and the line-of-battle ships only passed to the anchorage above Flushing on the 14th, the second day of the bombardment.

These ships began to proceed up the river on the 18th, and arrived on the 19th—one division as high as the bay below Waerden, the other off the Hanswent, where they remained; the *Courageux* passed above Batz; the cavalry ships only got through the Sloe Passage into the West Scheldt from the 20th to the 23d, and arrived off Batz on the 22d and 24th; the ordnance ships and store ships passed through from the 22d to the 23d, and arrived at their destination off Batz on the 24th and 25th; the transports for Lieut.-General Grosvenor's division only came up to receive them on the 19th, on which day they embarked; and those for Major General Graham's division on the 20th and 21st; and they arrived off Batz on the 24th. The corps of Brigadier-General Rottenburgh, and the light battalions of the German Legion, proceeded to join the Earl of Rosslyn's division in South Beveland.

From this statement, your Majesty will see that notwithstanding every effort on my part with the Admiral, the armament was not assembled at the point of its destination till the 25th, and of course that the means of commencing operations sooner against Antwerp were never in my power.

It now became at this advanced period my duty to consider very seriously the expediency of landing the army on the Continent. On comparing all the intelligence obtained as to the strength of the enemy, it appeared to be such as to leave (as stated in my dispatch of the 29th of August) no reasonable prospect of the force under my command, after accomplishing the preliminary operations of reducing Fort Lillo as well as Liefkenshoek, on the opposite side of Antwerp, without the possession of which the destruction of the ships and arsenals of the enemy could not be effected; and

in addition to this, the sickness which had begun to attack the army about the 20th, and which was hourly increasing to an alarming extent, created the most serious apprehensions in the minds of the medical men, as to its further progress, at that unhealthy season, and which fatal experience has since shown to have been but too well founded.

Your Majesty will not be surprised if, under these circumstances, I paused in requiring the Admiral to put the army on shore. That a landing might have been made, and that any force that had been opposed to us in the field would have yielded to the superior valour of British troops, I have no doubt; but then, any such success could have been of no avail towards the attainment of the ultimate object, and there was still less chance that the enemy would have given us the opportunity. Secure in his fortresses, he had a surer game to play; for if ever the army, divided as it must necessarily have been in order to occupy both banks of the river, exposed to the effects of inundation on every side, and with all its communications liable to be cut off, while the force of the enemy was daily and hourly increasing, had once sat down before Antwerp, it is unnecessary for me to point out to your Majesty how critical must in a short time have been their situation. But when, added to this, sickness to an alarming extent had begun to spread itself among the troops, and the certain and fatal progress of which, at that season, was but too well ascertained, it appeared to me that all further advance could only tend to commit irretrievably the safety of the army which your Majesty had confided to me, and which every principle of military duty as well as the direct tenor of my instructions alike forbade.

In this state of things, I considered that there was left me no alternative, but to pursue the course I have already stated, for your Majesty's information, in my dispatch of the 29th of August; and that conduct I now must humbly, but at the same time with perfect confidence, submit to your Majesty's judgment.

I shall here close this report; which has, I fear, already detained your Majesty but too long; by observing, that wherever it has been necessary for me to advert to the disappointments experienced, through the arrangements of the Admiral, in the naval co-operation I had

been taught to expect, I have confined myself to stating the facts; abstaining, as it became me, from all comment, and leaving it to the Admiral, in such report as he may make of his proceedings, to bring under your Majesty's view the circumstances which may have occasioned them, and, above all, to account for the difficulties which prevented the investment of Flushing (a point never even doubted of before) as well as to show the obstacles which presented themselves to the early progress of the armament up the West Scheldt, which operation I had always looked upon as the primary object of his instructions, and on the accomplishment of which our best hopes of success, in any of the ulterior objects of the Expedition principally, if not wholly, depended.

(Signed) CHATHAM, Lieut.-Gen.

Presented to the King, October, 15th, 1809.
14th Feb. 1810.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

AMERICA.—*President's Message at the opening of the Session of Congress, Nov. 27.*

Fellow Citizens of the Senate, and of the House of Representatives; At the period of our last Meeting, I had the satisfaction of communicating an adjustment with one of the principal belligerent nations, highly important in itself, and still more so, as presaging a more extended accommodation. It is with deep concern I am now to inform you, that the favourable prospect has been overclouded by a refusal of the British Government to abide by the act of its Minister Plenipotentiary, and by its ensuing policy towards United States, as seen through the communications of the Minister sent to replace him. Whatever pleas may be urged for a disavowal of engagements formed by diplomatic functionaries, in cases where, by the terms of the engagements, a mutual ratification is reserved; or where notice at the time may have been given of a departure from instructions; or in extraordinary cases, essentially violating the principles of equity, a disavowal could not have been apprehended in a case where no such notice or violation existed, where no such ratification was reserved, and more especially, where, as is now in proof, an engagement, to be executed without any such ratification, was contemplated by the instructions given, and where it had, with good faith, been

carried into immediate execution on the part of the United States.—These considerations not having restrained the British Government from disavowing the arrangement, by virtue of which its Orders in Council were to be revoked, and the event authorising the renewal of commercial intercourse having thus not taken place, it necessarily became a question, of equal urgency and importance, whether the act prohibiting that intercourse was not to be considered as remaining in legal force? This question being, after due deliberation, determined in the affirmative, a Proclamation to that effect was issued. It could not but happen, however, that a return to this state of things, from that which had followed an execution of the arrangement by the United States, would involve difficulties. With a view to diminish these as much as possible, the instructions from the Secretary of the Treasury, now laid before you, were transmitted to the Collectors of the several ports. If, in permitting British vessels to depart, without giving bonds, not to proceed to their own ports, it should appear that the tenor of legal authority has not been strictly pursued, it is to be ascribed, to the anxious desire which was felt, that no individual should be injured by so unforeseen an occurrence: and I rely on the regard of Congress for the equitable interests of our own Citizens, to adopt whatever further provisions may be found requisite for a general remission of penalties involuntarily incurred.—The recal of the disavowed Minister having been followed by the appointment of a successor, hopes were indulged that the new Minister would contribute to alleviate the disappointment which had been produced, and to remove the causes which had so long embarrassed the good understanding of the two nations. It could not be doubted, that it would at least be charged with conciliatory explanations of the step which had been taken, and with proposals to be substituted for the rejected arrangement. Reasonable and universal as this expectation was, it also has not been fulfilled. From the first official disclosures of the new Minister, it was found that he had received no authority to enter into explanations relative to either branch of the arrangement disavowed; nor any authority to substitute proposals, as to that branch which concerned the British Orders in Council; and finally, that his proposals with respect to the

other branch, the attack on the frigate *Chesapeake*, were founded on a presumption, repeatedly declared to be inadmissible by the United States, that the first step towards adjustment was due from them; the proposals, at the same time omitting even a reference to the officer answerable for the murderous aggression, and asserting a claim, not less contrary to the British laws and British practice, than to the principles and obligations of the United States.—The correspondence between the department of State and this Minister will show how inessentially the features presented in its commencement have been varied in its progress. It will show also, that, forgetting the respect due to all Governments, he did not refrain from imputations on this, which required that no further communications should be received from him. The necessity of this step will be made known to his Britannic Majesty through the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States in London. It would indicate a want of confidence due to a Government which so well understands and exacts what becomes foreign Ministers near it, not to infer that the misconduct of its own representative will be viewed in the same light in which it has been regarded here. The British Government will learn, at the same time, that a ready attention will be given to communications, through any channel which may be substituted. It will be happy, if the change in this respect should be accompanied by a favourable revision of the unfriendly policy which has been so long pursued towards the United States.—With France, the other belligerent, whose trespasses on our commercial rights have long been the subject of our just remonstrances, the posture of our relations does not correspond with the measure taken on the part of the United States, to effect a favourable change. The result of the several communications made to her Government, in pursuance of the authorities vested by Congress in the executive, is contained in the correspondence of our Minister at Paris, now laid before you.—By some of the other belligerents, although professing just and amicable dispositions, injuries materially affecting our commerce have not been duly controlled or repressed. In these cases, the interpositions deemed proper on our part have not been omitted. But it well deserves the consideration of the Legislature, how far both the safety and the honour of the American flag may be consulted, by adequate provisions against that collusive prostitution of it, by individuals unworthy of the American name, which has so much favoured the real or pretended suspicions under which the honest commerce of their fellow-citizens has suffered.—In relation to the powers on the coast of Barbary, nothing has occurred which is not of a nature rather to inspire confidence than distrust, as to the continuance of the existing amity. With our Indian neighbours, the just and benevolent system continued toward them has also preserved peace, and is more and more advancing in habits favourable to their civilization and happiness.—From a statement which will be made by the Secretary of War, it will be seen that the fortifications on our maritime frontier are in many of the ports completed, affording the defence which was contemplated, and that further time will be required to render complete the works in the harbour of New York, and in some other places. By the enlargement of the works, and the employment of a greater number of hands at the public armouries, the supply of small arms, of an improving quality, appears to be annually increasing, at a rate, that, with those made on private contract, may be expected to go far towards providing for the public exigency.—The Act of Congress, providing for the equipment of our vessels of war, having been fully carried into execution, I refer to the statement of the Secretary of the Navy for the information which may be proper on that subject.—To that statement is added a view of the transfers of appropriations, authorized by the Act of the Session preceding the last, and of the grounds on which the transfers were made.—Whatever may be the course of your deliberations on the subject of our military establishments, I should fail in my duty in not recommending to your serious attention the importance of giving to our militia, the great bulwark of our security, and resource of our power, an organization the best adapted to eventual situations for which the United States ought to be prepared.—The sums which had been previously accumulated in the Treasury together with the receipts during the year ending on the 30th of Sept. last (and amounting to more than nine millions of dollars), having enabled us to fulfil all our engagements, and to defy the current expences of Government,

without recurring to any loan. But the insecurity of our commerce, and the consequent diminution of the public revenue, will probably produce a deficiency in the receipts of the ensuing year, for which, and for other details, I refer to the statements which will be transmitted from the Treasury.—In the state which has been presented of our affairs with the great parties to a disastrous and protracted war, carried on in a mode equally injurious and unjust to the United States, as a neutral nation, the wisdom of the National Legislature will be again summoned to the important decision of the alternative before them. That these will be met in a spirit worthy the councils of a nation, conscious both of its rectitude and of its rights, and careful as well of its honour as of its peace, I have an entire confidence. And that the result will be stamped by an unanimity becoming the occasion, and be supported by every portion of our citizens, with a patriotism enlightened and invigorated by experience, ought as little to be doubted.—In the midst of the wrongs and vexations experienced from external causes, there is much room for congratulation on the prosperity and happiness flowing from our situation at home. The blessing of health has never been more universal. The fruits of the seasons, though in particular articles and districts short of their usual redundancy, are more than sufficient for our wants and our comforts. The face of our country every where presents the evidence of laudable enterprise, of extensive capital, and of durable improvement. In a cultivation of the materials, and the extension of useful manufactures, more especially in the general application to household fabrics, we behold a rapid diminution of our dependence on foreign supplies.—Nor is it unworthy of reflection, that the revolution in our pursuits and habits is in no slight degree a consequence of those impolitic and arbitrary edicts, by which the contending nations, in endeavouring each of them to obstruct our trade with the other, have so far abridged our means of procuring the productions and manufactures, of which our own are now taking the place.—Recollecting always, that for every advantage which may contribute to distinguish our lot from that to which others are doomed by the unhappy spirit of the times, we are indebted to that Divine Providence, whose goodness has

been so remarkably extended to this rising nation, it becomes us to cherish a devout gratitude, and to implore from the same omnipotent source a blessing on the consultations and measure about to be undertaken for the welfare of our beloved country.

JAMES MADISON.

FRANCE.—*Address of the Legislative Body to the Emperor; and his Answer.*

PARIS, Dec. 13.—Last Sunday, the Emperor and King, being on the throne, surrounded by the Princes, the Ministers, the great officers of the empire, the Members of the Senate, and by those of the Council of State, received, before mass, at the palace of the Thuilleries, a deputation from the Legislative Body. This deputation was conducted to the audience of his Majesty, by a Deputy Master of the Ceremonies, introduced by the Grand Master of the Ceremonies, and presented by his Serene Highness the Prince Vice Grand Elector. The deputation being admitted to the foot of the throne, spoke, in the following terms, the Address which had been voted to his Majesty:

“Sire; The Legislative Body beholds you greater, every time it has the honour of approaching your Majesty’s throne. Each year is for you an age of glory; each return to your capital, is a fresh triumph. When you were at a distance from France, your genius did not abandon her; it still continued to dwell in the centre of us. On the first appearance of the enemy, your people, whom you regarded, from the banks of the Danube, have fled with precipitation in crowds to the threatened frontiers. The enemy hastened to flee away, as if you had really been present. Your last exploits, and the happy peace which has followed them, will aggrandize the territories of the Princes your allies. Important re-unions are on the eve of accomplishing the system of the vast Empire, of which they are members, and which regards you both as its head and its founder; but Cæsar, whilst he re-assumes all his power, respects those rights which are not his own. He himself points out, with wisdom, the limits of priesthood, and of the Empire. Religion will not cease to lean upon the throne which has established her, and the successor of St. Peter will be to us dearer and more revered, by blessing the successor of Charlemagne, in the name of the God of Peace, whose will changes the empires, but whose worship never

changes. All which is attached to you, aggrandizes; all that seeks a foreign influence is threatened by an immediate fall; we must obey your ascendancy; it is at once the counsel of heroism and of politics. Sire, you said, a few days ago, that your first passion was the love of France; this word resounded in all hearts. —This day you announce that victory will not exact any fresh sacrifices. The Legislative Body thanks you for it; but, it does not fear to be contradicted by a brave and generous nation, when it replies, that nothing is impossible to Frenchmen, towards a Sovereign, who covers them with so much glory, and who has so amply requited them, by paying their sacrifices with all his love."

His Majesty replied to this Address in the following terms:—

"Gentlemen, President, and Deputies of the Legislative Body;—I accept the sentiments which you express; I know the attachment of your body to my person. France stands in need of a moderate but strong monarchy. The present epoch ought to be distinguished, not only by the glory of the French arms, but also by the prosperity of its commerce, the wisdom of its laws, and the brilliancy of arts, of sciences, of letters. I have overcome many obstacles to conduct France to its actual situation: both myself and family will be always ready to sacrifice even our dearest affections to the interests and welfare of this great nation. With the assistance of God, and the constant love of my people, I shall overcome whatever can oppose my great designs.—I wish to live still for 30 years, that I may serve 30 years more my subjects, consolidate this vast empire, and see this dear France embellished by all the prosperities which I have conceived."

PARIS, Dec. 17.—By desire of his Majesty the Emperor, all the Members of the Senate assembled yesterday, at eleven o'clock in the morning, in full dress, in the hall of their usual sittings. The sitting of the Senate yesterday, at which the Kings of Westphalia and Naples, Grand-Admiral the Prince Viceroy of Italy, the Arch-Chancellor of State, the Prince Vice-Grand Constable, and the Prince Vice-Grand Elector assisted, and at which the Prince Arch-Chancellor of the Empire presided, will form, on account of the importance of the subjects which were discussed, an epoch in the annals of France. On that day was pre-

sented to the Senators a *projet* of a *Senatus Consultum*, respecting a dissolution of the marriage between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. This dissolution of marriage required by the two high parties, and approved of by a family council, at which all the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial Family at present in Paris assisted, received the same day the assent of the Senate, after having been the object of examination of a Special Commission, named for this purpose. After having read the contents of the Imperial Decree, which enacts the convocation of the Senate, and of that which directs that it shall be presided by the Prince Arch-Chancellor, and that the Princes of the Imperial Family, hereafter named, should be present in the Senate, the Official Journal gives an account of this memorable sitting in the following terms:—[Here follows a speech from the Arch-Chancellor of State, the Prince Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, President, and Duke of Parma.]

The Count Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely laid before the Senate the *projet* of the *Senatus Consultum*, and explained the motives of it, which are, that they mutually sacrifice their conjugal happiness to the welfare and interest of the country. [Here follows a speech from the Prince Viceroy of Italy; after which the Count Garnier, Annual President, proposed to refer the *projet* of the *Senatus Consultum* to the examination of a Special Commission of nine Members, which was named, and made its report during the Sitting.]

At half past four the Senate resumed its Sitting; and Count Lacedpede, one of the Members of the Special Commission, made the report, which terminated in proposing the adoption of the *projet* of the *Senatus Consultum*, and also the adoption of two addresses, one to the Emperor, and the other to the Empress.

Extract from the Register of the Conservative Senate, of Saturday the 16th Dec. 1809:—

"The Conservative Senate, assembled to the number of members prescribed by Article 90th of the Act of the Constitution, and dated the 13th Dec. 1799, having seen the Act drawn up, the 15th of the present month, by the Prince Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, of which the following is the substance:—

"In the year 1809, and the 15th day of Dec. at nine o'clock in the evening we, Jean Jaques Regis Cambacères,

Prince Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, Duke of Parma, exercising the functions, prescribed to us by Title 2d of the 14th Article of the Statute of the Imperial Family, and in consequence of orders addressed to us by his Majesty the Emperor and King, in his private letter dated that day, of the following tenor:

‘My Cousin, our desire is that you repair this day, at nine o’clock in the evening, to our grand Cabinet of the Palace of the Thuilleries, attended by the Civil Secretary of State of our Imperial Family, to receive from us, and from the Empress, our dear consort, a communication of great importance; for this purpose we have ordered that this present private letter should be sent you. We pray God to have you, my Cousin, in his holy blessed keeping.’

‘Paris, Dec. 15, 1809.’

On the back is written, ‘To our Cousin, the Prince Arch-Chancellor, Duke of Parma.’

“We accordingly proceeded to the hall of the throne of the Palace of the Thuilleries, attended by Michel-Louis-Etienne Regnault (de St. Jean d’Angely), Count of the Empire, Minister of State, and Secretary of State to the Imperial Family. A quarter of an hour afterwards, we were introduced to the grand Cabinet of the Emperor, where we found his Majesty the Emperor and King with her Majesty the Empress, attended by their Majesties the Kings of Holland, Westphalia, and Naples; his Imperial Highness the Prince Viceroy; the Queens of Holland, Westphalia, Naples, and Spain; Madame, her Imperial Highness the Princess Paulina. His Majesty the Emperor and King condescended to address us in these terms:—

‘My Cousin, Prince Arch-Chancellor, I dispatched to you a private letter, dated this day, to direct you to repair to my Cabinet for the purpose of communicating to you the resolution which I and the Empress, my dearest consort, have taken. It gives me pleasure that the Kings, Queens, and Princesses, my brothers and sisters, my brothers and sisters-in-law, my daughter-in-law, and my son-in-law, become my adopted son, as well as my mother, should witness what I am going to communicate to you.

‘The politics of my monarchy, the interests and the wants of my people, which have constantly guided all my actions, require that, after me, I should leave to children, inheritors of my love for my

people, that throne on which Providence has placed me. Notwithstanding, for several years past I have lost the hope of having children by my marriage with my well-beloved consort, the Empress Josephine. This it is which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to attend to nothing but the good of the state, and to wish the dissolution of my marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the hope of living long enough to educate, in my views and sentiments, the children which it may please Providence to give me: God knows how much such a resolution has cost my heart: but there is no sacrifice beyond my courage, that I will not make, when it is proved to me to be necessary to the welfare of France. I should add, that far from ever having had reason to complain, on the contrary, I have had only to be satisfied with the attachment and the affection of my well-beloved consort. She has adorned 15 years of my life, the remembrance of which will ever remain engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. I wish she should preserve the rank and title of Empress, but, above all, that she should never doubt my sentiments, and that she should ever regard me as her best and dearest friend.”

“His Majesty the Emperor and King having ended, her Majesty the Empress and Queen spoke as follows:—

“By the permission of our dear and august consort, I ought to declare, that not preserving any hope of having children, which may fulfil the wants of his policy and the interests of France, I am pleased to give him the greatest proof of attachment and devotion which has ever been given on earth. I possess all from his bounty; it was his hand which crowned me; and from the height of this throne I have received nothing but proofs of affection and love from the French people.

“I think I prove myself grateful in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which heretofore was an obstacle to the welfare of France, which deprived it of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendants of a great man, evidently raised up by Providence, to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no degree change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever have in me his best friend.

I know how much this act, demanded by policy and by interests so great, has chilled his heart; but both of us exult in the sacrifice which we make for the good of the country."

"After which their Imperial Majesties having demanded an act of their respective declarations, as well as of the mutual consent contained in them, and which their Majesties gave to the dissolution of their marriage, as also of the power which their Majesties conferred on us to follow up as need shall require the effect of their will, we Prince Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, in obedience to the orders and requisitions of their Majesties, have given the aforesaid acts, and have in consequence executed the present *proces verbal*, to serve and avail according to law, to which *proces verbal*, their Majesties have affixed their signature; and which, after having been signed by the Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses present, has been signed by us, and countersigned by the Secretary of the Imperial Family.

"Done at the Palace of the Thuilleries, the day, hour, and the year aforesaid,

(Signed)

"NAPOLEON

"JOSEPHINE

"MADAME

"LOUIS

"JEROME NAPOLEON

"JOACHIM NAPOLEON

"EUGENE NAPOLEON

"JULIE

"HORTENSE

"CATHERINE

"PAULINE

"CAROLINE

"CAMBACERES, Prince Arch-Chancel.

"COUNT HEYNAULT (de St. Jean d'Angely)."

"Having seen the *projet* of the *Senatus Consultum*, drawn up in the form prescribed by the 57th Article of the Act of the Constitution of the 4th August, 1802; after having heard the motive of the said *projet*, the orators of the Council of State, and the Report of the Special Commission appointed in the sitting of this day; the adoption having been discussed by the number of members prescribed by the 56th Article of the Act of the Constitution of the 4th August, 1802, decrees,

"Art. I. The marriage contracted between the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine is dissolved.

"II. The Empress Josephine shall

preserve the title and rank of Empress Queen crowned.

"III. Her dowry is fixed at an annual income of two millions of francs, on the revenues of the State.

"IV. All the assignments which may be made by the Emperor in favour of the Empress Josephine on the funds of the Civil List, shall be obligatory on his successors.

"V. The present *Senatus Consultum* shall be transmitted by a message to his Imperial and Royal Majesty."

The two Addresses proposed by the Commission were afterwards put to the vote, and adopted.

FRENCH EXPOSE.—PARIS, Dec. 13.—In the sitting of yesterday M. Montalvet, the Minister of the Interior, pronounced the following *Exposé* of the Empire, to the 1st of December, 1809:

"MESSIEURS—Every time that the situation of the Empire has been stated to you, the French nation has reckoned new triumphs.

"Brilliant victories, generous treaties of peace, the results of the most profound political combinations; great works undertaken; the order of the interior maintained. Such is the picture that all my predecessors have had to trace; and it is that which forms the history of the year that has just elapsed.

"The return of this enumeration of prosperities acquires every day a more glorious character. The memorable facts of one year, may appertain to fortune, to what is called chance, to a will of which nothing has yet shown the force or the constancy, the weakness or the versatility; but those which return perpetually the same, are necessarily the work of a genius, and an arm equally powerful. The former may transitorily appertain to any time; the others fix those eras which divide the course of ages, and which subject a long series of years to every epoch which changes the face of the world.

"In the course of the last Session, you had concurred to give a new Criminal Code to France, and adopting the plans prepared by the Council of State, and immediately under the eyes of his Majesty, the necessary source of all laws; and then the Emperor himself, as he had announced to you, had replaced on the throne of Madrid his august brother; he forced the English to precipitate themselves towards their ships, and only cea-

sed to pursue them, that he might return to the centre of his dominions to observe and arrest the projects of Austria.

Public Works.—‘The stay which his Majesty then made at Paris, was distinguished by the care which he took to regulate all the parts of the vast Administration of his Empire. He gave a new activity to the immense labours which no period of peace ever saw undertaken in such great numbers, nor followed with so much ardour. Prisoners of war, from different nations, sent by victory, have finished the canal of St. Quentin; two leagues of an imposing subterraneous passage, open a communication between the rivers and seas of the North of the empire, and the rivers and seas of the South. Seven thousand workmen have not ceased to labour on the canal of the North, and nearly eight leagues of this new way opened to the Rhine and the Meuse, to bring their conjoined waters to Antwerp without quitting for a moment the soil of France, have been executed. This canal so important to commerce will not be a less benefit to agriculture. Lands equal in superficies to several departments will be peopled and fertilized. The peaceable conquest of agriculture will soon augment both our riches and our prosperity. Two millions have been usefully expended in 1809, on the canal of Napoleon, which will unite the Rhone to the Rhine. Marseilles, Cologne, and Antwerp, will soon be bathed by the same waters: this canal will be made to communicate with the Seine by that of Burgundy, the works of which abandoned by the old Government, have received anew the greatest impulse; already the navigation is complete from Dole to Dijon; they are at present working between Dijon and the bridge of Pany; between the Yonne and St. Florentin; several important locks, upon the Seine, the Aube, and the Somme, have been finished in 1809. Every where the plans which tended to improve former navigations, to extend them, or to create new ones, have been undertaken, or continued with activity. The maritime works have made the greatest progress; those of Cherburgh already present to the astonished eye an immense port, hollowed out of the rock. Its depth has been this year carried to thirty-three feet below the level of high water. It is defended by a pier, the execution of which has been as perfect as the idea has been bold. Facings of granite,

give to the port and its quays, the most imposing character of grandeur and duration; the excavation will descend sixteen feet lower, so that there will remain in the port of Cherburgh twenty-six feet water at low water.

“The sluice at Havre is nearly finished; it will secure, from the middle of the next campaign, the constant entrance of vessels into the channel. At Dunkirk, an octagon sluice, which will drain valuable lands, and secure an easy navigation, has been furnished this year.

“The bason of Antwerp, is excavated in all the anterior part, and the sluice of the sea is raised above its foundation.

“The Port of Alto has been deepened.

“The Port of Marseilles offers a more easy anchorage than ever.

“The roads of Mount Cenis, of the Simplon, these which traverse the Alps, the Appenines, in every direction, and the Pyrenees, have received a new degree of advancement, or are completed. Roads, equally beautiful and easy, lead from Alexandria to Savona, from the banks of the Tanaro and the Po, to the nearest shores of the Mediterranean.

“The grand drainings of Bourgain, of Cotenlin, of Rochefort, have already changed sterile marshes into fertile lands, and their results, drawn upon the government the blessings of the people, astonished at not having suffered any of the evils, however transitory, which they had been made to dread.

Works of Paris.—“Paris becomes every day, by its works, more worthy of being the metropolis of one of those empires, around which are grouped, in the history of times, all that is contemporaneous. In its vicinity the bridges of Bezons, Choisy, and Seires have been begun; that of Charenton has been re-established; that of St. Cloud restored. The beautiful bridge of Jena has been conducted to the raising of the arches; that of Saint Michael has been freed from the houses that obstructed it; the Quais Napoleon and the Louvre have been finished; that of Jena has been carried beyond the esplanade of the Invalids: the part of the Rape has been executed on a great and a beautiful plan.

“Plentiful granaries have been founded.

“Every disposition for the construction of an immense abattier has been

made near the barrier of Rochechouard; the ground is levelled, and the foundation prepared.

“A provisory establishment for an exchange, till the time when the magnificent edifice intended for the purpose, and which is already begun, shall be finished. The Temple of Glory occupies a great number of workmen: it will be worthy of its noble destination. Four massy pillars faced with a stone equal in hardness and grain to the finest marble, intended to support the triumphal arch of L'Etoile are nearly completed. The column of Austerlitz is adorned, for half its height, with bronzes, which will eternalize the great achievements of our warriors.

“The arch of the Carousals, which is finished, unites taste and magnificence.

“The facade of the building in which you meet is finished. The Louvre displays new beauties in rapid progress of its restoration; the Gallery which will complete its junction with the Thuilleries, astonishes by its progress the inhabitants even of this city.

“Already the capital enjoys a part of the waters which will be brought to it by the canal of Oureg, while the bason of La Vilette, and the fountain of Innocents, present to it works as beautiful as they are useful.

“In this long communication, I am only able to point out the least parts of the works completed or continued in the course of this year, but each of you is witness to their developement, since there is not a part of France to which they do not extend. Among these grand constructions there are some more particularly consecrated to public order and benevolence.

Establishments of Benevolence.—“The Emperor has ordered the establishment of forty-two depots of mendicity, and secured to them the necessary funds for their maintenance; thus will be healed the most hideous wounds of political states; thus the public manners and industry will profit by a regulation which will snatch from misery and depravity a number of beings, who seemed condemned to them without resource.

“Several of these establishments have already been completed.

“His Majesty has bestowed immense benefits on those of his subjects, who have suffered great calamities. The banks of the Rhine had been ravaged by

inundations: the inhabitants have received nearly a million, either for indemnities, or to be employed in reparations and useful labours.

“The countries which have suffered by storms or fire, have received succours. His paternal care has furnished a great number of cities with supplies of bark, which they have punctually received.

“Depots for vaccination have been established. They secure to families the certain means of never wanting an invaluable preservation, which, useful and true friends of humanity have made known to all the classes of our numerous population.

“Among those of the wants of the French, which have fixed the attention of the Sovereign, the cultivation of the moral qualities, that of the mind, that of the arts of imagination, have continued to hold one of the first ranks.

Public Instruction.—“The Imperial University has entered on its functions. It has collected information concerning all the houses of education in the Empire: Academies are forming, the faculties establishing. The Lyceums continue to furnish numerous pupils to the Polytechnic School, and that of St. Cyr. The former has always been the nursery of persons distinguished by their knowledge and their conduct; at St. Cyr is perpetually renewed that hardy race of youth, equally well exercised, courageous and zealous, who, when they arrive under their standards, will show themselves worthy to march with our ancient heroes.

Sciences, Literature, and Arts.—

“Every species of encouragement is given to the sciences, to literature, and to the arts; honours, rewards, useful employments, confided to artists that distinguish themselves; nothing is neglected. But the first of those memorable epochs, formed to exalt the noblest emulation is arrived; the decennial prizes are about to be distributed by the hand of him who is the fountain of all true glory. They would have been distributed this day could the jury have completed their labours. - - - - -

(*To be continued.*)

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BLAGDON'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

VOL. I.—No. 23.] LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1810. [Price 1s.

Ye hands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Iud obeys,
Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS:—*Eulogium on the firm and manly conduct of Mr. Yorke.*—*Exposure of the political enormities of Cobbett.*—*His success proved to have arisen from the credulity of the public.*—*The method pointed out by which his hatred to his country may be rendered nugatory.*—*Remarks on the singular and blamable apathy of Ministers, towards literary men and publications which support them from principle.*—*The inevitable consequences of that apathy pointed out.*—*Singular facts, respecting modern writers, for and against the Government; the former having written themselves into prison, and the latter into their carriages!*—*Extraordinary edict to prevent the introduction of literary works to illustrious individuals, and the reasons for it, pointed out!*—*On Mr. Yorke's vindication of the dignity of Parliament.*—*Censure of the presumption of the Lord Mayor and the City Demagogues.*—*Parliamentary conduct of Mr. Whitbread and Lord Cochrane contrasted.*—*A few words on the appointment of Mr. Yorke to the Tellership.*—*Letter of J. A. on Catholic Emancipation.*—*Letter of ALBION to R. B. SHERIDAN, exposing his whole career of political profligacy.*

799] ————— [800

STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Addressed to the People of the United Kingdom, &c.

*On fait souvent tort a la verite par la maniere
dont on se sert pour la defendre.*

MONTESQUIEU.

“An injury is frequently done to the cause of truth, by the manner in which some men attempt to defend it.”

By ALBION.

STRICTURE VI.

ENGLISHMEN! I have frequently informed you, that there is nothing more despicable than flattery or panegyric. It rouses curiosity, awakens attention, excites suspicion, causes examination, and thereby frustrates its own design. In truth, why should men be shamefully applauded or immoderately praised? Why should sentiments be attributed to them, which they either do not possess, or are desirous, from modesty, to conceal? Mr. Yorke, whom I have named with so much respect in the conclusion of my last Stricture, has considerable talents, and has rendered them at all times subservient to the best interests of the State! This is a *truth*, with which the world will acquiesce with pleasure. It is the only truth which I require you, my Countrymen! to acquiesce in, as far as relates to this gentleman; but, for the gratification of my own private feelings, I must say that Mr. Yorke is of those distinguished characters, whose example instructs us carefully to cultivate in our minds, to rear to the most perfect vigour and maturity, every sort of generous and honest feeling

that belongs to our nature: to bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service and conduct of the country; and so to make us patriots as not to forget that we are men. Such example also teaches us at once to cultivate friendships and to incur enmities. To have both strong; but both selected: in the one to be placable, in the other immovable. To model our principles to our duties and our situation. To be fully persuaded, that all virtue which is *impracticable* is spurious; and rather to run the risk of falling into faults in a course which leads us to act with *effect and energy*, than to loiter out our days without blume and without utility. That is it shows us, that public life is a situation of pover and energy; and that HE trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch, as well as *he* that goes over to the enemy!

Such are the sentiments that have called for that spirit of vigilance which has excited Mr. Yorke to insist upon the Shutting of the Gallery, and to the prosecution of Jones, for his public animadversion on the conduct of your Representatives on that important occasion. The Shutting of the Gallery has been already discussed, with considerable ability, by many public writers. It only remains for me to admire the courage and virtue requisite to the Member, who pursued a measure so obnoxious to your reproach; but as the commitment of Jones was for a publication of a licentious nature, I shall confine myself particularly to the latitude of the press; and, as I am convinced there is novelty at least in what I have to suggest, I can promise the Stricture to be worthy your attention.

It is with the most thorough contempt that I read Cobbett's reflections on Mr. Yorke's proceedings. They bear the marks of the most disgusting vanity and self-importance; and, instead of trembling at the maledictions which he is ready to denounce on those who have stepped forward to expose the danger of the principles of the Members of Opposition, who advocate the unrestrained access to the galleries, and the unrestrained freedom of the press, on all points connected with public enquiries, I expose his views and deprecate his vengeance. The solemnity of his expostulations, it is true, may affright some of you, who are wont to be affected with his rueful appearance of political sanctity, but it has the contrary effect upon me, who have been so long let into his mystic villanies, and I pity his vice or smile at his displeasure, without any manner of dread of the consequence. Nor would I condescend to name him in a Stricture which has in view higher contemplations, were it not, that this same man, who so obstreperously maintains the entire freedom of the press, IS THE FIRST TO CONDEMN, IN ALL HIS PRIVATE COTERIES, this Register for "*unfair representation*" of his principles! In the place of complaining of "*unfair representation*," he should have shown his reader, in what respects he had been misrepresented, and where his principles were misunderstood. And, in the place of running into a diffuse and verbose declamation on the opposition he receives from Mr. Blagdon, and affecting to draw a parallel between *this* paper and *his own*, he would have been much better employed in acknowledging the grossness of his political crimes, and in admiring those positions, which his opponent has so firmly established. Were you in want, my Countrymen! of evidence, on which to ground a right for the *suppression of the licentiousness of the press*, you have that evidence in the present work of that hypocritical writer. The Register of Cobbett is a work most pernicious in its tendency to all the inhabitants of these kingdoms, and disgraceful to a man, who owes his rise in life to their credulity and munificence. To repeat its particular contents would be too much outrage; it is sufficient for me to observe, that it is malevolent and seditious: that one great end it has in view is, to traduce, vilify, and bring into contempt, the Constitution of this kingdom, the King's administration of the government, and the persons employed by him in that Administration, and thereby to withdraw from his Majesty the affection and allegiance of his subjects. That the other great end is, to dissuade and discourage those subjects from opposing the domestic enemies of the country, who labour to effect a ruinous reformation, whereby the kingdom would be lost, in the manner of all those which have so recently sunk from the face of nature. That the *third* grand end is - - - - - . But what occasion have I to multiply charges? I have stated crimes on which laws less lenient than yours would soon see him convicted! The evidence of his Register, since his apostacy, would abundantly warrant such conviction. In the eye of the law, his enormity stands confessed; it is humanity alone that interposes between the criminal and retribution. I say his enormity, because, I insist, that his writings strike at the root of all legal government, and of all civil society. For it is impossible that any society can exist in safety, in which the writers of it, may, with impunity, libel the kingdom, and vilify that Constitution by which it is cemented, and which libels encourage its foreign enemies to attempt its total subversion.—The aggravation of his crime also is, that he is an Englishman; that he is one of you, a British-born subject! Recollecting that he enjoys this distinction in common with you, it is impossible for you, *Englishmen!* to read without horror his numerous panegyrics, addressed to *Englishmen*, on Napoleon Buonaparte! a tyrant, who professedly wages against you, a war, not of commerce, aggrandizement, or of religion, but a war of extermination! Why, my Countrymen! I must tell you, he that endeavours to persuade you to admire such an enemy, invites that enemy! His conduct, as a Christian, is not less offensive and alarming. He eulogises Buonaparte in his character of Catholic, Deist, Atheist, and Musselman; as a being who has abjured his God, trampled upon his altars, execrated his priests, and murdered or expatriated the relatives of his king!—It is said that I make use of strong language. I deny it. Reader! have you seen the Register of Cobbett? Does it not abound with the doctrines I chastise? Does it not seem desirous to enforce an admiration of our enemies, and an introduction of principles which have carried confusion and anarchy, poverty and desolation, to every extreme of the civilized

earth? But there are of the Opposition, who will say, that Cobbett's only motive and intention in writing is, to scatter around you the blessings of liberty and humanity. Reader! do you believe such absurdity as this? Compare his conduct with his compositions; it is impossible that he can be sincere in any one of his professions. His writings affect to breathe peace and good will to the nation, and, from his conduct, men *must* be inclined to consider him a most atrocious scoundrel, or a fellow of a turpid, deluded, visionary, imagination. He desires you to *look to France*, as a precedent for reformation. He commands you to regard your own country as an island that has lost every thing but the name of its Sovereign! France! which has banished her manufactures, her commerce, her liberty, her religion, is perpetually placed before you as an example. And *for what*? The answer is to be found almost in every page of this Register. Englishmen! I shall only remark, that, before you gave this man *the means* of sending his mischievous productions throughout the world, it should have occurred to you that the future happiness of your country was involved in your conduct; and that, when you encourage a *sedition* paper you encourage the ruin of yourselves, and of your posterity! Thus, had you discouraged this offender, you would have spared Mr. Yorke the necessity of bringing those to the bar of the House, who follow the admonitions of Cobbett; you would have spared yourselves your present disgraceful situation in the eyes of Europe, and me the painful task of passing strictures on a man, who, had he not been forced, by your credulity, into a species of literary fame, might have been as useful a mechanic or labourer as any other in the nation. The fault is your own. Withdraw your criminal patronage, and he will suddenly sink from his sphere, and draw the Independent Whig, the Statesman, the Examiner, and all his other satellites into ruin around him! They will fall into contrition and repentance, and pass the remainder of their lives in atoning for the offences they have so long been permitted to commit towards your King, your Country, and your God! **WITHDRAW YOUR PATRONAGE! suspend your support**, and the licentiousness of the press will as rapidly cease! I am no advocate for imprisonment. On the contrary, I would instantly cast loose White, Hart, Jones, and every other per-

son confined for violating the freedom of the press. I would cast them loose, *unpunished*, and I would encourage those papers which exposed the fallacy or the infamy of their designs. If you countenance writers of integrity, you will have no occasion to incarcerate those of an opposite cast. If you bestow your favours exclusively upon the exertions of virtue, the halter and the dungeon will become of little use. The punishment of vice is by no means so wise a maxim as the encouragement of virtue; and yet the present Ministry, in regard to literature at least, act upon this erroneous plan. **THE CONSEQUENCE IS FATAL TO THEM**, and will, I fear, be injurious, my Countrymen! to you. *Fatal to them*, because it is evident that nearly all the *Literati* of London hold them in contempt, and treat them with ridicule; and injurious *to you*, because men, who, with moderate respect and pecuniary aid, would have been an ornament and a blessing to the nation, are compelled, by necessity, to range under the banner of her enemies, and to be distinguished as her greatest curse! To the discredit of the Ministry, since the demise of the most enlightened statesman that ever ruled a cabinet, *since* the death of Mr. Pitt, I cannot learn that any act of distinction or munificence has ever been conferred on men of letters and merit. Some solitary instances of generosity have been occasionally extended to a few loyal writers, but those favours, of any kind, are too parsimonious to be named; while, on the contrary, *I have it from indisputable authority*, that **OPPOSITION OR JACOBIN WRITERS HAVE LATELY EXTORTED, AT VARIOUS TIMES, FROM PUBLIC MEN**, besides the annual proceeds of their papers, an enormous and incredible sum of money—so incredible, that I cannot venture to state it, lest my veracity should be suspected; and that this felonious proceeding of *extortion* was only put a stop to by **THE COURAGE OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS INDIVIDUAL**, who preferred to be dragged before Parliament rather than to be dragooned into a measure in which his own honour and that of his country was compromised!!! Nor is it by *extortion* alone that the Jacobin writers succeed. I must again press this truth; they owe their success to your credulity, and to *the marked disregard which I am assured one of the present Ministers has shown for public writers, ever since his accession to power!* What

is now, in consequence, the language of the aggregate body of men of letters? Not what it was in the days of Elizabeth, of Anne, and of George I. and II. The language of *those* days, was that of men who were revered by their country, and supported by their court; and the language of "*the loyal*" of *these* days, is that of persons whose politics are *out of fashion with the public*, and whose merits and incessant exertions are overlooked! It is that of men, in fine, who see the licentious and Jacobin writers, or the knaves who have changed their principles to suit their views of personal interest, revelling in luxury and wealth, while they themselves, the loyal and virtuous writers, are, for the most part, condemned to the *res angusta domi*, or have brought themselves, by their political efforts, to a state of bankruptcy, or imprisonment! I am not speaking at hazard. I advance nothing without authority, and I offer the following *general* illustration of what I have asserted. *The literary men, confined for debt in London, are exclusively loyal!* The Ministers despise, the public take no interest in their fate! But, when an *Opposition writer* is sent into confinement, the purse of the Whig Club, the bounty of the disaffected, the HUMANITY of "*the People*," immediately form a fund, not for his liberation *only*, but for his *future* establishment in life. Thus instigated by *hope*, traitors *glory* in arrest, whilst "*the loyal*," by incurring a debt, see themselves doomed to perpetual imprisonment, and subject to the hardships of a malefactor, who may have violated the laws of the land! I urge this subject with the more irritation, as I am informed that one Cabinet Minister has made it a principle, *to try the experiment of maintaining his power without the aid of the press*; and that he has introduced this temerity into the very heart of the Court: to such a degree indeed, that his Majesty's servants, at Windsor, are said to have received orders to exclude the approach of every literary man, from the Palace, and (probably, in consequence of the attempts at extortion, which I have mentioned), BY NO MEANS TO PRESENT ANY PRINTED, OR MANUSCRIPT WORK. WHATEVER, TO ANY OF THE MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF THE REALM! *As this extraordinary edict is in circulation*, my respect for his Majesty induces me to mention it here. Such an edict CAN NEVER have been issued by his Majesty

to his servants: there *must* be some mistake. I trust, however, that this *slight intimation* may correct the abuse. I can never suffer it to be said that his Majesty is averse from, or disregards, the efforts of those writers, who labour to maintain that Crown which *the disaffected* have been endeavouring, *for seventeen years*, to pluck from off his illustrious head!!! Should it, notwithstanding, be an unfortunate fact; should it be true that the apathetic conduct of *one* Minister towards literary men pervades *the rest* of the executive of the state, then I announce, not the degradation of the House of Brunswick, but I announce *the speedy degradation of the country*; the dissolution of the important ties of society; and that those crimes which excited the horror of our forefathers, will, in the days of George the Third, be looked upon as common, or totally disregarded. Hence, with the profoundest reverence, I presume to make known to his Majesty, (and I entreat Colonel Taylor to expose this Register to his observation) that now, when a union of talents is necessary, unless loyal writers be *respected*, and their *merits* attended to by the state; unless they can combine, to face the flagitiousness of the *Opposition* writers, and stem the almost overwhelming torrent of Jacobin vice, all security, public and private, will soon be swallowed up, and HIS MAJESTY'S SUN WILL SET IN THAT CLOUD OF LICENTIOUSNESS WHICH DARKENED THE HORIZON OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH!!! Some persons may conceive that *legal restraints* may dissipate this cloud. This error is of a most pernicious tendency. The law should have no *general* jurisdiction over sentiment. The law should *seldom* interfere between God and the heart of man. Legislative *partiality*, and not legislative *oppression*, should be employed to improve the moral sentiments of a people. Is it not, therefore, my Countrymen! one of the most important duties of a government to watch over the political literature of a country, and to guard it against contamination; remembering, always, the manner in which national policy was formed, the sentiments which have been incorporated with it, and the changes which have been introduced, by time, into the character and pursuits of the age? With a reference to these considerations, such publications should be countenanced, as may counteract that proneness to licen-

tiousness, which is a characteristic of human nature, or which may be superinduced by temporary and local circumstances. It is, still, too much the fashion to consider political compositions, because in any particular instance, they may seem trivial, unworthy the attention, and derogatory to the dignity of the Crown. Englishmen! your ancestors were of a very different opinion upon this subject: they thought nothing trivial, by which the interests of the community, of religion, and virtue, could be promoted or protected. Queen Anne knighted an author, and gave him a pension for writing a political tract; and Mr. Pitt, amongst many similar acts of munificence, bestowed *two* places upon a writer who produced *two* pamphlets—one of which places, a sinecure, produces him, to this hour, about three thousand pounds a year! To an utter deviation from their example, in this respect, at the present day, all the licentiousness and depravity which, through the aid of the press, disgrace our country, may be attributed. To consider any thing that is connected with the political and moral sentiment of a country, *too insignificant* to deserve the attention of the legislator, is no less absurd, than it would be to disregard, on account of their minuteness, a number of small streams, which, if suffered to pursue their neglected course, would never unite, to irrigate the soil, to form the productive canal, or to swell the grandeur of the winter torrent!

Hence, instead of a Minister's closing the doors of the Palace against merit, he should implore his Majesty to countenance the polemical writer, whose political maxims supply thousands with improvement. But such is the evil genius that has of late haunted our Cabinet, that it seems a respect for talents will not be evincèd; till it is too late to profit by their exertion—till the malignant desperation of republican guilt *invades the sanctuaries of Government, and hurls all constituted authority from its seat!* Then, when the sacred asyla of the country are profaned; when the poison of disaffection, and the deleterious ingredients of the Opposition mingle in our royal cup; when the seeds of profligacy are abundantly sown; and when those *seeds* produce a *tree*, whose pestiferous branches shall overspread the face of the land, and bear a fruit, the taste of which must call into vigorous action every base propensity of

the human soul, by converting the weaknesses, even the amiable and benevolent feelings of the heart, into means of promoting the chief object of the licentious—the complete corruption and disorganization of society—THEN, and not till THEN, will that infatuation be discovered, which caused the neglect of THE WHOLE LITERARY GENIUS OF THE COUNTRY! The prominent feature of the Opposition is the homage they pay to those talents. The instant they may come into place, *if this should happen again*, not all the petulance of office, the insolence of wealth, the intoxication of sudden and giddy elevation, the frenzy of their politics, the fury of their faith, or the impoverished state of their distempered intellects, will hinder them from being lavish to men of letters, or from forming an "*Institute*," which will maintain their authority and consolidate their power!!! I would, on this account, therefore, implore Ministers to attend to the present Stricture! Government has *but few* literary friends, and there is a strong disposition in those few either to apostatize, to be silent, or to retire. The result of this disposition will be, that such men will cease to write, or to advocate the principles of loyalty and truth.

Mr. Yorke, with an energy which cannot be too much admired, has exposed the audacity of Jones; but you are not to conceive, my countrymen, that there are not OTHER *forums* equally licentious and bad. The *propriety of peace or war*, the *conduct of Parliament*, the expenditure of public money, THE PREROGATIVE OF THE SOVEREIGN, are subjects of debate in societies which infest *every* quarter of the metropolis. In those societies, or taverns, the virtues of Ministers are canvassed, their proceedings are inquired into, their decisions reprobated, and their decrees censured or applauded at the option of every passenger. In such places the disaffected continue to meet, and in their collective capacity, decide on the fate of *fashions* and of *empires*, on the tenets of *philosophers* and of *sovereigns*, and on the principles of *religion* and of *government*! Under this general view, I approve highly of Mr. Yorke's lenity to Dean, and I could have wished that the same mercy had been extended to the Jacobin orator at the forum, because the individual offender should be lost in the number of his associates, or the ignorant will cry him up as a *persecuted martyr*!

The consideration of Jones's animadversions on the proceedings of Parliament, remind me of the very alarming petition of the city of London, on the subject of Lord Wellington. It appears to me that this corporation have committed a greater crime than Jones's forum; that it wants to be considered, not only as *one* branch of the legislature, but that to which *the other three*, viz. King, Lords, and Commons, ought to be subservient. Its late conduct confirms all my former suspicions: and its dispute now is no longer about particular men, particular ministers, or particular measures, but about the very *fundamentals* of the constitution; and Lord Wellington is made an instrument for the introduction of civic disaffection into the bosom of Parliament and into the heart of the Court! The dispute is, whether a King of England is to attend to the voice of his two Houses of Parliament, or to the voice of the Common Council of London? I would ask the Lord Mayor of the city, whether he can find in our second Magna Charta, viz. the Bill of Rights, or in any other act, that there is any power lodged in any set of men whatsoever, to advise, direct, or control the executive part of government, but in the two Houses of Parliament only? I would ask him, did any man, or set of men, dare to interfere or tell King William that he was to redress any grievances? to listen to the opinions of any men whatsoever? or to take any steps for securing our liberties, but such as were recommended to him by the two Houses of Parliament? If the Lord Mayor cannot there find any such power, he must admit, that he is conducting the Common Council into illegal and daring acts of presumption; and he must expect, that, if he continue to set the City at variance with the King, the two Houses of Parliament *must* feel it their duty not to let so flagrant an offence pass without a severe animadversion.

The address for certain memoranda and papers presumed to have been delivered by Lord Chatham to the King; and the motion of censure proposed on Friday, and postponed to Monday last, are also melancholy examples of the victory of human passion over the human understanding. I must, however, do Mr. Whitbread the justice to say that, in his speech of Friday evening, he spoke of his Sovereign with affectionate veneration; and that the strong invectives which accompanied his arguments were levelled against measures

and Ministers, not against individuals of the nation. The attack is nevertheless dangerous. In France, a similar proceeding produced the dissolution of the government. It went to deprive the throne of the advantage of temper, and of the graciousness which should always belong to the executive; it went to deprive the state of a certain comeliness of deportment and mild dignity which can alone arise from *confidence*; it fought in the *King's colours* against the King's benevolence; it went to deprive his Majesty of the blessings of gratitude, and his people of the blessings of concord; it went to corrode where the Crown had intended to heal; and it curdled with the *temper* of the disaffected the *manna* that was descending from the throne.

I leave these arguments and the vehement spirit with which Mr. W. poured them forth, and come to the close of this stricture with observing that, had Mr. Whitbread not ranged with the Opposition in his youth, posterity would have to record him as a man of strong legislative capacity, and the most comprehensive reach of understanding; with a deep engraven impression of public care, a personal firmness of adamant, and in his train every private virtue that can adorn the nature or character of man. I should be unworthy the honour of his opponent, did I not do him this justice. And I should be unworthy the reputation I maintain, did I not guard my country against the persuasion of such talent and genius. *He* who has great powers, great public effect; *he* who can persuade the old and inspire the young; *he* who can sport with a foil with the hand of a child, or hurl a thunderbolt with the arm of Jupiter, is the most *dangerous* enemy that a constitution like ours can possess! Such a man must rise at the expence of his country, and build his elevation on the degradation of his native land! The gates of promotion cannot long remain shut against him! Englishmen! beware, —let him not mortgage your liberties on a speculation to open the portals of ambition and glory. Beware! Perhaps this language is the spirit of prophecy: —there is a vanity in this: call it the language of apprehension, flowing from the source of candour and of virtue. —It is not with a termagant vulgarity that I speak of Mr. Whitbread; I do not want to debase him to a contemptible level with Sir Francis Burdett, and other infamous characters of the Opposition,

who mix *private* motives with the *public* cause. In the great operations of nature there is always a degree of waste and overflow; so it is with the sea: I am not therefore to pronounce the ocean a nuisance, nor am I to condemn Mr. Whitbread because he cannot govern and regulate the exuberance of a highly gifted mind: but I confess that I lose all temper with the other members of the faction, whose whole system is a muddy scene of political, moral, and intellectual *levelling*! I take Lord Cochrane as an example. His Lordship runs a crazy race this Parliament, with a native genuine horror of any thing like genius or decorum; great generosity of assertion, great thrift of research; a turn to be *offensive* without the capacity to be *severe*; fury in the temper, and famine in the phrase. It certainly was not his good angel that saved him from the waves! Better for him had he been *canonized* by DEATH than by CONTEMPT! And better for me to vindicate a dead hero than a living enthusiast, or a designing knave!

Englishmen! I state these things because *the whole* of these things are *necessary* to be stated. I publish these facts and arguments in opposition to *faction*, and as the defence of my country. To restore from calumny the character of your Sovereign, and of your constitution, and to rescue from oblivion the *decaying* evidences of your glory, is the pride and ambition of

ALBION.

March 8, 1810.

THE TELLERSHIP OF THE EXCHEQUER.

It might naturally have been expected, that the occupation of any public appointment by Mr. Yorke, that truly independent friend to the House of Brunswick and the Constitution, would draw down upon him all the venom of the Jacobins, as well as perpetual showers of scurrility from the pens of those minor scribblers, whose hate towards any public man, who is rewarded for his talents or his zeal, arises solely from the base principle of envy—They envy the man, whoever he may be, merely because they cannot obtain the appointment themselves; and this degenerate principle is not only exerted towards people who are connected with government, but has ever extended itself through all the common intercourses of mankind! It is, therefore, no novelty, and conse-

quently excites no surprise. For example, that Mr. Editor of the Times should publicly express his envy, and revile the Hon. Charles Yorke, will be considered perfectly natural by those who recollect, that only a few days before, that same Editor had been making a miserable *lamentation* about a great place, very much like a sinecure, which had been held by his family, and which he, no doubt, considered to be a sort of hereditary and unalienable property; but which was, to his surprise, one morning, taken from him, on account of his political tergiversation! For my part, I think that the deprivation he complains of was an act of the strictest justice; for no man ought to be allowed to revel in luxury, derived from public employments, who is not attached to the government to whom he is indebted for success. But not to run into digression upon irrelevant topics, I think it clear that Mr. Editor of the Times only envies Mr. Yorke the acquirement of a handsome sinecure, because he himself has lost one through his own folly and contumely. As to the question whether the appointment of the Tellership can be defended, which Mr. *Times* denies, it is not worth enquiring into; for where there is no accusation, there cannot possibly be any defence. Before we enter upon any justification of the appointment we should first ask, who can deny the *right* of the existing Government to dispose of such sinecures as may fall vacant during their administration? and secondly, whether *any* Administration would not have availed themselves of the opportunity to reward a firm friend of their country with any such appointment which might have been at their disposal? The clamourers of faction know well that there is nothing *irregular* in this appointment; but, as Mr. Yorke has shown a more manly spirit than any other member, in maintaining the privileges of our House of Commons, and bringing to punishment those who had presumed to cast obloquy on its proceedings, it was natural that the whole congregation of disaffected scribblers should combine to assail and stigmatise this gentleman, for having accepted a vacant situation, which was ready for a donative to some worthy patriot! But in the plentitude of their spleen, from the Demagogue himself, down to the very lowest scribbler of them all, they are not able to offer a single argument to shew *why* Mr. Yorke is not as deserving

of this appointment as any other man whatever; and had it not been for the late grant of a pension to Lord Wellington, it would have been impossible for them to raise the slightest shadow of an objection against it. All the Demagogue can say upon the subject is, that Ministers have *no right* to present any sinecures, nor Parliament a right to comply with the wishes of his Majesty, in granting pensions to *any* of our public men, because they are thus giving away *what does not belong to them!* A pretty sort of doctrine this, to be sure; it is exactly the same as to assert, that our legal representatives are public robbers when they vote supplies for carrying on the war! The Demagogue is of opinion that neither Lord Wellington, Sir John Moore, nor Mr Yorke, nor any other man who has done the State a service, ought to have a sixpence a year out of the public revenue. He knows of no *services* which Mr. Yorke has rendered the country, though he admits that this Gentleman exposed the infamy of the motives of Mr. Wardle, in the famed inquiry, and also that he had the manliness to declare that he would support the Minister, merely because the Minister was determined to stand by the King! Now as this was not mere *speechifying*, but as Mr. Yorke really, and independently, acted up to his *professions*, and *stood by* the Ministry, because they stood by the King, and certainly without the remotest expectation of recompence, I am sure that those who can presume to boast of the exercise of an impartial opinion, will say, that such a third-rate sinecure, as the fourth Tellership of the Exchequer, given to the gentleman in question, could never have been meant as a *reward* for his loyal and spirited exertions; but only as a simple testimony of the high respect in which he was held by the Ministers who had such a gift in their possession. It happened that, by an unfortunate accident, the place in question became at the Ministers' disposal, and they offered it to Mr. Yorke, as a gentlemanly and liberal testimony of their esteem, for his integrity and political independence. But let it not be said, that this token of respect was intended as a *remuneration* for past services: to assert this, would be a libel upon generous British spirit; for no such a place could have been meant as a compensation for Mr. Yorke's animated opposition to all the conspirators who are labouring

to undermine the throne. The Jacobins, the envious and the disaffected, exclaim, "What has Mr. Yorke done to deserve the sinecure in question?" an appointment which the Demagogue, in his vulgar ribaldry, denominates a *fat* place!—The loyal, with one voice will answer, "he has displayed on the most urgent occasions, when the furor of inveterate Jacobinism opposed the claims of reason and of justice, a firmness and a perseverance, which materially calculated to deprive a whole Senate of their momentary infatuation;" and parodying the emphatical conclusion of Mr. Henry Martin's speech, we may freely declare, "*there is not a man in the House, who, with an unprejudiced mind can question the propriety of the appointment!*" F. W. B.

ON THE CLAIMS OF THE CATHOLICS.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—It is a natural question, that must occur to every loyal man, at this time, to ask, why, or for what reason, is the call for Catholic Emancipation, as it is termed, *now* made? Is it because the spirit of toleration in the national church is less indulgent than heretofore, or that the laws of the land, respecting these people, have undergone any alteration, by which their persons, properties, or the free exercise of their religion has been any way affected? *Justice* and *equity* are the foundation of British laws,—*toleration* and *charity* that of her religion. If neither the *temporal* nor *spiritual* jurisdiction of the realm have infringed on the *settled* rights of the Roman Catholics, their cause of complaint, or rather their demand for power, must be sought for on other grounds.

There are only two points, which can, in the slightest degree, be brought to justify such a claim being at any time made; or, even if the *coronation oath* were to be dispensed with, that it ought, at any future period to be granted; these are *POLICY* on the part of Government, and *MERIT* on that of the Catholics. That man, be he whom he may, must be a weak politician, a stranger to the history of Ireland, and the principles and dispositions of the *MASS* of her Catholic inhabitants, who endeavours to increase their power; or he must be an enemy to this country, wishing such an accumulation of strength to be employed against us. With the exception of those who are striving for *places*, I mean the

regular Opposition, we shall find none other advocating the Catholic cause, on the score of *policy*, but men labouring to *overturn the existing Government!*

A more absurd position never was advanced, than, that an increase of power to a numerous body of people, who have been uniformly inimical to this country, ought to be considered as an *act of prudence*. The recommendation of the *policy* of this measure is of a piece with all the other plans of our *pseudo-patriots*, to forward their grand scheme of REVOLUTION; for I defy any one to produce a substantial reason, in support of the Catholics, that ought to induce Government to listen to their claim. The Catholics may insinuate, as the REFORMERS have already vouched for them, that, by granting them power, we shall insure their friendship; but how can it be expected that arguments and assertions of *enemies* to the established government, or the promises of a people who have so lately evinced (by their savage actions in the rebellion,) that inveterate hatred which they have always shown against both church and state to be still unabated, can have any weight with those who watch over the interests of the nation? The plea of *policy* is ridiculous, and that of *merit* beyond the effrontery of sergeant Cobbett himself, even to touch upon.

After all that the *reformers* can advance in support of the *political expediency* of granting the Catholic claims, they appeal to our consciences, and tell us, that *charity!*—*Christian charity!* demands that the brethren of the Romish persuasion should be admitted to all the rights and privileges of the *national church*. Surely, Mr. Blagdon, the wonder-workings of French philosophy have produced a great change amongst us; for had this claim, demand, or whatever it may be called, been made and persisted in for a single month, five and twenty or thirty years ago, it would have thrown the whole island of Great Britain into a flame; but now the CHURCH may be undermined, and the best of KINGS again and again insulted, without any display of that virtuous spirit our forefathers exerted to establish the SUPREMACY of both. How is human nature softened, and the mind of man illuminated by this *new philosophy*? It accommodates itself to *all* religions, without being confined to the practice of *any*; and in *benevolence and philanthropy* is

so unbounded, that it allows the welfare of the *present* to be sacrificed, in order to promote the happiness of *succeeding* generations.

This extraordinary change of the old established government, is sought for by *reformers*, on the same deceptious grounds that all other *intended innovations* are founded—on the levelling notions which distinguish the present era, as the *enlightened age!* But, Sir, to find men of the highest rank, of eminent talents and constitutional principles, joining in the cry of a sanguinary mongrel pack, to *bay* the King and *worry* him into *perjury*, is to me a matter of amazement. When I heard the Opposition casting severe reflections on the honour of the nation, for our being beforehand with the French in taking possession of the Danish fleet, and taxing our humanity in withholding *medicine* from the enemy, after he had decreed it to be a capital offence to have any sort of communication with us whatever, I regarded them no more than I would the whistlings of a cobbler. To find fault with the proceedings of Ministry, and to magnify misfortune and depreciate success, are means allowable, or, at least, are means always resorted to by Opposition Statesmen to get into place; but, attempting to *force* a measure on the *Sovereign*, which they know, themselves, to be repugnant to his feelings as a man and a Christian, and quite contrary to his *sacred engagements* at his installation to the throne of Great Britain, is surely, Sir, what no party views, nor any compact on earth, can justify—it is a most ungracious proceeding.

In persevering in the reiteration of this affair, there is an abominable cruelty displayed towards the King. His REASONS for not granting the Catholic petition are *publicly* known,—and known to be of such a nature too, that they would add dignity to a man of any age, station, or Christian profession; why then is the *conscience* of an exemplary virtuous Monarch thus assailed, in the evening of his days! It is a disgrace to the British name! and can only be equalled by the indignities offered to the unfortunate Louis XVI., which preluded the downfall of that government, and the destruction of himself and family. There, as it is here with us at this present time, the objects of *innovation*, under the *mask of reform*, were levelled at the THRONE, to break its power, and to destroy that superior influence and command, which

cannot be taken from kings, without making regality contemptible.

The majority of the people, throughout the country, both in England and Scotland, and a GREAT majority there is, love and venerate their Sovereign, and are as averse to *innovations* in the old established government, as they are to *insults* on Majesty; but their honest hearts and inexperienced minds are liable to be imposed upon by the wiles of seditious traitors, and influenced by the erroneous conduct of some infatuated *superiors*. Could the *real* views of these *propagandists* to French reform, and the true motive for Catholic Emancipation, with the cruel outrage it conveys to the conscience of our *good old King*, be fairly and openly laid before the people, in their several parishes, it would rouse a spirit in the nation, at which *modern philosophers* might justly tremble.

I cannot close this letter, without declaring myself a friend to all who *practise* Christianity, whatever may be their mode of worship, or creed of belief; and when I confess myself sorry that the *eldest* daughter of the church should suffer herself to be made the *dupe* of one party, and the *cats-paw* of another, I should hope that no good Catholic will condemn a Protestant effort, meant to serve the whole Christian family.

York, March 2, 1810.

J. A.

To R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq.*:

SHOWING THAT HE CAN BE CONSIDERED NEITHER FISH NOR FLESH, TILL HE THROWS AWAY HIS WINGS OR PLUCKS OUT HIS CLAWS.

*Mene solis placidi vultum, fluctusque quietos
Ignorare jubes? mene huic confidere monstro?*

VIRGIL.

By ALBION.

LETTER XI.

SIR,—Whoever goes about to reform such a man as you by an exposition of his life, undertakes an office obnoxious to malice, beset with difficulties, and disgusting in the highest degree. It speaks a confidence in his own capacity which prompts him to set up for the instructor of another; and it infers a charge of corruption or ignorance in a disciple, out of which he assumes he ought to be chas-

tised. Besides, blindness and prejudice are seldom to be resigned but with pain; and therefore, for the most part, are seldom resigned at all. It is an ungracious kindness to offer to let in the rays of understanding upon those minds, which are used to subsist in the dark. It is like opening day-light upon a nest of owls; it always sets them to screeching, to flight, or to *confusion*.

The difference, however, is considerable between natural and acquired ignorance, and the last is much more incurable than the first. The one is capable, and often willing to learn; whereas the other thinks itself above it, and is too wise to be informed. There can be no cure for one who, like you, is taught to be a blockhead: his ignorance is the fruit of instruction, it has cost him great pains, and his pride is engaged to support it. As he has improved his mind into learned darkness, so he stands upon his guard against common sense, and is proof against all the assaults of truth and reason.

But neither these, nor any other difficulties, or discouragements, shall hinder me from the generous attempt of endeavouring to reform you by EXPOSITION. I have the magnanimity to face them all, and set about the work; though I am sufficiently sensible of the greatness of the design, and have long wished that some abler pen had saved me the necessity of such a disgusting undertaking.

I confess, Sir, there have been some seeming attempts of this kind, which were carried on with much wit and dexterity; but I should be glad to know what service they have done to you or to the nation? The exposing of *small faults* can do but *small service*; and you may be passionate in your humours and irregular in your accounts, without hurting the bulk of society. *You may wear an unpaid-for coat and eleemosinary boots*, without prejudicing the kingdom; nor can I see any dreadful malignity in your *drinking the wine of a merchant who was absurd enough to let it into your keeping*! You may have houses, parks, carriages, horses, and dogs, which belong to other individuals, without invading *public property*; there is no *national harm* in protecting beautiful females; nor do cards and dice prejudice *trade* or shake the frame of the community! You may have the visage and corporation of Falstaff, and yet be a peaceable neighbour; you may be neither fish nor flesh,

* The Reader must have discovered that the Letters of Albion to the Whigs, and other misguided individuals of notoriety, have been necessarily suspended, on account of the pressure of temporary matter. They shall, in future, be inserted as regularly as possible.

till you throw away your wings or pluck out your claws, and yet not endanger the liberties of the people or the blessings of the Constitution!

These *little* sallies and excrescences of character, as they give pleasure and happiness to you, so they often entertain wiser people, and serve more as a subject for mirth than for satire. But the greater and more important mischiefs, with which you afflict human society, have been, for the most part, left untouched by your biographers; and your political principles have been seldom attacked by any, but rather flattered and supported.

There is no power in names to consecrate persons or things, or to alter their nature; and yet the majority of mankind have always worshipped the idols of words and sounds; and the monosyllable, "*Whig*," by which you are distinguished, has given you more power to perpetrate crimes than all the dispositions of your mind. In Catholic countries, the word "*Pope*" carried with it more reverence than the Testament, and more terror than an armed host. And, lately, in France, the "*divine right of the people*," (undefined nonsense), carried a hundred thousand innocent beings to the lamp-post and the block!!!

This blind devotion to names, so inconsistent with true liberty, which shows itself in *judging* as well as *acting*, prevails in this nation to so shameful and dangerous a degree, that a reverence is still paid to them, even when they are evidently applied to the most impious and treasonable purposes. Hence, Sir, is to be attributed your influence in society, and the wounds you are enabled to give the body-politic. But, really, I am at a loss under what word you now immediately act. For God's sake, Sir, tell me *what principles you are of?* To what class of politicians do you belong? To none certainly authorised by the state. You appear incapable of making a consistent Whig, though that seems to be the highest ambition of your soul. Your Whiggism is not that of the immortal Fox. He pretended to meekness and humility; and, although omnipotent in talent, disclaimed the use of tyranny when in power. Although deemed infallible by genius, he injured no man or set of men. Are you his successor! Are you a champion that resembles his picture? What madness, to call yourself a Whig, and the representative of a Fox, before you had burnt

the evidences of your life, or put out the eyes of your judge!

Credulity and implicit belief are equally as dangerous in government as in religion. They have made the world slaves, and they are likely to keep it so. You call yourself a *Whig*, "a friend of the people," and I see you actuated by as savage and unreasonable passions as any other man I know. I see you wishing to govern absolutely those, who have *at least* as much virtue, sense, and *sobriety* as yourself. I see your head as deep in wicked counsel, and your hands as deep in political crime, as the head and hands of any other man upon the earth!

To avoid the charge of dealing in generalities, I shall proceed with that particular and eccentric biography which has marked my other letters, communicated to the public through the medium of Mr. Blagdon's interesting press.

Born and educated, as Horace says, among *mendici, mimi, balatrones*—that is, *beggars, players, variets*, and contemptible persons of every sort, you were early prepared to perform the parts you have since acted with so much *eclat* through life. If I am not mistaken, your first *débüt* was on the stage of the Cockpit, where you acted the part of *Catiline*, and in a particular style of abilities, which rendered all inferior exertions of treasonable eloquence almost useless and absurd. Indeed, there is a magnitude in extraordinary talents, that contrasts and *caricatures* the comparative inequality of those who are placed in competition with them. Qualities which, carried to an extreme, are striking from their enormity, (such as desperate vehemence and outrageous acrimony) become ridiculous in imitation, and impotent by inferiority. They resemble *theatrical thunder* compared with *real*; and serve only to burlesque an *original*, that can never be successfully imitated. From your example then, Sir, before I proceed, I beg to remind the minor mal-contents and mimic republicans of the present day, that they would do well to reflect, how very contemptible the *petty* partizans of faction have been in all ages and countries. Ravailiac had his *Monk committees* and holy associations, whose *debates* and *resolutions* have been charitably consigned to oblivion! There have been dozens of duodecimo Catilines, who buzzed conspiracy in every corner of the *forum* where you acted, though history has not

stooped to name them: nor has there ever been any desperate leader from the rank of Cromwell to Cade, who has not boasted, like you, of a gang of followers, *officious* and *obscure*, busy and forgotten. Instructed on these preparatory boards, the Rockingham managers introduced you to the public on the Great National Stage, where you contrasted our Aristophanes with the Roscius of Mr. Fox. The reception of both was equal to the ambition of the most unbounded mind. No young parliamentary actors of talents had, for years, met with such universal patronage and applause. Every succeeding *scene* was the echo of the former; the same quantity of time was devoted to the same act; even stated hours seemed almost appointed for each particular speech; nor was it a very difficult calculation to imagine who was actually performing, you or Mr. Fox, by only looking at one's watch; for the daily movements of your rhetoric were as mechanically exhibited, by a periodical succession of figures, as those of the famous *Strasbourg clock*; except, indeed, when some rough unmanageable country actor would start out, like the savages of St. Dunstan's, to give a hasty stroke or two, and then retire again, to rest in peace on their unpolished clubs.

The first regular piece in which you performed a conspicuous part, was the tragedy of the American War. Your acting, it is said, was inimitable, and marked with all the frigid philosophy of the oldest player. You beheld the sufferings of your country without sympathy, and the atrocious proceedings of the rebels without indignation or despair. On the contrary, by coupling your part with that of *liberty*, you succeeded in terrifying British justice from her purpose, and in shaking the very basis of the throne. This afflicting spectacle was followed by a *melo-drame*, called the Impeachment of Warren Hastings. In this piece, it must be confessed, that you performed the part of the *false-accuser* in a manner that merited, and obtained, the most unbounded applause. Your retrospect of his aggressions; your examination of the causes and extent of his aggravated crimes; and your nicer scrutiny into his India plunder, murders, and variety of nefarious actions and designs, formed a grand piece of acting; and, had your accusations not been entirely destitute of *truth*, they would have dis-

guised every blot on your character, and handed you down to posterity as a man illuminated by genius, and distinguished by *integrity* and worth! To this succeeded the deepest tragedy that was ever represented to mankind. I mean the French revolution; at which time your part was that of an enemy of kings. An enemy both daring and subtile you proved; whose scenes of artful acting laboured at the annihilation, not of France, but of the independence of the British empire; whose *public declaration* foretold the downfall of our invaluable Constitution, and whose speeches *tended* to enervate zeal by alluring the people to a rebellious, corrupt, and insubordinate way of thinking.

At the time, too, previous to the events which I have related, when Heaven threatened this nation with a still more awful scene, (the indisposition of his most gracious Majesty,) the part you had to perform was worthy of a Catiline! What effusions of ambition! What efforts of yourself and colleagues, to place the functions of Royalty in hands, that the Constitution would not consent to intrust it to! What a bold piece of acting—to meditate to seize the Government of the country, by means that every honest man shudders to contemplate! By means which would have led to a civil war, and revived a series of bloody contests such as occurred between the houses of York and Lancaster!!!

What, then! you were performing the part of an eminent actor; whose excellence could only appear in scenes of devastation, and deeds terminating in atrocious or brilliant catastrophe! I have now arrived at the performance of the Irish rebellion, in which you represented the part of *the Insurgent*, and in a manner beyond the power of encomium to remunerate. The scene between you and that desperate villain, O'Connor, was particularly affecting; and, when you called upon Heaven to witness your affection for the man, and your idolatry to his principles, your style became so natural, that the audience shuddered with indignation, and took you for a more perfidious traitor than the character whom you advocated and adored! From the *memorabilia* of those times, however, it appears that a theatrical degeneracy began to pervade; that you abandoned the similitudes of traitor, rebel, and incendiary, in which you had been so long accustomed

to succeed, and took up that of a *gentleman* and loyalist; although nature, *habit*, and education, denied you the requisites essential to such spheres! Your deficiency of talent and eloquence were peculiarly visible in the FARCE wherein you were made a Right Honourable Privy Councillor and a guardian to our naval *Treasure*!—After this ill-advised measure—a scene which fixes an indelible blot on the times in which it was acted—you lost your vehemence and powerful species of oratory: your language became neat and pointed, though somewhat tinctured with Drury pedantry; your arguments seemed ingenuous, though perhaps too refined for the comprehension of your auditory. You employed much antithesis, much verbal jingle, and many whimsical climaxes. You talked of the competency or incompetency of the House to the discussion of *the* question; of *the* materiality or immateriality of *the* amendment; of the responsibility or irresponsibility of Ministers. You said you neither asked, nor knew, nor cared to what the question might ultimately tend; but of this you were confident, that its propriety *ought* to be clearly evinced, and its necessity irrefragably proved. Upon the whole, your harangues, at all times, and ever since you have assumed the character of loyalist and gentleman, seemed to be a medley of *trimming* quibble, quaint humour, and sophistical nonsense and absurdity. The fact is, Sir, that, when invested with official consequence, you were ignorant what to do or what to say. You had undertaken a laborious performance. It was not the familiar parts of Whig or Tory you had to represent, but that of an *equivocal* politician—the most difficult character to delineate in the whole circle of the Parliamentary drama. Ask such a man how he means to act, and he will answer you, that he is no party-man, but will freely tell you his general principles, and avow his former line of conduct. And so far he acts up to the spirit of the Constitution. But if, afterwards, Sir, in your manner, his conduct is a desertion of those principles, and totally inconsistent with what he himself declares it to have formerly been; if, in short, it be evasive, shuffling, and mean; if he *hang* aloof in the *lobby*; take an impartial dinner in the adjoining *coffee-houses*; or happen, *unluckily*, to be called out, on very particular business, *just* before the *division*; and then *sail* up and down the passages; *cruise* in the committee-rooms; *bear away* for the court of requests; or *steer* directly home in his carriage, *with his lights out*; then, indeed, the previous acknowledgment of his former principles and conduct is useless and ridiculous; and he must be content to rank with those, whose cold ungrateful caution, and *armed neutrality*, are nearly as pernicious as, and far more despicable than, the bold hostility of a Whitbread, or the plunging enmity of a Burdett. You also miserably failed in the part of the *Hypocrite* in the Election of Stafford. Your constituents were dear to your heart at one moment, and at another you forget all your protestations of fidelity and affection toward them. And the plan, of sending down your son to act the part you neglected and despised, had the appearance of stage-juggle; and, very properly, raised against both, nothing but hooting, malediction, and cries. Honest and unsuspecting *country-constituents*, they little thought that you could have been base enough to abandon them after so many years of grateful tribute paid to your baneful talents, and seek for the approbation of 15,000 city electors, by the great majority of whom you were despised, pitied, condemned. Notwithstanding, so it actually happened; and, by a concurrence of the most extraordinary circumstances, you again acted a *first part* in an *election piece*, which, for infamy of principle, and extent of *tricks*, has no parallel in the elective annals of the world. Antiquity has left us no precedent, and modern composition has no example of the kind. It was a gigantic spectacle, supported at once by the rich and the poor, by the seditious and the loyal. The mandates of “the people” assumed the most peremptory aspect; the floodgates of corruption were thrown open, and the whole political theatre deluged by public violence, private intrigue, audacious bribery, and unblushing perjury! In this scene, you were once again *at home*. You were a Colossus, a Leviathan of unexampled powers of action! You walked the stage with a brazen front, bullying every attribute of public virtue, and swearing, to the gazing crowd, that you would be *faithful to your Sovereign*, if they would condescend but to elect you the object of their conviction. Here, truly, was a grand representation; and, had it not been followed by a Bacchanalian farce, where you were heard to toast “the Sovereignty of the People,” and the

King, in such terms as indicated that he was *the creature of the people*; it would have induced mankind to suppose that you had been an honourable original, instead of a flagitious actor, through the whole course of your life.

But it is time that I should recover my serious state of composition. I am, in fact, ashamed of the levity which pervades nearly the whole of this letter. With such a man as you, Sir, and under such circumstances, in my opinion, jocularity is odious, and wit becomes blasphemy. My design in writing is for other purposes than those of calling forth risibility: a risibility at any time is highly improper, but particularly so at the time I contemplate a character who sullies the glory of the government and disgraces the elective franchise of the people!

Humanity, dear and generous quality of man's heart, wouldst thou shrink at such necessary rigour, where palliation would again engender plots of rebellion; and lead traitors to yield up their native soil, to share in its robbery and crimes? No, Sir, to compromise with Whigs and Jacobins would be the inevitable cause of the subjugation of the land; for, if once we link with the patrons of Cobbett and the friends of Despard, we shall no longer eat the bread of our inheritance, talents, or industry. We shall cease to be *free*, and exist only to pamper the luxury, the vices, and insufferable pride of those hungry Whigs whom we have so often subdued. I then declare, Sir, that, notwithstanding the tribute I have paid to your *literary* powers, you are a *political* enemy unworthy my respect, having, long since, by the multiplicity and singularity of your polemical crimes, forfeited all claims to honourable treatment. And I must here confess, that it is extraordinary, (speaking of the *principal* men of *your* faction in general), that as your wicked arts increase in number, variety and atrocity, the desire of punishing them becomes more and more faint, and the talk of an *indemnity* towards them, every day, stronger and stronger. The ideas of British justice appear to be fairly conquered and overpowered by guilt when it is grown gigantic. It is not in the point of view we are in the habit of seeing guilt. The crimes we every day punish, are really below the penalties we inflict. The criminals are *obscure* and *feeble*! This is the view in which we perceive ordinary political crimes and criminals.

But when guilt is seen, though but for a time, to be furnished with the arms of genius, and to be invested with the robes of Parliament, it seems to assume another nature, and to get, as it were, out of our jurisdiction and reach. This I fear is the case with you, Sir. The credulity of the people elected you to Parliament—the credulity of Ministers have more than once elected you to power. This sheds a lustre over your political sins—you are spared at once by justice, by *mercy*, by *oblivion*, and by *the halter*. To this perversion of humanity is also to be attributed the hopes with which you are *now* animated, (in the anticipation of a *change of Ministry*!) of being again admitted an Officer of State! Hopes, which it is my duty to frustrate, by condemning the neutrality you *now* affect, and by imploring my gracious Master, the best of Kings, to ask you, in the words of my motto, when next you bend over his sacred hand, to give the Judas kiss,—“Do you desire that I should not distrust the appearance of the placid sea, and the waves which are *now* quiet?—Do you wish that I should confide in such a monster?—Do you think that I am not on my guard against those deceitful appearances, WHICH ARE THE SURE FORERUNNERS OF DANGER?”

To these overwhelming questions of his Majesty, I will add an injunction of Horace to the people. “*Hic niger est; hunc tu Romane caveto.*” That man is of a black character, do you, Englishmen, beware of him. I remain, Sir, your true delineator,

ALBION.

Address of the Livery of London, January 9, 1810.

To the KING's Most Excellent MAJESTY.

(Continued from page 766.)

“Deriving no benefit from experience, a third well-appointed army, under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley, was hurried into the interior of Spain, alike ignorant of the force and movements of the enemy, where, after an unprofitable display of British valour, and a dreadful slaughter, this army, like the former, was compelled to seek its safety by a precipitate retreat, before (what we were led to believe) a vanquished foe, leaving thousands of our sick and wounded countrymen in the hands of the enemy.

“This loss, like others, has passed without inquiry, and, as if impunity had placed the servants of the crown above the reach of justice, your Majesty has been advised to confer titles of honourable distinction on the General who had

thus exhibited a rash and ostentatious display of unprofitable bravery.

"After these multiplied errors, and in defiance of reiterated experience, we have seen another expedition yet more expensive, more disgraceful, and more calamitous, than the former—this armament delayed until the fate of Austria was decided, landed on the unwholesome shores of the Scheldt, where, after an unaccountable state of inaction, thousands of our brave soldiers have miserably and ingloriously perished, by the pestilence, privation, and disease, without having accomplished one national object. On such an expedition, planned and conducted by a Minister, who, it is now known, had been pronounced unfit for his office, by his colleagues; an expedition that touches all minds with shame and fills, all hearts with agony, it is too painful to dilate.

"We cannot refrain from representing to your Majesty, that while the affairs of the nation have been so shamefully misconducted abroad, the most scandalous waste, profusion, and mismanagement has prevailed at home; and your Majesty's confidential advisers, destitute of all those qualities essential to good government, and regardless alike of the sufferings of the people, and of the honour of their Sovereign, and insensible or indifferent to the surrounding dangers, and the impending fate of the country, have been engaged in the most disgraceful squabbles, intrigues, and cabals, that ever degraded the councils of any nation, and which cannot but be as disreputable to your Majesty's Government, as they are ruinous and dishonourable to the country.

"While we disclaim all interest in the views of contending parties, from a firm conviction that we cannot look for a reformation in the abuses of the State, from any persons or parties interested in the preservation of them; we cannot but express our ardent hope, that your Majesty will be more fortunate in the choice of the men to whom you may hereafter confide the conduct of your affairs: and that your councils will be no longer embarrassed, nor the country insulted and dishonoured, by those disgraceful occurrences which, while they have exposed us to the ridicule of surrounding nations, may embolden the enemy to look forward with confidence to the subjugation of a nation so distracted in her councils, and so improvidently governed.

"That while we forbear enumerating a long train of internal grievances, we cannot but attribute such a series of failures and disasters to the abuses and corruptions of the State, and the consequent want of a constitutional controul over the public expenditure, and the servants of the Crown, whereby the responsibility of Ministers appears to exist only in name.

"We therefore humbly pray your Majesty will be graciously pleased to assure your loyal and affectionate people, that the object to which their wishes are directed is neither to be abandoned or eluded, and that your Majesty will be pleased to institute a rigid, impartial, and general enquiry, into these great national misfortunes; into the plans upon which these expeditions were undertaken, and into the conduct of the commanders to whom they were entrusted.

"Signed by Order.

"HENRY WOODTHORPE."

FRENCH EXPOSE.

Continued from page 798.

His Majesty wished no species of merit, whether literary or belonging to the sciences and arts, to be unrewarded. The decree of the 24th Fructidor, of the year 12, has been regarded by the Emperor merely as an expression of a general sentiment. That sentiment has just received a full development by a late Decree, augmenting the number of prizes. New examinations, new adjudications, are become necessary. The Emperor wishes to be certain that they shall express the sentiments of an enlightened public opinion, and to acquire this certainty, he has ordered that the works honoured by these adjudications, be subjected to a solemn discussion. A distinction highly flattering to those whose works are judged worthy of the prizes.

"The Museum of Natural History has been increased; that of the arts has received new riches by the requisitions of the *Chefs d'Ouvre* of the Borgese Gallery.

Agriculture.—"The propagation of the culture of improved wool has made new advances, arising in a great measure from the importation of Spanish and German flocks.

"Twenty thousand choice mares have been presented to the twelve hundred stallions collected in our studs and depots. Premiums have been distributed to the proprietors of the finest breeds—The cultivation of cotton in our southern provinces has hitherto afforded nothing but hopes, these have not been destroyed by the two extraordinary seasons of 1808 and 1809, and that is a great point gained. Attempts have been made to naturalize indigo. France produces grain and wine far beyond her consumption—as to wine of the first quality, this had been a well known fact, but our dependence on foreign countries for grain has always been considered as an established truth. How valuable then the experiment now making.

"Some Districts indeed find it impossible to sell their corn. This is a momentary misfortune, but will be a source of security for the future! The scarcities most frequently depended merely on opinion; it was only requisite to enlighten this, and France, henceforth secure of producing an increase beyond her consumption, can no longer be in fear of want.

"The Emperor has, however, devoted all his solicitude to the present circumstances; exportation of corn is permitted from a great number of points of our frontiers, both maritime and terrestrial provided always that the price exceed not certain rates in the neighbouring markets.

Manufactures and Industry.—"Industry increases the value of their materials, by manual labour, and frequently in proportions that may be termed infinite: it has constantly occupied the attention of Government; but how the effect of authority cannot be a direct influence, encouragements granted, modifications introduced into the tariffs of the custom-houses, whether national or foreign, such are its meanings, and such are its measures. It has further watched, with redoubled care over the School of Arts and Trades, at Chalons, of which the good effects continue to be felt. M. Richard, Messrs. Ternaux, M. Obuhampt, M. de Neufelize, and many others, have continued in their valuable establishments a degree of activity, an organization, and means of improvement, which, under them, are worthy to be cited. They do honour to the nation, and contribute to its prosperity.

Mines.—"The mines conceal riches, which, without industry, would remain buried in the earth. A regulation for the mines, positive and clear, will be completed in the course of your session. Means for deriving from it the earliest benefits are prepared. France possesses a great number of valuable coal mines, which secure us from all fear of ever wanting fuel.

"Mines of copper, lead, and silver, are now working; others are objects of search and experiment.

Commerce.—"Commerce is employed generally in deriving the greatest possible advantage from the products of agriculture and labour. Ours undoubtedly suffers from the extraordinary state of affairs, which, forming, as it were, two masses: one, of the Continent of Europe; the other, of the seas, and the countries from which those seas divide us, leaves them without any permitted communication. —Nevertheless, the home consumption, in which a much larger number of individuals participate, since plenty (*l'aisance*) is known to classes hitherto strangers to it and our connections with our neighbours, maintain a great activi-

ty in a trade of barter. Our connections with the United States of America are suspended; but, formed by mutual wants, they will soon resume the course. Lyons beholds the prosperity of her manufactures revive; and receives the orders of Germany, Russia, and the Interior. Naples furnishes us cotton, which her soil daily produces, with increased abundance, and which diminish the more distant importations.

Finances.—"The connection of commerce with public credit will naturally lead your attention to a phenomenon, which strikes us less at present, because each year reproaches it; the exactness of all payments without new contributions, without loans, without anticipations, and in the midst of war for which, at any other time, the most extraordinary efforts would have appeared below what such enterprises required; the admirable effect of the simplicity of springs and movements of a vigorous order, and the exactness of calculations, into which his Majesty has not disdained to enter himself. The register of landed property is continued; its advantages are found in the subpartition of a great number of cantons and communes; we shall soon derive from it the general amelioration of the land-tax, and the just proportion of the contribution to the products.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS—Several country Subscribers having desired that a Copy of Albion's Pamphlet on Catholic Emancipation, may be sent to them with the Register, they are informed that pamphlets do not pass free of postage; a circumstance that they evidently are not aware of. The way to obtain them is, to apply to any Country Bookseller, who will order them from his Publisher in Town.

LONDON: Edited, printed, and published by and for F. W. BLAGDON, of the Royal Cockpit, Westminster, at No. 76, Fleet-street. It is requested that all Letters relative to this Paper may be sent (Post-paid) to the Editor's residence.

BLAGDON'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

VOL. I.—No. 24.] LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1810. [Price 1s.

Ye hands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys,
Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS.—Comments on the infamous attempts of Sir Francis Burdett to insult and libel the throne.—Connection between the Baronet and Cobbett, with its consequences exposed.—The real “secret influence and power behind the throne” explained! On the distinction that is necessary to be made between the attacks on Lord Chatham and those which are levelled at his whole family.—Description of the eloquence of the great Lord Chatham, and its effects—the eloquence of Mr. Sheridan contrasted with it; with some additional remarks on that orator's character!—Political conduct of General Tarleton scrutinised.—Remarks on the late sudden apostacy of REDHEAD YORKE!—The Narrative of Sir Richard Strachan, relative to the Walcheren Expedition.—Announcement of a most important series of Essays in refutation of all the prejudices against Bank Notes, and of every assertion that has been made in the Demagogue's Register, under the head of “JACOBIN GUINEAS!”

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Addressed to the People of the United Kingdom, &c.

“*Nam nos tala pater ferrumque debile dextra
spargimus,
Et nostro sequitur de vulnere sanguis.*”

“WE, too, O Father! with no languid arm,
can hurl the dart; and, from the wounds we
give, blood follows!”

By ALBION.

STRICTURE VII.

ENGLISHMEN!—I am commanded by that authority, before which all should bend, to love those who oppose me: I must confess myself, notwithstanding, incapable of complying with this amiable, this heavenly injunction; and I am disposed to think, that even the precepts of religion may admit of some qualification; and that it cannot be an offence against the purity of Heaven, to possess a detestation of the dark malice of the malignant heart of the present opprobrious Opposition. An open enemy, such as Mr. Whitbread, is, at least, a generous one, whose vengeance, if the means of conciliation should fail, the object of it may be prepared to meet, or find an opportunity to avoid; but the cowardly and assassinating spirit of *secret* injury, whose arrow flieth by night, waits for the unsuspecting, unguarded moment to make its attack; and having done the projected mischief, retires to the dismal obscurity which shrouds it alike from observation and from pursuit. Hence, innocence is blackened, virtue debased, and honour sullied: hence, false rumours are spread abroad, public discontent engendered,

and authorities despised; while the *secret* engine of this evil, not daring to meet the vengeance of insulted honour, and, with a subtle cunning, preserving its course within the boundaries of law, continues to spit forth the fabricated venom into a world too well disposed to receive and propagate the poison. But such diabolical malignity must finally recoil upon itself, and writhe under the agonizing reflection, that it cannot communicate to others the tythe of its own wretchedness and pains.—Englishmen! be patient—this is neither vague declamation nor idle theory. I am not seduced by fancy, or deluded by conjecture; for, the name of the man to whom every observation I have written may be justly applied, is before me: it is Sir Francis Burdett. I had hoped, that I had “*pulverised*” this character to such a degree, that I had reduced him to such “*dust*” and insignificance; that I had proved him so base and dangerous, so capable of betraying his country, in order to trample on civilization, and violate the rights of Majesty, that I should have no farther occasion to “hurl the dart,” and hasten the moment of his much-wished for political dissolution. But as, in the manner of Mr. Whitbread's *Punchinello*, he rises from a death-bed penitence, flushed with new hopes of protracted existence, impatient for deeper vices, and anxious for more aggravated profligacy, I must pursue him, till I see a hectic virtue glow upon his cheek, or till I see him upon the verge of the grave, imploring pardon of God, for the insults and injuries he has heaped upon his country, and upon society at large. This sudden storm is raised, from its having just come to my knowledge,

that Sir Francis Burdett is the *secret* prompter of the Opposition, and that he is under the absolute control and supreme dominion of that despicable hypocrite, William Cobbett. And what, my countrymen! has been the consequence?—Already we have lived to see the day when this ruinous and wretched Opposition; this Opposition which has set friend against friend, relation against relation, and connection against connection, has insolently caused the resignation of an illustrious son of a beloved Sovereign, from the high command to which he was by birth entitled, and by his indefatigable exertion, in which, he obtained the appellation of the “Soldier’s Friend.” We have also seen the day, when, from the *secret* instructions of Cobbett, conveyed to Sir Francis, this Opposition had the audacity to call the throne a *Cypher*, and to assert, in the midst of a degenerate “*Room*,” that there existed “behind the Throne,” a power greater than the Throne itself! The interpretation of which is, that those who dare not invade the Throne, can, with impunity, attack the influence which resides behind it, and thereby render it as weak and subservient to their visionary views, as the most profligate leveller could possibly seek to accomplish or to desire.

Sir Francis Burdett, like all the other jugglers and impostors who infest the country, employs cabalistic and mysterious expressions to promote the perpetration of his designs. Thus “the *secret* power that sways the Crown.” Why does not the knave speak out like a man? What motive can he have for conveying his sense in the language of a Pythian priestess of old, or in that of the gipsy fortune-tellers of our own times? What is that *secret influence* he so loudly complains of? Will he not come forward and name the monster he has discovered behind the Throne, and expose it to the fury and indignation of the world? No, Englishmen! he dare not give a name to the “*secret influence*” against which he combats! He dare not utter the name of PITT, for the spirit of that name is the influence he reprobates, and the phantom he abhors. He dare not mention a name which so often made him tremble, and which belonged to a man endowed with that daring genius, which, when the tongue of the orator had faltered, and ministerial resolution been seen to shrink, had rendered himself superior to the shifts of his less courageous associates, and had

urged him to avow the reasons of his public conduct in the very teeth of a scoffing Opposition and criminal faction. Mr. Pitt feared not the sarcasm of the sarcastic, the envy of the envious, the insults of the insolent, or the malice of the disappointed. He alone was qualified to fill the important station of Prime Minister, and his SPIRIT *alone* is proper to form that *secret influence* which guards the Throne from infamy and disaster. This is well understood by Sir Francis and his abettors in “the Chamber.” They well know the power of the “*secret influence behind the Throne*,” they well know that that power resides in the SPIRIT of PITT, and that it is necessary to “*pulverise*” that House of illustrious statesmen before that *secret influence* can be effectually destroyed. To produce this effect, they endeavour to cast a night of oblivion over the name of a family to which the country owes the present existence of its government, its religion, its laws, its wealth, its integrity, and its fame.—Here, however, I must particularly request the reader to observe, that I am by no means about to defend the conduct of Lord Chatham in his military capacity. The proceedings connected with the Inquiry, I am concerned to admit, have placed that conduct in a light far more than equivocal; but the immortality of his illustrious house must not be suffered to be assailed or questioned through the misconduct or even the criminality of its remaining member. Lord Chatham’s retirement from the Council of his Sovereign, is judicious; but the unprejudiced observer cannot behold without abhorrence the successful efforts of the Opposition, in debauching every metropolitan newspaper, not excepting the *Morning Post*, into an *ex-parte* and virulent abuse of that nobleman; yet to cast a night of oblivion on the name shall not be accomplished while I have power to move my pen. And, even now, while all the world is up in arms against the “*secret influence*,” and while ingratitude is travelling its muddy way, to “*pulverise*” the decaying honours of a Pitt, I will recall to that world the great Lord Chatham, and exhibit the father of the present statesman, as a model for British senators to imitate, and as a man, my countrymen! whom it is your most sacred duty to justify and adore. It is the more necessary from time to time to pay homage to the *manes* of the illustrious dead, because there is an indigence of living

greatness, and because it is becoming a preconceived plan of the Opposition, to despise the wisdom and conduct of their ancestors, and to impose themselves upon "the people" as persons endowed with more superior attributes than have as yet fallen to the most enlightened inhabitants of this earth. To the gift of integrity and eloquence in particular, they lay a peculiar claim. I shall contrast the character of the great Lord Chatham with the first speaker of the Opposition, Mr. Sheridan, the political heir of the consummate Fox.—Englishmen! attend to the contrast: it will convey to your mind a just portraiture of the former and of the present times, and enable you to form some estimate of those men who persecute a Pitt, and applaud a man whom he instructed you to despise. I do not select Mr. Sheridan from the cruel spirit of "*breaking a butterfly upon a wheel*;" I take him as a contrast, in consequence of his being, *when he pleases*, without exception, the first-rate orator in the house, and the member of the most extraordinary powers and capacity of mind.

That species of eloquence, which bears the title of sublime, is majestic, abundant, splendid, and unites in itself all the strength and vehemence which the art of oratory possesses. It is that kind of eloquence which commands an instant and universal assent, renders itself the mistress of public deliberations, astonishes the world by the rapidity of its course; and, after having excited the applause and admiration of mankind, leaves them, in despair, to attain an equal height of perfection. In a word, it is that eloquence which reigns, with sovereign authority, over the minds, and in the hearts, of all who listen to it; sometimes overturning whatever shall resist its force, and at other times insinuating itself into the very soul by its secret charms; to-day establishing opinions altogether unknown, and, on the morrow, mingling those with the dust which appeared to be immovably established.

Such was the eloquence of *the late* Lord Chatham! The grandeur of his ideas, the force of his expressions, the magnanimity of his sentiments, the extent of his knowledge, the wisdom of his experience, the energy of his voice, the powers of his look, the dignity of his action, will justify my assertion, even in the opinion of those who have only heard of his name; but to those who have heard his voice in the public deliberations of his

country, my definition of his eloquence, or perhaps any other, must appear inadequate to that combination of pre-eminent excellence which composed it. It was a rapid torrent, whose irresistible flood bore down, and overwhelmed, every thing that opposed its course: and, after having amazed the country through which it rolled its impetuous waters, made the ocean itself recoil from a superior wave.

The elevated aspect of this great man commanded the awful veneration of all who beheld him; while, by a certain peculiar grace in his manner, arising from a consciousness of his own exalted worth, the dignity of his situation, and the solemn, important scenes wherein he had acted, he seemed at once to acknowledge and to repay the respect which he had received. The subjects on which his eloquence had at any time been employed, whether while he was in possession of power, or after his retreat, were worthy of it. The most important interests of his country occupied his comprehensive, vigorous, and superior mind: they quickened his enthusiasm, elevated his dignity, and sublimed his discourse. Under their impulse, he would arise from the animated pursuit of irrefragable argument, to a boldness of hyperbole, that became *him alone*, and venture upon the language of prophecy, which could only be justified by its certain accomplishment.

No idea was too vast, no image too sublime, for the grandeur of his conceptions, and the majesty of his manner. His expressions seemed to be of his own creation, and yielded in strength and sublimity but to the language of inspiration, which he was accustomed to adopt with such powerful and appropriate energy. Hence it was, that he could strike his adversaries dumb, make ministers wise, and traitors tremble. Hence it was, that he made Englishmen enthusiasts, and made this nation believe themselves irresistible as well as invincible, and, under such impressions, to realize their belief!

At the close of life, his venerable form, though bowed with age and infirmity, was still animated by a mind that nothing could subdue: his spirit still remained, and, till the last act of his political life, beneath which he sunk, continued to arm his eye with lightning, and to clothe his lips with thunder.

The superior characteristic of his eloquence was dignity; and such was the compass of his powers, that there was no

playfulness of fancy, or sprightliness of wit, which he could not accommodate to the leading feature of his character. His rising up, and his sitting down, every trifling motion or familiar action, was so managed, as to partake of the general grandeur of his nature and render it more conspicuous. They who have seen and heard him, will acknowledge that some degree of justice is done to his abilities in this imperfect sketch of them. To those whose admiration of him springs entirely from the description of others, I must address myself in the language of ancient eloquence,—*quanto magis admiraremini, si audissetis ipsum*.

It chills my blood, it rends my heart, to turn from the contemplation of so much greatness, and to view an orator of opposite qualifications or contrasted endowments.

However, I shall do justice to Mr. Sheridan. To the most extensive experience and cultivated knowledge, he adds a very brilliant imagination, and the most ready, rapid eloquence. By toiling in the mines of literature, he has ingrafted erudition upon genius: so great is his proficiency in this art, such is the splendour of his *sophisms*, in views so infinitely varied has he the magic power of displaying his facts, and illustrating his arguments, that a *prism* is necessary to distinguish his *colouring*, and mark the true stream of light, from the fictitious hues of fancy. His conceptions are vigorous, and his methodical arrangement is excellent; and, by a happy union of rhetoric and logic, he is equally able to enforce persuasion and refute objection. He joins strength to delicacy, precision to copiousness, justness to elegance, and symmetry to variety: his *winged* expression aptly represents his thoughts, which have often a boldness that falls with the impetuosity of the thunderbolt. Like the great Chatham, his ideas are abundant, and his language copious and flowing—it animates and irradiates. His flowery thoughts are often exhibited in the most glaring light, and he plays with the imagination of the hearer, as the winds with the waves of the watery element. But he is deficient in *virtue*, and consequently has but a transient dominion over the feelings of the heart. The ear is charmed by the magic of sounds, but the soul is neither improved nor exalted. The knowledge of the orator's corruption, of his propensity to evil, and of the rapidity of his course to the last stage of de-

praved nature, makes us shudder before he has half concluded his speech, and to feel a more alarming horror than if he were a murderer, committing before the eye of Mercy, the most atrocious crimes. From hence it appears, (and I wish my words may shine in golden characters on the front of every academy,) that whoever is base enough to practise those arts which loosen the bonds of morality, who has dared to debauch the mind from its innocence; who blends the colours of vice and virtue, so as to obscure any distinction between them, and who exerts the powers of eloquence and pleasing, to lull asleep the admonitions of conscience, can never rank as an orator in society; because he who is deemed a traitor to honour and to virtue, must cease to have influence over the mind, and deserves to be excluded from human intercourse for ever!

There is another enemy of the House of Chatham, who draws my attention from Mr. Sheridan: I mean General Tarterton. For thirty years this gentleman has been the servant of the public. The first five years he employed in a predatory war, which he has displayed in a work of greater volume than that which exhibits the achievements of Cæsar, Alexander, or Philip of Macedon; and the remaining twenty-five years he has passed in criticising the exploits of his countrymen, and in living himself in the most unblushing indolence, and ignominious ease. But he is a servant of the public, say the people of Liverpool, thirty years, and we will return him to Parliament till he becomes so *imbecile*, that, when he finds himself in a room wherein there are two doors that open to the same apartment, he will torture himself into apoplexy with the difficulty of deciding through which of them he shall finally pass. I admire this amiable weakness of Liverpool. I love an *old servant*, to my heart; and it adds to the mortifications of my life that, among the principal men of the different public departments, there are so few of them left. However, when I direct my attention to one whose political longevity has arisen rather from his *enmity to the African*, and the *local* circumstances of his birth, than any professional merit or private excellence, he appears to maintain his post upon the same principle than an old-fashioned piece of furniture occupies its corner. Though it may never have been of much use, and now become of none,

yet, for the sake of *the circumstances* which placed it in its situation, or, perhaps, from an apprehension that the removal of it might prove its destruction, it is saved from the fate which it deserves. Viewing this Officer in a more liberal light—it sometimes happens, that even *eminent* talents and pure integrity, are lost to the public service of society, from the want of a leading primary quality of mind, which alone can give them their due motion and effective energy. A General may be endowed with all the courage necessary to military life; he may possess that active zeal for the welfare of his country which distinguishes the patriot; he may boast that love of fame which is the constant inmate of noble minds; and to all these splendid qualities he may add a general knowledge of the theory and practice of war; but, if he does not possess a love for his Sovereign, if he is not a soldier *con amore*, he is qualified for no more than to direct the military raree-shows of peace, or to employ his talents at the command of superior genius: the pre-eminent honours of war will never grace his name. The life of Mr. Tarleton affords an awful lesson to those who aspire after military honours. He has reached the rank of *General*, but his title to it is so degrading, that it has not power to banish gloom from his brow, and discontent from his heart. Whether his clouded aspect proceeds from the pangs of reflection, or constitutional habit, I do not know; nor shall I offer a conjecture on the occasion. I am not disposed to judge unfavourably of a man who thinks he has increased the glory of his country; on this ground I am silent; but I will never suffer him, with impunity, to attack ACTIVE and meritorious Officers, and to pass himself upon the world as the only hero of the age. I am no uncandid antagonist; I bend to the unclouded radiancy of truth; I prefer to see the sea in a calm, and I suppress the storms which the vice and insolence of such men as the General raise in my mind. Had the early friends of Mr. Tarleton acted with the spirit and candour of his present antagonist, he would never have merited such animadversions as these. On his return from America, the poison of flattery contaminated every good propensity of his soul; and it destroyed that *diffidence* which throws a soft and winning grace over all actions done under its influence. To the want of this interesting quality is to be attributed the contempt with which the General is treated in debate. He is allowed to be ready, and never the victim of perplexity, feeling nothing of the *multum sanguinis, multum verecundia, multum sollicitudinis in ore*; and it is believed, that since he advocated the Slave Trade, he is so far from being embarrassed by humane sensations, that he would, probably, be more puzzled to account for their existence, than by any *military measure* ever laid before him. Indeed, he is supposed to have much the same ideas of sentiment that a blind man has of colours, or a deaf one of sounds. The "*Æs frontis triplex*."—The *Ferrei frontis audacia* may intimidate the inhabitants of Liverpool, and shake terror into the congregated cities of Bristol; but *impudence*, though called a Deity by Menander, and though worshipped as a divinity by some of the Pleaders at our Bar, will never succeed in the Commons House. He who trembles in voice and limb when he begins to speak; he who is empowered with fear and diffidence when he rises from his seat; he who is affrighted at the sound of his own voice, and who starts like a raw recruit at the sound of his own musket, will be cheered and encouraged, where the impassioned declamation of superiority of impudence will call down indignation, and rant and rage, without the honour of admiration, or the advantage of success. So much for Mr. Tarleton's future biographers, and for the insolent enemy of the family of Pitt. And I now, in this candid and public manner, announce, "that I shall hurl the dart, with no feeble arm", at all times, and against all persons, who invade, not *an individual*, but *a house*, which I consider the particular glory of this empire, and the peculiar pride of the human race. The *House* exists no more, it is true; the only remaining branch has retired from political life; but it shall nevertheless be my duty to correct the outrages of insanity, and I shall describe the *Monument of his House* in this REGISTER, and that MONUMENT shall be consulted hereafter, both as a subject of sorrow, and as a source of truth and virtue. When in the midst of an immense waste, when surrounded by the moral devastation which the Opposition are endeavouring to promote, then will we seek that MONUMENT as a refuge, and ask pardon of God for having suffered a faction, at various periods, to insult a family which was

the ornament of human nature and to disparage every great act; that has distinguished the legislature *for the last fifty years*! When posterity reads the list of our injured characters, what kind of ancestors will they conceive they possessed? Two individuals of this family, the father and the younger son, formed to unite aristocracy and the people; with the manners of a court and the principles of patriots; with the flame of liberty and the love of order; unassailable to the approaches of tyranny, they annexed to the love of freedom, a veneration for constituted authority, and cast on the crowd, that followed them, the gracious light of their own accomplishments;—for years they presided over the state, and had those two prime Ministers survived to times of peace, they would have accomplished that reformation in silence, which the Opposition seem prepared to effect in clamour and in blood! What infatuation! Disgusted with such enormity, and till suffering for the delusion of my countrymen, I hasten to conclude this Stricture—and, in the words of its insulted advocate—"O MY COUNTRY*!"

March 14, 1810.

ALBION.

REDHEAD YORKE, AND HIS "WEEKLY POLITICAL REVIEW."

REDHEAD YORKE.—When ALBION asserted, in the Register of last Wednesday, that "Government has *but few* literary friends, and there is a strong disposition in those *few* to apostatise, to become neutral, or to retire," he proba-

* It will be seen by Albion's former Strictures that he anticipated the debate on the Spanish and Portuguese question, and that he has touched on every important subject that has occupied the House. He trusts that Lord Cochrane will benefit by the humane admonition of Sir William Scott. It would be of interest to him to know, what has become of the Hon. Mr. Ward, Lord Porchester, and Lord Milton? They remind him of single-speech Hamilton. What! have they again gone into *training* for debate? Must they improve their talents in shrouded obscurity before they blaze upon the world in the radiance of their virgin light? Modern *Prometheuses*! they must collect fire from the vapour of hogs, before they have a sufficiency of that pernicious infusion which constituted the malignancy of their charges against Ministers. *Innocent incendiaries*—they are pitied and forgiven. But why will they not apply to the Times, the Statesman, or the Examiner for a speech? They well know that an Opposition oration can at any time be purchased at such places, for the price of "A DRUNK."

bly was not conscious that he was using the language of prophecy, and that the prediction should, in part, be accomplished before the revolution of a seventh day!—Redhead Yorke, that perfidious knave, that incorrigible fool, who arrested the hand of public energy with the cry of reform, some dozen years ago, and who was *dragooned* into a veneration for the Constitution, both by the execution of the laws, and the indignant hootings of an insulted populace; that *wild beast* of politics, so long confined in the cage of civilization, and fed with the spoon of public munificence, has at length broken from his prison-house, and become the *jackall* of that lion he had been hunting, for the last seven years of his life, with a ferocity and rage worthy the capacity of an unlettered brute.—In fewer words, Mr. Redhead has, *once more*, apostatised, and has filled his last sixteen pages with a *panegyric* on Mr. Perry, and with a *valedictory* address to Ministers, copied from a farewell oration delivered by Anthony Pasquin, before the ELECT of St. George's Fields! From this VALEDICTION we are, in future, to expect nothing but the cry of reform from this emancipated slave; and that he will, henceforward, be, to Government, what the reptile was to the countryman, who restored it to life, by the attentions of humanity and the glow of his fire-side! Thus has Mr. Redhead proved the justice of Albion's assertions; and, *it is feared*, from the praises which Cobbett *now* bestows upon the *Post* and *another* Ministerial paper, that GOVERNMENT WILL, INDEED, FIND, TO THEIR COST, THAT THEY "HAVE BUT FEW LITERARY FRIENDS, AND THAT THOSE FEW HAVE A STRONG DISPOSITION TO APOSTATISE, TO BECOME NEUTRAL, OR TO RETIRE!"—It cannot be understood that such a man as Albion is an enemy to reform, to the freedom of the press, or to the liberties of the people. But he has frequently asserted that, while we are engaged in foreign wars, and in promoting the interests of mankind at large, it is contemptible in us to attend to the repairs of the charnel-houses of the State. None but madmen, in the conflagration of the city, would be occupied in placing before their houses the scaffold for improvement; or, during the incendiary of the ground floor, would be arranging the furniture of the attic story!—If we take a just and dis-

passionate view of the *existing* Government, we shall find, that it operates according to the *existing* predicament. And, when reform is resorted to, it must originate with the heads, and not with the refuse of society. The *Euchrasis* of policy, at which we have arrived, is to be attributed to this principle. Reform in this country has ever originated with the aristocracy, or with the *three estates*; not with the Redheads and Cobbetts of former times! The Magna Charta; the independence of the judges; the paramount verdict of the juries; the abolition of feudality and slavery have all been the acts of Aristocracy OR GOVERNMENT, (mark this reader,) in other nations, as well as in our own. Whenever the people assumed, *momentarily*, from the instigation of a licentious press, a sudden authority, they have been as suddenly obliged to *cede it back again*, and to prefer DESPOTISM TO ANARCHY. Reader! are you acquainted with the history of France since the murder of LOUIS XVI. or since the commencement of *Gallic* reform? The history of France, the history of the world, but the history of this country in particular, bears many pages of evidence to corroborate the above assertions. Again, notwithstanding Mr. Redhead's valedictory eloquence, expressed in his last insurrectory Review, it is urged, that the index of perfection in civil power points ever to a *modified* liberty of the press: If human reason has full liberty to operate inquisitively, and instructively, on all subjects which concern human happiness, to produce thought, and *passion* alone is restrained from inflammatory and insidious declamation to produce action, the grand *desideratum* of social organization is obtained. If the liberty of reason, then, is assured, it is asked, what can this *Redhead* wish for more? What avails the liberty of will to change *his political*, with the same *freedom* that he changes *his individual condition*? He would involve both in a similar destiny, *personal disease and political disorder of mind*. The truth is, though delicacy has hitherto concealed it, that Redhead must labour under visitations of this nature. A person of sound body and intellect could never have sent into the world so rotten an offspring as is laid up in his last sheets. Every *healthy* man knows, that papers, recommending democratic governments, *confine* the deliberation of judgment, and

force it to perpetual decision in the fluctuating scenes of a madning policy. Moral truth demands for its matrix the stability of a *modified* press; that is, a press so modified, that it can never be licentious. Judgment, directed by *such a press*, is then at leisure to range in the wide maze of useful speculation, to discover the more general relations of things in existence, and thereby, meliorating the moral temperament or reason of the great mass of the community, renders it a solid foundation to bear any superstructure of improving policy. These are ALBION's opinions as nearly as possible. They are, indeed, expressed with less grace than what should be natural to his expression, but the writer of this article, be he who he may, conceives that the nation may receive more benefit from the display of moral and political "*truths*," than from the *tangetical* eloquence of Mr. Redhead, the collusive satellites which illuminate the orbit of Cobbett, or the opaque bodies that have revolved in the sphere of Mr. Perry, during the term of thirty-three years, or 17,344,800 minutes, or thereabout, (the writer is no mathematician) and which Mr. Perry* so accurately calculated for the Attorney-General, a gentleman whose "*crown-law logic*" has given such offence to the fastidious Mr. Redhead, and all other persons who wish TO PROSTITUTE THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS!

* The Editor, in consequence of the introduction of the name of Mr. PERRY, in this article, has an opportunity of paying a tribute to that gentleman's independence, which he has long wished to meet with, and which is truly congenial with his own feelings. However he may have differed, during a series of years, from the *political sentiments* of the *Morning Chronicle*, he has always admired its *political integrity*; and, without wishing to cast the slightest imputation upon any other journal, he cannot but congratulate Mr. Perry on the knowledge, that *his paper* is the *only* established one, of the *daily* kind, which has not, at some period since its commencement, INFAMOUSLY DESERTED ITS ORIGINAL PATRONS! When such attachment has been evinced, even under the most trying circumstances, the man whose firmness has proved equal to it, cannot but be respected, even by those who may dissent from those particular principles which he may have always thought proper to advocate. The *Morning Chronicle* is certainly not merely the *best conducted*, but the *most independent* daily newspaper in London!

F. W. B.

SIR R. J. STRACHAN'S NARRATIVE.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE EARL OF CHATHAM'S STATEMENT OF HIS PROCEEDINGS, DATED OCTOBER 15, PRESENTED TO THE KING, FEB. 14.

No. 1.—Copy of a Letter from Rear-Admiral Sir R. J. Strachan to J. W. Croker, Esq. on Lord Chatham's having produced a private Note of the Rear-Admiral's respecting Provisions, &c.

London, Feb. 28, 1810.

SIR,—I understand that Lord Chatham last night produced a private note of mine, under date the 27th of August, on the subject of provisions and other matters, to the House of Commons.

The allusion to provisions in that note was in consequence of an error in the statement which was given to me, from the principal agent of transports, respecting the provisions of the army; but it was immediately corrected, and, I think, [I am not certain], subsequently reported to their Lordships.

I mention this that their Lordships may be convinced of my anxiety to prevent any improper impression in regard to the supply of provisions for the army.

The observations which I made in that note, to meet the feelings of his Lordship, on the view he had taken of the difficulties which presented themselves on his expectation of success, appear to me unimportant; the thing was decided upon; it was not a moment to analyse the principles of that decision, and my public letters, and examination at the Bar of the House of Commons, will, I trust, have explained my sentiments and decision up this subject.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your very humble servant.

(Signed) RD. J. STRACHAN.

John Wilson Croker, Esq. &c. &c. &c. Admiralty.

No. 2.—Copy of a letter from Rear-Admiral Sir R. J. Strachan to J. W. Croker, Esq. respecting the statement of the Earl of Chatham.

London, March 5, 1810.

SIR,—I when I solicited my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to procure for me an authentic copy of the statement of Lord Chatham upon the late Expedition to the Scheldt, I made that request in the hope that I should be permitted, after examining the subject

of that paper, to submit to their Lordships' consideration such observations as might arise from it; and I have now to request that you will convey to their Lordships my thanks for the transmission of the paper, and at the same time solicit their attention to the observations upon it which I have now the honour to inclose.

Feeling perfectly conscious that every exertion had been made by me in forwarding the objects of the Expedition, and that no blame could be justly imputed to myself or the navy, I could not possibly suspect that Lord Chatham, to the irregularity of presenting immediately to his Majesty such a paper as that which I have received, had added the impropriety (to use no stronger term) of endeavouring to exculpate himself by private insinuations against the conduct of others.

Every Officer has a just right, and where he really believes failure to have arisen from the misconduct or negligence of those with whom he has been associated in a joint command, is in duty bound, in many cases, to state his opinion officially to the Government.

It is then for his Majesty to judge of the propriety and necessity of instituting any inquiry upon the subject; but to assume the privilege of conveying private insinuations to the prejudice of others, from whose knowledge they are studiously concealed, must prove utterly destructive of all mutual confidence in joint operations of the Army and Navy.

Their Lordships will be able to judge whether there is any foundation for the imputations, that the delays originated with myself, or with any others in the naval service, or whether, during my command on the late Expedition, any proceeding on my part has in any respect justified the line of conduct which Lord Chatham has thought fit to adopt towards me.

Upon this subject, that I may not interrupt my observations upon his Lordship's Statement, I will now advert to my letter to the 27th of August.

That letter was an official one; I have already expressed my regret that it was so inadvertently worded, as to excite any suspicion of my imputing blame to the Commander in Chief of the Army, on the ground of his then determining to abandon any further attempt in the Scheldt.

I was not aware that any expressions which I might have considered myself

justified in using for the purpose of conveying my sentiments to their Lordships, would have been given to the world, if they should have been thought injurious to the character of the Commander in Chief of the forces.

In my letter to Lord Chatham of the 26th of August (inclosure to No. 29 Admiralty Papers, 3.) I offered the fullest co-operation of the navy in any further attempt in the Scheldt, and therefore I thought myself bound to state, in my official letter, that I had made such offer; and I was of opinion, as I have since explained in my evidence, that it would have been advisable to have attacked forts Lillo and Leifkenshoeik.

It appeared to me that this offered a chance of opening some further field of enterprise for the navy, or at all events of ascertaining whether the destruction of the enemy's fleet, or of any considerable part of it, was indeed practicable; but in expressing my wish, I meant to represent it to be more of a military than a naval question, and I never presumed to set my opinion upon that subject against the professional opinion of the army, still less to impute any misconduct or blame, as attaching to their determination that such an attack was not advisable.

When all these circumstances, their publicity, and my readiness at all times to do justice in this respect to the army, are considered, I cannot think that a misinterpretation of the general expression in a public official letter could even palliate, much less justify, the secret attack which has been made upon my character and conduct.

With these general observations I submit to their Lordships that it is much more easy to answer direct charges than indirect insinuations, and, I trust, they will therefore excuse my troubling them at a greater length than I should otherwise have thought necessary.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

(Signed) RD. J. STRACHAN.

John Wilson Croker, Esq. &c. &c. &c.
Admiralty.

No. 3.—From Rear-Admiral Sir R. J. Strachan; containing his Observations on the Statement of the Earl of Chatham.

London, 5th March, 1810.

Observations on the Earl of Chatham's Statement of his Proceedings; dated

15th October, 1809; presented to the King the 14th February, 1810,

Upon the first point to which Lord Chatham in his Narrative has called his Majesty's attention, namely, "the ground upon which, after the army was at length assembled near Bathz, a landing in prosecution of the ulterior objects of the expedition was not deemed advisable," it would be improper for me to make any observation, because the reasons which are said to have rendered it "clear and evident, that *no further* operations could at that time be undertaken with any prospect of success," were such as I was not competent to appreciate, and therefore did not presume to discuss.

Not being aware, from my own observations, that further success was unattainable, I ventured to offer the fullest assistance and co-operation of the naval armament under my command in any ulterior measures which might be deemed advisable; and I trust that in making this offer I shall not be thought to have been guided by a too forward and indiscreet zeal, rather than by a due sense of my professional duty.

Upon the second point, namely, "Why the army was not sooner assembled at Bathz to commence further operations," I feel confident that I shall have no difficulty in proving, in direct contradiction to the assertion in Lord Chatham's Statement, that the delay did in no shape rest with me, or depend upon any arrangements in which the navy was exclusively concerned, but that, on the contrary, every facility was afforded by the navy towards accelerating the movement of the army, and every exertion used by all those under my command in the various and complicated services entrusted to them.

I have in vain endeavoured to ascertain the foundation upon which the assertion rests, that it "was distinctly agreed upon that a vigorous attack by the navy upon the sea front should be made at the same time that the troops, after effecting their landing, advanced to invest Flushing; it being hoped, that by a powerful co-operation from the sea at the moment the troops presented themselves before the place, the labour and delay of a regular siege might have been avoided." I cannot find any instructions, orders, letters or communications, either previous to our departure from the Downs or subsequent, alluding to any such agreement, and can have no difficulty, not mere-

ly in asserting that no such agreement was made, but that from the nature of the thing itself, it is quite impossible that any such agreement could have been made.

It certainly was in contemplation, if the enemy's fleet had remained in the lower part of the river, more particularly in the vicinity of Flushing, to have pushed a fleet of line-of-battle ships into the Scheldt to attack them, and a squadron for that purpose among other objects was ready under the orders of Lord Gardner. With that squadron I intended to have proceeded to the attack of the enemy's fleet, if it had not retreated up the river before the armament arrived on the coast of Zealand.

It was also in my contemplation, by means of that squadron, to co-operate with the army in any attack upon Flushing, wherein the assistance of the navy should be thought desirable. This is proved by my orders to Lord Gardner of the 16th and 20th of July; but it is so far from being true that this view of mine was the result of any agreement preconcerted with Lord Chatham, as the Statement seems to imply, that the first spontaneous offer of co-operation on my part was passed by without any immediate notice by his Lordship. This offer was contained in my letter of the 8th of August, to which I shall shortly have occasion to allude.

For particulars of the co-operation and assistance actually afforded by the navy in the commencement of our operations, I may refer to the last paragraph of Lord Chatham's dispatch of 2d August (No. I. Military Letter B.)

In answer to the imputation of misconduct thrown upon me for not having realized the hope, "that by a powerful co-operation from the sea at the moment the troops presented themselves before the place, the labour and delay of a regular siege might have been avoided," it is perhaps sufficient to state, that such a hope must appear very chimerical, except upon one or two suppositions. If the Commander in Chief, from a conviction that the works of Flushing on the land-side were either too weak or too extensive, or manned by a garrison too inadequate to resist a sudden and general assault, had proposed a simultaneous attack from the line-of-battle ships, our fire might certainly have contributed to the success of such a project; but an enterprise so desperate as this, under the

well ascertained circumstances of the fortress and garrison, can never have been for a moment in contemplation.

If for the purpose of sparing to his army the labour and delay of a regular siege, the Commander in Chief had wished to make his attack on the sea front, to embark the assailing army in the boats of the fleet, and to land them under the protection of our ships of the line, I need only say that I was perfectly ready to share the hazards of such an attack, and that the ships were prepared for the service. (Vide Lord Gardner's instructions, supplement to No. 3, about stern anchor.) It could not be for me to suggest such a measure, which, of course, must originate with the Commander in Chief, to whom, however, I thought it my duty to state in my letter of the 8th of August (Minutes of Evidence, page 160) my readiness to "act under a previous concert for co-operation with the army in such a plan of attack as might accelerate the surrender of Flushing."

But such a proposal, in point of fact, was not made to me; from whence I must conclude, that it was not thought to offer any rational prospect of adequate advantage. A concerted and combined attack, it should seem, was thought hopeless, until the land batteries should be in a condition to act; but that a "vigorous attack by the navy upon the sea front, an attack undertaken at the moment the troops presented themselves before the place," would have afforded reasonable grounds of hope; although it is evident that in this case the enemy, after simply shutting their gates against the army, whose musquetry, unassisted by great guns, could have done little mischief to the garrison, would have directed their whole fire against us, and having crippled a part of our fleet, could have been still able to impose upon our troops the labour and delay of a regular siege.

I will next advert to the charges and insinuations in relation to my conduct, in having failed, "in performance of an assurance that the whole of the armament should be at once transported up the Scheldt," in having adopted a measure which, though of great advantage as applied to the division intended for the attack of Walcheren, was not a little at variance with the leading purpose of the Expedition, namely, the running with the right wing, and the advance of the army at once up the Scheldt.

These observations are accompanied

with a denial that even this change in the destination of part of the fleet from the West to the East Scheldt, "would have delayed the advance more than three or four days;" a remark in which I entirely concur with Lord Chatham, though on grounds very different from those assumed in the statement.

Upon this part of the case I must recur shortly to the original discussions and plans relating to the Expedition, and the circumstances under which we arrived at Walcheren.

It had been at one time proposed before we quitted London to land the whole army in Tholen and South Beveland, as presenting fewer difficulties than the navigation of the Scheldt, which under the most favourable circumstances, must always be liable to various contingencies. This proposal was, I understand, a good deal discussed, and on this point it is only necessary to refer to my instructions to Sir R. Keates, where he was directed to give every assistance in the transporting the troops to South Beveland and Tholen.

Another plan had been proposed of disembarking in the Slough, marching across South Beveland, embarking again at Bathz, and landing at Santfliet. (Min. Ev. page 197.)

This plan appeared to be approved by many good judges of military operations, for one proof of which I may refer to the Minutes of Evidence page 197.

The third plan which was suggested as preferable to either of the former, *provided we met with no obstacles*, was to proceed directly up the West Scheldt, and this (see Mem. Min. Ev.) was ultimately adopted, because, by keeping the troops in the transports, it promised to preserve them in a more efficient state until their immediate service should be called for. To this arrangement the command of the Wleling passage was thought to be necessary, for which reason a respectable force was destined to occupy Cadsand.

Speaking of the failure of the attack on Cadsand, Lord Chatham says, "in the first place the beach was so exposed, that in blowing weather it was found impossible to land." Secondly, "from what cause I know not, the Marquis of Huntley's division could not be taken up in the first instance high enough to attack the Breskens battery, the only one from its situation of much importance." Lastly, his Lordship says, Commodore

Owen appears to have experienced great disappointment in not having the support of Lord Gardner's fleet and his boats."

I trust that I shall be able to answer, in a very few words, the preceding insinuations. I confess that I was aware of the importance of Cadsand before we sailed from England; Lord Chatham, from being impressed with the same idea, was induced to send over an engineer, (Captain Paisley) to report on the practicability of effecting a landing on the beach. The same engineer, in his evidence, (page 87, Min. Ev.), and speaking of the time to which Lord Chatham alludes, when he says, "(the beach was so exposed, &c.);" answers, "it appears to me there was no difficulty in landing, unless what might arise from the enemy having a greater force than we could oppose to them in the first instance; of the enemy's force I am not a judge."

I do not believe that the Breskens battery had occurred to any person until I stated in the printed secret circular memorandum, "that the first thing the enemy ought to do would be to erect a mortar and furnace battery at Breskens, &c." I never heard a wish on the subject of passing the Breskens battery, and I do think if it had been represented to me as so extremely strong, I should have urged the propriety of landing below it, and taking it in reverse, in preference to the risk which the troops in transports would be subjected to by passing it. The Engineer, in Minutes of Evidence, page 86, says, "the batteries appeared to me to have very little strength, the batteries appeared to me to be open batteries."

I refer to these Minutes of Evidence, merely as proofs of the inaccuracy of the statement.

I selected Commodore Owen, an officer of great intelligence and professional talent, for the purpose of co-operating with the Marquis of Huntley; I gave him every latitude of discretion; the Quarter-Master-General sent Lord Huntley a copy of the Commodore's instructions; and I apprehend there is no position or part of the beach between Sluys and the Ghent canal, on which he would not have attempted to effect a landing, if any proposition or request had been made by Lord Huntley to that effect.

I only require on this point that a dispassionate attention should be paid to my orders, that my letter of the 20th July to Lord Gardner, accompanied with that of the 16th, should be read with attention,

and that a reference should be made to the evidence of Commodore Owen and the Marquis of Huntley, which I think will unequivocally prove, that no application was ever made to me for a proportion of boats beyond what was carried by Commodore Owen's squadron.

Our original determination of landing in Zourland Bay was laid aside, in consequence of intelligence received at Deal of the preparation of the enemy on that part of the coast, and a memoir was drawn up on this subject, which was submitted to Lord Chatham and Lord Castlereagh, and approved of by both; and it was consequently determined to land on Domburgh Beach; but on our arrival at Walcheren, the surf was found to be so heavy on Domburgh Beach, in consequence of a strong westerly wind, that landing there was impossible; it became therefore absolutely necessary to take shelter in the Roompot and Veergat; and the constant succession of gales for many days after our arrival, made it impossible, independently of other obstacles, to recur to the original intention of entering the western mouth of the Scheldt.

Upon the change in our measures, which was thus forced upon us by the untoward state of the weather, I must here beg leave to offer a very few remarks. It is admitted by Lord Chatham to have been in some respects advantageous, by placing the transports and small craft in a place of security, and by facilitating the disembarkation of the troops on the Bree Sand.

His Lordship further states, that by this change of the destination of the fleet the occupation of Cadsand became unnecessary, and that if it could have been accomplished, it would have occasioned a very convenient separation of our force. On the other hand, this change of destination necessarily tended to produce some delay in the naval operations, by forcing us to proceed by a circuitous instead of a direct navigation; but the main question is, how far it necessarily tended to retard the attainment of the ulterior objects of the Expedition.

I have already stated, that for the purpose of obtaining those objects, three plans had been proposed, the last of which, as I conceived, had been selected as the most advantageous, only upon the supposition of our encountering no obstacles to the navigation of the whole fleet up the West Scheldt. Now the Wieling Channel had been rendered inaccessible

to us by our failure at Cadsand; and consequently our expectations, in this respect, had been wholly overthrown, and the ground of preference on which the third plan had been adopted was in course removed; but it is evident, that the impracticability of the first plan, which proposed to carry the army through the East Scheldt to Tholen, or that of the second, according to which the troops were to have been landed on South Beveland, and to have proceeded to Bathz, could not be materially affected by the enemy's possession of Cadsand, or at all by the circumstance of our fleet being compelled, by stress of weather, to take shelter in the Veer Gat; on the contrary, it will appear by the military instructions to Sir John Hope (Min. Ev. p. 165), "that the navigation of the East Scheldt being little understood, and whether there was sufficient depth of water for the transports and victuallers which must necessarily attend this service, it is now judged most advisable that the operation should take place by the Veer Passage."

Now the only imaginable impediments to the further progress of our army must have been apprehended, either from a military force of the enemy occupying South Beveland, or from the French fleet in the West Scheldt, or from the enemy's flotilla; but the corps of Sir John Hope became possessed of the whole of South Beveland on the 2nd of August. The French fleet had retired beyond the boom of Lillo on the 1st of August, from the enemy's flotilla, which was unable to prevent the corps under Sir John Hope from taking possession of Bathz, or to regain possession of it before the greater part of the guns, which had been previously spiked, were rendered serviceable, and which, on the first appearance of the British flotilla, retired in confusion, and never afterwards repassed the boom of Lillo, no opposition to the movements of the army could at any time have been reasonably apprehended.

With respect to the immediate difficulties which may have operated as an objection to the disembarkation of the troops in South Beveland, and to their subsequent march across that island, I need only refer to the opinions of the Naval Officers who were employed in the Slough, by which I think it will appear, that 20,000 men, and 4000 horses, might have been landed from the Slough in 48 hours, (pa. 175 M. E.); that caval-

ry and ordnance horses might easily perform this march, from the Slough to Bathz, in 36 hours, the distance being from 30 to 35 miles. With regard to Artillery, it is stated by Sir John Hope in answer to a question (*Min. Ev. pa. 173*), as to the number of guns found in Bathz and Waerden, which might have been used for the ulterior objects, that there were 12 24 pounders in the battery at Waerden, and 14 or 15 at Bathz; all of which, as the General believed, were on travelling carriages. I might add, that the quantity of ordnance and ordnance stores, taken on the island, as appears by the return in *Journal Army Proceedings*, page 19, was such as I should suppose to be sufficient for all the possible wants of the army.

When, therefore, Lord Chatham contends in his Statement that the second point, namely, "why the army was not brought up sooner to the destination from whence all its operations were to commence, is purely a naval consideration," his position is certainly true in words, but as certainly incorrect in its implied meaning. It is obvious that the army might have marched to Bathz in the course of a few days, but it is also obvious that it could not be conveyed on board a fleet of 400 transports, besides frigates, sloops, and flotilla, through a very intricate channel, without some delay. The difficulty of conducting such a fleet at all through the mazes of such a navigation, can only be appreciated by professional men; it was very greatly increased by an adverse wind, blowing for some time with such violence, as to render the expedient of warping (the only means of proceeding) totally impracticable; such obstacles to our progress were only to be overcome by great exertions and perseverance, by a considerable, but not, as I trust, an unnecessary expenditure of labour and time.

I can only say, that I made every arrangement, by appointing the most active officers to every separate part of each service, and that I had every reason to be satisfied with their zeal, activity, and exertion.

Having anticipated many of these difficulties, I attempted, in a conversation with Lord Chatham on the 1st of August, to impress them on his Lordship's mind; and I inferred from his answers, that he intended to modify his plans in consequence, and to proceed by South Beveland instead of the West Scheldt. Under this persuasion I directed Admiral

Otway to take the command of the fleet employed before Walcheren, that I might be at liberty to employ my whole attention in forwarding the different preparations necessary to facilitate the progress of the army to the destination from whence its ulterior operations were to commence.

I immediately directed Sir Home Popham to proceed through the Slough with several sloops of war, all the bombs, gun-brigs, and gun-boats, and use every exertion in getting the flotilla into the West Scheldt; that it might, in the first instance, co-operate with Commodore Owen in completing the naval blockade of Flushing, and to be ready to proceed to Bathz at the shortest notice, whenever its services should be required there, for the purpose of prosecuting the ulterior objects of the Expedition.

I also instructed him to hasten as much as possible the progress of the transports through the Slough.

The subsequent news of the rapid occupation of South Beveland and of the fort of Bathz, with a quantity of artillery and ammunition in the other forts (*v. Journal Army Proceedings*, *pa. 15*. Sir John Hope) adapted to our future operations; and also of the facility which might be afforded to our arrangements for crossing to Sanfliet, by a ford reported capable of being passed by some part of the army, further strengthened my opinion that the landing in South Beveland with all the cavalry and infantry would be the only means of rapidly approaching towards the ultimate objects of the Expedition.

Accordingly, in my interview with Lord Chatham on the 6th, I stated fully the difficulties I had to encounter from the untoward state of the weather, and from the intricacy of the channel in passing the vessels through the Slough, as also from the difficulties made by the pilots who refused to take charge of the vessels, or even to carry the line-of-battle ships into the West Scheldt (*vide Lord Gardner's letter*).

The strong impression I felt upon this subject induced me to deviate from the line of conduct I have always adopted in relation to military matters, of not interposing any opinion; and I ventured to propose to his Lordship to commence the disembarkation by landing the cavalry immediately on South Beveland and marching them to Bathz, which might be followed by all the infantry not occupied in the siege of Flushing; stating

that much delay and difficulty would arise in getting our numerous vessels and transports through the Slough; that in addition to the frigates which were already under orders to proceed into the West Scheldt, I should be able in a day or two to get a sufficient portion of sloops and flotilla, including the transports I ordered to be armed and the launches of the fleet to be fitted with carronades, to increase the flotilla through the Slough to send up to co-operate with the army at Bathz, and such a limited number of transports as might contain articles essential to the first advance of the army. I also informed his Lordship that every possible exertion was making to accomplish the passage through the Slough, on the nature of which exertions, being wholly technical, such as buoying and anchoring small transports on the side of the shoals, and making arrangements for warping (the wind being still adverse), it cannot be necessary for me to dwell.

That Lord Chatham fully understood the nature and extent of the obstacles to our getting into the West Scheldt, which I described, is obvious, from his letter of the 7th of August (No. 3. Military Papers, B.) written after the interview, in which I had explained them, and ventured to propose the remedy of landing the cavalry, &c. on South Beveland.

To this letter I beg to call the most particular attention, as it is very difficult to reconcile the statement in that letter with the insinuations which it is my painful duty to answer. It is no less difficult to reconcile the admission, that the active enterprise of the enemy, and the reinforcement thrown into Flushing, rendered it necessary to land General Grosvenor's division" with the assertion in the Statement, that "it is to be remembered that this was only done because his Lordship saw no movement making to push forward a single vessel up the West Scheldt."

Upon the justice of the last observation, after the conversation which had passed between us on the 6th, I dare not trust myself with making any comments.

I then thought, and I still think, that if the plan which I had presumed to suggest had been adopted, had the cavalry been landed on South Beveland, and a limited number of transports been selected, that a delay of only a few days would have resulted from the adverse accident which had unavoidably given a

different course to the direction of our operations.

Lord Chatham seemed to think it necessary that all the men of war and transports should assemble in the Upper Scheldt at Bathz.

My opinions on this subject I have already stated. It is to be remembered that the French fleet had retreated above Lillo, so that the presence of our line-of-battle ships in the West Scheldt could not be necessary until the army should have been assembled at Bath, and even then, unless it should have been deemed expedient for the army to have advanced upon Antwerp, until we should have broken the boom at Lillo; I still think that not more than four ships could have been required for that purpose. In the mean time our flotilla would have been amply sufficient to have protected the passage of the army from Bathz to Sandfliet, as I should not have agreed to any proposition for crossing the army, unless I had been quite certain that I had the most ample means of giving it the fullest protection. Being, however, particularly anxious to pursue the line of conduct most congenial to his Lordship's wishes, and consequently best adapted to promote a cordial co-operation, I promised every exertion in carrying *his intentions* into execution.

Accordingly, on my return from Lord Chatham, I continued my arrangements for accelerating the various complicated objects which were to be attended to.

The first part of the flotilla which got through the Slough, were applied to the cutting off the communication between Cadsand and Flushing, because his Lordship had regretted (though without urging it as a subject of complaint), that supplies had been so often thrown into Flushing. In fact, until after the 7th of August, the weather continued so bad, with the wind at S. W. and S. S. W. that we were unable to interrupt the communication of the enemy, as the only vessels by which we could effect it were constantly driven in by the gales, and could not keep the sea. The wind which was most adverse to us, was most favourable to the enemy, who could, from Cadsand, run before it into Flushing, without the possibility of interruption.

On the 7th we were able, by the weather moderating, to establish the sea blockade of Flushing, and on the 9th a considerable body of the flotilla, under the command of Sir Home Popham, was car-

ried through the Swatch-way of the Caloot Sand at the entrance of the Slough passage, and proceeded to Bathz, where they arrived on the 11th. At the same time a squadron of frigates passing Flushing to join this flotilla, and proceeded on the following day up the Scheldt.

With respect to the line-of-battle ships, great difficulty had occurred from the objections of the pilots, but I regretted this less, because I had considered these ships, if in consequence of my offer they should be called for by Lord Chatham, as applicable to the co-operation in the attack of the town. And having placed the different divisions of the fleet employed in the various services in East Scheldt, at Bathz, in the Slough, and in the West Scheldt, under the command of officers of responsibility, with directions to press the passage of the transports through the Slough, I remained in the vicinity of Walcheren for the purpose of communicating with Lord Chatham, as I conceived it my duty to do, until he should think it right to proceed to South Beveland. The ships of the line, therefore, whose immediate presence at Bathz did not for the reasons which I have just mentioned appear to me at all necessary, did not pass Flushing until the attack on the 11th. The *Courageux*, which ship was intended to go up the river when the frigates did, proceeded early in the morning of the 19th. I detained the others, as the anchorage at Bathz was very confined, and at that time extremely crowded; but they were only a few miles lower down, and within reach of going up in one tide, whenever it should be required of them to proceed up the river.

The transports proceeded up the river in different divisions as fast as the difficulties I have stated could be overcome, and in consequence of the arrangements made and the exertions of the officers employed, with fewer accidents than I believe have ever occurred to so large a fleet, in such a navigation.

I trust I have now succeeded in proving the point with which I set out, namely, that if the army was not sooner assembled at Bathz, the delay was in no shape imputable to my misconduct; the particular line of operations which had been suggested to the Commander in Chief of the forces and to myself, as most likely to ensure the attainment of the ultimate objects of the expedition, was departed from, is notorious; but I have endeavoured to shew that the failure of the attack

on Cadsand was not owing to any defect in the orders and instructions issued by me, and it was evidently impossible, that while Cadsand and Flushing remained in the hands of the enemy, I could carry such a naval armament as was assembled under my orders to the point of general rendezvous. No precautions of mine could secure the fleet and army against the fury of the elements, or enable us, in spite of the adverse gales, to reach, by the shortest course, our proper destination.

In conveying the fleet to a secure place of refuge, and one where the disembarkation of the troops took place with little loss of time, and without any loss of lives, I trust I shall not be accused either of a dereliction of my duty, or of any inattention to the interests of the army.

From this period I considered myself bound implicitly to accede to the wishes of the Commander in Chief. With him alone there was an option between a march of 36 hours and a voyage of indefinite length. I trust that it was owing to no defect of zeal on my part, and I am sure it was owing to no want of exertion on the part of the many excellent naval officers whom I have the honour to command, that the progress of a fleet which it was necessary to warp, or in less technical language, to haul by human labour, through the windings of a most intricate channel, and often directly in the teeth of the wind, appeared so tardy, that Lord Chatham "saw no movement making to push forward a single vessel to the West Scheldt." The exertions of the naval officers and men were not rendered less irksome by the persuasion that the labour which, though incessant, often proved unavailing, might have been spared to them at the expence of a short march across the island of South Beveland. To impute to me or to the navy, under the name of delay, the loss of time which was passed by me in constant solicitude, and by the men in unremitting toil, is not what I should have expected from Lord Chatham.

It would have been more agreeable to myself to have offered to their Lordships a simple journal of the daily transactions of the fleet, as that course would have afforded me that of paying a just tribute of gratitude to the numerous, able, and zealous officers, by whom I was aided in the different branches of the service, under my directions, and who may possibly consider themselves as un-

justly subject, together with myself, to some imputation, from the marked, and perhaps invidious accuracy, with which the particular days of arrival of different divisions are specified in Lord Chatham's Statement.

But I am convinced that it was not the intention of his Lordship, in collecting such a multitude of dates, to attribute any blame to those Officers. He has closed his Report by pointing me out as the only object of his animadversions.

He leaves me "to account for the difficulties which prevented the investment of Flushing, as well as to show the obstacles which presented themselves to the early progress of the army up the West Scheldt."

He was not aware, it seems, that the first point was rendered impossible by the state of the winds; he was not even aware that the circumstances of his being blown into the East Scheldt had impeded his early progress up the West Scheldt.

Concerning Lord Chatham's opinions I have now ceased to be solicitous, but I am, and ever shall be, sincerely anxious that your Lordships should not see cause to regret the confidence with which you have been pleased to honour me upon this occasion.

(Signed) R. J. STRACHAN,
Rear Admiral.

London, March 5, 1810.

FRENCH EXPOSE.

Continued from page 830.

Administrations of the Interior and Justice.—"The administration of the Interior in 1809, has followed the same progress as in the preceding years. Order and tranquillity have been maintained; justice has been promptly and equitably administered; the name of the Emperor has been blessed in the bosom of families, rendered happy by interior peace. The Departments of Tuscany have received the benefits of general organization.

Religious Worship.—"The Government, in its respect for consciences, has not deviated from the line which it had traced out to itself. Its principles with respect to religion have had their application this year, as in the preceding.

[The conclusion of the article on Religion, is principally a philippic against the Pope.

War.—This subject is introduced by a re-capitulation of the "prom-

nade" to Madrid, the expulsion of the English, and the attempt of the Emperor of Austria to penetrate into the French territory through Bavaria, at the head of 500,000, the raising of which is described as "*the prodigious and miraculous effect of Paper Money.*"]

"The Emperor left Paris on the 18th, without guards, without equipage, and without troops; his armies hastily assembled from the different parts of Germany, felt astonished at the unforeseen aggression, and at the multitude of enemies who surrounded them on all sides. Ratisbon had been taken, with one of the finest regiments of the army; but the news of his Majesty's arrival reached the troops and flew through all the ranks.

"By the peace of Vienna, France and her allies have obtained considerable advantages, and the Continent of Europe has regained tranquillity and peace. Let us hope that this Peace will be more permanent than that of Presburgh; - - -

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The favours of J. J. W. J. have been received; but, as well as those of many other Correspondents, they are superseded for the present, on account of the necessity of inserting the highly important narrative of Sir R. Strachan.

"JACOBIN GUINEAS."—I have the pleasure to announce the receipt of a series of Essays, from the pen of a Correspondent, who signs himself ARISTIDES, on the subject of National Banks, Specie, and Paper Money, and the general grievances of the Country. They appear to me so highly important, that if, at this extraordinary crisis, they were widely disseminated, their national advantage would be incalculable. It was my intention to publish them in a volume, like the Letter to Lord Grenville, but as my Register has already a greater weekly circulation than any pamphlet can be expected to attain within a limited time, it is probable that I shall prefer inserting them in this Paper, as often as opportunities may offer.

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BLAGDON'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

VOL. I.—No. 25.] LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1810. [Price 1s.

Ye bands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys,
Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS.—*Important remarks on the infamous artifices that are employed to render nugatory the Slave-Trade Abolition Act.—Proofs of that diabolical traffic being continued to an enormous extent.—Appeal to the Duke of Gloucester, to ascertain the truth of the facts pointed out.—A phenomenon exposed! Proofs that the Opposition sacrifice their friends, to maintain points of privilege, even though their conduct goes to the destruction of the throne.—Comparison between their conduct and those of the Romans.—On the danger of unlimited privilege.—The prerogative of the Crown attempted to be circumscribed by the Opposition.—Comments on the imprisonment of Gale Jones, with references to history, to prove its illegality!—Important Preliminary Essay, on Bank and Paper Credit, National Debt, and the effects of opulence on a nation; being a complete refutation of all the fallacies which the disaffected have published, under the title of “Jacobin Guineas,” &c. &c.—On the efforts of the Jacobins to prevent Mr. Yorke from being re-elected.—Rebutter of J. J. W. J. &c. &c.*

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Addressed to the People of the United Kingdom, &c.

*Notre mal s'empoisonne,
Du secours qu'on lui donne.*

TR. PROV.

“Our disease is aggravated by the remedies which are administered.”

By ALBION.

STRICTURE VIII.

ENGLISHMEN!—It is a testimony of no small value to a person of honest principles, when, in the degrading catalogue of bad men, in the class to which he belongs, he finds his name expressed as an honoured and universal exception. He who has resisted temptations, which few, if any besides himself, have had the courage to resist, and who has walked upright where numbers have stumbled, deserves the veneration of the public writer, as a character of superior virtue, though differing with him altogether in political sentiments. I do not mean to justify Lord HOLLAND, to whom I allude, as an hereditary oppositionist, I only mean to account to you, my countrymen, for the language I may have to employ when I distinguish such a man as his lordship from the mass of those knaves and enthusiasts with whom he deigns to associate.—As a judge of human actions, I feel it my first duty, to remember the infirmities of human nature, and to examine the tenor of my own mind, as well as the strength of my own virtue, before I pass a rigid sentence on the errors of other men, who may have yielded to opinions, which I myself might not have been able to with-

stand, had they presented themselves to my mind in the place of those which I have been instructed, from infancy, to advocate and admire.—It is, however, a satisfaction not easily expressed, that the noble Lord, whose name is before me, has always conducted his resistance to Ministers with a most unsullied reputation, and that, by his moving, on Monday, the 12th inst. for an humble address to his Majesty, for information respecting the abolition of the Slave Trade, he has proved a goodness of heart and an integrity of principle, that induce me to view him as an honourable character, and to forget that he is either the support or the instrument of a faction. The impression made by his lordship's notice, that it was agreed to without any opposition, the Earl of Liverpool confessing, with a sensibility that does him honour, “that the address presented to his Majesty on this subject was very forcible and solemn, and that, undoubtedly, it ought most seriously to be attended to.” I have only to add, that I trust Lord HOLLAND is in possession of the evidence that exists for showing the necessity of his Address; and although I would not have it appear that I presume to direct his lordship's inquiries, still I beg to point out Sir Sidney Smith, Sir Home Popham, and Captain Yeo, of the royal navy, as gentlemen the most likely of any in England, to describe the condition of the African in South America, and the extent of the Slave Trade in the Spanish and Portuguese settlements, since its nominal suppression in the islands of the West Indies! I name these gentlemen, because they are of experience, humanity, observation, and

science. Sir Home Popham has seen the African labour from the source of La Plata to the Straights of Magellan, and from thence along the burning shores of the Pacific Ocean to the mines of Peru and the swamps of Darien. Sir Sidney Smith has beheld him performing the office of a beast of burden in the streets of Rio Janeiro; he has heard him groan; he has seen him expire under the whip! And Captain Yeo, who has coasted along the Brazils; who has visited St. Salvador, Pernambuco, the colonies of the Amazons, and the Cayenne settlements, has seen thousands, and tens of thousands of his fellow men, sinking under the scourge of the task-master; and, when unfit to labour in the fields, exposed, naked, for sale in the public streets. I would also suggest to Lord Holland, the propriety of asking, whether his young friend, Lord Strangford, has it in his instructions to *strive to ameliorate the condition of the African*, or to excite a disposition in the Prince of Brazils to abolish so murderous a trade? This question is of importance, as it is an acknowledged fact, that this inhuman and odious traffic is carried on, since his lordship's embassy to South America, to an extent and magnitude unheard of in the history of public crimes; that the ports of the Brazils, from the latitude of St. Catharine to the line, and up the the Amazons, are filled with Slave ships, and with vessels from the West Indies and the United States, who come to purchase *Servants*—NOT SLAVES. Horrible subterfuge! It may be worthy of Americans—but, Britons, I demand aloud, is this horrible subterfuge worthy of you? And I ask Mr. Wilberforce, the friend of the human race, whether he knows, that Englishmen can go on board a Slave ship in the Brazils, and purchase *SERVANTS* much cheaper than *he could slaves* in Africa; obtain from those servants a bond, *a renewable bond*, signed with the sign of the cross, and then remove them to the West Indies, and plant them upon his estate for perpetuity; a perpetuity growing out of *renewable bonds*, entered into by a party ignorant of the language and nature of the instruments, and signed by the holy emblem of the cross? I ask Mr. Wilberforce, whether he knows, that, after his thirty years labour to emancipate the Slave, the Slave is in a worse bondage than ever he was; that not only nothing is heard of his progress to the accomplishment of that desirable end, but that every thing has come to light, to prove his condition embittered, by his fate having been put into the *exclusive* disposal of men, who have always ranked the African among the beasts of the forest or the field. I ask Mr. Wilberforce, also, whether he is aware, that the American States, by an *atrocious subterfuge*, carry on the Slave Trade to as great an extent as before he merited the title of the Friend of Man? Does he know that the law of the *acquitted colonists*, which forbids ships and captains of ships, under heavy penalties, to import negroes from Africa as *slaves*, is silent as to the introduction of *servants*; BY LAND; and justifies, by this silence, an *internal traffic*, which exposes the slave to more hardship and misery than can possibly be conceived. For instance—the negro is purchased at Angola; he arrives at Pernambuco, is re-exported to Vera Cruz, in the Province of Mexico, where he is bought by an *American* merchant, who embarks him for the most adjacent port of the Gulph of Mexico, to the Mississippi territory; and, from thence, marches him to New Orleans, where he is put up for sale to the best bidder! Again—the law of the United States says, “no slave is to be imported after the — day of —.” This is another treacherous subterfuge!—The *slaves* introduced to New Orleans, and who have been driven over the Cordilleras, or through the burning Savannas of the Floridas, find their way to the markets of every State south of New York, and are sold as *servants*; that is, *THEIR TIME* is sold, with yokes upon their necks, and with labels in their hands, testifying a false fact, that they were imported before “the — day of —.” I fear that Mr. Wilberforce has been deceived. In the ardour of a great and enthusiastic mind, he thinks he has effected more than in fact he has performed. He has made us say, as a nation, what the murderer did to the ghost, “*thou can'st not say that I did it;*” but this is a negative merit, unworthy a people. To do homage to such a man as Mr. Wilberforce, to distinguish the country and the age in which *he* lives, we must, as Lord Holland very nobly observes, we must take advantage of our influence over Spain and Portugal, and thereby accelerate the attainment of an object, which Mr. Wilberforce compelled us to profess, in public council, to have sincerely at heart. But with *America* we

should have still less ceremony. We should declare to that people, that we will put in force all the penalties enacted against the Slave Trade, and that we will confiscate every ship discovered in its employ. By this means America will be brought to adopt the resolutions of Mr. Wilberforce, for effecting its ultimate abolition. Against this measure, timid men will have recourse to the *Law of Nations*, and say that we have no right to interfere. Englishmen, this is the language of folly or want of feeling. For, if the Slave Trade has been proved to be contrary to justice and humanity, then it must also be contrary to the Law of Nations, and its violation must cover us with glory and honour! "The Law of Nations!" Why are we such sticklers for this law, when its breach would affect the happiness and freedom of a great portion of the inhabitants of the globe, and when we have violated it before now, to save the life of a criminal, or to vend an extra pound of tobacco, or a single chest of tea?—I declare, before God, that I despise this species of national philanthropy. It betrays an indigence of greatness which is truly lamentable, and makes it appear that we set more value upon the revenue of a pint of gin than we do upon the salvation of numerous empires, or the preservation of the blood of the human race. Much yet remains to be done; what *has been* done is by no means effectual; "the disease," in the words of my motto, "is aggravated by the remedies which have been administered." We have turned the trade over to people whom we patronise, to a people whose religion is founded on cruelty, and whose history is written in blood! We have turned the commerce of the Africans over to the Portuguese; and, when the wretch is sold on the scaffold, or whipped to death in the field, our only consolation is, that Bristol and Liverpool are not charged with the deed! That is, the murder is committed to our knowledge, but when the phantom rises in the vacuum, or the hand-writing is seen upon the wall, we exclaim individually, as I have before remarked, "Thou can'st not say, that I did it!" This is another contemptible subterfuge. It will bring the wrath of God and the reproach of the world upon us. In what light will the former decisions of our legislature be considered? What will be thought of the promises of the country made to Mr. Wilberforce, if, after having adopt-

ed measures, so serious and solemn, for the abolition of the Slave Trade, we so soon seem to forget our *resolutions*, and *appear* to encourage others to adopt a traffic we affect to abhor? I submit these questions to your judgment, and I have some hope that there are other hints in this Stricture which Mr. Wilberforce will pardon, and which Lord Holland will not condemn. And more, as the friends of the Africans meet together on the 28th of this month, I entreat the chairman, his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, to call upon Sir Sidney Smith, or Sir Home Popham, for the testimony of the truths, which I thus publicly declare!—When a society, of a similar nature to the Friends of the Africans, existed in Rome, their inscription was, *non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*, "not by force, but by often falling." Every thing is to be effected by incessant efforts: a beautiful idea, taken from drops of water, which unremittingly falling, hollow out marble or stone. I recommend it to his Grace of Gloucester: it is peculiarly applicable to the society he honours, and to the friend he admires. It is worthy to be the epithet of a Wilberforce, "the Friend of Man."

On the evening of the same debate, a *phenomenon* of a very extraordinary nature occurred in the House of Commons. Sir Francis Burdett was right in his judgment *for once* in his life; and, to make this phenomenon the more conspicuous, the majority multiplied against him in proportion as he was correct!!! Sir Francis, in a very able speech, reprobated the disposition of the House to commit persons for presumed breach of its privileges, and moved, "that Gale Jones should be discharged from Newgate." I shall not enquire into the motive of the Baronet's conduct; it answers the purpose of justice to allow, that it was graced with sensibility, and that his arguments were of considerable beauty and force. I before said, that I was an enemy to the arbitrary imprisonment of persons whose political crimes arise from *error of judgment*, and I now repeat the assertion, and give the authorities on which I establish my opinions. The resolution on which the House has acted towards Jones, was passed in the turbulent season of 1699. It says,—"*Resolved, that to print or publish any books, or libels, reflecting, in any manner, upon the proceedings of the House of Commons, or of any member thereof,*

“for, or relating to the service therein, “is a high violation of the Rights and “Privileges of the House of Commons.”

I am free to confess with Sir F. Burdett, (a gentleman I never agreed with before, and one with whose opinion, *it is by no means likely, that I shall ever concur again,*) that this resolution puts an end to all *inquiry* into the behaviour of our representatives, and makes it impossible for us to call them to account, or to know, whether it will be safe, to the constitution and government, to *re-elect* them again. There is, in my opinion, somewhat particularly gross and mean-spirited in stopping inquiry. It always suggests the idea of somewhat, which will not bear inquiry into. “I care not,” says the philosopher of ancient Greece, “if there were a window in my breast, that any body might look in and see what is passing in my thoughts.” It is not a little singular, that in the case of Jones, *the most violent of the Opposition members* voted against Sir Francis; there were for him but *FOURTEEN* and against him *one hundred and fifty three !!!* Thus we see, THAT THE OPPOSITION, TO MAINTAIN THEIR OWN PRIVILEGE, SACRIFICE THEIR FRIENDS AND THEIR PRINCIPLES, AND THAT TO DESTROY THE PREROGATIVE OF THE KING, THEY ESTABLISH a *lex consuetudo parliamenti*, an undefined law, which tramples upon Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Throne, the Nobility and the People!

PRIVILEGE, arising from so vague a principle as the *consuetudo parliamenti*, is invidious and unworthy a House which represents the only independent people in Europe. It is also dangerous as disgraceful. Whoever wanted to excite the *Roman* people against the Senate, never failed to mention the law forbidding marriage between the patricians and plebeians. Even where privilege is bestowed *exclusively*, although in consequence of *merit*, it is but awkwardly brooked. “Why must *Aristides* be honoured with the title of THE JUST more than others?” said the Athenian, and voted his banishment on *that* account. Perhaps all privilege, whose EXTENT IS UNKNOWN, is a nuisance, because the subject is thereby in danger of falling into *undesigned* offence. But the Opposition have a ways made it a point to keep their PRIVILEGE extended, and to circumscribe the prerogative of THE CROWN, whose latitude and longitude are accu-

ately defined and perfectly understood. I know of no instance in the history of Parliament, that exhibits this Opposition in so contemptible a light. And it is notorious that, from time immemorial, the Opposition are TYRANTS in practice; and that, on all occasions, they assume a power of trying, condemning, and punishing, in cases where their *privilege* is the offended party, and often in a very arbitrary manner, and without due regard to the standing laws of the land. “Parliament” were ordered originally to hear “and determine all complaints of “wrongful acts done by the King, Queen, “or their children, and some others, “against whom COMMON RIGHT “CANNOT BE HAD ELSEWHERE.” Therefore I observe, without due regard to the laws of the land, because it is evident that offending *subjects* ARE to be tried at LAW, and not by Parliament. It is not by a power of apprehending and imprisoning, that the dignity of Parliament is to be kept up, any more than the credit of religion by fire and sword! On the contrary, these violences necessarily bring both into contempt, because they suppose, that they are not sufficient for their own support without these artificial helps. Let our religion be without superstition; let its ministers not disgrace it by their conduct, and let Parliament be without licentiousness, and they will defy the attacks of such men as Cobbett and Jones. Who ever heard of the venerable court of Areopagus, or the more venerable one of the Amphictions, sending out their serjeant at arms to apprehend the printers of placards, or the presidents of polemical clubs? Hence it appears, that the Opposition, in abandoning Sir Francis, betrayed a shameful dereliction of principle, and a grossness of ignorance, for which they should suffer and blush. Confinement by the *Commons alone*, is certainly an encroachment on the Legislature, which consists of KING, Lords, and Commons. The Commons sending the subjects to prison, even though as guilty as Gale Jones, is assuming the office of the *executive*, which belongs to THE KING, the Commons being OF the Legislative only. A power of the Commons of imprisoning is an infringement on the people’s liberty; because a people like you, Englishmen! ought to be liable to no punishment, but in consequence of some *known* standing, immutable law! Judges and justices of the peace have a power of imprisoning, in

consequence of their being long empowered BY THE KING, to execute the laws, *which the Commons are not !* The Commons have no need of a power to punish, because they may apply to the executive whenever a *known* law is violated. Even the "SOVERAINE" cannot punish an offence against *himself*. The offender is tried and condemned by *indifferent* persons, viz. Judges and Juries. The Commons has no right to decide concerning Gale Jone's property; how then, I say, can it take away his personal *liberty*, which is far more valuable? To save the credit of the House, Jones's case should be laid before the Attorney General. If he has violated any *known* law, let that gentleman prosecute him; but if he have not, let him be discharged, and *without* making humiliating concessions for a crime, of which the law, in that event, pronounces him innocent. If this course be not pursued, I would next recommend the freemen and citizens of London, to petition for his discharge. The Opposition have endeavoured to prevail on him to *petition* the house himself. There is neither integrity nor magnanimity in this proceeding. The man says, that he has violated a privilege, but *no acknowledged* law; he says that the Parliament is but a *THIRD* part of the *legislature*, and that there is no *statute law*, by which a *constitutional* power is given to the House of Commons to confine him in Newgate, until he petitions, and prostrates himself before the bar of the House. Burnet on this subject writes as follows:—

"The Commons could not imprison any beside their *own* Members; as, when inquired into, it was found to be built on *no law* nor *practice*, older than Queen Elizabeth. Several people, therefore, when sent for in custody of the Serjeant at Arms, refused to attend!"

When the Commons, in the third Parliament under Charles II. imprisoned, too arbitrarily, many of the abhorers, or court-party, *the clamour turned against them*, and one Stowel stood on the defensive against the Serjeant, when he came to apprehend him, saying, The Commons had no law for imprisoning. He got the better. And the *patriot* Commons, to save their authority, dropped the matter, and granted Stowel a month to recover from an indisposition with which he was never afflicted!!!

It cannot be denied, that, for a House of Commons to be ever grasping at privileges, assuming powers, descending

from *the dignity* of the Representatives of the People of Britain, taking upon themselves the office of the justices, prosecuting or imprisoning a set of *dog-boys*, printers, and *mob-orators*, and employing their time in hunting out small offenders, while they should be *BATTLING* THE GIGANTIC ENEMIES OF THEIR COUNTRY, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, and planning measures to make unborn millions happy; it cannot be denied, I repeat it, that such proceedings as these are infinitely *beneath* the attention of the House of Commons, though it should be granted, that the *power* of the House of Commons, being the power of the *nation*, ought not to be *limited*. All things are *lawful* for them; but all things are not *expedient*. The truth of the matter is, that *if the Opposition had kept to its proper sphere*, we should never have seen any libels against the House; but, when it encourages licentiousness in the press, and insolence in the rabble, that Opposition should not cry out for fines, persecution, and imprisonment, or abandon the wretch whom it encouraged to become criminal! The privilege those patriots of Opposition so loudly claim, of voting a Citizen, unheard, into prison, is no less repugnant to the *laws* of this kingdom, than it is opposite to reason and nature.—What inconsistency! they are desirous of restraining the servants of the Crown from the exercise of any *authority* whatever, and they at the same time assume a *power* more replete with slavery and destruction, than any ever arrogated by the despots of Greece or Rome. Suppose, for instance, that this Gale Jones had *personally* offended a majority of twelve individuals, would not every body acknowledge it would be great severity to refuse him the *usual liberty* of objecting to his jury? But suppose twelve men to commence a prosecution against Gale Jones, and that those very individuals are *immediately*, in the very *rage* of their resentment, inclosed to pass a verdict, and determine of a punishment, for an offence against *themselves*? Would this have the smallest semblance of *justice*? On the contrary, is it not the very design of the law, to take out of the hands of the *offended*, the trial and punishment of the offenders, and put it into those of *indifferent* persons? But when either House of Parliament, or a Court of Justice, punishes for breach of privilege, or contempt of Court, the *persons offended* are the judge

and inflict the punishment. Englishmen! such are my arguments for approving, in this solitary instance, of the conduct of Sir Francis Burdett, and for advocating the liberation of Gale Jones. When the latter is restored to liberty, and the former returns to *fanaticism*, I shall, as usual, “hurl the dart,” and attack them. But while the one is unfortunate, and the other reasonable, they shall have the influence of my labours, and the sympathy of my columns, although, to expect a continued reformation of either, is as preposterous as to expect—*Lucina sine concubitu*, “Child-birth from a woman who has had no intercourse with a man.”

I shall conclude this Stricture with a proverb drawn from the fountain of ancient eloquence, and uttered by a legislator of Rome, who wished to guard his countrymen against reformed apostates. It is—*Improbe Neptunum accusat qui naufragium iturum facit.* “He improperly blames the sea, who is a second time shipwrecked*.”

March 21, 1810.

ALBION.

JACOBIN GUINEAS; BANK AND PAPER CREDIT, &c. &c.

A SERIES OF ESSAYS ON NATIONAL DEBTS;

BANKS AND PAPER CREDIT; SOURCE OF NATIONAL DEBTS AND RICHES; OF OPULENCE AND ITS EFFECTS; AND OF THE

CAPACITY OF THE NATION

TO DISCHARGE

THE NATIONAL DEBTS, AND TO PROVIDE

FOR THE

NATIONAL SAFETY.

BY ARISTIDES†.

Prisca juvent alios: ego me nunc denique natum Gratulor.—OVID.

ESSAY I.

SERVING AS A PREFACE.

The Essays which I announce for an uninterrupted appearance in this Paper,

* It was ALBION's intention to have noticed the able Narrative of Sir Richard Strachan this week, but the multiplicity of his engagements, and the high estimation in which he holds that Narrative, have induced him to defer his review of it till he can afford it the time and attention it so eminently deserves. It is more than probable, that his remarks on it may appear in the ensuing Register.

† These Essays have been written exclusively for Blagdon's Register, and their avowed object is to expose the false calculations and ignorant deductions of Cobbett and his gang.

will be written for the express purpose of giving a more just and a more liberal prospect of the state of this country, than is to be seen in the works of Cobbett, and other writers of his description and character. I hope they will contribute to remove the disquiet of the timid, and, at the same time, defeat the designs of the disaffected.

Having conceived a very favourable opinion of the Revolution, in the year 1688, and of the British Government ever since that period; having been confirmed in this opinion, by observing the happiness of the people, and by comparing the condition of the empire with that of other nations, I have often been surprised at those loud complaints which are made of our poverty, of our want of silver and gold, of the abuse of paper-credit, the greatness of our taxes, the loss of our trade, and the great increase of the national debt :—all said to be occasioned by a series of Ministerial mismanagement ever since the Revolution. Complaints of this kind tend naturally to confound the friends of the Constitution, and furnish its secret enemies with many topics of declamation, to create and to support disaffection. But, what is still more astonishing and alarming, it has been of late publicly asserted, that our national genius and capacity are almost quite gone; and that we are grown so feeble, both in our councils, and in the execution of them, that we run the greatest risk of becoming an easy prey to the insatiable ambition of the Ruler of the European Continent.

This debility is said to flow immediately from our luxury, and from the effeminacy of our manners; but is supposed to be originally derived from the restraints laid upon the Royal prerogative, from the dignity and power acquired by our Parliaments, and from the accession of liberty gained by the people at the Revolution. In consequence of this alteration in our political system, our monarchs, having too little power, and the people too much liberty; liberty has degenerated into licentiousness, and there is nothing now to be found in our Constitution, able to give a sufficient check to the natural bad consequences of coward effeminacy and profligate luxury. Hence, as is asserted, we are upon the brink of a precipice, and going fast to destruction or degeneracy.

Although those gentlemen, who, on the one side, complain so loudly of our

poverty, and those who, on the other, make as loud complaints of the bad effects of our riches, are very opposite in their principles! they agree, however, in the same conclusion. The one party affirm, that we are ruined by poverty; the other impute our ruin to our riches; but both maintain, that we *are* ruined, and, in some sort, connect this ruin with the vices of Ministry.

Excited by a natural curiosity to find out the truth in a matter of such importance, anxious for the welfare of my country, I set myself to enquire whether there is just cause for such complaints; or whether the nation is not, at present, much richer, happier, and more powerful, than it was at any period before or since the Revolution.

Having examined impartially what has been, and what may be said, on both sides, I compose these Essays, and presume to offer them to the public, at a crisis so interesting and so important.

Being neither merchant, manufacturer, nor farmer, having no management of the revenue, nor much share in public counsels, I think myself obliged to own, that I have no other means of being instructed in the state of the nation, than such as are open to every other gentleman under similar circumstances. I therefore bring my arguments chiefly from what is *obvious* and *visible*. It might, indeed, be an advantage, if either gentlemen, who are conversant with commerce and manufactures, or such as are concerned in the revenue, would publish some of their anecdotes, that are not among the *Arcana Imperii*. By a comparison of the present state of their country with its state before the war, they could easily confute those false allegations concerning its poverty. However, I may find it possible to do without them. The poverty and riches of a nation must be *sensible*. At least they may be discerned by a *careful* observer. Perhaps one may argue concerning them with greater certainty from obvious appearances, than from the most minute accounts of taxes and of the public revenue. Of the condition of a nation in *other* respects, we must be able to form the surest judgment from what is obvious and visible.

One who reasons in this manner concerning the riches or the happiness of a country, from what is *sensible*, acts much like an audience, who judge of the merit of a play, or of an oration, by their inward feelings. If they find them-

selves greatly interested, they conclude that the poet or the orator is a master. But it will be difficult to convince them, from the rules of criticism, that a piece is excellent, if they find themselves cold and languid, notwithstanding all the efforts of the author. In like manner, it may be concluded, that when a nation is increasing in riches, and is living at ease, the effects of its prosperity must be visible and sensible.

But there is scarce any audience in which one will not meet with some who are so ill-natured, and some so vain and affected, that they like to contradict the common opinion, and distinguish themselves for intrepidity and singularity of mind. Something of the same kind often happens in the State. Though the great body of the people are sensible of their happiness, many are found to be of such poisoned and perverted dispositions, or so blinded by prejudices, or so gangrened by disappointments, or of such timorous and anxious characters, that they persist in propagating the most alarming falsehoods; and, though they live under a free government, and in a learned age, they endeavour, by their conversations, harangues and writings, to persuade the world, that all things are in the most ignorant disorder, and that the only happy nation, in Europe, is hastening to the gulph of perdition.

The liberal part of mankind, no doubt, will unite in commiserating such unfortunate and solicitous minds, for creating to themselves so many imaginary evils, and for undertaking the difficult task, of persuading others out of their senses, or of making a nation believe that it is extremely poor and oppressed, when, in fact, it is more wealthy and free, than any other empire of the earth. And yet there is not the same opinion among politicians about the manner in which such writers and orators ought to be treated: some think it best to despise them altogether, both because they aim at impossibilities, and because there is seldom any reason to hope that either the authors themselves, or such as have adopted their opinions, will ever be convinced of their errors. This is *known* to be the case with all controversial writers, and their writings: the former are *never* to be convinced, the latter have no effect on either side. *The opinions and the principles of men are formed by other means.* I have strong objections to the policy of this general principle. Books, pamphlets, songs,

are known, from experience, to have considerable influence, both in forming and in confirming the opinions of mankind : they have produced signal effects in the world ! It must, therefore, be dangerous in any government, it must be so especially in a free one, to neglect altogether the compositions which are published, without regard to the *intention* in which they are written. Like visitors, if they are of a peevish, gloomy complexion, they become contagious, and tend to the perversion of the society to which they are admitted. Besides, the false opinions of men may be corrected, if properly instructed, and the objects shown them in their appropriate light : the world is far from being so bad as many imagine. Many have a sincere desire to find out the truth, though they may have been blinded by prejudices, they are capable of conviction. For their sake, the truth ought to be fairly exposed to public view.

It is for these reasons, that I propose to give an unbiassed, and, I think, a more just, view of the state of the public, than is to be seen in the writings of a Cobbett, the harangues of a Waithman, or the effusions of any knave or enthusiast of an opposition school.

The writings on which I mean to animadvert, relate to our paper-credit, to our taxes, to the public debts, to our luxury, to our effeminacy, and to a variety of other matters proper for a polemical subject. The writings to which I allude, have been composed with very different intentions : some of them, by friends of the government, without any sinister design ; others, as it is evident, by its enemies, with an intention, not only to foment faction, but to promote insurrection. If we shall believe Cobbett, and the writings of his abettors, the nation has long been in a poor and wretched state. It is so at present, he says, and all things are going to perdition : instead of silver and gold, we have nothing but paper-credit ; our *banks* are pernicious, and are signs of our poverty ; our *taxes* are heavier than we can bear—they render it impossible for us to carry on trade to advantage ; they have made us lose much of it already, and as they raise the price of provisions and labour, they must make us gradually lose the remainder of it, and be undersold by other nations in all the markets of the world. Our *public debts*, too, are considered certain proofs of our destitute condition, since we are compel-

led to borrow, and cannot raise the sums necessary for the public service within the year. Cobbett also asserts, that the national debts could never have risen so high, unless we had been most miserably oppressed by the government, and are so great that we shall never be able to pay them : he even insinuates they ought not to be paid, but to be abolished by insurrection, or act of parliament—with a few exceptions, it is true, which his *humanity* suggests, in favour of widows, of orphans, and of such others as deserve public commiseration. Also, according to him, his patrons, and disciples, our agriculture is making very slow advances.—And, notwithstanding all the disadvantages they create, or exaggerate, they assert, at the same time, that we are swimming in all kinds of foreign luxuries, and ruined by prodigality, and public and private indulgences ! Thus one sort of writers.—There are others, who go upon a different system : they confess that we are both rich and free ; they even allow that we are possessed of extensive trade, have acquired commerce, wealth, and enjoy the most ample liberty. But they maintain, at the same time, that our liberty has degenerated into licentiousness ; that it has produced an effeminacy of manners, extinguished the good principles, and destroyed the genius of the nation, to such a degree, that we are become defenceless, and run the greatest hazard of falling before the superior genius of France.

In opposition to both these kinds of writers, who exhibit so erroneous a picture of the present age, I shall endeavour to show, that England is in an opulent condition, at present, and has been progressing in prosperity ever since the war ; that banking is a very profitable institution, and has greatly enriched the nation. That, though our taxes are high, we are much richer than we were when they were much lower, and enable us to extend and protect a profitable commerce. That, though the greatness of the public debt must be a considerable obligation, we both are wealthy and independent at present, and may continue hereafter to be distinguished by similar characteristics, and to enjoy the most perfect freedom and security of any nation in the world. That the proposal to abolish the public debts without paying them, is neither just, honourable, nor profitable. That every shilling of them must be paid, and may be paid, without

any distress to the nation. And that, notwithstanding the just complaints of our luxury, effeminacy, and corruption, we have sufficient means of self-defence, and are fully able to support ourselves against Buonaparte and the united nations under his dominion. These are the chief topics I shall insist on in this series of financial essays. I shall digest my reflections into the order which I think most judicious for setting the refuted state of the nation in a just light. And, although I intend particularly to repel the arguments of Cobbett, I shall, nevertheless, take the liberty to animadvert on the writings of others, whose opinions and principles may chance to stand in my way.

It is odious to flatter any court, any faction, or any person whatever. Therefore, how greatly soever I esteem the government, or the times, since the origin of the *internecine* war, I will be far from maintaining, either *that* the administration has been guilty of *no* errors since that lamentable era, or *that* there is not an odd concurrence of perplexing circumstances in our present condition. Nevertheless, from a sincere love for my country, I think myself obliged to maintain, *that*, notwithstanding all errors, which either are committed by the government at present, or have been committed by it during the last seventeen years, the empire is much richer, is much more secure, and enjoys many more advantages, than in any former period of tranquillity and peace: and that, notwithstanding some unlucky events and disappointments in the course of the present contest, the country is fully able to defend itself against all its numberless enemies.

Nor will any wise politician, out of his zeal for the government, which is founded on rational liberty, adopt the slavish doctrine, that a true patriot should not *take notice* of such errors as have been committed by his country. On the contrary, the wisest and best friends of the government will ever be the most sincere lovers of virtue and liberty. Therefore, they will be the most strenuous supporters of the liberty, although not of the licentiousness, of the press; and will boldly maintain, against all flatterers and place-hunters, that the people of Great Britain *have a right* to take notice of errors in the administration, to point them out to public view, and to lay them before their representatives in parliament.

But liberty may degenerate into insurrection and arrogance. The discontent of writers, like Cobbett, carries them too far. One ought not wantonly to suggest, that the public credit is in danger; or, in the manner of the Botley Financier, to make a proposal for erecting societies, which shall check the circulation of bank notes. Such a proposal is, in my opinion, a *covert*, or legal species of treason. It tends to give imaginary fears, diffuses false alarms, and can be pardoned only on the supposition that it will be without effect. With how much greater prudence, as well as pious affection to his country, does the public-spirited J. W. J. put the following query?—"Whether the credit of the public funds be not a mine of wealth to England; and whether any step, that should lessen this credit, ought not to be dreaded?"—How different is this gentleman from Cobbett, who, with an unusual vehemence, declaims about "*Jacobin guineas*," and calls upon the landed gentlemen, upon the farmers, and upon the manufacturers, to put an end to our paper credit altogether. The real interpretation of which simply is—he calls upon the organized classes of society to assist him in his efforts to destroy the dignity and character of the state and the legislature!!!

It is still more dangerous and inexcusable in his patrons and disciples, to aggravate our vices and our weaknesses so much beyond the truth, as naturally tends to the dejection of our countrymen, and to the insolence of our opponents. During several years, the public has been condemned to *read* the most melancholy and unfavourable accounts of the state of the empire. I perceived this with silence and regret: but, after the dastardising and mischievous representations of Cobbett on the subject of "*Jacobin guineas*," I could no longer forbear to *publish* my thoughts, and to draw my pen in the service of my country.

THE CAMBRIDGE ELECTION.—That Ministers have but few literary friends, and that those few are rapidly diminishing, is a text which I shall probably have frequent opportunities of enlarging upon, till I may convince them that almost *every* loyal writer, who has, generously and consistently, devoted his talents to support the established Government, has been compelled, or has deemed it judicious, either to apostatise, to be silent, or

to retire. Of this fact, the conduct of the press towards Mr. Yorke is another striking and mortifying evidence! I will take a slight survey of the various modes in which it has been employed; to excite the hatred of the rabble against this Gentleman, and prevent him from representing in Parliament, a county, for which he has had the gratification of being returned during upwards of twenty years. As soon as it was announced that he would again present himself before his constituents, the provincial papers became either shamefully silent, outrageously inimical, or they stood forth as the servile copyists of the acquitted criminal felon; that polemical behemoth, Cobbett. The defeat of Mr. Yorke at Cambridge, is, therefore, to be attributed in a great measure, to the exertions of his opponents, to disseminate the opinions of Cobbett, by distributing *gratis*, to the students and populace, some “*cart-loads*” of the late numbers of the Botley Register. No lottery hand-bills, no placard to announce a remedy against the evils of the *Paphi*, no schemes of the quack, or the charlatan to impose upon John Bull, were ever promulgated with such zeal and bare-faced publicity, as were the revolutionary addresses of the Demagogue, to the people of Cambridge, and the youth of the University. Not content with offering them with the usual solicitude that prevails in election contests, they were forced upon the passengers with shouts of vengeance and the power of bludgeons; they were proffered at every shop, distributed at every tavern, hurled out of every coach, and placed abundantly in every Cloacinean temple. The expence of a distribution so prodigal must have been enormous. Reader, who defrayed that expence? Cobbett asserted an infamous falsehood, when he said that Government exhausted thousands of the public mony, in the distribution of the “*Court Martial*,” which exhibited him as an absconding accuser, and the greatest villain that ever defiled the earth. That distribution, and the attendant charges of the publication, I have been assured, proceeded from the private purse of a man of family and letters, and who, a correspondent informs me, has never received any sort of recompense for the service which he has rendered, in bringing those truths to light, and holding up the Demagogue to public execration. This fact being stated, it is again asked, *who* defrayed the

expence of the Demagogue’s political assaults upon Mr. Yorke. Not Cobbett, most assuredly: *he* would not sacrifice the price of one Register, to carry an election for another, or even to secure the election of his own soul! *Who*, then, paid for it? For what purpose was such an expence incurred? What *ultimate* effect is its intention to produce? The first question will not readily be answered; but the reader may imagine that the gang of reformers will never flinch from *expence*, to inflame the minds of the people, as long as they have the press under their supreme controul, by meeting with no opposition from writers of different principles. The first object has been effected, and Mr. Yorke, wisely resolving not to expose his person to the assaults of an infuriate Jacobin rabble, has suffered his adversary to walk over the course. These trivial victories, which supply the disaffected with themes for perpetual exultation, are more than serious, they are alarming, as they facilitate the *ultimate* object of Jacobinism. I wish it were possible to add, that the present triumph of the Jacobins, arising from the Cambridge election, were likely to be of short duration. F. W. B.

“THE WAR TAXES NO BURTHENS.”

To F. W. BLAGDON, Esq.

SIR,—It is a hard case, that the serious and explicit writer should be subject to the attacks of the flimsy observer, and be obliged to submit apparently to his slender and vague criticism, or else be under the necessity of putting himself to the trouble of replying and sur-replying, in order to awaken his understanding, and correct his mistakes. I allude to your carping correspondent, C. F., whose object I cannot conceive, in endeavouring to do away *plain facts*, touching the pressure of the taxes, and those facts so much to the benefit of the cause in which we are engaged, as well as, I trust, satisfactory to the country at large. If the public supplies are obtained in sufficient abundance, and that without the *industrious* part of society suffering in their vocations by their feeling the incumbrance, my plain statement is proved to the extent intended by me.

In doing this I, Sir, erected a finger-post for the direction of strangers: I distinguished pointedly between the *industrious* and the “*Idle*.” On this I built my observations, and I presumed the former to be the most numerous part of the society of this

country. I never said that the Taxes are *not* burdens, and, if your correspondent will, *public burdens*; but I maintained, and do maintain, that they do *not* affect the industrious. Whether those of that description form the *great body* or bulk of the people, in this country, I shall not contend, as I never heard of any numerical account being taken of them; but, presuming them to be so, I stated that the *great body* of the people of this country, *do relieve themselves, and are relieved of the public burdens*; and the fact is incontestibly so, whether it be praiseworthy, or otherwise, on the part of the persons I allude to. This much, indeed, I must say, that I conceive the dealers in the different articles of life, could not proceed in their callings, unless they were reimbursed of the taxes by the consumer; and we know the fact to be so. I, Sir, am one who ever feel myself open to conviction, and had your correspondent explained and expounded, in a clear, reasoning, and argumentative manner, in rebutting my *plain statement*, even though he fell short in his proofs, I should feel more pleasure in replying to him. But, instead of sound argument, he pins his sleeve to mere trifles of practice, and forms of antiquity; and, by dwelling on *generals*, loses sight of, and obscures, *particulars*. He says he is not fond of writing; but I say, that I should feel very fond of exercising my pen, indeed, were I to apply it without any useful object in so doing, or, for the mere purpose of opposing an hypothesis with *assertion* only. When I took up my pen, I did it to expose, to the unthinking and the ignorant, (for both are equally blind), a plain but important matter of fact; and this chiefly with a view to cut down the *vile* and *inflammatory* soothsayings of the enemies of the country, and the friends of the enemy, who prognosticate ruin to the finances, and agitate the people by loudly asserting, that they are heavily oppressed with the taxes; and when once I had got upon the road, I found out other paths connected with it. —I perceived that the manner in which those taxes were evaded, led on to the accumulation of riches in the way of increased individual exertion. This I deemed fortunate, and thus I conceived that the taxes stimulated to *activity* in the various employments of society; but I questioned the *ultimate advantage*, from a *too great* abundance of wealth; and I have, Sir,

already transmitted you my sentiments upon that head.

Whenever I take the liberty of giving to any man's productions an epithet of *marked disgrace*, and of palpable absurdity, I always follow it up with pointed reasoning and proofs. Not so your correspondent, who takes the liberty of calling my plain statement, "*wild theory*." Had I, like him, made *bare assertions*, he might very well, indeed, have assumed that mode of expression, if he thought doing away my *theory*, as he calls it, by *able* and *sound* argument, would not have been more handsome, and far more temperate. Then, his round observation, that antediluvian longevity, or some such subject, would have been quite as *a propos* as my remarks on windmills, and the perpetual motion, seems very foreign to the point, and undefined: as to this, he stated, in a former criticism, that *past experience* convinced him there was no ground for my reasoning and conclusion, as to the taxes *not* being *felt* by the *industrious* part of the community; in reply to which, I merely observed, that experience of the past was no proof of the matter of fact not being *now* to be viewed as different; and I therefore observed, that, because this and the other were not known prior to the day of discovery, there was no reason why we should not now, or at the moment of discovery, admit the plausibility of the new discovery. Former experience knew nothing of the advantages arising from the inoculation of the cow-pox; and, from a parity of reasoning, I ask your correspondent, are we now to doubt the beneficial qualities and consequences of it? We are not, in short, to doubt the existence and force of the new discovery, merely because it is *novel*. Agreeable to my reasoning, your correspondent's allusion to *antediluvian longevity* can have nothing to do, as present experience convinces us, there is no such thing known now; our object is not to prove the past, but the present. But, Sir, I should not, I verily believe, have attempted to answer such observations, were it not, that, no less than *your prudence* and *loyalty* are thought incompatible with the insertion of my *arguments* and *assertions*, which your correspondent has the hardihood to say, are in direct opposition to the King's, his Ministers, and *your own*. Were that the case, as to his Majesty's and his Ministers, I am very sure you, Sir, would

not have inserted them, nor should I have required it; but your correspondent shelters himself under the *general* expressions of his Majesty's Speech, through his commissioners, as touching on the *pressure* upon his subjects by the war. I think it very improper to have introduced his Majesty's Speech, in trying to rebut my *particular* position on the subject of taxes; nor will that bear your correspondent out, or do away my particular statement. The King's Speech alludes to the matter of taxes, as well as to his subjects *generally*: my observations go to *particulars*. I never denied but that the taxes must be severely felt by a *very considerable portion* of the people, and I take no merit to myself in elucidating, that a considerable part of the taxes is *not felt* by *another portion* of the people, because the thing is as clear as the sun: I only take merit for opening the eyes of the ignorant and unthinking, and for cutting up the inflammatory speeches of the ill-affected. But, if the matter had been misunderstood even by the King's Ministers, before I expounded it, which does not appear from the speech, surely that could be no reason why I should not, if I were able, point out that the *industrious* body of the people, by their own management, felt *no pressure* from the taxes: so far as to your correspondent's allusion to the King's or his Ministers' speech. Then, as to the insertion of my observations, being, as he says, adverse to your *prudence*, I do conceive you are the best judge of that. I make no doubt, but that you perceived the *plausibility* of my statement in the full, and admitted my *distinction*; you saw the *incrementum* on the article in the market; you saw that the *depreciation* in the value of the circulating medium would not sufficiently account for it; and you knew there was no *scarcity* of the goods. You, therefore, would readily admit, that, to occasion the high price, the *dealer* affixed the tax to the commodity. I question, was it the common and well-known practice in Mr. Pitt's time? If it were, it very likely was not worth his while nor advisable to allude to it: it grew out of the Income Tax, is now the *practice*, and, therefore, stating it can tend to no inconvenience: were it not general, I should not touch upon it. You, Sir, well know the disposition of man to *save himself harmless*, if he can, upon all occasions; and you know that there are occasions where he is bound to

do so, or he must sink. There are, I am happy to think, many like your correspondent, who grudge not in the cause of their King and their Country—On this point he and I agree extremely well; but grovelling minds, and those of narrow means, discover different propensities, and resort to shuffling expedients, and such will ever go great lengths to avoid performing even their bounden duty. But there is a state of things with man, which will even justify the practice alluded to, without which industry must receive a check; and I add, that it is fortunate, the practice adopted works a double and a beneficial purpose; that is, from the necessity of labouring at a business, through the means of which to pay the tax, an *increased exertion* is the natural consequence by which a double produce takes place, if, as I have observed, the increase of wealth, unbounded, be *ultimately a national advantage*; but which, contrary to the common and selfish way of thinking, I should doubt. It truly may be an advantage in a state of *war*, as a greater national wealth, from the constant drain, should be supposed necessary; but I should dread the effects in the time of *peace*, when every attention would be drawn away to schemes and scenes of luxury and dissipation. In fact, Sir, I will say, you perceived the extent of my sentiments, and viewed my position in the true light, as not only *strong* in support of *loyalty*, but as *throwing light* upon a matter that before was not thought of, or very little understood. I pointed out the body of the people that, in *reality*, chiefly feel the *pressure* of the War Taxes, namely, the *idle rich*; and, instead of feeling for them, I stated that I deemed it a proper *compensation*, or penalty, for the want of their industrious exertions withheld. I, however, should feel no objection to their relief too, by a general peace, or in any way that might be consistent with the honour and safety of the empire, whenever that may be deemed expedient and practicable; at present I see no prospect of such a happy termination.

The *price* of all the articles of life is a proof that the instances are *not solitary*, as your correspondent says, where men place the tax on the goods; and, indeed, as far as I have been able to come to the *direct truth*, I have, by making enquiry. I have asked the question, "*Pray, do not you place the taxes on the goods you vend?*" and I have always been answer-

ed in the affirmative. Ministers and persons in office, are not presumed to know this—much less kings or princes. These are matters for the minute enquiry of your correspondent and me, and not sufficient to occupy the attention of men in high offices of the state; and it would be stooping far below the elevation of kings or princes to enquire into. Therefore, in the language of kings and their advising ministers, if there be taxes, or *pressure extraordinary*, it will be *generally* expressed, and *presumed* by them to fall *equally* on all, notwithstanding the subtleties in practice, by which the majority, or the minority, may stand clear of those taxes and pressure. Next, your correspondent says, he supposes you have given place to my opinion, purely on the principle of the "*audi alteram partem*." I should rather be inclined to think, that, this benign principle influenced you to insert his observations, for he stood as on the other side of the question; mine was certainly the first statement; but, if he places himself there, then I must presume that he was of the number of those whom I principally aimed at, and who cry out, that the taxes are heavy and oppressive burdens, even on the *industrious* portion of society; and, indeed, so he declares himself, for he takes society altogether by the lump, without making any distinction. The fact is, the subject is a new one, and has not as yet been sufficiently attended to; but leave men as the great Adam Smith would have left them, when they will take care of their own interests, and which, in the long run, will be found the true interest of the community at large. In this way the subject will speak for itself, in defiance of either your correspondent or me. He asks, is it likely the Ministers are inclined to favour the disaffected party? Certainly not; but it is proper that, in framing his Majesty's speech, they should express general feeling and courtesy, and avoid all invidious distinctions, as well as descending to paltry and trifling allusions and reflections. Therefore, they could not attempt to point out any particular subjects who feel, or do not feel, the pressure of this, or the other, tax—this would be giving rise to moot points. Such would be unbecoming the dignity of his Majesty, and of his Majesty's Ministers, and the subject touched upon at large. Thus the *pressure*, from the protraction of the war, is very properly alluded to *generally*.—As to the allusion of

your correspondent to *your own* opinions expressed of the war taxes, I, of course, leave that with yourself, who are not to adopt opinions either of his or of mine, if they clash with your judgment. Besides, all are liable to alter and amend their opinions, and, the greatest proof of a sound understanding, is, the doing so where sound and reasonable arguments and proofs are adduced. From what I have read of your productions, I should suppose you to be *that man*. I perceive nothing bigotted or besotted in your writings. They are the flowings of sound sense, and a generous and philanthropic disposition, without *flattery* or *fear of offence*, because you mean neither the one nor the other. In so expressing myself, be assured, Sir, you have no occasion to suppose it proceeds from the *cacoethes scribendi*, alluded to by your correspondent; as, on your merits, both as a *loyal* subject, and a *valuable* subject, in these days, I could dilate at some length, without being suspected of flattery, and without having any motive for such. I would now advise your correspondent to traverse, through the various mazes of the industrious channels of his Majesty's subjects, in this country, and satisfy his mind by a close scrutiny, and by putting such questions as I have already alluded to, when he will discover ample proof of the *cause* of the double rise on the articles of life and of traffic, since the origin of the Income Tax; and he will find those prices still further enhanced, should there arise a necessity for an augmentation of the tax, which, ultimately, will all fall upon the *idle* and the *rich*, so long and so far as they will be able to bear it. Until their coffers fail, we need not expect national bankruptcy. But I hope *prudence* will be observed, lest that should be the case. On the *idle* rich the taxes are, indeed, *serious burdens*, and I shall be glad when times and measures will allow of their being relieved, as well as *now* to see public defaulters, if any there be, obliged to perform the duty of *restitution*.

If the necessity for exertion, in order to enable the individual to pay his taxes, urges him unto industrious pursuits and active employments, which he otherwise would not have embarked in, surely it must necessarily tend to an increase of national wealth, and of course strength in war. The premises being granted, the conclusion must follow of course. This, however, your correspondent will not ad-

mit, although the position is self evident; but it does not follow, that *criminal practices, high crimes or misdemeanors* should be approved of, admitted, or licensed, in order that this beneficial consequence, in another respect, should follow. I never approved of the practice of evil, that good might come out of it; nor is the observation of your correspondent, as to public defaulters, by any means applicable, when comparing it with the prosecution of a *just and necessary* war in self-defence, of which description I must ever view the present contest. This lame argumentative and illustrative observation seems only calculated to amuse weak minds, and to hoodwink you, Sir, and others, who, I am persuaded, will not be so easily detached from the right and *straight forward* view of the question. This is certainly very ingenious of your correspondent, but if he is on the *right side* of the subject, there is *no occasion* for such inapplicable observations. Your correspondent finally observes, that, he considers the property tax the best that can be resorted to. I differ with him *in toto* on this point, and although it be a wide digression from the point at issue, I must say, that, as to the equitable and productive qualities of this mode of levy, it is only like every other tax, as it, like the rest, ultimately falls on the consumer, and is really felt, or not, by the *idle* and the *industrious*; but that, as to its particular disagreeable feature, the *exposure* of the state of each man's *private resources*, and *depth* or *shallowness* of his coffers, it must tend to *damp* the *feelings* of men, and to affect them thereby in their various pursuits, whilst the very *idea* of their family affairs being known to every common tax-gatherer, is in itself an *intolerable vexation*. I should prefer a tax even upon *all* the *necessaries* of life to this tax, and in the end all would fall upon the idle consumer; but I should first of all prefer a tax on all *luxuries*, and such things as ought to be *prohibited*. If they failed, then place it upon conveniences and necessities. In either case the poor man would suffer nothing, as his means of living must be rendered equal to the difficulty, and the tradesman, would be sure to *arrange the matter* so as to have his clear and necessary profits.

I trust you will excuse the length of this, whilst I remain, very truly, Sir, your faithful humble servant,

Clifton, March 6th.

J. J. W. J.

FRENCH EXPOSE.

Continued from page 8.

----- and that the men who deluded the Cabinet of Vienna after the Peace of Presburgh, will not succeed in deceiving it again after that of Vienna; they would pronounce the doom of their Masters; for France, ever great, powerful, and strong, will always know how to destroy and counteract the combinations and intrigues of her enemies. In the mean time, England, seeing that our armies were employed in Germany, and being always ill informed, notwithstanding the immense treasures she wastes in paying spies, fancied that our veteran troops had left Spain, and that the weakened French army would not be able to withstand their efforts. Forty thousand men were disembarked in Portugal, joined the insurgents, and flattered themselves they should be able to march to Madrid; they gathered nothing but disgrace from their enterprise; they were met by armies in all places, where they fancied to find only divisions. Forty thousand men landed at the same time at Walcheren; and without having commenced the siege, by means of a short bombardment they rendered themselves in a fortnight masters of Flushing, which was defended in a cowardly manner. His Majesty ordered a report to be made to him on this subject. The Emperor generously rewards those, who, animated with his sentiments, and sensible of what they owe to the honour of France, are faithful to glory and their country; but he severely punishes those who calculate the danger when victory alone should occupy their mind, and prefer a disgraceful flight to a glorious death. In the mean time all the departments were in arms: 150,000 men of the national guards put themselves in motion, while at the same time 25,000 troops, drawn from the depots, assembled in Flanders, and the Gens d'Armes formed a corps of 8000 choice cavalry. The English Commander in Chief, as a wise and prudent man, would not expose his army to danger more destructive than the plague; he returned to England. All the departments gave striking proofs of their attachment to the Government and Emperor, some districts only in the department of the Sarre showed a contrary disposition. Commissioners have been appointed to enquire into their conduct. The districts and private individuals, who have misconducted themselves, shall be

deprived, during the space of twenty-five years, of the rights of citizens, and subjected to a double contribution. Over their doors shall be written the words—"This is not a French Commune."

"His Majesty has also ordered to be laid before him designs of monuments to be erected at Arras, Bouger, and Lisle, tending to preserve the memory of sentiments, which have given him so much satisfaction.

"But the momentous influence of the events of the year 1809 on the face of the world, attracts all our attention.

"The Duchy of Warsaw has been enlarged with a part of Galicia. It would have been easy for the Emperor to unite all Galicia with that state, but he would not do any thing which could excite the least uneasiness in the mind of his Ally, the Emperor of Russia. Nearly all Galicia, of the first partition, has been left to Austria. His Majesty never entertained the idea of restoring the kingdom of Poland. What the Emperor has done for New Galicia was prescribed to him by sound policy as well as honour; he could not surrender to the vengeance of an implacable Prince, people who had displayed such fervent zeal in the cause of France. A young Austrian Prince, the same who commanded in Ulm in 1805, as arrogant as he is ignorant, and unacquainted with the art of war, did only know how to get himself, with 40,000 men, defeated by Prince Jos. Piniatowsky, who had only 13,000 under his orders. Through the unskilful combination of her General, Austria lost West Galicia, the inhabitants of which shook off, with enthusiasm, the iron yoke which bore them down. It was the Emperor's duty not to subject them to it again. It is his Majesty's wish, that under the wise Government of the King of Saxony, the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw secure their tranquillity; and, without giving cause of uneasiness to their neighbours, enjoy their fortunate situation.

"The King of Bavaria, Westphalia, and the rest of the Confederation, will obtain an accession of territory. It would undoubtedly have been safe for France to extend her frontiers beyond the Rhine, but that river remains the invariable limits of the neighbouring States of her Empire. The Hanseatic towns shall serve as means of the reprisals of war with England.

"The peace with Sweden shall imme-

diately be concluded. Nothing shall be changed in the political relation of the Confederation of the Rhine, and the Helvetic Confederacy. For the first time, since the days of the Romans, all Italy will again be subject to the same system. The re-union of the Estates of Rome was requisite to effect this measure—they intersect the Peninsula from the Mediterranean as far as the Adriatic sea, and history has evinced the importance of an immediate intercourse between Upper Italy and the kingdom of Naples. Three centuries ago, whilst Charles VIII. was effecting the conquest of this kingdom, the Pope suddenly changed his opinion, formed a formidable league against him. The retreat of the king being intimated, he could only return to France by marching over the necks of the confederates headed by the Pope.

"But wherefore should we seek for examples in the history of Charles VIII.; of Louis XII.; of Francis I.! Have we not seen in our days, the Pope protecting the English in his capital, who, from his asylum were agitating the kingdom of Naples and the kingdom of Italy; distributing money and poniards to the assassins, who slaughtered our soldiers in the vallies of Calabria? The Emperor has demanded of the Pope to shut his ports against the English. Who could have thought that the Pope would have rejected his demand? He has proposed to him to form a league, offensive and defensive, with the kingdom of Naples, and that of Italy.

"The Pope has rejected this proposal. No circumstance has occurred since the peace of Presburgh, wherein the Court of Rome has not evinced its hatred against France. Whatever power happens to preponderate in Italy becomes immediately her enemy. Hence, before the battle of Austerlitz, before that of Friedland, the Emperor received from Rome briefs replete with acrimony.

"We next beheld the Pope complaining of the principles of toleration, sacred by the Code of Napoleon; we beheld him rise against the organic laws, which governed the interior of the empire, and in which, under no title whatever, had he any right to interfere; we saw him cast fire-brands in our provinces, and thus endeavour to occasion divisions in, and to shake the great Empire; and it is not to be doubted what he would have done, had any important battle been lost. The Court of Rome has unveiled its secret

sentiments too much. She has not been able to disown the services rendered by the Emperor to religion; but this motive of acknowledgment, which should have been so powerful over the Chief of the Church, could not overcome the hatred of the temporal Sovereign.—Convinced of these truths, sacred by the history of former times, and by our own experience, the Emperor had only two ways to choose—either to create a Patriarch, and separate France from every relation with a power inimical to her, and which endeavoured to annoy her; or to destroy a temporal sovereignty, the only source of the hatred of the Court of Rome against France.

* * * The following paragraphs, belonging to the article on War in the *Exposé*, should have followed the words, flew through all the ranks, in col. 862.

The Emperor having, by his accustomed manœuvre, separated two corps of the enemy's army, beat them on the 20th, near Abensberg. On the 21st, he marched against Landshut, rendered himself master of that town, and of the bridge across the Iser, the head-quarters and central point of the enemy's operations; intercepted, by this movement, the communication of the enemy's army, and took his baggage, his pontoons, and his hospitals. On the 22d, he marched to Echemuhl, turned the left of the Archduke Charles's army, reduced to four corps by the separation of the two others, routed that army, took 30,000 prisoners, with 100 pieces of cannon, and the same evening arrived in the plain of Ratisbon, where he rested in the head-quarters of Prince Charles. On the 23d, he closely pursued the enemy, destroyed the Austrian horse, and took Ratisbon, and the 12,000 men, whom the enemy had left in that place. In forty-eight hours the Austrian army, struck as it were, by a thunderbolt, saw its fate decided. Of six corps, which composed it, each 40,000 strong, five were already defeated, reduced to half their number, and separated from each other. The remains of the four corps were driven to the Danube, and the two others to the Inn, without bridges, magazines, and without hospitals. The rumour of these disasters soon reached the ears of the Sovereign of Austria, and in less than two days the most profound consternation succeeded the most foolish presumption.

“In the mean time, the 8th and 9th corps, which formed the Austrian army

in Italy, had surprised our troops, who were far from expecting such treacherous proceedings, blockaded Palmanova, Nova, and Venice, and reached, on the 28th of April, the Adige.

“The Emperor's plan was no longer doubtful. After having defeated the grand army of the Archduke Charles, and driven four of the corps to Bohemia, he pursued the two corps which fell back to the Inn, marched to Saltsburgh, Lintz, Upper Austria, and Styria, in order to turn the Austrian army of Italy, and secure his own army and his dominions in Italy, which are so dear to his heart. One month had scarcely elapsed since the unjust aggression of the Austrian army, when Vienna was bombarded and compelled to open its gates, and bow to our victorious arms. The Austrian army of Italy soon perceived that its flanks were uncovered, and felt the necessity of falling back. The Viceroy who defeated the enemy on the banks of the Piave, on the Noric Alps, and in Carniola, pushed on to the frontiers of Styria, and formed a junction with the Grand Army. Shortly after he defeated the enemy in the interior of Hungary. The battle of Raab was the celebration of the memorable Anniversary of Marengo and Friedland, which induced the Emperor to write to his adopted son—“*Your victory is a grand-daughter of Marengo.*” The scattered remains of the different enemy's corps could not have rallied, and would have been taken and disarmed, had not a fortuitous event, the rise of the Danube, which overflowed its banks, arrested the French army; the genius of war, and the effects of art overcame those unforeseen obstacles. In the profession of arms, it is at times necessary to join the courage and force of the lion, to the cunning and prudence of the fox. The battle of Wagram, followed by the Armistice of Znaim, made the arms drop from the hands of our enemy; he had no other hope left than the generosity of the Conqueror, which he had so often slighted.

ERRATUM.—In the last Register, in the article to Correspondents, col. 862, for *grievances* read *finances*.

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CONTENTS.—Remarks on the objects of the Opposition, in alarming the country by their speeches on the Public Expenditure.—A review of the progressive improvement of the nation, in the value of land, cattle, coin, &c. since his Majesty's Accession to the Throne.—Accusations of the declaimers proved to be false.—On Reversions; overturning, by convincing facts and arguments, the prejudices which this subject has given rise to.—The national utility of well-disposed sinecures explained.—Comments on Sir RICHARD STRACHAN's Narrative, in which some important considerations are brought forward, relative to the present state of our Army, and a comprehensive plan laid down, to force the Tyrant of the Continent to make peace with England.—The second Essay of ARISTIDES; on National Debt, &c.—On the late retirement of a popular and loyal writer, and the discontinuance of his work, from want of encouragement.—On the victory of the English Press over Pride and Prejudice, &c. &c.

To THE PUBLIC.—The friends and Correspondents of the Editor are particularly requested not to address any more communications to him at his late residence, the Royal Cockpit, St. James's Park. The whole of the premises so denominated having been consigned to immediate demolition by the ground landlords, the Governors of Christ's Hospital. For the present, therefore, all favours directed to his Office, at Exeter Change, Strand, will be punctually transmitted to him.

895] ————— [896

STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes? JUV.
“Who could endure the Gracchi complaining of sedition?”

By ALBION.

STRICTURE IX.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.—The desire of grasping at enormous power, from the mere vanity of being accounted powerful, and receiving the incense of external respect and universal envy, which is offered to greatness, is a species of *avarice*, equally despicable with, and of more injurious consequences to society than, the artificial penury of him who dare not hazard a wish to be of service to his country. The latter, taken in a more personal relation, is no one's enemy but his own; and the only public injury that can be ascribed to him, arises from a false, mistaken insignificance, which prevents his little rivulet of capacity from joining the general flood of circulating genius; while the former holds forth, to public view, a picture of unbounded ambition, of soaring pride mingled with mental indigence, of magnanimity shackled by meanness, and of occasional moments of ill-applied devotion, followed by treacherous artifice or pernicious repentance. Thus is it with the British GRACCHI! In all their denunciations against the Ministry, the acquisition of power is their only object; nor are there many among them, at this moment, who would not barter the honourable spirit of independence, for a portion of the *public expenditure*, or for a sinecure appoint-

ment. More dangerous than the Gracchi—when a member of Opposition awakens into enterprise, he considers no one but himself, nor has the least regard for the disappointment, and perhaps essential injury, occasioned to the state by the success of his own destructive projects: and if, by a too eager desire of grasping at power, he should fail in his designs, and sink into ruin, he weeps but for his own destruction, nor reflects a moment on the miserable lot of many better men than himself, whom his ardent, ambitious rapacity may have involved in misery and degradation.

This unfortunate disposition is almost always joined to a cunning; which Lord Bacon emphatically calls a crooked or left-handed wisdom;—a vice which may succeed for a time, but never holds out to the end. It does not possess sufficient solidity to last long; and, though occasional applications of it may be crowned with success, whoever rests upon it as a stable quality, will be overtaken by the day of bitter disappointment, when the successive advantages it may have acquired will vanish at once, and leave him in absolute ruin, amazed at himself, reproached by thousands, and pitied by none.

These observations, though somewhat desultory, and not extended to the length which such a subject requires, are very applicable to the Gracchi of our senate; for, from the commencement of the present Session to the last sitting, they have endeavoured to arrive at the summit of power by a *crooked* wisdom, which is insensible to the dictates of justice, the admonitions of reason, or the laws of ho-

nour.—The charges against the executive, conveyed in Mr. H. Martin's financial resolutions, are pregnant with this infamous species of left-hand cunning. And Mr. Creevy, and the Gracchi who supported the motion,—“That it is the opinion of the Committee, that attention to economy is necessary in the public expenditure,” manifested a much stronger desire to pull down the administration, than to improve the public condition from an *exposé* of the circumstances of the state. Mr. Rose, in a very able speech, refuted the arguments of his opponents; but, as some general calculations escaped that well-informed gentleman's observation, I shall dwell for a moment on a debate of such extraordinary interest.—To alarm the country, and to strike terror into the house; the progress of the public debt was minutely calculated. In the year 1780, it was something more than 184,000,000; and, on the 6th of January, this year, it amounted to 784,000,000l. and the interest to 29,972,000l.!—And what of this? Does it follow from this, that we are to diminish the offices of Government, that we are to abridge the prerogative of the Crown, and conduct our affairs with the miserable shifts and artifices which would turn the natural pity of mankind into contempt and detestation? Mr. Martin and Mr. Creevy may answer in the affirmative, but I never can. For a nation may be opulent and flourishing, at the same time that public debts are high; and, as its opulent and flourishing condition must be attributed to the wisdom of his Majesty and the energy of his government, it implies neither sanity nor reason in those who dispute the wisdom, and paralyze the energy, from which our distinction and prosperity proceed. It is to be regretted, that Mr. Rose did not contrast a *progress of national improvement* with Mr. Martin's pilgrimage of the National Debt. Had he drawn a parallel of this nature, the public would have seen the question in its true light, and be made competent judges of the extent of their obligations, and of the merits of the reign in which it is our felicity to exist. What Mr. Rose has not done, I shall endeavour to effect: it is capable of very clear proof, and is a subject worthy the highest considerations of regard.

It must be confessed that, when his Majesty ascended the throne of these realms, the wars, which we had been compelled to undertake against Spain

and France, lay heavy upon the nation. The high taxes, which we had to levy for supporting those wars; the interruption that was given to trade; the losses sustained both by sea and land; the high interest and high premiums that were given for ready money; the low price of land and of labour; the failure of rents; the quantity of land untilled; and the number of farm-houses falling to ruin; the yearly marriages and births lessened; the burials increased; the stock of live cattle diminishing; and the inhabitants *withdrawing themselves from a declining country*, caused no small distress, and made his Majesty's reign commence in clouds and poverty. His English subjects, amounting to about seven millions, and their individual revenue not exceeding the sum of seven pounds!—Fifty years, for the most part of war and violence, have passed; and the scene is entirely changed! All the *signs* which indicate an increase of riches, have become visible among us. The agriculture of England is improved, the value of land is raised, the interest of money reduced, the quantity of shipping of all kinds, and of the royal navy in particular, prodigiously augmented; the commerce is extended to the remotest regions of the earth; the manufactures multiply, the arts flourish, the public buildings become magnificent and great, the private ones abound in all the comforts and luxuries of life, and the productions of the East and of the West are at our *exclusive* use and disposal. From all these facts, which cannot be denied, it might reasonably be expected, that our minds might be easy on this point, and not be perpetually haunted with the dreadful spectres of poverty and ruin. Yet so it is, and the knowledge that the Debt has increased from one hundred to nearly eight hundred millions in his Majesty's reign, hinders the public from perceiving, **THAT THE WHOLE STOCK OF ENGLAND, INCLUDING THE COIN, THE PERSONAL ESTATE OF EACH INDIVIDUAL, AND THE WHOLE VALUE OF THE LAND, HAS INCREASED £900,000,000 STERLING; and that the population has multiplied from seven to ten millions; and their expenditure from seven to sixteen pounds each.** These facts, alone, sufficiently prove, not only that England is richer, but that it has *increased* in riches in a higher proportion *since* his Majesty's reign, than it had done before; and that the loud cry of poverty, as the effect

of His Government, is wholly chimerical and absurd.

Would it satisfy the Gracchi, who profess so sincerely to lament the misfortunes of their country, it will be confessed, that we have been far from profiting, so much as we might have done, by his Majesty's benign administration. We are neither so settled at home, nor so revered abroad, as his wisdom and virtue ought to have rendered us. This is owing to the Gracchi themselves, and the vice and licentiousness they encourage among the citizens at large. But, after making just concessions on the one side, it ought to be granted, on the other, that we are a more rich, great, and powerful people than ever we were; and that the clamour respecting the public debt and expenditure is only raised by the Gracchi, as a means of hallooing a Minister down, and of pursuing their own measures with a systematic iniquity, not on the records of any civilised state. By what sort of *evidence* and *conviction* they mean to condemn Mr. Perceval, is apparent from their late and present charges;—a sort of evidence and conviction founded on a series of the most unparalleled lies, the most detestable forgeries, and infamous misrepresentations that were ever employed to deceive a people; evidence and conviction founded on a train of the most diabolical *jealousies*, and supported only by sophistry, noise, and confidence. "Wicked Ministers," is the perpetual theme.—I ask, do not *false accusers* and *misrepresenters* of public affairs merit the same punishment that truly wicked ministers deserve? When I prove that the Gracchi have libelled, insulted, and vilified the sacred person of Majesty, to raise a spirit of insurrection, to alienate the affections of the people from a Sovereign, the lenity and wisdom of whose government are so conspicuous to all wise and honest men, what can they pretend to urge in their justification? When I prove that they have attempted to break in upon the royal prerogative, by checking the expenditure, diminishing employments, and putting an end to grants by reversions, how can they defend themselves from so heavy a charge? Cannot it be also proved that they have caballed with the enemies of their country? Is it not demonstrable, from the whole course of their libels, that they give a false complexion to every transaction, and belie the administration

to raise sedition, and give weight to their party? Can any thing be more fully proved against them, than the injustice of that charge they have brought against the Ministry of the misapplication of the public money? Have they not in this important particular showed the vilest arts of miscalculation and cunning, that ever appeared in print, and which have been demonstrated so from the writings and harangues of my Lord Melville, Mr. Rose, and other financiers of the most extensive information and worth.—However, I shall be merciful, and not at present triumph over errors so easily detected. While the Gracchi keep to general declamation, I will allow them to support some degree of character among the credulous and inattentive; but, when they pretend to facts, calculations, and evidence, which I know to be false, I shall cause their arguments to recoil, and sink them under the pressure of their own guilt. If, in addressing myself to whole classes, factions, and parties of men; if in delineating measures, schemes, and projects, the colours may seem too dark or grossly laid on, the lines too strong or coarsely drawn, all I can say in extenuation is, that, in describing vice, it is impossible to make it look like virtue; or, in painting deformity, to give it the semblance of *grace* and *beauty*. "Who can be patient or moderate when hearing the Gracchi complain of the public expenditure and notional degradation?"

REVERSIONS.—Mr. Banks rose, on the 20th, for leave to bring in a Bill to prevent the grant of Places and Pensions in Reversion. Leave was given without any opposition from his Majesty's Ministers. This concession, on the part of the Crown, merits all the gratitude and approbation of the country; but, as I condemn the general principle on which the Opposition acted, namely, the abridgment of the royal prerogative, I cannot pass the measure in silence, or suffer them to triumph for a victory which merits so much indignation and reproach.

The alarming and encroaching influence of the crown is the common cant and favourite theme of antiministerial men, *who can approve of no power but their own*; nevertheless, with what ardour, anxiety, and expence, are they seen to aim at acquiring what is called Parliamentary interest?—A many-headed hydra, of a far more dangerous tendency to the public welfare than the

royal prerogative.—The interests of *interested* individuals are frequently at variance with the general good, but that of the crown is inseparable from it. A bad citizen, such as Cobbett, may find personal advantages in magnifying the calamities of his country; but a king, whatever his character may be, can receive no benefit whatever, but from its honour and prosperity. When, therefore, the angry spirit of the Gracchi accuse their Sovereign of designs to increase his power beyond the limits of public interest, they may think him a knave, but, in the most express terms, they call him a fool.—In the history of that corruption against which disappointed, *unemployed*, and hungry men so loudly exclaim, the tyrannic, designing, and ambitious spirit of *individuals* will compose a weight sufficient to over-balance the more than common powers of the crown. Does not the powerful nobleman, or the wealthy commoner, discharge his servant, turn out his tenant, change his tradesmen, and quarrel with his neighbours, when they give their votes, or exert *their* interest, contrary to *his* interest? Is it not also a common, nay, a very general practice, for the representative influence in cities, boroughs, &c. to be purchased, not only with money, but by a promise of parliamentary obedience? And does not the man of ambition collect, with his political service, men of eminent abilities, who assist him, according as he directs, in attaining the object of his wishes, and bend down in subservience to his nod, from the fear of meeting his displeasure, or from the hopes of sharing his success? Is it not, therefore, abominable, that such men should dare to wag their tongues with insolence against the crown for exerting that influence which it naturally and *constitutionally* possesses, in the support of measures previously determined to be necessary to the general welfare, as well as in rewarding those men who have served it with fidelity. This in many instances of *eminence* can only be effected by Reversionary Grants and Pensions. And, if the Crown corrupt,—it is because men will not be led to their duty but by the means of corruption!—It may be objected to me, that there are one of the Gracchi, men of superior independence, integrity, and worth. This I have often allowed. Even more, I have spoken of a Moira, an Erskine, a Holland, a Whitbread, &c. with veneration

and praise. But, if in the most favourable moment of the world for the success of great talents, they leave the path wherein they might instruct, delight, and illuminate their own and every future age, to follow the beckon of a more exalted station, but inferior talents, and pass their days in the arduous, disgraceful, but devoted service of party and of faction,—what can I think and say of such men?—Pity may weep over them, learning may lament, but virtue will disown them!

Besides, in the progress of state concerns, disappointment and failure might be attended with consequences of such *universal grievance*, that Ministers are inevitably obliged to renounce the rigid prudence so necessary in private affairs, in order to secure an *infallible* execution of their designs. Thus, in national regulations, there is but one grand law, “TO PAY WELL, AND TO HANG WELL;” and rewards are often held forth, which are more than adequate to the actions they are intended to inspire; salaries are annexed to appointments *beyond* the labour and abilities necessary to fulfil them; profits are suffered to arise from contracts made for the national service, superior to those which are found in the ordinary course of commerce, and Pensions and Reversions are tendered to those who are above the acceptance of subordinate appointments or ordinary bribes.

Mr. Banks, or any other amiable theorist, may talk of disinterested patriotism and uncorrupted virtue; and I would not be so unjust to human nature, as to suppose they are visionary ideas:—but, from the history of mankind in all ages and nations of the world, it is too evident, that the ruling passions of men must be made the *engines* whereby they are governed, and from a wise direction whereof they are to be led to prosperity and glory. Vanity and interest are the two leading features of the human character; and he who forms a code of laws which shall contain the wisest rules for modifying and directing those passions to the general good, is the most able legislator; while he who can apply them in the most suitable manner to answer the particular purposes of public prosperity, deserves the character of the most able statesman. Such being my opinions, I can never approve of any measure which contracts the sphere of munificence; which abridges the prerogative of the Crown;

leaves his Majesty the odious power of executing criminal justice, and denies him the god-like attribute of rewarding zeal, integrity, and greatness. By following up Mr. Bankes's Bill, the best of Sovereigns will be regarded as the *executioner*, not as the *benefactor*, of his country. He will be allowed to *hang*, but not to *pay* his servants!!! Were we a nation of thieves and pick-pockets, Mr. Bankes would be our most excellent legislator; but, as it is yet hoped that there are in the empire men who merit *rewards as well as punishments*, I am justified in recommending his constituents to leave his future election to those who are content to be classed amongst the robbers and vagrants of the land, whom he deprecates so much. Mr. Creevy, also, as an *Utopian* politician, may amuse a circle of curious listeners by the ingenuity,—he may, perhaps, even charm them by the amiableness, of his error; but, employed to guide the helm, to *hang* well, but not to *pay* well, he would prove worse than Mr. Bankes himself; as, with all the necessary vigilance of office, he might guide the vessel to the fatal rock, to which his creative fancy had given the appearance of a secure haven. I do not accuse Mr. Bankes and Mr. Creevy of an absence of virtue or understanding, but I accuse them of *enthusiasm*, the greatest vice that can possibly attach to a statesman. *Enthusiasm* soars above and grovels below, without resting for a moment in the middle path of discretion. It alternately assumes the forms of profound wisdom and extreme folly; but remains at an equal distance from the plain, undeviating line of common sense. It can make the most simple truths unintelligible, and give falsehood itself the semblance of reality.—It can, at least for a time, deceive all mankind—in common with all mankind, deceive itself. The lowest clerk in office is more qualified for a statesman than an *enthusiast*. I close this topic with an assertion so profitable.

SIR RICHARD STRACHAN. If amiable manners, domestic virtue, manly spirit, kind disposition, and professional excellence, can compose a character to command universal respect and admiration,—this distinguished officer must receive such an invaluable tribute from mankind. Sir Richard knows but little of the piping times of peace, or of the season of repose and inactivity. The rough aspect, the simple manners, the

blunt speech, and plain appearance, that characterised the annals of a *Raleigh*, have never been succeeded, by this gallant admiral, with the elegance of fashionable life, or the introduction of effeminate enjoyment. Under this aspect, when his life is considered, the element on which he lives, the dangers to which he is exposed, the hardships he has been obliged to encounter, with the numerous *et ceteras* which might be added, it must be acknowledged, that his character is the least adapted, of all others, to shine before parliament, as the author of a justificatory pamphlet. The prejudices of mankind, and, which may be of far more fatal consequence, the prejudices of the service, are against a sea-officer who is a writer. Yet, notwithstanding so many personal disqualifications, I am proud to confess, that no public document, of a similar nature, has ever afforded me more instruction or pleasure, than his plain but able Narrative. And it evidently appears, from the *facts* and arguments it embraces, that were Sir Richard *again* invested with the same power, and in the same circumstances and situation, he should act *again*, in the same manner as he *then* did, without being under the least apprehension of bringing upon him *even the suspicion* of having acted like a coward or a traitor to his King and country. The facts are stated by him with the mere intention of vindicating his own honour, and not with any design of insinuating the least objection to the consequence of the army. Nothing advanced in the support of the navy, proceeds from any sort of disposition to attack Lord Chatham, and the document preserves throughout a decency and respect, a freedom and liberty, which are the genuine characteristics of the excellence of the laws, and the natural birthright of every subject of this much-favoured land.—In very few words, Sir Richard proves to Parliament, that he constantly employed the utmost of his diligence and capacity to acquit himself of the important trust with which he was honoured: that many might have been chosen whose knowledge and experience exceeded his, he most readily admits; but that there were any whose zeal and hearty inclinations were more attached to the service of their King and country, he can never allow. In these assertions he has the general concurrence of every honourable mind; and it only remains for me to ob-

serve, that, as the document has never attempted to gratify the spirit of vanity, revenge, or disappointment, it is to be lamented that the friends of Lord Chatham stoop to invective, and to the employment of *parallels* which tend to partial disparagement. This is not a time for Parliament to attend to *invidious distinctions*. A period has at length arrived, when the national interest requires an union of all parties to one common object. A war with superior enemies, or any signal public calamity, *from whatever cause it may arise*, demands the immediate extinction of all general animosity. When danger threatens a state, all jealousy should subside in every loyal bosom. Enemies should join with friends, and friends with enemies, to give force, energy, and effect to the operations of government.—Any set of men, therefore, who employ their influence and their talents to excite a misunderstanding between the army and the navy, in a time of great public danger,—encourage the enemies of their country, and deserve the execration of every good citizen. But it should, nevertheless, be well understood, that the Military Theatre of Great Britain is particularly circumscribed, and that the province of the army is insensibly undergoing a change, which must ultimately destroy all the glory with which it was so abundantly crowned. I would not suffer a suspicion of a moment to escape me, that the spirit and bravery of the army are not the same as they ever have been; but, if we abandon Spain, if we resign Portugal, and place the balance of power in the hands of Buonaparte, as the only fit arbiter of the fate of Europe, of what utility can a standing army be to us? In what light could such an army be viewed? Could it be considered in any other character than that of a liveried police, supported for the protection of civil order, and not for the maintenance of that glory which their ancestors acquired in the field? Whereas, from the peculiar circumstances of Europe, and from our insular situation, the navy has increased its consequence to such a degree, that it may be considered, what it is, in fact, the sovereign of the world. It is in the power of the present Parliament to immortalize itself by profiting by its late investigations, and by the parallels that have been presented for its contemplation and judgment! It is in its power humbly to beseech his Majesty

to direct his Board of Admiralty to fit out *every* description of ship for service, and to order his Ministers to publish a declaration, stating, “That his Britannic Majesty, having resolved to put a speedy end to a war which had already subsisted to such a length of years, had determined on the diligent blockade and vigorous siege of *every port of the continent of Europe!* Not only to obstruct the commerce of the enemy and his allies, but to burn, destroy, and lay waste all the towns, cities, and villages along their coasts, and to confine them to the mountains and interior of their respective countries. The effect of a declaration of this kind, on the first city we should destroy by fire, would instantly bring the enemy to terms, and make him sue for that peace he has so frequently spurned. But should he wait for a more *general incendiary*, and wish to see the shores of the ocean glitter in flames, before he will submit his neck to the yoke, THEN IT IS IN THE POWER OF THE NAVY TO ACCOMPLISH THIS PURPOSE, and to decide a war, *in the compass of a few months*, which has lasted for the space of seventeen years, and at the prodigious cost of 500,000,000 of sterling money, and torrents of British blood.—I am told that the law of nations forbid an act of such magnitude and extent. I before said that the law of nations is the law of humanity. Does not humanity require of us to restore our friends to wisdom, and our enemy to a sense of his guilt? Nor does it appear that the law of nations operates on our conduct in matters of detail. We could set fire to Copenhagen and level Flushing to the ground! Is it, then, to be said, that we can strangle infants, but not dare to strike an adult? Is it to be endured, that the British navy is to be employed on petty depredation and partial piracy, when it is known that it could extend itself along every coast, and force the slaves of a tyrant, to abandon the borders of the ocean, and to dwell among the brutes of the wood? With every maritime dwelling on fire, the inhabitants deserting the vicinity of the seas; with a commerce annihilated, and the intercourse of nations totally destroyed; with a heart broken by unexpected calamities, and a mind hurt and sore by the unremitting cries of a people’s voice, and by their clamours for a cessation of distress, Buonaparte would soon be compelled to humble himself in the dust, and to implore a

British admiral to suffer the offence of war to be obliterated by a general peace. The Parliament may be more tender of the lives and property of men than to recommend this vigorous rigour. I observe that, to restore order and happiness to the world, the measure I propose to their consideration, is a measure of a merciful but a steady justice. Justice is not a thing opposed to mercy; it is an essential part of it, and the legislature will betray an absence of both these qualities, if it do not exercise its power for the injured, and excite his Majesty to employ the **WHOLE** of his navy in subduing the enormous guilt of a tyrant, and in securing peace and justice to the miserable inhabitants of the continent of Europe. The measure appears severe, but it is in fact dignified with much more humanity than the contemptible efforts which have been made so repeatedly for the accomplishment of the same purpose. We have shed more innocent blood in a piratical and futile warfare, during seventeen years, than this magnanimous proposition will ever occasion, if carried into execution; a proposition, which, *in a few months*, will produce effects beyond all former experience; and be attended with more advantages than I am enabled to foresee. I submit my ideas with the utmost respect to Parliament—they are the result of much patient thinking on the subject; and, if acted upon with zeal and diligence, will hermetically seal up every port in Europe, and place the liberty of the world under our sole command! Sir Richard Strachan, who has led me into this digression, may perhaps improve my cursory thoughts into a regular plan, and assist in proving my assertion, that the British navy, *if properly employed*, is not only the effective sovereign of all the seas, but the arbiter of all the nations of the earth. Such is the decision of, at least, an experienced and equitable judge.

ALBION.

March 27, 1810.

OF BANKS, AND OF PAPER-CREDIT.

PART II.

SECTION I.

In order to form a true judgment of the political state of this empire, it is essential to consider the nature of Paper-credit, and to enquire—whether banks be useful or dangerous to the country.

One would think, the advantages of banks must have been so manifest from *experience*, that, long before this time, no doubt could have been entertained of their importance and utility. But, instead of any universal agreement in their favour, such prejudices have been circulated against them by Cobbett, and other *insurrection* writers, that not the vulgar alone, who have never considered the subject, but some very learned Members of both Houses of Parliament, have fallen into the most egregious mistakes on this subject, and absolutely look upon banks as detrimental to the landed interest, to trade, and industry!

However, as *experience* has convinced the *agricultural* and *trading* part of the world of the advantages of **BANKING**, it will not be difficult to show, *from the nature of the thing*, in what manner **BANKS** become useful to commerce, and consequently of vital import to the general welfare of the nation.

In a nation that is chiefly addicted to agriculture and to pasturage; where the people, satisfying themselves with a simple life-possessing minds “with a little pleased,” and dealing in a trifling manner with trade and manufactures—money will not be necessary. Much of their commerce may be carried on by barter. But, where there is a great variety of manufactures and commodities, where all sorts of arts are encouraged, and where the elegancies and luxuries of life are studied to the most exquisite degree of refinement—much money will not only be *profitable*, but be *absolutely necessary* for the exigencies of a state so highly cultivated.

I admit, notwithstanding, that there *may* be too much money in a nation. And there certainly is too much, if it render the great body of the people idle, and enable them to purchase what they want, from foreigners, without exercising any labour or industry of their own. This was the case with Spain, about three hundred years since. In the mines of Peru and Mexico are buried all the capacity and virtue of that once gallant people. But the money acquired by trade is never so sudden, and is ever attended by beneficial effects.

Industry and labour are far better than money from the mine, and will soon be able to procure money in exchange for commodities. Yet industry stands sometimes in need to be *quickened*; and money is deemed essential for this purpose.

Let us suppose, that there is a certain quantity of money and of commodities in any country. The quantity of money may be said to represent the commodities, and to determine the prices of them.—The prices of *particular* commodities may vary in different circumstances; but if the *sums* of the money and of the commodities continue much the same, the prices, *on the whole*, cannot much alter. In such a case, if no more money come into the country (unless the dispositions of the people are remarkably changed by some extraordinary accident,) it will be very difficult to carry on a great deal of more employment on a sudden, or rapidly to increase the sum of the commodities. But, if a great sum of money should be brought into the nation at once, and be distributed any way whatever, provided the labouring and industrious part of the nation do not get such sums as will keep them idle; though some part of it would undoubtedly be hoarded up, and would therefore be rendered useless, yet the greatest part of it would be employed and become useful. The wealthy would immediately lay out part of their wealth in adding to their houses, to their furniture, to their equipages, and to their tables. The merchants and manufacturers would employ more hands, and carry on a greater trade. The farmers would improve their lands. The graziers would breed a greater and a better stock of cattle. Every one would be enabled to spend a little more, and to conduct his business better. By these means there would be every where more labour. Of course, the commodities, or *real* riches, which are quite *different* from *money*, would be greatly increased.

AGAIN: if the stock of money should be increased by this industry: or, if *another* sum of money should be introduced by other means, and be distributed as before; this would again increase the stock of commodities. And so on continually, or to a certain apex or limit. *

Now, BANKS, settled by public authority and under judicious regulations, continually increase the current species, by issuing notes which circulate as money. By giving credit, they furnish men of character with the means of multiplying the employment of the industrious, and they enable merchants to carry on a trade of an hundred thousand times greater magnitude than what they could, if their capital were confined to the ac-

tual quantity of *metallic* money in their possession. The more notes the BANKS can circulate in this way, the more will industry and trade be prompted. Nor can there be any limit, while the borrowers from these banks can give good security, and the managers or directors take care to issue no more notes than, by experience, they have learned they can answer according to the ordinary course of credit and demand. Whatever sums landed men, merchants, or others, borrow, provided they can give good security, and borrow on reasonable prospects, this is so far from being a loss, that it increases industry and consumption, and adds to the general wealth of a nation. A great quantity of BANK notes only shows, that great sums have been borrowed by one part of the country from another, upon good security, for the purpose of carrying on trade, and for other equally eligible purposes. And, I ask Cobbett and his associates, whether this is a sign, or a cause, of poverty, and whether it is not both the signal and the instrument of riches.

It is of no manner of consequence, in this argument, that there may be more paper-money than silver and gold, and that the proportion betwixt them may not be ascertained: this is of no consequence, provided the former regulations are duly observed.

It is of no consequence that foreign nations will not take our *bank-notes*. They will take our GOODS, which are produced by the circulation of these NOTES among ourselves.

It is of no consequence, though the value of bank-notes should happen to extend to a vast sum, provided the banks, which are to answer these notes, have an equal value in coin, bullion, lands, goods, and good debts, to which there is convenient access.

It is no consequence, though landed men mortgage part of their estates for bank-notes, and may be said to coin their lands, and to bring them into the market. On the contrary, the more the lands of any county are *locked up*, the less the country can be improved. And the more easily lands can be transferred and exchanged in commerce,—industry, trade, and manufactures will be more speedily and successfully promoted.

BANKS are not only *profitable*, but may be said, in many cases, to be absolutely *necessary*. When a spirit of industry is any way excited in a nation, if,

by this industry, both the commodities and the number of the people shall be increased, before they have much commerce with foreign nations to fetch them money; in *such a condition*, either there *must be* a currency of *paper-credit*, or the industrious part of the people will be obliged to use a barter, which must expose them to many inconveniences.

In fact, we know of no nations that ever prospered till they set up banks. This is true of Holland, Genoa, Venice, &c. &c.; and it will be found to be true of this country in a still more extensive degree.

By making the interest of money *fall*, banks must promote industry and trade. PUBLIC banks are preferable to private bankers. It may also be observed, that banks have greatest credit under free governments, or such as have a mixture of the aristocratical or democratical form. This alone is a strong presumption in their favour. Absolute monarchies seem hardly capable of such a wise institution. Under arbitrary governments, the credit of banks cannot be firm. Absolute princes would be disposed to lay them under contribution, and would make a perverted use of their treasures. It has been asked, "whether it be possible for a national bank to subsist and maintain its credit, under the present government of France?" I do not conceive that it can, for any length of time. It might flourish under a moral and judicious ruler, but it *ultimately must* sink under one of so contrary a character, and who will, most undoubtedly be tempted to lay hold of its treasures, as our own Charles II. did, when he shut up his Exchequer, and seized the money which belonged to his creditors.

In this manner we may better account for the want of banks and of paper-credit in France, to the reign of Louis XV. than by the supposition of a superior policy in that country, in order to acquire and retain greater quantities of silver and gold. Thus, the former French policy, in not instituting banks, in not admitting such a circulation of merchants, bills as with us, and in *directly* permitting lending on interest, which Mr. Hume erroneously imagined a great advantage to France, appears to be quite the reverse, and was in effect a disadvantage, arising from the pernicious nature of an absolute monarchy.

However, BANKS, like all other political institutions, may be attended with

inconveniences. The four following are much insisted upon by Cobbett, in his various articles under the ignorant title of "Jacobin Guineas."

FIRST; that too great a run may be made upon banks, and they may not be able to answer their notes; by which many innocent persons must suffer, and a great deal of confusion may be raised in the country.—In answer: Though this, indeed, is *possible*, there is little danger of its happening, if the bank be not originally on a criminal footing, and the mismanagements culpably great. Banks have continued long on the continent without an instance of such disorders; and they may be, and, for the most part, are, so well constituted in this country, that there is reasonable fear but that they will ever prove the most beneficial instrument of the state.

SECONDLY; it is said, that banks cannot be depended upon during civil wars, or when a foreign enemy is invading the country. But will Mr. Cobbett have the goodness to tell me, *what* can be preserved in such a case? Shall we make no wise establishments in time of peace, because we cannot secure them in time of war? I am of his opinion in this, that if we cannot defend ourselves against Buonaparte, our banks will, in truth, be of little use to us. But, in such circumstances, I assure Mr. Cobbett and his admirers, we must lay our account in greater losses, than the loss of our paper-credit. We should lose our more substantial riches. We should lose our religion and liberty. In short, we should be able to secure nothing but the soil of our island, and that for the degrading purpose of swelling the revenue of a tyrant.

THIRDLY; besides these objections, which may certainly be reckoned considerable, Mr. Cobbett asserts, that paper-money the acquisition of greater quantities of silver and gold: and

FOURTHLY; That it hightens the price of labour, and therefore hurts our foreign trade.—I shall prove, that neither of these objections rest on a solid foundation.

If, at any period, the coin of any kingdom is eighteen millions, the nation may carry on a considerable trade, and, in time, may acquire twelve millions more in silver and gold without paper-credit. But if, at the time at which they have only eighteen millions in coin, the nation should adopt the use of paper-credit, and

should circulate a sum of twelve millions in paper-money, in order to *quicken* industry, and to enable the people to carry on a more extensive trade; it is evident, they may carry on a greater trade with *thirty* millions of *paper* and *coin*, than with the *eighteen* millions of *coin* alone. And, as they do not take paper in payment from foreign nations, if they are gainers by trade, they must receive their balance in silver and gold. Consequently, the national stock must be sooner increased in the one case than in the other. If we shall suppose, further, that we could remove the *twelve* millions of *paper-money*, without any shock or confusion, by allowing less credit, we would only put a stop to so much industry, and disable the people from conducting so extensive a trade. Mr. Cobbett must then learn from this, that suppressing *paper-credit* is not the way to bring in silver or gold. How is it possible, then, I demand of him, that the *want* of so much credit can *add* to the treasure of the nation in any way whatever?

The other objection is more plausible, and he has stolen it from Mr. Hume. It is—"That, by increasing the current species of a country, we increase the price of labour and provisions; consequently enable poorer nations, where labour and provisions are cheaper, to work cheaper, and undersell us in foreign markets: That this is even a necessary consequence of a great trade, whatever way it is upheld, and his inseparably connected with great plenty of silver and gold. On which account, trade must necessarily circulate, and the poorer nations must gradually carry it off from the richer. However, there is some comfort," observes Cobbett, "in losing our trade by plenty and fulness; but it is extremely foolish to lose it by an imaginary wealth, and artificially to increase the natural advantages of plenty."

This is the most plausible objection against paper-credit that has ever been made against it. But, when fully examined, it will appear to be entirely ill-founded. I shall make it the subject of a distinct section, in order to keep it separate from other matter.

DISCONTINUANCE OF MR. CUMBERLAND'S REVIEW.—The striking assertion made by ALBION, to the effect that Government have but few literary friends; and that those few are rapidly decreasing, is a truth of which every passing

day augments the evidence. To the various instances of defection, or apostacy, which I have been under the necessity of specifying, another of the former description, remains to be added, which will excite the regret of all friends to literary talent and loyal principles; as it shows what every writer must expect, who flatters himself that his integrity and independency of sentiments will procure him a remuneration from the public for the exertion of his abilities. It is understood, that Mr. Cumberland's loyal and learned Review has sunk from the surface of the literary sea, for want of being upheld by public encouragement. The knowledge of a fact like this, is the more lamentable, because, as far as the transient reputation of the day is concerned, we discover that licentious works, filled with all the damning proofs of treason, the unequivocal testimonies of depraved nature and perverted religion; the marks of illicit conceptions, profane ideas, obscene thoughts, and vulgar epithets, with the frenzied emanations of jacobinism and democracy, are all that meet with patronage; while the labours of a Cumberland, in whose classic page, taste, justice, truth, and learning, are regarded by genius, must seek the premature "tomb of the Capulets," or sustain a mortifying and ruinous existence, to witness the *levelling* production, the opprobrious title, the witty sarcasm, the envenomed satire, or the vicious epigram flourish in wealth and multiply in enjoyment!

With respect to Mr. Cumberland, his character and abilities are so amiable, and so universally known, that the most fastidious moralist or critic can see nothing in either, to reprobate or condemn. Yet he, too, has found it prudent *to retire* from the political field! This gentleman, however, has only to regret the present degeneracy of his countrymen, and their total abandonment of those noble and generous feelings which influenced his forefathers, and induced them, as it were, with a simultaneous impulse, to rally round the altar and the throne, and hurl their assailants to destruction; with a power resembling that of the angel, who drove our first parents from Paradise. His experience has taught him to discover the period at which perseverance in any pursuit becomes criminal, and it has consequently prevented him from falling *a victim* to his principles; his wisdom may afford an example

to the few others who remain, and it is probable that they will profit by it.—After the facts, however, which have been stated in this Register, I am inclined to believe, that it will be my task to record BUT ONE OR TWO other instances of literary retirement, and then the question whether an existing Government can be *written down* by the united phalanxes of Jacobins and Oppositionists, will be decided, * * * * *

It is not my intention to digress from the topic under consideration, and I shall therefore close this article with a few brief observations on the character of the gentleman, on account of whose secession from political literature they originated. It has been observed by an eminent moral writer, of the present age, that the autumn is the most pleasing season of the year; that the evening is the most pleasing part of the day, and that the latter period of life affords the greatest store of happiness. The fever of youth has its delirium of joy; but it is the theatre of tyrannic passion, where alternate hope and disappointment follow each other so closely as to allow but short intervals either of pleasure or pain. In a more advanced period, when passion still predominates, but takes a new form—when what are called the *anxieties* of the world perplex, and a more sober earnestness of pursuit occupies the mind, the hot fits abate their fervour, and cold ones become more tolerable; but both are of longer duration. In the concluding years of existence, while a man is no more the slave of violent passion, when experience has completed his judgment, and, being no longer goaded by hope, his apprehensions of disappointment have passed away, he finds himself in a calm state of temperate enjoyment, amuses himself with a review of the past, is a tranquil spectator of the passing scene, and looks forward with composure to the end which he knows to be approaching. If the *early* part of his days should have been dedicated to science, he becomes, in age, an oracle of wisdom, and, having quitted the bustle of active life, he instructs mankind from his honourable retirement, while he enjoys, in the *actual* respect of society, a foretaste of that reputation, which will convey to future times his numerous virtues and venerable name.

Mr. Cumberland, notwithstanding the unmerited fate of his Review, can, as

much as any public writer, enjoy the envied repose of honourable and learned age. By those ingenious labours which have gilded his retired life, he has afforded pleasing instruction to the present and future times, given to the fancy innocent amusements, improved the taste of the present generation, rescued from oblivion many a genius, and secured that fame to himself, which will last till the love of letters and the cultivation of the fine arts are no more. It is an honour to any man, of any station, when posterity shall declare with gratitude, what is now declared of Mr. Cumberland, that he has not lived in vain.

ON THE CONDUCT OF THE BRITISH OPPOSITION, RESPECTING OUR AID TO SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR—I have been led to make the following observations on the conduct of *Oppositionists*, from the near resemblance of their behaviour, in important matters of national concern, to that of the degenerate set amongst us, who are *real* enemies to the *King* and *Constitution*. I may not, perhaps, be methodical, in the remarks I shall make on the highly reprehensible conduct of these men; that not being so material, as an explicit detail of some of their strange proceedings—methods injurious to themselves as men of honour, hurtful to their country, in embarrassing the executive part of the government, and, to the last degree pernicious, in creating disaffection among the people.

Negligence, dishonesty, or misconduct, in an *administration*; are the proper points to attack, where honour can be gained by the assailants, or benefit accrue to the state. To condemn plans concerted with deliberation, and which have probability on their side for success, because some unforeseen and unavoidable circumstance occurred to render the execution incomplete, is an arraignment of the dispensations of Providence, rather than a censure on human designs, and shows a malignancy of temper, and selfish jealousy of disposition, unbecoming men who claim any pretensions to just and patriotic principles.—From the avidity with opposition generally avail themselves to expatiate on unlucky incidents of this kind, there seems to be a secret sort of pleasure, so mingled with their lamentations, that the misfortune they pretend to deplore, evidently

appear to afford them more joy than sorrow : Indeed, it is not always that they wait for the *issue* of an adopted measure, but will condemn it as futile in its object, or impracticable in attempt before it is undertaken, or while it is carrying on ; although they are unacquainted with the secret circumstances on which the project was founded ; equally, perhaps, with the chances in favour of a successful termination : This is a method of acting, that can never fail to produce bad consequences, as it tends to destroy the confidence of the people, in the abilities and patriotism of those who have the direction of public affairs, and has, at times, so much influence over active operations, against the enemy, that the *predicted* misfortune is brought to pass, merely by their own clamours. This occasioned the battle of Corunna, and the death of our gallant commander, Sir John Moore.

It must be in the recollection of every one, that the *chiefs* of the opposition expressed their *disapprobation* of cordial assistance to Spain, in the beginning of the French usurpation, in that country ; and it must be supposed they spoke the sentiments of *the party*, when they delivered their own. However, they soon found this kingdom was unanimous, for the support of the *Spanish cause*, and therefore, quickly, turned about, and assented to the general voice, with the best grace they could. It cannot fail to be remembered also, that the modes proposed, as appearing best calculated to carry our friendly intentions into effect, were always cavilled at, or pronounced nugatory ; yet in such a way, that they wished to be considered by the people, *out of doors*, as *meaning* well to the cause, which the nation had so heartily espoused. The views of opposition, in acting in this manner, they have, themselves, clearly evinced, by their subsequent conduct ; catching at every unfavourable circumstance, that has attended the Spanish arms, in the course of the arduous and unequal contest they have been engaged in, (over whose plans of action we had no controul), and applying their failure to the misconduct of administration. Every step has been taken, that ingenuity could devise, to render our co-operation with Spain *unpopular*, and to cause the efforts made, in their behalf, ineffectual. Returns of the number of men killed, accounts of money advanced, of arms, clothing, and military

equipments supplied ; have been demanded, with the view, that our loss of men, and expenditure of money, might lessen the zeal, and create a murmuring of the people against government. Before our first campaign in Spain commenced, as soon as ever it was known that troops were about to be sent there, ministry were severely censured for furnishing the Spaniards with that kind of aid, although it was the most, perhaps the only *effectual* way of serving their cause, to have a British army ready to improve any fortunate occurrence that might take place : it was on the spot, waiting for such an event ; and it can never enough be regretted, that our hopes and expectations were frustrated.

The non-resistance of Madrid, and the defeat of the Spanish armies, placed Sir J. Moore in a critical situation, which every day's longer continuance in the country, rendered more and more so : therefore, he adopted, in my opinion, and, I believe I am not singular, the only line of conduct that could be pursued, for the safety of the army, by concentrating his troops, as soon as possible, and moving towards the coast, for embarkation. When it was known in England, that the state of affairs in Spain had made it absolutely necessary for our army to retreat from thence, opposition, who before had been loud against *risking* the lives of our countrymen there, now vehemently declaimed against their being withdrawn, without doing *something*, i. e. *fighting*, at the hazard of sacrificing the whole army, without a probability of retrieving the recent disasters of our ally. This clamour against retiring from Spain, and not *striking a blow* for the patriots, certainly made a strong impression on the public mind, and, I fear, produced an effect, where it ought to have been totally disregarded. Whether it was *proposed* to Sir John to seek an opportunity to do *something*, or whether it was from his own knowledge of the existing discontent at home (being invested with a discretionary power of acting) that determined him, if possible, “ *to satisfy the people of England*,” I will not take upon myself to decide : but the outcry of opposition, which ever way it came to influence the motions of our army in Spain, occasioned its *retrograde* movement, when in full march for embarkation, and a *halt* of two days (after the route had been resumed), in offering battle. Sir John Moore's character, as a

soldier, is irreproachable, and stands above the reach of envious detraction, and his prudence, humanity, and foresight, were always equally conspicuous; therefore the deviation of plan, in not expeditiously marching the army to the coast as first determined on, could not be laid to his charge, but to the manœuvres of a party at home.

From the disgraceful conduct of some eminent men in opposition, who are held up as patterns of imitation by a licentious press, it has come to pass that ALL the plans and transactions of government are now become themes of debate throughout the country, for idle tradesmen and shopkeepers, many of whom have acquired fortunes far beyond their deserts or expectations, through the wise regulations, and under the paternal protection of a legislature they condemn, and wish to controul. The Mayor and Common Council of the metropolis—I was thinking of them when I wrote the last sentence—have a right to take shame to themselves for their late proceedings; for, if there had been but a semblance of good intention, in their interference with the highest power in the state, some other corporate bodies, especially as they were called upon, might have seconded their *remonstrances*. Had the call made, been complied with by any city or town in the kingdom, I make no doubt the *form* as well as the *title*, would have been, “a DUTIFUL and LOYAL ADDRESS.” I will leave the Lord Mayor and livery of London, to blush by themselves, and proceed.

The opinions of distinguished men have great weight and influence on the minds of the multitude at all times, but when delivered in their places as senators of the empire, their sentiments are then received by the people, with a double portion of regard; hence, from what is reported to have been said by individuals, in almost all important debates in both houses of parliament lately, men who look up to their superiors for information must conclude, that those who have the management of public affairs, are not only deficient in understanding, but wanting also in zeal and integrity: How else are the people to consider the present administration, when they are told, by *peers* and *commons*, assembled to devise and direct the best ways and means to be pursued for the honour and welfare of the empire, that assistance to the Spa-

niards and Portuguese is a waste of men and money; and, if ministers were wise, and had the interest of the nation at heart, they should withdraw the aid we have so generously supplied, and leave them a prey to their merciless invaders. Why? Because, say these opposition orators, *their cause is hopeless!!!* There is something cold and repugnant to British feelings in this expression. It looks, I will not say, as if it were wished to turn out so, but it looks very much like a total indifference, how or which way it may be terminated. These unfortunate and pitiable people are still struggling against a cruel enemy, who has no plea but inordinate ambition for assaulting them, and they no hope of comfort and happiness in this life, but in resisting him to the last extremity; why then damp those exertions our friendly aid has encouraged them to persevere in, unto this day, by a fruitless and injurious despondency?—Their cause is a *righteous* one, and it *demand*s assistance from this country (were it not that we are fighting our own battles in Spain and Portugal), as long as the Spaniards and Portuguese have an inch of ground left to contend for.

The advisers for abandoning these poor people to their fate, are men who endeavour to pass amongst us for *righters of wrongs, redressers of grievances, advocates of humanity, and supporters of truth and justice!* Strange as this appears, such is the inconsistency of opposition. Few people would be astonished, and fewer still influenced by any thing, some of the sublimated geniuses of opposition might say, or be at all surprised at any thing they may attempt to do; but a Grenville, a Moira, or an Erskine, cannot speak or act without exciting the general attention of the community, nor can a Wilberforce's opinions be considered by their countrymen with indifference. The flame of sedition is kept alive, by the comments of democratical writers and orators, on the speeches of such distinguished senators; which certainly do sometimes afford (if they are correctly reported in the daily papers), combustibles well adapted to feed such a fire. Insinuations have been frequently thrown out in both Houses, (and many an honest man has been imposed upon thereby), that peace might be obtained if desired by Government; and that we are alike to blame for the commencement of the war, as we are for its continuance.

That the disclosure of the savage behaviour of the French in Spain, as related in the House of Commons, by a gentleman lately arrived from that country, was treated by some members as apocryphal, is not much to be wondered at, after the panegyrics pronounced in that assembly, on a man whose whole life, since he has been publicly known, has been marked by a succession of the blackest crimes; but, whatever gloss traitors, novelists, or visionaries, may attempt to throw over the atrocities committed by the French, and the diabolical actions of their chief, yet *their* cruelties cannot be softened, nor *his* enormous wickedness concealed.

J. A.

York March 24, 1810.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

CADIZ, Feb. 7.—The Supreme Junta of this city received a Flag of Truce from the enemy last night, bringing a paper to the following tenor:—

“MOST EXCELLENT SIGNIORS. — The King, Don Joseph Napoleon, having destroyed, in Ocana, the army which thought itself able to take possession of Madrid, has forced the pass of the Sierra Morena, and occupied in a very short space of time the kingdoms of Cordova, Jaen, Granada, and Seville, which received him with acclamations for their King. Such rapid operations can only be carried into effect by the aid of wisdom and military talent, to an extent that knows no resistance. His Majesty thus finds himself on the banks of the Bay of Cadiz, and animated by the noble sentiments which constitute his character, is willing to forget and forgive all provocation; his only wish being to make his people happy, to put an end to a war that can only tend to the annihilation of their commerce, and the destruction of the industrious mass of its inhabitants.

“Animated by these sentiments, his Majesty requests that the inhabitants of the city of Cadiz may depute persons, in whom they repose confidence, to treat and agree with us, with a view to the most interesting conciliation, for the security of the squadron and arsenal, which alone belong to the nation.”

“Port of Mary, Feb. 6, 1810.”

The Junta, full of the honour and patriotism which characterise it, and penetrated with just sentiments of love for the people whom they represent, as expressed in their several Proclamations, have unanimously resolved to prove their professions in the following terms:—

“The city of Cadiz, faithful to the principles to which it has sworn, renounces every other King, except Don Ferdinand VII.

(Signed)

“FRANCISCO XAVIER VENEGAS, &c.”
“Feb. 6, 1810.”

“Well, then, inhabitants of Cadiz, you see what the enemy wishes. Religion, honour, and the inestimable gift of liberty, are the only powerful stimulants that can sustain us amidst the horrors of war that surround us. Let us prepare to meet, with calmness, as well as to resist, with firmness, the flattering offers of the enemy, and the insidious intrigues of his emissaries. If you pledge yourselves to maintain the internal tranquillity, and chastise the factious who may attempt to disturb it, certainly our wall will be the sepulchre of the enemy. The Junta hopes it. Let us take the most efficacious measures to secure the public tranquillity and carry on the war with honour, and in a manner worthy of a free and generous nation.”

FRANCE.—DECREE OF THE CONSERVATIVE SENATE.

TITLE FIRST.—Of the Union of the Roman States to the Empire.

ART. 1. The State of Rome is united to the French Empire, and forms an integral part thereof.

2. It shall be divided into two Departments—the Department of Rome and the Department of Trasimene.

3. The Department of Rome shall send seven Deputies to the Legislative Body—the Department of Trasimene shall send four.

4. The Department of Rome shall be classed in the first series—the Department of Trasimene in the second.

5. A Senatory shall be established in the Departments of Rome and Trasi-mene.

6. The city of Rome is the second city of the Empire.—The Mayor of Rome is to be present when the Emperor takes the oaths on his accession. He is to rank, as are also all Deputations from the city of Rome, on all occasions, immediately after the Mayors or Deputations of the city of Paris.

7. The Prince Imperial is to assume the title, and receive the honours as King of Rome.

8. A Prince of the Blood, or a Grand Dignitary of the Empire, shall reside at Rome, who shall hold the Emperor's Court.

9. The property which composes the endowments of the Imperial Crown shall be regulated by a Special Senatus Consultum.

10. After having been crowned in the church of Notre Dame, at Paris, the Emperors shall, previous to the 10th year of their reign, be crowned in the church of St. Peter.

11. The city of Rome shall enjoy particular privileges and immunities, which shall be determined by the Emperor Napoleon.

TITLE II.—Of the Independence of the Imperial Throne of all Authority on Earth.

12. Every foreign Sovereign is incompatible with the exercise of any spiritual Authority within the territory of the Empire.

13. The Popes shall, at their elevation, take an oath never to act contrary to the four propositions of the Gallician Church, adopted in an Assembly of the Clergy in 1682.

14. The four Propositions of the Catholic Church are declared common to all the Catholic Churches of the Empire.

TITLE III.—Of the temporal Existence of the Popes.

15. Palaces shall be prepared for the Pope in the different parts of the empire in which he may wish to reside. He shall necessarily have one at Paris and another at Rome.

16. Two millions in rural property, free of all impositions, and lying in dif-

ferent parts of the empire, shall be assigned to the Pope.

17. The expences of the sacred College, and of the Propaganda, shall be declared Imperial.

18. The present Organic Senatus Consultum shall be transmitted by a Message to his Majesty the Emperor and King.

(Signed) CAMBACERES,

Prince Arch-Cancellor of the Empire.
FRANCOIS JANCOURT, CORNET, Secretaries

(Seen and Sealed) Count LAPLACE.
Chancellor of the Senate.

PARIS, March 1.—The Senate met on the 27th ult. at half past one o'clock. The Prince Arch-Chancellor, who presided on the occasion, read the following Message from his Majesty:

“Senators,—We have dispatched to Vienna, as our Ambassador Extraordinary, our cousin the Prince of Neufchatel, to solicit the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

“We have given orders to our Minister of Foreign Affairs to lay before you the Articles of the Treaty of Marriage between us and the Archduchess Maria-Louisa, which has been concluded, signed, and ratified.

“We have been desirous of eminently contributing to the happiness of the present generation. The enemies of the Continent have founded their prosperity upon its dissensions and divisions. They can no longer nourish war, by imputing to us projects incapable with the ties and duties of affinity, which we have just contracted with the Imperial House reigning in Austria.

“The brilliant qualities which distinguished the Archduchess Maria-Louisa have acquired her the love of the people of Austria. They have fixed our regard. Our people will love this princess from their love for us, until, being witnesses of all the virtues which have given her so high a place in our thoughts, they shall love her for herself.

“Given at our Palace, at the Thuilleries, this 27th Feb. 1810.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.”

After the message was read, the Duke de Cadore communicated to the Senate the Articles of the Marriage Treaty, which are in the usual form.

The Senate appointed Counts Carnier, Lacedepede, Lanplace, Jancourt, Cornet, Barthelemy, De Merode, De Fontanes, and the Duke of Valmy, as a Committee, to draw up an address to his majesty, and adjourned to Saturday, the 3d inst.

It is reported that the articles of the treaty relative to the emperor's marriage, are, with regard to portion, dowry, and jewels, in all respects the same as those in the marriage treaties in preceding reigns between the kings and dauphins of France, and the princesses of Austria.

We are assured, that the Duchess of Bassano, and the Countesses Montmorency, de Bouille; and de Lauriston, are on the point of setting off for Brannau, which is on the frontier of Austria. It is added, that her Majesty the Queen of Naples will speedily take the same route.

His Majesty the Emperor presided yesterday at a Meeting of the Council of State.

Hanover, March 7,

PROCLAMATION.—“Hanoverians—The Emperor, my exalted brother, has transferred to me, by a Convention concluded at Paris on the 14th January of this year, all his rights and claims on your country, and incorporated it with my kingdom. His deputies have delivered it to me, and I this day take possession of it. You are henceforth to enjoy the invaluable advantage of being relieved from the painful state of uncertainty in which you have hitherto lingered, and being for ever united with a State which for the future will secure you against all attacks of continental powers, and which will also know how to protect you from insults, which might be attempted in the course of a maritime war. The misery and wretchedness to which you have hitherto been exposed cannot but render you more thankful for the happiness and tranquillity which you are now to enjoy. Your loyalty and your good sentiments are known; I depend on your attachment. The esteem and regard which your king will ever entertain for you, are the surest pledges of his unwearied solici-fude to promote your prosperity and welfare, by every means which he has in his power. I entertain the pleasing hope, that you, on your part, will never frustrate the confidence which I place in you, nor destroy the

brilliant prospect which now opens to your view.

“Given in our Royal Palace in Cassel, the 1st March, 1810.

(Signed) JEROME NAPOLEON.”

Prussian State Paper.

BERLIN, FEB. 27. Besides the loan negociated in Holland, another at 5 per cent. has been opened for fifteen hundred million of crowns, in the interior of this kingdom. The following is the preamble of the Royal Edict issued upon this subject:—

“FREDERICK WILLIAM, &c.—Though we have tried all possible resources to enable us to discharge the war contribution which we owe to France, we have nevertheless, not yet had it in our power to pay off the whole of it. We have hitherto exerted ourselves incessantly to effect the discharge of the arrears; and we are so much the more solicitous to accelerate it, as the Emperor of the French has added to our obligations in this respect, by the condescension which he has shewn. We have endeavoured to lighten to our subjects the burden of this military contribution, by a considerable loan abroad, which has already been negociated. But its results will not be operative until the lapse of a certain period; whilst circumstances command, with regard to France, payments as considerable as prompt. This urgent necessity, and our confidence in the dispositions of our subjects to make, notwithstanding the misfortunes of the times, sacrifices on which depends the welfare of the state, have determined us to direct our Minister of Finance to open forthwith, in the different parts of our states, a loan of 1500 millions of crowns,” &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Pamphlet recommended to the notice of the Editor, shall be sought for and analysed.

Various favours from Correspondents are postponed for want of room.

LONDON: Edited, printed, and published by and for F. W. BLAGDON, of the Royal Cock-pit, Westminster, at No. 76, Fleet-street. It is requested that all Letters relative to this Paper may be sent (Post-paid) to the Editor's residence.

*** By an error, originating in the immense business of the Stamp-office, only a part of the stamped-paper necessary for the Publication of this Register, has been returned to the Printer. We are therefore compelled to print several hundreds of to-day's impression upon unstamped paper, for which payment will be tendered, upon affidavit, as is usual.

CONTENTS.—On Mr. Lethbridge's motion respecting the privileges of the House of Commons, with a Exposure of the object of Cobbett and Burdett.—On the necessity of making no distinction between political offenders, on account of their situation in life.—Illustrative Parallels.—Comments on the importance of preserving the Constitution inviolate.—A number of singular historical anecdotes relative to acts of oppression exercised by various Parliaments towards individuals.—On the awful consequences of the present Democratical ascendancy.—Remarks on the malignancy of the Oppositionists, during the Walcheren Enquiry.—A tribute of justice to the character and consummate nautical talents of Sir HOME POPHAM.—On a new attempt of Sir Francis to prejudice the public against a man before his conduct is discussed.—On the Union between the Baronet and the Demagogue.—On Cobbett's last Register.—Brief Editorial Remarks.—Letter of J. J. W. J. on the overgrown wealth of the country.

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

Lavit amor ferri, et scelerata insania belli.—VIR.

"The passions are in arms, and nothing is heard but the mad wickedness of war."

By ALBION.

STRICTURE X.

PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.—On Wednesday, March 27, Mr. Lethbridge presented a complaint against Sir Francis Burdett, for having, in the most gross and indecent manner, violated the privileges of the House of Commons.—I will frankly confess, that, when Gale Jones was committed to Newgate on a charge of a similar nature, I felt all those sensations which agitated Mr. Lethbridge, although they sprung from a different source;—in fact, I shuddered throughout my frame; I saw the *passions* rise up in arms; I heard nothing but the mad wickedness of seditious war. The House thought proper to ridicule the sacred, the solemn, the well-grounded apprehensions of that Honourable Gentleman, and it does not now believe that it stands on the pinnacle of a precipice, with the falls of Niagara and the horrors of Montmorenci prepared to receive it on every side.

When this Register made its first appearance, I chose it as the fittest organ for the dissemination of the information which it is my particular province to possess; and I appeal to its readers if I have not anticipated every disease that has seized on the country during the last four months. I also offered *some remedies*; particularly in the case of Gale

Jones. Knowing that Cobbett was summoned to town by Sir Francis Burdett; KNOWING THAT OBSCURE LODGINGS WERE TAKEN FOR THAT DARING INCENDIARY IN MARY-LA-BONNE, and that midnight orgies were holden on the subject of *identifying* Sir Francis with Jones, and THEREBY TO BRING MATTERS TO AN ISSUE, I advocated the part of Jones, and recommended him to be set at liberty, *before* the *passions* should rise in arms, and *before* Cobbett and his *disciple* could employ their murderous interference! My voice was not heard! What, Englishmen, is the consequence? THIS NIGHT, SIR FRANCIS MUST BE COMMITTED TO THE TOWER, OR GALE JONES MUST BE RESTORED TO FREEDOM, and liberally rewarded for the injuries he has suffered. I mark the word *must*, because the House *must* be directed by justice, and *justice* demands a rigid acquiescence with this proceeding: Sir Francis *must* be committed or Jones *must* be liberated! Why? Because *their offence is EXACTLY the same*, and because a *patrician* and a *plebeian* law is not acknowledged in the jurisprudence of this nation. If Sir Francis be not committed in consequence of his rank and riches, and Jones be to suffer imprisonment in consequence of the mendicity of his condition in life, who dare tell me that there is any *justice* in the land, or any *equality* in the laws? And, if Cobbett be not brought to the bar of the House for the same offence for which John Dean was precipitated upon his knees, am I to be so grossly stupid as not to perceive the *partiality* and *illegality* of the proceedings in the case? Let

me state the matter in a point? 1. Gale Jones, a street orator, and John Dean a hungry printer of placards, *question* the conduct of Mr. Yorke in excluding the people from the House of Commons;—on which, the one was exposed to humiliation, and the other condemned to confinement. 2. Sir Francis Burdett, a powerful, wealthy, learned commoner, *denies* the existence of a Parliament according to Magna Charta, and declares that the lives, liberties, and estates of the people of England, are now at the disposal of a set of gentlemen, “*collected together by means which he dare not describe.*” This insurrectory libel is published throughout the world by William Cobbett, a *wealthy* publisher; on which, the commitment of the one is very dubious, and the disgrace of the other by no means certain! I shall not prejudice the proceedings. This night, this awful night, will decide the most important of all questions: it will decide whether *injustice* and *partiality* mingle in the laws of England, or whether those laws are as pure and unadulterated as when the blood and treasure of the country were exhausted for their creation and support!

“While the passions are in arms,” and while the accused is under judgment, I feel that it would be ungracious and unmanly in me to expose the arguments I am capable of employing for the condemnation of Sir Francis and his promptor, Cobbett; but no delicacy of sentiment can hinder me from supporting *the laws*, or restrain me from attacking any body of men who violate the virtue and integrity of the Constitution. THE LAWS are the grand *Palladia* of English liberty: they are the *fundamental privileges*, whereby we have been, and are preserved more free than all the other nations of the world. Whoever, therefore, designs to impair, pervert, or undermine *the laws*, designs to strike at the very Constitution of our Government, and ought to be prosecuted and punished with the utmost zeal and rigour. I would stand by, with folded arms, while men were cutting down the dykes to let in the sea; I would see them, without resistance, poisoning all the springs and rivers in the kingdom, and commit every species of physical mischief and outrage, for all this would only affect the *present* age; but I could not with insensibility see them violate *the laws*, because the *violation of the laws* would entail

ruin and slavery upon posterity!—So zealous were our ancestors to preserve their *laws* from incroachments, that they employed all the strength of human policy and religious obligation, to secure them entire and inviolate, and a solemn *sentence*, or *curse*, was pronounced twice a year, in a public manner, by the bishops and prelates *against the infringements of the Great Charter*, and the Charter of the Forest. It is also expressly provided, that if any judgments be given against any of the points of *Magna Charta*, they shall be annulled and holden for nought. Governed by this knowledge, and impressed from my infancy with a pious veneration for *the laws*, I made it a query in my Eighth Stricture, whether the imprisonment of Gale Jones was not an *infringement of the law*, and such an infringement as our ancestors would have visited with the heavy sentence of a curse?

There are *three* things which the law of England principally regards; viz. *life, liberty, and estate*. Next to a man's life, the nearest thing that concerns him, is freedom of his person; for what is imprisonment, but a kind of civil death?—Could I, then, either in the quality of an honest man, or a public writer, see a fellow subject experience a *civil death* without enquiring after the law under which his sentence was executed? I must candidly own it is not to be found in *Magna Charta*, and that all my research into Parliamentary privileges and prosecutions, has only proved them to be *generally* frivolous and unjust.

In the course of my reading, I have collected some prosecutions, very much unworthy the dignity of Parliament, and which sufficiently show, that it is not easy for men going out of their *proper sphere* to act suitably, nor to exclude *passion* and *prejudice* from their decisions in their OWN cause.

I conjure the House to attend to these precedents—and I conjure them, too, to turn Sir Francis, Jones, and Cobbett, over to *the laws*! The people do not know the privileges of the House! The privileges are not established *by law*. Now, that the House is offended, let it prosecute the offenders in a legal and *constitutional* way, and it will stop all reflections upon its proceedings. *The King's* causes are tried in the courts of justice by judge and jury, who are *indifferent* persons. Why, then, should the

house be *judge, jury, and executioner* in its own cause!

In fact, *liberty and property* are things of too sacred a nature to lie open to invasion, from the sudden resolutions of any set of men whatever. I shall prove this assertion by a detail of facts, which must make "*the hair of every member stand on end upon his head,*" and show the House the necessity of weighing the principles they are now about to adopt. The following history must at least inspire a love of moderation—it proves the *fallibility* of the House, and offers the light of experience to direct to justice, to wisdom, and to truth.

Some members of Parliament, in the time of Philip and Mary, A. D. 1555, made a secession. Some were indicted, and others traversed and fined.

Mr. Taylor, a member, was brought on his knees in the House, A. D. 1631, for saying, that the Parliament had committed murder with the sword of justice, in the case of Strafford. He was expelled the House, committed to the Tower, and carried to Windsor to make his recantation!!!

In the time of James I. a member, for *seeming to reflect* on another member, as puritanical and factious, was called to the bar, and, on his knees, discharged *the service of the House!*

The Commons, afraid of Lilburne's party, made him close prisoner in the Tower, and burnt his printed and MS. papers, without distinction as to their quality or kind!

Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was attainted, and not suffered to come from the Tower to be heard!!!

Hen. Martin was disabled, A. D. 1643, and committed to the Tower by the House of Commons, for reflecting on the king and royal family. Several were disabled for having been in the king's quarters. One who was suspended for writing a book against the Trinity, recants, and is restored; but afterwards is disabled for the same offence. At the same time Coningsby was expelled for being a monopolist. The Commons excluded *all* those members who voted for treating with the king. Cranfield was fined 500l. each to four members he had slandered.

Lord Saville was committed to the Tower, for refusing to name the person who had written a letter to him, which Parliament had thought treacherous!

An order, A. D. 1647, for *several* members of the House to take some of the deputies of the Serjeant at Arms, and to break open doors, and seize trunks and papers of one Captain Vernon!!

Doctor Carey was brought to the bar, A. D. 1677, and examined concerning a MS. carried by him to the press, —on the illegality of prorogation; because he would not answer interrogatories that *might* criminate himself, he was fined 1000l. and kept in prison till he paid the money! Aaron Smith, being accused of words to the same purpose, and absconding from the fate of Carey, the House addressed for a proclamation to apprehend him, which the king granted accordingly!

Even the punishments inflicted by the *House of Peers*, though undoubtedly a *court*, are not submitted to without discontent, when ordered in *this arbitrary* manner. Sir J. Maynard, A. D. 1647, treats the House of Lords with contempt. Is fined 5000l. and sent to the Tower. Wanted to be tried by a *jury*. Is denied!

The Commons assumed too much in 1681, when they passed a vote that the laws against recusants ought to be *only* put in execution against *Papists*. Their design was right, but no *single* branch of the legislature has power to dispense with *laws* made by the *united* authority of *all* the THREE.

When the bill to prevent double returns passed in 1695, some lords protested, because it would make the Commons a court of *judicature*, which would be *contrary* to the Constitution and to the laws of the land.

John Biddle, a school-master, was examined, A. D. 1654, for an *Arian* book. The book was burnt; he was committed to the gate-house; confined afterwards in Newgate, and then banished to the isle of Scilly!!

Parliament A. D. 1650, took up the office of criminal judges, and sentenced several persons to the pillory for forgery!!

A. D. 1680, one *Sheridan*, in custody of the Serjeant at Arms, moved for his *habeas corpus*. Refused by Judge Raymond, because committed by order of the House, though moved in behalf of *Raymond!!!*

Shaftesbury, after many months confinement in the Tower, had recourse to the Court of King's Bench, Obtained

no redress! In 1697, several persons were taken into custody for speaking disrespectfully of the House. Charles Cæsar, for one, was committed for saying 'The queen did nothing without a certain lord!'

Articles against Sir Edward Dering, A. D. 1642, were, that he had encouraged a petition derogatory to the authority of Parliament; in which petition it was requested, that no member should be expelled without showing cause, and that the subjects should not be bound by any order of either House *singly*. Declared a breach of privilege of Parliament! He fled from justice. Some of the *Men of Kent* came to petition for him. Some of them were committed, the rest dismissed; the petition burnt by the hangman!!!

CANDLES called for, A. D. 1641, opposed by the majority. The Serjeant by mistake brings them in. Waddington and Herbert, members, take them away without orders of the House: great disturbance ensues. They are called to the bar: are ordered to kneel; they refuse; and are sent to the Tower!

It was debated, A. D. 1696, whether the *mace* should lie on the table, as usual, while Sir J. Fenwick was under examination before the Commons, and whether the sheriffs of London could have him in custody before the House. It was determined, that the *mace* should be held by the serjeant at arms at the bar by Sir John—who was tried, condemned, and beheaded on Tower-hill for being a jacobite, and an enemy to the state!

Manley, a member of the Commons, was sent to the Tower, A. D. 1696, for saying, 'It is not the first time there has been reason to repent men's making their court to the government at the hazard of the people's liberties.' Buckley, printer, ordered into custody of the serjeant at arms, for printing *Memorial of the States General*, reflecting on the proceedings of the House, 1712. 'Resolved, that the great liberty of the press is very prejudicial, &c.'

Complaint made to the House, A. D. 1712, of a preface to some Sermons of Dr. Hoadley, bishop of St. Asaph. Ordered to be burnt by the hangman. The worst thing I see in the preface is, the good bishop's fears concerning the danger of a jacobite ministry!

Certain letters of Mr. Chivers, a member, were complained of, A. D. 1699, as reflecting on several members. The

House was so irritated, 119 to 83, that he attend the House (though indisposed), and not obeying from indisposition, it was moved, 'that he be brought by the serjeant at arms in such state as he might be found!!!'

Sir Richard Steele was expelled the House, A. D. 1713, for reflecting on the Jacobite ministry in his *Englishman and Crisis*. All the wisest and best of men in the House defended him, but he was expelled, because he had insinuated (what nobody then alive doubted) that the Protestant succession was in danger from the ministry.

There never was perhaps an instance of so trifling an affair producing such weighty consequences as that of Sacheverel, A. D. 1709. The prosecution caused great commotion, and rose to importance the author of a production, which did not deserve the attention of any person whatever, much less of government.

In the Hon. Alexander Murray's trial, in 1752, he put in a plea, that the Commons, in his case, assumed a *privilege* which the king had not, of punishing a subject without *legal* trial: he was suffered to abscond, and, when the Commons addressed the King to prosecute the printer of the proceedings, the prosecution took place, and an independent jury brought in a verdict, not guilty.

Mr. Wilkes's prosecution does not properly belong to these remarks, having been carried on by the Secretaries of State. I will only observe here, that in the year 1773, of 352 Members, all but 50 were for reversing the determination of the Middlesex election by a forced Bill to regulate the rights of election.

Burnet in his History of his own Times relates, that the Commons sent their serjeant to bring before them all and whom they thought proper, and Petyt, in his collection of parliamentary prosecutions, gives still greater cause for horror, and makes our ancient Parliaments appear in a most miserable and despicable light. John such-a-one "wished that the devil would fly away with the Parliament." This was resented by thirteen months imprisonment. Thomas such-another said, "the Parliament is carrying on the works of darkness." He was clapt into a dungeon. A third said "he was not afraid of a pillory." He was put into one three successive days!!! And of a fourth, this infamously ignorant remark;

stands upon record—"We say, that JOHN STEVENS is a man, we cannot tell what to make of him, and he hath books, we do not understand them; he had better be put in the pillory!!!!" What then? was it not beneath the magnanimity of a supreme legislature to take notice of such trifles, and to give consequence to persons and to follies which ought to be despised?

Imprisonment by mere order of *council* was, in the time of Charles I. found to be *illegal*, and contrary to *Magna Charta*, and it is likewise inconsistent with six statutes in favour of personal liberty made since. By the same rule, *imprisonment* as a *punishment*, inflicted by any order whatever, without trial *per pares*, is *illegal*. This was the very tyranny of the Star-chamber and high Commission Courts. Respecting the privileges of the House of Commons as I do, and venerating it as the only *legislative* assembly existing in the world, I cannot approve of its assuming of executive powers, nor can I be reconciled to a Star-Chamber tyranny, in *representatives* to imprison their *constituents* without trial *by jury*. The privilege of the House extends to *obliging* persons to ATTEND, in order to obtain the informations necessary for making laws, or inquiring into the conduct of Ministers, &c. &c. and to the security of their own persons, &c. But this has nothing to do with their assuming a power of imprisoning those who DO ATTEND, or would if their attendance was required for any other purpose than that of *punishing* them. No inconvenience arises from compelling *attendance*, and all I argue for is, that the Commons would give up a claim which exposes it to such obloquy; viz. the claim of judging and punishing pretended contempts, or other offences, against THEMSELVES. It is in fact a whimsical part of our political economy, that, if any person, or body of the subjects offend the House of Commons, *they* take the matter into *their own hands*, and punish with fine and imprisonment. But if a Minister has offended against the *country*, the Commons impeach him before the *Upper House*! The Commons *themselves* punish offences against *themselves*, which one would rather suppose they would refer to *others*; and they refer to *others* the punishment of offenders against the *country*, whose guardians they are, which one would rather sup-

pose they would keep in *their own hands*! The truth is, the proper function of the House of Commons is two-fold—*inquisitorial* and *legislative*, but they are ever running into the *executive*, which I deny to be any part of their office.

I fear I am tiring the reader: I will conclude the subject with a very brief observation. An upright parliament can have but very little occasion to prosecute for disrespectful speeches; for nobody will speak disrespectfully of an assembly of men, who show themselves solely and sincerely attached to their king and country. Or, if any persons should be so rash and malignant, the general hatred and contempt, which they will certainly draw upon their own heads, will *supersede* all use of prosecution by the offended persons. Or, again, if prosecutions be necessary, let prosecution be commenced (as when offence or injury are committed against the KING) in the *Courts of Law*; and let the accused be tried according to the *known* laws of his country, and be acquitted, or condemned by the verdict of a *jury*. All other modes of trial are violations of the Constitution, and incur the heavy *sentence*, or *curse*, formerly pronounced against those who infringed on the *Great Charter* made in the reign of King John, and approved by Henry III. and confirmed by Edward I. and the reader will see the many struggles which the people of this nation have had, to rescue their liberties from the bondage of their parliaments, and by what degrees we have secured to ourselves the enjoyment of rational freedom and happiness, till, at length, we are arrived at such a height of independence, under our present august Monarch, that we are become the envy of our friends, and the terror of our enemies. Let us, then, by perusing this stricture, deeply imprint on our minds the LAWS and Rights that, from age to age, have been delivered down to us, from our renowned forefathers. In a word, let those LAWS never perish in our hands, but let us make our lives happy in the enjoyment of them, and piously transmit them to our posterity, being fully convinced of this truth, that, when the *laws* are violated, life itself grows insecure, and property ceases to be advantageous. Such are the convictions which induce me to prefer acknowledged law to undefined privilege. I appeal to Mr. Lethbridge, and ask him, whether I differ from him

in sentiment. By no means. Mr. Lethbridge's apprehensions do not arise from the same source as mine; but we mutually fear that the law will be overwhelmed by insurrection, and that SIR FRANCIS BURDETT AND HIS TWELVE DISCIPLES will effect a revolution in the character of the state. This night * * * * *; but I shall not anticipate the conduct of the House.

WALCHEREN INQUIRY.—This sluggish and heavy investigation has, at length, exhibited all the properties for which it was originally instituted. The noble prosecutor has betrayed his intentions, and his string of resolutions bore no other impression, than a desire to see the present Ministers removed. Mr. Ponsonby, and the gentlemen who followed Lord Porchester, manifested similar dispositions; and Sir Francis Burdett candidly owned, that the object was not to criminate a land or a sea commander, but to establish the imbecility of the government, and to reform the Constitution and the Parliament of the land! As to the rest, never was there a debate so tedious or so uninteresting; nor could I wish to punish an enemy more, than by compelling him to read it from end to end. Having neither facts nor arguments to advance their cause, the Opposition had recourse to hollow declamation, and to the exhaustion of time. And whoever purchases the summing up of the investigation, will have a Dutch volume upon his hands, a grain of matter, enveloped in a cloud of words. Lord Porchester spoke five hours, Mr. Ponsonby, three; Mr. —, four, &c. &c.; and the conclusion of all, and of every speech, was, that "*REALLY the Ministers ought to be removed!*" I should think it would have been wise of those gentlemen to have veiled this desire, till they were further advanced in their designs; for no sooner did the House discover their *interested motives*, than it sided with the *Ministry*, and left Lord Porchester and his friends to the devouring vultures of disappointment and remorse. The five, four, and three hours harangues, all terminated in this simple deduction—the expedition was commenced with the honourable view of assisting our friends, by the destruction of our enemies: it was traversed by various unexpected circumstances, and, because the Ministers were not *masters of events*, the Opposition arraigned them, and arrogated a right to

their places. This was childish: it was well observed by a member, that an inquiry into the conduct of Sir Francis Burdett was of one hundred times more importance than into that of the Expedition to the Scheldt. But such was the rage for canvassing this measure, that it superseded every consideration, and filled every instant of debate. Members, who never spoke in the House before, and those who have been *in training by the Seer of Wimbledon*, and by the *Demon of Botley*, abounded on all sides, to the exclusion of honest men, who, in vain, strove to correct the torrent of discourse. Indeed it would have been a pity, were such improved talents as Lord Porchester, and his supporters, obscured and shrowded from public admiration, for want of a *grand* grievance, equal to their prodigious abilities and political skill. In the moment of peril and dismay, it surely is happy for this nation at large to have selected men, formed, as it were, by strength of lungs and profusion of brains, for the salvation of their country! And it is no less fortunate for those, who possess such gigantic *heads*, to have them called into action, by so awful an event as the failure of the expedition to the Scheldt! In truth, it is one of the great benefits arising from present calamities, that gentlemen now have *much finer* opportunities, and more numerous subjects, for displaying their eloquence, than they could possibly have enjoyed in more quiet times; and which too, if not immediately taken advantage of, may irretrievably escape by some unlucky change, to prosperity abroad, or humanity at home. I recommend them to look out for some grand grievance, like the Scheldt Expedition, to speak away; but I protest till, the *furor* of speechifying is over, I shall abstain as much as possible from the House. I understand that their defeat on Friday evening has inspired them with the most malignant desperation.

SIR HOME POPHAM.—On Wednesday next, I trust, this defeat will be followed up by a final blow, a *coup-de-grace* pill. In the course of the Inquiry this gentleman's name has been frequently mentioned with respect, but in a pamphlet, which has taken its origin out of the Inquiry, he is treated with a gross, outrageous, and studied contempt. For my part I could sincerely wish that the portrait of this gallant officer had a place

in the study of every young man of family and fortune in the kingdom,—to shame, if it were possible, the extravagant, the dissipated, and the indolent, into a mode of life similar to that which has brought him so large a share of merited distinction and honour.

This brave commander entered upon the theatre of life with disadvantages that would have disheartened a mind less active and emulous of virtue than his own. His endeavour as a man, and his conduct as an officer, have obtained for him the esteem of his country, the love of the navy, and the applause of his sovereign. And I have no apprehension in risking a prophecy, that his progress throughout life, even to its final period, will answer to the respectable manner in which he has, till this moment, conducted his gallant career. His escutcheon will possess honours beyond those that birth can give, or the herald bestow. He has long possessed *my* very distinguished regard; and, amidst the crowd of men who have been favoured by their country, and become *ungrateful*, I find some consolation that such an amiable character as that before me, continues to preserve his respect, fidelity, and affection for his country, notwithstanding the unmanly and treacherous attacks that are so repeatedly made upon him.

CAPTAIN LAKE.—Notice is given by Sir Francis Burdett of his intention to submit a motion to the House on the conduct of this man, who, most cruelly and inhumanly, abandoned a seaman on an uninhabited island. This measure of Sir Francis would have my entire approbation, had he not preceded it by steps which I consider illiberal and illegal. He has, for a considerable time back, employed his means and authority in collecting the evidence on which he proposes to carry his case, and he has delivered the documents, he has so industriously obtained, over to Cobbett, who *has* published them more than once, and with colours and comments which *have* produced a strong prejudice against Capt. Lake. I by no means blame Sir Francis for searching for testimony for *the condemnation of a tyrant*, but I think him highly culpable in employing the press till the accused has been heard, acquitted, or condemned. From the zeal with which Cobbett has stroven to propagate this testimony, and to bias the public

mind, Lake will have to stand before a jury, whose *passions are in arms*, and whose *opinions are already formed*! I know nothing of Capt. Lake, and I abhor the crime of which he stands charged, but I still think, that it is *unconstitutional* in a member of parliament, to *purchase the press* in order to obtain a *pre-judgment* of a case, and that it is a proceeding which it is the bounden duty of the House of Commons seriously and decidedly to condemn.

COBBETT AND SIR FRANCIS.—The union between these two personages is now assuming a complexion of a very alarming hue. By this union the doctrines of Cobbett can be *personally* delivered in the House of Commons, and the reveries of Sir Francis disseminated throughout the whole extent of the land. To what a degree of profligate degeneracy is the Opposition at length become. To be directed by Cobbet, a man who laughs at public virtue and political honesty;—once an abetter of the most *arbitrary* and the most *unconstitutional* measures; a foe to the freedom and independency of the press, and who was ingloriously banished from America as a turbulent, mischievous, unruly TYRANT, always sowing the seeds of discontent, and determined to engage every administration under which he lived in disagreeable contests with the people, by continual *encroachments upon their liberty*. Once all this—and now his only talent is to cringe to the rabble, by the most object ductility. Overbearing to his equals, and insolent to his inferiors, the airs of importance which he has assumed, since his union with Sir Francis, make him truly contemptible and ridiculous. And yet this conceited Demagogue, without address or any other external accomplishment; with all the vices of little souls, and not a single virtue of a liberal mind, is appointed prime minister to the mob, and has the management of all the disaffected characters of the nation. Under such views it might be prudent to enquire into the propriety of a MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT lending his consequence and *treasures* to a man of such dangerous talents, and who has proved himself so abandoned as to have been the friend and enemy of every party, yet two wicked and insidious to be long trusted either by the people or the throne. I shall put this subject more exactly into the form of a

question, and submit it to the wisdom of the House.—Is it consistent with the duty of a Member of Parliament to purchase one newspaper and to debauch another, in order to promote the designs embraced in the speeches he delivers in the House?

COBBETT'S REGISTER.—I having seen Cobbett's LAST Register since I wrote the above, I blush for the moderation with which I have spoken of the man. A respect for my own and for the public feeling hinders me however from reviewing so atrocious a production. I recommend it to the attention of the Secretary of State for the home department, who, if he understand the duty of his office, will undoubtedly hand it over to the *Attorney General*. If the Attorney General be so timid or so infatuated as to read *Napoleon* for the ———, then is it full time for private men to abandon the cause. It can be of no avail for *individuals* to sink their talents and treasures in support of government, if the public functionaries of the nation are *afraid* to maintain the honour of their King and the dignity of their laws. In comparison to the *last* Register of *William Cobbett*, the letter of *Junius* to the King is *Loyal*, and the celebrated paper called "FORTY FIVE" is *legal*. Should this not be the opinion of the Attorney General,—or of the Secretary of State, and should Cobbett not be prosecuted and punished, then I must protest against any future prosecutions for treason: for if this man's last number *be not treasonable*, then can nothing be considered *treasonable*, and all men must be considered at liberty to attack the King and the government who have *cunning* and *subterfuge* sufficient to call his *Britannic Majesty* NAPOLEON, and to call the House of Commons by the title of the *Corps Legislatif* of France!!!—I have neither time nor strength to pursue this subject; I recommend the Editor to follow it up with all the talent and diligence which he possesses, and which it so imperiously demands. ALBION.

Wednesday, April 3, 1810.

FOREIGN POLITICS.—This useful and interesting branch of public instruction has, hitherto, been in some degree neglected in these columns, but it shall in future be accorded all the space it demands, and be discussed with all the attention its consideration requires. We

seem at present persuaded that it is our interest to live without continental allies. This is an error of the most dangerous kind. We should exert ourselves at every hazard and expence in favour of some or other of our friends; and this must be done, and done with spirit and with cheerfulness, if we are willing to remain a free, a great, and a respected people. It is in vain to hope to maintain our characters by a *selfish* and *surly*, or by a lazy and supine behaviour. If we reason ever so little with ourselves, we may be satisfied of this; if we consult history, *history* will convince us; if we have recourse to experience, *experience* will read us the same lecture. In short, if, when we succour our old allies, we do it from a principle of justice to ourselves; we flourish, in part, from the commerce we have had with them, and having thus a stake in their general welfare, we should support their cause with alacrity and good will. These are the *general* principles of the *British* policy, deduced from those transactions, which, after having been often and seriously examined, have received repeated, as well as public sanctions; so that, if private men err in adopting them, it will be very difficult to establish another rule attended with clearer evidence, and supported by better authority. These, too, are the general principles which shall direct the conduct of this Register. The Editor is resolved, henceforth, to give it more of his time, than what he has hitherto, *for very important reasons*, been able to do, and to select for it, the best productions of his literary correspondents. He also trusts, that, at a time when all Europe is convulsed, and England herself tremulating from the continental shock, no apology will be necessary for introducing to public notice, *biographical* sketches of those men, who are ambitious of acting public parts, and whose integrity and ability, or vice and infamy, entitle them to their country's confidence or curse. He sincerely wishes that others of his correspondents would follow the example of ALBION, and enable the public to proportion their esteem or hatred, to the tenor of the *lives* of popular men, instead of being any longer misled by idle and corrupt *professions*.—Any information respecting *public characters* will be thankfully received, and converted to an eminent purpose; but it is requested, that no anecdotes or history may be con-

veyed, that cannot be relied upon and honourably substantiated.

COBBETT.—It is a miserable and mortifying reflection, that the state of political literature, and the complexion of the times oblige such a paper as this, so frequently to name this incendiary writer. But, as public justice laments her ineffectual indignation, and as the culprit is not as yet devoured by the *vultures* of his own bosom, *the dart must be hurled*, till the victim is acknowledged a corpse or a pauper. The dart, however, would have been suspended for the present, had not Cobbett, a few days since, issued another double number, composed on the basis of Albion's liberal Strictures on the incarceration of Gale Jones; and that Cobbett, finding his popularity on the decline, is pinning his Register on Sir Francis Burdett's sleeve. As to the first suggestion, it is only remarked, that it is fortunate that Cobbett looks to this Register for the light of instruction: it implies a remain of grace not expected in his breast. As to the second, it is connected with considerable danger; for, the "*pulverisation*" of Cobbet which was advancing with such rapidity, is retarded by the loop on which he hitches the preservation of his power. United with a popular and ambitious leader, he may *now* become dangerous to the people; and, by acquiring the confidence of his fellow-subjects, through the medium of his patron, he may feel a disposition to gratify an unprincipled mind in dictating to his Sovereign. Encouraged by the faction of Sir Francis, he may strive to drive Ministers from that situation *the faction* languishes to attain, and employ his lust of vengeance and of power, to wrack the one upon his adversaries, and to secure the other to his friends! After this Register had so nearly effected Cobbett's political destruction, it is a melancholy reflection, that the faithful historian must find it his office to declare, that the powerful weight of Sir Francis's fortune and friend's interposed, and gave to Cobbett a protracted existence he so ill deserves. The combat, notwithstanding the want of a *corps de reserve*, shall be renewed!

ON THE CONSEQUENCES TO BE APPREHENDED FROM THE OVERGROWN WEALTH OF THE COUNTRY.

To F. W. BLAGDON, Esq.

*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines,
Ultraque quo citra, non potest subsistere rectum.*

HORACE.

SIR,—In expressing our sentiments upon any subject, either in writing or speaking, we are ever apt, insensibly, to fall into digressions, and to embellish our disquisitions with parenthetical interlardings. In this way we very often stumble upon matters of even more importance than the question of immediate investigation. So far such digressions may sometimes be deemed injudicious and injurious, as tending to draw away the attention from the main subject, and to distract the thoughts.

Upon looking back at my letter to you, on the operation and effect of the *War Taxes*, I find that I had thrown out matter of this kind, parenthetically, as touching the greatly-increased wealth of the country.—I simply started a doubt of its beneficial tendency, by questioning the desirable effect. In short, I hinted, that I conceived a country might become too rich, and, from the effects thereof, like the production of an highly-manured mead, be hastened, by its excessive luxuriancy, to premature decline.

I am, Sir, well aware, that many will strain hard to consider this a doubtful effect of overgrown wealth with nations, and that, at every hazard, all will prefer unbounded affluence to a middling store, let the consequence be what it may. True it is, that we are all bad philosophers, and by nature selfish—we not only embrace, with avidity, present gratifications at the expence of the next hour's happiness, but we are ever ready to overlook, nay, to sacrifice, our neighbour, and, with him, our country's prosperity, to further what we consider our own private interests. Therefore, how is it to be expected, that men will pay attention to national and generous ideas, in the arrangement of public concerns?—Man is not only by nature imperfect, but, by education depraved.—The true, generous principle is scarcely even to be met with beyond the shepherd state.—As soon as agriculture, commerce, and the arts come to be known, the selfish principle predominates, and directs all our proceedings. The native kind qualities and habits of a simple people

are from this country flown. Sometimes, however, those we denominate third persons, may not be immediately influenced by selfish considerations, or interested partialities, yet I presume that the instances are few, in *improved* society, where these feelings do not preponderate. It is by such a fair sublunary being as he, who is free of the selfish principle, and possessing a sound understanding; that I should wish to be directed. And I should ever desire to behold men of that cast (if such were *generally* to be found), arranging the public affairs; for, as they would be divested of selfish and grovelling principles, and have the public interest solely in view, whilst well knowing the evils attendant on too great national wealth, and the opposite, they would steer the vessel, like good and faithful pilots, with safety between the rocks of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. But, alas! such men are not to be found generally acting in harmonious concert together, in any nation, or upon any occasion.—The selfish principle, with bad philosophy at the helm, will, I fear, ever predominate with mortals.—At one time they will want generosity of soul and resolution, to steer clear of the selfish;—at another time they will act the bad philosopher, and embrace the mistaken good for the real evil. If, however, men were to divest themselves a little of the *mere selfish*, and embrace the PHILANTHROPIC, they might, by duly weighing the probable consequences, be enabled sometimes to hit upon the *truly advantageous*, and to avoid all dangerous extremes. As, therefore, we cannot, I say, expect often to find such harmonious rationality and magnanimous concord in the councils of any nation, it behoves all to whom it may concern, to hold up to view, and to expose every danger as a caution to the unwary traveller.

With these reflections, it has, Sir, occurred to me, that I should be doing a duty I owe you, as well as the rest of my fellow subjects, and myself, to state what occurs to me, as an impartial thinker, with respect to the probable consequences attendant upon our *immense mass* of national wealth.—It may well be said, in the language of Mr. Fox, that the wealth of this country is already too great, is hourly increasing, and ought to be diminished. And here I shall recur to the prudent and friendly

admonition of my favourite author, above quoted, whose happy medium, I fear, we have far and irrecoverably outstepped, in our pursuit after riches.—We are, at present, I rather fear, become too like the *swollen Frog* in the Fable, and I am, therefore, bound to dread the same fate.—If so, and that, judging from past deplorable cases, I am to believe the woe-ful end is not far distant, I may very well advise *caution*.

I do not, Sir, think it necessary to have recourse to the cause of the downfall of ancient or modern nations, in the way of analogical reasoning, to support my hypothesis, or to enliven my fears.—The cause of their decline, and ultimate annihilation, may, perhaps, be questioned.—There may have been many things, with them, more destructive than wealth, and, whilst amongst them, the great Roman empire, at one time the mistress of the world, would demand our particular attention, I should be inclined to think, that the extensiveness of her territory was more enervating to her power than the quantity of her riches, and tended more immediately to her decline. But I shall take the matter up, as it is now with us, before our eyes and our senses, and say, that, I fear we have passed the *Rubicon*, the happy *medium* line of demarcation, and that, if we proceed on in the same thoughtless course, *ad infinitum*, and do not draw in our hands, our end must be *fall* and *ruin*, let that be sooner or latter. I cannot pretend to say how long our bloom will last, but this much we may rest assured of, that if the sun-shine of prosperity continues to throw its beams around us with so much ardent glow, we must, in this luxuriant soil, and under so benign a regimen, in due course, droop our heads and die. Too much perfection is not for any thing under the sun long to endure, and that careful gardener, who is wise, well knows, that by checking growth, and warding off too much sun-shine, he will the longer preserve his perishable productions from decay.

Let us then *pause*, ere we proceed too far;—let the gardeners of the state, and the labourers of the Constitution, carefully examine into the high-forced state of the country;—let them duly consider, whether the sun of the Constitution has not drawn up the stalks too luxuriant, and too much to ripeness;—and let them weigh well, whether gentle and season-

able draw-backs to growth, would not be more salutary. Far be it from me, however, to wish our laws and Constitution deteriorated, or so framed as to be unfriendly to the *reasonable* accumulation of wealth; but I fear they are of rather too encouraging a tendency in this respect, and that it is to their too benign qualities which we must impute a too great and unbounded national prosperity. But why should there not be checks upon too great national aggrandizement, as well as upon too great powers of a monarch, or other exuberancies? Perhaps the check that our commerce should receive would be one of the best effects of a peace. As with the human constitution, the most nutritious food, and best of medicines should have their checks and their limits; so ought it to be with the provisional regulations of a nation, lest a too great plethora should succeed. A remedy in such cases should be applied in time, lest, from too high a state of health, disease may succeed, leading on to death, as the only end to complaint. I do not mean to say, that I should wish to see a stone removed from the noble fabric of our Constitution, or its out-buildings; but I should like to see *caution* and *prudence* used, in adding more benignity to the laws, for the encouragement of exertion in new paths of wealth. I should be fearful of the consequence of much more accumulation of riches, nor can I see to what good or pleasant purpose it can tend. Some, it is true, are never content.—Even the miser, who locks up his immense stores in *iron coffers*, wishes for more.—Others, again, think they can never have enough to squander. But, Sir, let us not look to individuals, let us behold the nation with one eye, and the lee-shore with the other, whilst the sunken rocks are ever to be apprehended.—From what we have before our eyes, there is plenty of reason to dread the *Charybdis* of wealth. This reminds me of what is said by a well known Scotch medical writer, (Dr. Buchan,) when treating upon diet and regimen, he thus expresses himself: “For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers lying in ambuscade among the dishes.”

In the same manner, we may figure to ourselves every thing destructive to the

health of the empire, lying plentifully dispersed now among the riches of this country.—Behold, then, at one glance, *dissipation*, with its train of attendant evils; *drunkenness*, *conceit*, *ambition*, *dissimulation*, *spleen*, *vanity*, *covetousness*;—next, *false accusations*, *perjury*, *venality*, *robbery*, *murder*, *hateful party*, *jarring* for the loaves and fishes; *envy*, *anxiety for finery*. Farther, a *disregard* of *ancestors* and *posterity*, and every thing great or good—*jacobinism*, *leveling*, and finally, *crimes against the state*. *Attempt at revolution*, under the *black mask of reform*—*vilifyings* of the *constitution* and of *monarchy*—*abuse* of *kings* and *princes*, of *lords* and *representatives* of the *people*, of *men in power* and no doubt of *honest British juries*!!! All, all are the pretty fruits of our superabundant and useless riches, raised up by so benign a Constitution and such nurturing laws, and this proceeding from the equal protection of *person* and *property* they afford to all; the two great ends, in fact, for which *civil institutions*, and *law ordinances* were originally thought of or framed.

In what way then check the growing evil? Why, by adding no more encouragements to traffick.—Let us remain where we are.—Let it be said, thus far have we gone and must advance no farther, but rather slacken sail than put out more, else we hurry along among raging billows, until we strike upon quicksands, and go to pieces.

That the nation has grown immensely rich, within the last fifteen years, is readily to be perceived by the state of the people.—By their ideas, by their imaginary wants, and, above all, by the *loss* in *value* which money has sustained within that time. But what can be more conspicuous than the *vanity*, the *rivalry*, and the *extravagance*, of the great bulk of the people latterly. Truly, all must be grand, since all are rolling in riches!—The few great and ancient lords of the nation, are poor, compared to the many upstarts of the present!—Are not the lower orders more elated in themselves, and more conceited than those of antient family and fortune?—Are they not dreadfully swollen and puffed up, and all this from the linings of their pockets! To be *purse proud* is now a common imputation and fault, producing the most brutal and ungenerous qualities and actions!—I like, Sir, to see men comfortably rich,

but I lament and deprecate that extent of it, which defeats the proper and desirable intentions.—Whenever a nation becomes so rich as that the people become highly dissipated, and idly affected, I should like to see a check put to its career. This nation, it must be admitted, is exactly in that state at the present moment.—The soil is good, and the produce has been most abundant!!—Perhaps it would have been better had this country remained in that state of wealth, in which it was, prior to the French revolution.—Dissipation and extravagance, amongst all orders of men, were not at such a height then as now, and men were certainly more happy.—A thirst for finery, and *independent equality* was not so much the rage and order of the day then.—Men were not then so anxious to be placed on the heads and shoulders of the mob, as demagogues, at the expence of every virtuous and true patriotic principle, and of the happiness of mankind.—These were few, and not to be found in every hole and corner, as they now are, with all their degrees of demagogism.—*Undaunted boldness in attacking illustrious personages, right or wrong; perjury, subornation, of witnesses, by open or concealed bribery, false accusations, maintenance, with expressions of gratitude for such crimes,* were not in those days so common!!! Add no more fuel to the fire; administer gentle refrigerants, and the plethoric habit of this puffed up nation may subside.—Offer no more inducements for this or the other wealth-making invention;—buoy up no venturesome money-scheming undertakings.—Gently check the increasing exertions. In short, reduce the pulse, and lessen the ardent fever, by wholesome antidotes. Then, and not till then, may we expect to see the country restored to its sober senses, the mania subside, and the people once more happy. But, Sir, what a proof of an excellent political establishment when you find a country fatten under its fostering protection!!! What must not that constitution be, under which a nation grows too rich? Yes, I say too rich, for, notwithstanding the general thirst for more by those who have already too much, I must maintain, that, to this end, the only fault in the constitution is, that it is too good. To its benign auspices I must impute the overflow of wealth. No nation ever prospered where the government and ordinances were bad, and

unfriendly to honest and profitable exertions. Men should not, however, be carried too far with this idea, nor, upon every occasion, cry out, "*will this or that enrich the nation?*" This insatiable desire for riches can be looked upon in no other light, than as a blind tumult of the mind, approaching to madness. The constitution, I repeat, has, in this respect, been too kind. They, therefore, who fall out with such a nurturing regimen, may very well be compared to puffed up lap-dogs, which snarl at the very nicest of food, and snap at the hand that feeds them. Like them, they certainly feed and fatten, but they see nothing good in the provision, and accept it thanklessly and with an ill grace.

Although I say that those effects are a strong and indubitable proof of the purity of our Constitution, and excellence of our Government, I by no means intend to say, that the great outline has any thing to do with *inordinate* wealth. This arises from by laws and separate acts, for *extreme* encouragement, and now principally rests with our legislature. I entirely agree with the sentiments of that great and good man, now no more, *Adam Smith*, the author of the invaluable volumes on the *Wealth of Nations*, (with whose highly edifying and entertaining conversation I was, when in pursuit of my studies at the university, frequently gratified and honoured), that, under our protecting Constitution and Laws, it is better to leave the people at *full freedom* to barter, as they please, but to offer no encouragements, by stimulating acts, or bye laws, to increased exertions.—We already swim full well, but let us not venture too far.—In this way the nation might come to retrograde to a happy point, and avoid the vortex of destruction. However, I fear that, until a general peace, (which, at present, I must banish all idea of), the great influx and accumulation of wealth will not be fully corrected, when all the sluices of foreign commerce [will be laid open, and every nation enjoy a share of what we have now exclusively our own.

Happy would it be for this country, were it to be restored to that truly *golden age*, that moderate state of wealth, compared with the present, that it experienced and enjoyed twenty years back, in which state of things, each individual would possess, as he then did, his *reasonable* store, whilst health of body and

peace of mind, with *content*, would be the enviable attendants.

Then would the common symbol recover its lost value, and the poor pensioner, with the distressed annuitant and pitiable widow, be restored to comforts they are now almost strangers to. That this may be, once more, the happy state of the people of this country, is, for the sake of suffering humanity, the sincere wish of, Sir, your very obedient servant,

J. J. W. J.

Clifton, January, 1810.

POLITICAL LITERATURE.

A Letter from the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Melville, to the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, relative to the Establishment of a Naval Arsenal at Northfleet.

IT must be full in the recollection of every political reader, that, to Lord Melville, the country is indebted for the institution of the Commission of Naval Revision; which, indeed, may be considered as the last of his public acts. The inadequacy of the British fleet, in 1804, to resist effectually the united force of our then existing enemies, induced his Lordship to take measures for augmenting the number and efficiency of our ships of the line; and, after consulting with Mr. Pitt, it was resolved that a commission should be appointed, and that Sir Charles Middleton (now Lord Barham) ought to be requested to leave his retirement, for the purpose of taking the superintending charge. On the acquiescence of Sir Charles, who stipulated only for the assistance of Mr. Fordyce, (to which were added that of William Donnet, and Andrew Serle, Esqrs.) the Commission began its labours on the 5th of January, 1805, and terminated on the 8th of March, 1808, having, in the course of that time, published fifteen reports. —Whilst Lord Melville remained at the Admiralty, he was minutely informed, from day to day, of the proceedings of the Committee; and, what reflects the highest honour upon his Lordship, he continued, during the progress, as well as after the termination of its inquiries, down to the present moment, to pay the subject every attention that its importance demanded.

It is not within our limits to enter into the detail of the voluminous reports

above alluded to; but it may be proper to observe, that, very early in the present session of Parliament, Lord Melville addressed a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, relative to the management of the civil service of the navy, in which his Lordship furnished, an abstract of their contents, under five heads. The first head comprehended the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 8th reports, all relating to the navy board, and to the departments of the naval service under the direction of that board; the second comprehended the 7th, 9th, and 13th reports, relating to the transport board and service; the third embraced the 10th, 11th, and 12th reports, relating to the victualling board; the fourth comprehended only the 14th report, concerning timber for the navy; and the fifth composed only the 15th report (the immediate subject of the pamphlet before us), pointing out the necessities for, and the advantages of, the construction of a new naval arsenal at Northfleet; and treating of the application of the mechanical powers to the performance of works in the dock-yards, &c.

Lord Melville followed up his Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, by a motion in the House of Lords, on the 9th of February, for an Address to his Majesty for an account of such steps as had been taken to promote the object of the 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th reports of the commissioners of naval revision. In prefacing this motion, his Lordship took a review of the origin and progress of the committee of naval revision, and also alluded to the report, relating to the construction of a dock at Northfleet.

Lord Mulgrave, for various reasons, thought it expedient to move the previous question upon this motion; and, with respect to the report upon Northfleet, he conceived that it would be dangerous to permit its contents to transpire to the enemy.

Lord Melville, being of a decidedly different opinion, has addressed the present Letter to Mr. Perceval; a publication which, as it comes from the pen of one who has deeply and indefatigably studied the subject, is entitled to the most serious consideration of his Majesty's government. "With regard to the 15th report, on the subject of a new Naval Arsenal at Northfleet," says Lord Melville, "I pledge myself to this asser-

tion, that no detriment could arise to the public, from the promulgation of it at the market-place of every town in the kingdom. Much good, on the contrary, would result from its publicity. By it, every thinking man in the kingdom would feel that the British navy, the pride, the glory, and the safety of the country, required that we should make every sacrifice, to place it, in all respects, in a state of permanent security." - - -

- - - - - "It appears, that, notwithstanding the vast increase of our navy, not a single dock-yard has been added to it since the reign of William III. about 119 years ago, at which time the tonnage of the naval force of this kingdom amounted to near 160,000 tons; it is now near 800,000 tons, or about five times as large."

His Lordship having, with much ability, pointed out the numerous defects and inconveniences of the present dock-yards, proceeds as follows:—

"The absolute necessity for a new Naval Arsenal being, I trust, satisfactorily established, the next point for consideration, is the situation where it should be placed. Many reasons combine to make a new Dock-yard more necessary on the *Eastern* side of the kingdom, than on the *Western*. Portsmouth and Plymouth, or the western yards, have not only a greater depth of water; are not only, in their present state, much more complete dock yards than those on the river Thames and Medway; but they are more capable of improvement; whereas two of the eastern yards, namely Deptford and Woolwich, must, of necessity, in a few years, be given up, even if no substitute should be provided, on account of the water becoming daily more shallow; for, although between *forty and fifty thousand pounds* have *lately* been expended in removing the mud, I understand little advantage has been gained, as it accumulates nearly as fast as it is taken up. This circumstance, therefore, forms one strong reason in favour of the construction of a Yard in the river Thames, but in a more convenient part of it than where Deptford and Woolwich are situated."

Fixing upon Northfleet, his Lordship thus describes the particular advantages of that situation:—

"That, without being situated so far up the Thames, as to be subject to the

inconveniences to which Deptford and Woolwich are liable, from the intricacy of the navigation of that river, it is far enough from its mouth, to be sheltered from the effects of stormy weather; that it is on a weather shore, in respect to the prevailing winds in this country; that there is sufficient depth of water to admit of ships of the largest size sailing to or from it, with all their guns and stores on board, any wind, if not too strong; that an abundant stream of excellent water flows through the land in question, and in the most convenient and desirable part of it; that there will be plenty of good brick earth, after leaving enough of the excavated soil to raise the ground allotted for buildings to a sufficient height above the level of spring-tides; that the subsoil is of the most desirable kind for making good foundations for docks and buildings; that it is not so far from the metropolis, as to render larger vessels necessary to bring the stores from thence, than what are now used in carrying them from Deptford and Woolwich; that the situation is extremely healthy, and in the midst of a fertile and productive country; that, from the natural advantages of the surrounding ground, it is capable of a strong defence, both on the side of the river and that of the land, thus not only being in a well-protected place itself, but forming an advanced military protection to the capital; that the extent of the level ground is such as to allow of the arsenal being made on as large a scale as can now be desired, with the capacity of further increase hereafter, if ever it should be thought necessary; and, lastly, that the shape of the peninsula is, perhaps, the most desirable and convenient for the purpose of general arrangement that could be wished for."

After extracting the above perspicuous passage, we have only to repeat, that the tract before us is entitled to the most serious and most prompt attention of the British Government.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 28.—The following is a copy of a letter, addressed by his Majesty to the Legislative Body:—

The King to the Legislative Body.

"GENTLEMEN.—I have been disappointed in my expectation of being enabled to return before the 1st of January.—From the annexed documents contained in the *Moniteur* of yesterday (the 31st of January), you will perceive that the result of our affairs is connected with the conduct of the English Government.

"The regret which I have felt has been considerably increased upon reading the unjust accusation made against us, of having betrayed the cause of the Continent; that is, of having been unfaithful to our engagements; and I write this letter to you to diminish the impression which so unjust and astonishing an accusation must make upon your hearts, as well as upon the heart of every true Hollander.

"Whilst, during the four years that have elapsed, since the commencement of my reign, the nation, and you, in particular, called to watch over her interests, have borne with so much difficulty and distress, but at the same time with so much resignation, the doubling of the imposts, so considerable an augmentation of the public debt, and armaments so great and so disproportionate to the population and means of the kingdom—we little thought that we should have been accused of having violated our engagements, and of not having done enough; at a moment when the state of maritime affairs operates upon us with a greater pressure than upon all other countries collectively, and when, to complete our misfortunes, we are besides, compelled to sustain a blockade upon the Continent.

"It is the heartfelt consciousness of these considerations, Gentlemen, which should lead us to the exercise of patience, until the moment when the justice of his Majesty the Emperor, my brother, shall make reparation for a charge which we have so little deserved.

"I cannot ascertain how long I may yet be prevented from gratifying the first and most anxious of my wishes,

namely, that of returning to my capital, and seeing myself in the midst of you at this difficult and critical juncture.

"But, however distant that period may be, be assured, that nothing can alter my affection for the nation, and my attachment to her interests, nor lessen you in my esteem, and confidence.

(Signed) "LOUIS."

"Paris, February 1, 1810."

The following letter addressed by his Majesty to the Council of State, was this day read by the Minister, the Vice-President, at a meeting of the Council, which was attended by all the Ministers and other members.

The King to the Council of State.

"Though I with regret see the end of the third month since my departure fast approaching, nothing has yet been decided with regard to our affairs.

"I cannot, however, suffer a single instant to pass, after my recovery, without repeating to you the assurance, that all possible exertions shall continue to be made to preserve the existence of the kingdom.

"We cannot conceal from ourselves, that this will cost us great and difficult sacrifices; but I shall not hesitate, if there be but a possibility of Holland, after all that can be demanded of it, being suffered to exist, to submit myself to the generosity of the Emperor, my brother, in the just expectation that, upon the removal of all the causes of dissatisfaction, we shall receive those indemnifications to which we are so strongly entitled, and which will be more than ever necessary to us.

"My intention in submitting myself to the pleasure of the Emperor, my brother, in every thing that he can demand of us, is to convince him that we have many enemies; that we may have been the victims of calumny, of petty passions and interests; but that we have never ceased, and still will continue to admire the Emperor, and to conduct ourselves as true friends and old allies of France, tried by numerous sacrifices and various events. Should I be able to succeed in this purpose, as I have every reason to expect, every thing else will follow, inasmuch as it must be the interest and inclination of France to favour and aggrandise her friends, and not to depress them.

"I therefore entreat you to unite all your efforts to prevent emigration to foreign countries, and every proceeding that might indicate despondency, and to exhort the nation to await the determination of the Emperor upon our fate, with that firmness which is so peculiarly their character, and which so intimately belongs to the justice of their cause.

"I am not ignorant of what every individual suffers. I have done every thing to plead our cause in the most effectual manner. Neither the loss of time, nor the failure of my efforts, nor any other consideration, has been able to deter me from my purpose; and, accordingly, I have every reason to believe, that if we can come to any arrangement, which does not exclude, the possibility of our existence, Holland may still escape the present impending tempest; particularly if, after all this, there remain not only no grounds, but even no pretext for misunderstanding and dissatisfaction, to which all my efforts are directed.

"Your loving King,

"Paris, Feb. 21, 1810.

"LOUIS."

Note of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Baron de Roell, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Holland.

"The undersigned Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, is ordered to communicate to his Excellency Baron de Roell, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Holland, the determination which the actual state of Europe compels his Majesty to adopt. If this determination be of a nature unfavourable to the wishes of the Dutch, his Majesty feels much concern in adopting it; but the irrevocable destiny by which the affairs of this world are directed, which wills that men should bend to circumstances, obliges his Majesty to proceed with firm steps in the measures, the necessity of which is evident, without suffering himself to be turned aside by secondary considerations.

"His Majesty, in placing one of his brothers on the throne of Holland, could not suppose that England would dare openly to proclaim the principle of eternal war, and that in order to carry it on, she would adopt, as the basis of her legislation, the monstrous principles which have dictated her Orders in Council of November 1807. Until then, her maritime Code was certainly resisted by France, and rejected by neutrals; but still it did not entirely exclude navigation, and left some sort of independence to ma-

ritime countries. The common cause was not much injured by the trade between Holland and England, carried on by the medium of neutrals, or under their flag. Marseilles, Bourdeaux, Antwerp, possessed the same advantage. England was still obliged to act circumspectly towards the Americans, Russians, Prussians, Swedes, and Danes, which nation formed a kind of tie between powers separated by the sea.

"The fourth Coalition put an end to this state of affairs. England having succeeded in uniting against France, Russia, Prussia, and Sweden, no longer found herself under the necessity of proceeding so guardedly. It was then, by a perversion of words and things, she took upon herself to silence and annul, by a mere decree and blockade, all neutral rights. His Majesty was obliged to make reprisals, and, on his arrival at Berlin, he retorted the blockade of France, by declaring the blockade of the British Islands. Neutrals particularly the Americans, called for explanation on this measure. They were told, that although the absurd plan of blockading an entire state was an intolerable usurpation, his Majesty would restrict himself to put an end to the English trade on the Continent; that neutral flags would be respected; that his ships of war and privateers would not molest the sailing of neutrals, as the Decree was only to be executed on land. But this execution of it, which obliged him to shut the ports of Holland to the British trade, affected the mercantile interests of the Dutch people, and was opposite to their old habits—first source of the secret opposition which began to prevail between France and the Dutch. His Majesty then foresaw with regret, that the King of Holland would have to make his election between his first and most imprescriptible duties; his duty towards the Imperial Throne, and the mercantile opinion of the Dutch nation. His Imperial Majesty, notwithstanding, clothed himself with patience, and shut his eyes, expecting that some happy event would arise, which would relieve his brother from the painful alternative in which he was thus placed.

(To be continued.)

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Ye hands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys,
 Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS.—Important and necessary justification, by ALBION, against certain charges and insinuations of apostacy, thrown out against this Register, by jealous scribblers on the side of Government.—Some remarks on the utility of this paper, and the regret which was openly expressed, before it appeared of the want of such a publication.—The opinion of Queen ELIZABETH, on such writers as defended her Throne without sycophancy.—On the importance of the late commitment of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT.—Analysis of the different Speeches of the Members in that Debate, with occasional biographical notices of the Orators.—Of Mr. LETHERBRIDGE—Lord OSSULSTONE—Sir John ANSTRUTHER. A difference of opinion between him and ALBION, and the grounds of it explained.—Lord FOLKESTONE—Lord BINNING—Sir Samuel ROMILLY, with a refutation of his prevaricating opinions.—On the conduct of Sir Francis, in resisting the Speaker's Warrant.—Another Section of ARISTIDES'S Essays on Jacobin Guineas.—Public Documents, &c.

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

*Tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem
 Perpetuam: Saxis interse convenit ursis.* JUV.
 "TIGERS, notwithstanding their being tigers, maintain an inviolate peace amongst each other: so also do bears!"
 By ALBION.

STRICTURE XI.
 JUSTIFICATION.—The reproach and slander which have been occasionally cast upon me, since the publication of my eighth and tenth Strictures, are so gross and malevolent, that I find it necessary to justify my public conduct, before I proceed with the investigation of the debate upon Sir Francis Burdett.—Did the charge of *apostacy*, preferred against me, arise from public spirit, from a love of virtue, or a hatred of vice, I should be admonished; or, did it proceed from the exalting revenge of my *political* enemies, I should be corrected and improved; but, as the charge has emanated from a paper called a *ministerial* print, I impute it to the bitter passion of *jealousy*; and direct the arrow back upon the bosom of the venal calumniator.

I had often thought that the *open* enemies of Government, such as the Botley Register, the Statesman, the Examiner, the Independent Whig, &c. inflicted less injury upon its Constitution and Administration, than those papers who arrogate to themselves the title of *loyal, ministerial*, &c. and I am now, unfortunately, completely confirmed in that opinion. The reason is, that the works of the Opposition are performed by *knaves* whose

clumsy designs may instantly be seen through and averted, while those of the *Ministry* are under the conduct of *fools*, whose blundering ignorance, assassinating friendship, entail disgrace and reprobation upon the press and upon their employers! These wretched writers have sprung the rattle upon me, because I do not follow their example, in implicitly advocating *every* MAN, and *every* MEASURE of the Government, and because I have courage and independence *occasionally* to oppose my opinion to Parliament, and to insist upon the rigid observance of the laws. Many and vile have been the attempts of venal pens to *hurt the present Administration in the eyes of the world*, but none more low, impudent, and false than that of the brainless editors who accuse me of tergiversation, or this Register of apostacy! What their motives are for this contemptible attack upon established characters, is not so dark but that it may be obviously determined. Having no *talent* to serve the Ministry but venomous assertion, called "*thick-and-thin*", ingenuity, they are exasperated to madness to find this Register rise into life, and take root in a soil equally remote from the sphere of tyranny, or the haunts of faction! Overwhelmed with this conviction, and sinking under the rankling sense of acknowledged *inferiority*, the only refuge or asylum they have to fly to, is, to defame my liberal policy, and to rail at and traduce the Proprietor of this Paper; in order that the truth of my assertions may be called in question, that *he* may be deemed treacherous, and that *prejudice* may anticipate and weaken the force of our

facts and arguments. With this view they call me, an opponent to Government, and assert that I have drawn down upon me the suspicion of the King, the Ministry, and the Parliament.—Should it be true that this unmerited calamity has, in fact befallen me, I shall only humbly observe, that it would not have attached to a man of my principles in *former* times. For, under the most glorious reigns, and wisest administrations of old, if the least grievance happened, the most *loyal* writers complained with freedom, and no persons pretended to accuse them, by saying they attacked the Parliament or the person of the Prince: Our sovereigns (and I will not believe otherwise of his present most gracious Majesty) always lent their ears to the voice of wisdom, and took such to be their *best friends*, who had the courage to represent the abuses committed by Parliaments, or by Cabinets, in a *true* light.

To illustrate this point, I shall give a more instructive and interesting historical anecdote than is to be found on the records of any other nation of the earth. I will take notice of a circumstance in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a reign in which there were fewer errors than in any before or since.—Some unprincipled men found means to deceive that princess, by representing to her, that the granting patents for the sale of certain goods would be very beneficial to trade. This was no sooner done, but the people found the inconveniency of them, and men both wrote and spoke against them as boldly as I did on the subject of privilege; and some Members of the Commons House moved against them.—

The Queen, hearing they were complained of, made a strict enquiry into their nature, and, finding them to be grievances, published *her proclamation* for revoking them, without waiting for the result of what would be done in the Parliament; and then sent for the Speaker of the House of Commons, who, being attended with above a hundred of the Members, and who, having thanked her for recalling her patents, she made them the following speech:—

“MR. SPEAKER,

“You give me thanks in the name of my people, but I doubt me, I have more cause to thank you all, than you me; and I charge you thank them of the House of Commons from me: for

had I not received a knowledge from you, and the **LOYAL WRITERS** of my *metropolis*, I might have fallen into the lap of an error, only for lack of true information.

“Since I was Queen, yet did I never put my pen to any grant, but that upon pretext and semblance made unto me, that it was good and beneficial to my subjects in general, though a private profit to some of my ancient servants, who had deserved well:—but the contrary, in this instance, being found by experience, I AM EXCEEDINGLY BEHOLDEN TO THOSE SUBJECTS WHO DIRECT ME TO THE BEST!

“I am not so simple to suppose, that there be some of the lower House, *whom these grievances NEVER touched*; and for them, I think they speak out of zeal for their counties, and not out of spleen or MALEVOLENT AFFECTION, as being parties grieved; and I take it exceeding grateful from them, because it gives us to know that no respects or interests had moved them, other than the minds they bear to *suffer no diminution of our honour, and our subjects love to us*; the zeal of which affection, tending to ease my people, and to *knit their hearts unto me*, I embrace with a princely care; for, above all earthly treasure, I esteem my people's love—more than which I desire not to merit.

“This, Mr. Speaker, I pray you, deliver unto the House, to whom heartily recommend me—and so I commit you all to your best fortunes and further councils.—And I pray you, Mr. Comptroller, Mr. Secretary, and you that are members of my council, that before these gentlemen depart into their several counties, you bring them all to kiss my hand.”

Here the greatest princess that ever sat upon the English throne, declares publicly to all the world, that she thinks herself exceedingly beholden to every member, and to every writer, who has the honest boldness to take notice of the *faults* of her administration, and yet one or two daily papers, *affecting* to be EXCLUSIVELY loyal, presume to arraign my conduct, and *dare* to insinuate in me an absence of zeal for the interests of that cause which they have the ridiculous arrogance to think themselves more competent to uphold. And they have begun to cry out against this Register for *not being ministerial*. I can—

not say that I comprehend what those gentlemen mean by this charge: if they mean that Mr. Blagdon is not *a slave* to any set of men, then indeed they are *perfectly* correct; but if they propose to imply that he has *a list* in his keel, and that he leans over to faction, then never were men more deceived than themselves, or more determined to deceive the community.—The doctrine which the Editor proposed to advance was founded on that OLD Whig principle, which goes to vindicate the Constitution, and to *put down those writers whose intentions are licentious, and whose views are corrupt and venal*. In fact, on first heaving down the gauntlet, he nobly named his opponent, and entered the lists with Cobbett—an enemy who had *conquered, PURCHASED, terrified, or debauched*, every other writer of the age!—Before the Editor of this Register volunteered his pen, the democratical progress of Cobbett was a subject of general indignation and alarm; and I have, at the private tables of persons of consequence, more than once, listened to actual lamentations, that no writer was known, who had sufficient spirit and the necessary talent, to enter the lists against the unprincipled Botley Jesuit; while those who were most convinced of the national advantage of such a publication as has since appeared, were most loud in their *professions* and declarations that they would *liberally* encourage the man who, by effectually opposing Cobbett, would be, to use the words of Mr. Windham, “worthy of a statue of gold!” I should much like to ask those gentlemen, *what sort* of encouragement they have given to Mr. Blagdon? or whether it has extended any farther than the *liberal* and individual purchase of a single copy of his Register every week?—While, however, they were so feelingly regretting the want of anti-democratical literature, Mr. Blagdon, whose most infuriate political enemies admire his talents, and admit him to rank amongst the most zealous and persevering writers, disinterestedly came forward, and powerfully repelled that assailant of the King and nobility of the land; and, as I have been assured, and firmly believe, without *any sort* of encouragement or patronage, but what he anticipated that he should receive from the public. How far his expectations have been realised or disappointed, it is not my province to enquire

or to state:—But this I may assert, that neither from Mr. Blagdon’s Prospectus, nor from any article that has appeared in his Register, have I ever observed that he pledged himself to be a *thick-and-thin* writer. He merely declared that he would be the enemy of Cobbett, and of *all jacobinical papers*; and I defy any sycophant to say, that he has not, in the most courageous, pious, and scrupulous manner, preserved his honour, his consistency, and his word! To infuse jealousies into the King, to court the Ministry, or to flatter the Parliament, was never any part of his intention. Warm with the love of his country, he meant to combat her political enemies, and he *still* means, *as long as possible*, by expressing the sense of an honest man, to prevent the progress of that contagion which Cobbett, faction, and folly, so successfully propagate throughout the land!!!

Now, reader, *who* are the true friends of the Parliament and of the King? They who oppose the occasional errors of the former, or they who lead them, by venal councils, into the crooked paths of private ambition and public crime? I know that the answer to this question will be thought to favour the cause of imprisoned delinquents. It does not do so by any means. There is a wide difference between an humble representation to established authority, and an open invitation to the people to revolt. The one is affectionate admonition, the other is malignant insurrection. He who supplicates his sovereign is a patriot; he who appeals to the people is a traitor!—These things are mentioned, that *my character* may not again be mistaken; and that, as I have very many important communications to make through the channel of this Register, *its principles* may not be depreciated or misconceived. At the same time I am proud to confess, that the effect produced by my last Stricture, is of the most flattering, though not of the most gratifying kind. My enjoyments do not flow from the *infelicity* of others; and when I *persisted* in the assertion, contained in my last Stricture, that “SIR FRANCIS MUST BE SENT TO THE TOWER,” it was from a regard to *justice*, and not from a spirit of malevolence unworthy the sentiments I both cultivate and observe. After this justificatory exordium, I shall revert to the conduct of

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.—When a

nation once loses its regard to JUSTICE; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a parliament is capable of being influenced by any thing but JUSTICE, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is *foreign* to its merits, we may venture to pronounce that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason it is, that the best resolution that ever passed the House of Commons, is that which ordered this unfortunate enthusiast to the habitation of the Tower. A resolution which establishes the independency and uprightness of our representatives, which administers the equal distribution of *justice* to every constituent, and which conduces at once to the security of the state, and to the honour and dignity of the throne. Thanks to Providence; for it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that in a crisis like this we have representatives in parliament, who dignify their station by the impartial administration of *justice*, and who must be henceforth reckoned among our national blessings, and have those honours paid them while they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead. I beg them to accept this my sincere and early tribute. Had the Ministerialists not made this noble resistance, the Opposition would have availed themselves of the confusion of the times, and, by every wicked method that could be pursued, they would strive to subvert the Constitution in church and state: they would make a *mockery* of the *law*, and reduce the loyal subjects of the country to the humiliation of seeing a set of knaves and fanatics assuming supreme authority by their own spontaneous creation, and then find them atrocious enough to complete their ambitious designs by embreuing their hands in the blood of the great and virtuous of the state.—I do sincerely congratulate every true Englishman, every friend of civilization, and every honest subject, on the righteous Order of the House on the night of Thursday the 5th of April, 1810. From hence let the tools of faction know that English justice is not to be sported with; that the subject is as certain of *justice* from the High Court of Parliament, as from the meanest magistrate in the most contemptible borough. That the united eloquence

of all the Opposition lawyers can neither distinguish the *rich* from the *poor*, nor alter laws or facts. And that sacred English *justice*, and *acknowledged* privilege, handed down to us by our ancestors, at the expence of their blood and treasure, shall never be infringed with impunity. This is the glorious lesson that springs from the commitment of Sir Francis Burdett! I shall now anatomise the reported proceedings.

Mr. LETHBRIDGE.—It is not every person, whatever his rank, his talents, or integrity may be, who possesses, at all times, and in all circumstances, the manly resolution of declaring his mind. It is a quality which virtue cannot always command, and abilities will not always exert. There are, however, situations, in which what is called PRUDENCE in the world, and may be very necessary in the *ordinary* matters of life, is no longer a virtue. Many men, of considerable talents and real integrity, have been lost to their country, from a *cautious apprehension* of rising superior to it.

The man who fears the sarcasm of the sarcastic, the envy of the envious; the insults of the insolent, or the malice of the disappointed, is not qualified to fill the more important stations of life. His virtues must be confined to the narrow circle of domestic exertion, and be lost in that GULPH of public good—the love of *private* tranquillity.

This honourable man, Mr. Lethbridge, is, fortunately, endowed with that manly spirit, which, when the tongue of every other member faltered, and when legal resolution began to sink, has placed him on a level with the greatest of his associates, and impelled him to arrest a *public disturber* in the very teeth of that disturber's scoffing and numerous friends! Such a man is of great utility in a crisis like the present: it shall be my care that his name and bravery shall not escape the notice of posterity. He made no effort, however, to promote his designs through the medium of the passions: content with performing the duty of an honest man, he simply moved the order of the day for resuming the adjourned debate on the Letter of Sir Francis Burdett to his Constituents.

LORD OSSULSTON.—The conduct of this noble lord, who was the first to oppose Mr. Lethbridge's motion, affords an awful lesson to those young senators who suffer themselves to be debauched by the

old members of the Opposition.—There exists in the Opposition, as in the forests and wildernesses of the most savage portions of the globe, a race of *jackalls* who hunt for superior animals, and are rewarded only with the guts and garbage of the victims they have pursued. Their province also is to watch over the den of a wounded master, or to protect the putrid carcass from the vengeance of the insulted inhabitants of the woods.—Such was the office imposed upon Lord Ossulston by his Whig associates, but he wanted both *voice* and *ferocity* for so arduous a part; and surrendered it, after an impotent struggle to defend the Honourable Baronet's incendiary conduct.

Sir JOHN ANSTRUTHER.—This great constitutional officer and eminent lawyer, is placed, by popular opinion, and with singular justice, in a situation which renders him at once the pride and envy of his professional contemporaries. His great abilities are universally acknowledged, his profound knowledge in the laws of his country is generally confessed, and where is the man, within the period of his practice, who, being under the painful necessity of applying to the aid of the law to obtain or defend his rights, has not been happy in securing this able advocate to support his cause, or felt an affecting disappointment on finding him engaged on the side of his adversary. The courts in which he pleaded at home, and those over which he presided, as judge, in *India*, bear me out in this opinion, and record him as a faithful and zealous servant of the crown, who has merited the rank and riches, conferred by a gracious master and a grateful people. I think proper to precede every distinct article of this Stricture with biographical notices, in order that the reader may know how to estimate the opinions of the parties connected with this most important debate. In a luminous and learned speech, Sir John maintained the necessity of supporting the privilege of Parliament, but without showing any disposition to encroach upon the rights and liberties of the people; and he asserted, that whatever difference of opinion prevailed with respect to the Letter of Sir Francis, that still his arguments went to the length of weaning the people of England from that support which, as the constitutional organ of the country, they owed to the House of Commons. He also refuted Lord Ossul-

ston's observations on the Letter which preceded the ARGUMENT, and proved, to the sight of every mind not wilfully blind, that the expression of the first paragraph that says, "*the House of Commons are superior to Magna Charta*," is a libel, in as much as the assumption that the House held itself superior to the constitutional law of the land, was a libel—there being something *insidious* in the assertion which implied a malicious intent. I have to acknowledge my obligations to this learned civilian for the correction of a very gross error, into the lap of which I had fallen. In my zeal to preserve the House from the odium of *punishing* offences committed against *itself*, I recommend the measure of turning persons, who had committed breach of privilege over to the law. From this Baronet's arguments, I am now convinced, that such a proceeding would be dangerous and impracticable; for, as Sir John observes, "Would the House endure to wait for the slow process of indictment, while men were covering the walls with libels, and obstructing the Members in their way to the House?" Would it not be more prudent to take cognizance *in the first instance*, especially when proceeding by indictment could not take notice of it in the view which the House could. He denied that the House was either fond of stretching or of creating, privileges; or that it had any other wish than to maintain the right of punishing calumniators, and he informed the House, that if they looked back to the opinions of all the constitutional lawyers, they would find them agreed on that point, that in all times the House had punished *libellers*, when, in the free exercise of their rights and privileges, *libellers* had dared to attack them. Respecting Sir John Anstruther as I do, both for the quality of his doctrine and for the information it has afforded me in particular, it is with considerable regret that I have to differ from him on a point of the highest consequence. In one place he very judiciously and properly aggravates the offence of Sir Francis, by saying, "in the present case, the calumny is committed by a person high in wealth, and in the favour of the people," and in another part, he expresses his opinion, "that the Pamphlet was unworthy of any serious observation or notice." Now I think that the attack upon Parliament by Sir Francis is of a more dan-

gerous tendency, and attended with more aggravating circumstances, than can be paralleled in the history of any civilized country in Europe; and more, I assert, that of Mr. Lethbridge HAD NOT preferred his complaint against Sir Francis for a breach of privilege, ANOTHER member of the House *would* have predicated a charge of high treason upon the Letter to the constituents, and have endeavoured to place Sir Francis under the sword of offended justice, instead of subjecting him to the chastisement of a school-boy, who had offended his superiors! I am ready to admit, that *the Pamphlet itself* merits no further contempt than that it is a chapsody of unconnected stuff, bundled together with the nicest stupidity, and a disgrace to literary composition and good principles; *but, as it aims at purposes of the most dangerous kind*, it deserves stronger animadversions than Sir John has bestowed upon it, and affords, what I have stated, an ample foundation for a cause in a court of criminal justice. In short, it should make *every* Englishman shudder, and can never be justified but by the parties and their coadjutors, who, justly suffering by the laws, would, to private pique, sacrifice national welfare. The crime is aggravated by the aggressor being a *popular* member of Parliament, because his cause is to be bare-facedly supported by the opposition, and the houses of his opponents are to be pulled down by a rabble bawling in defence of liberty and reformation.—Such is the wretched situation brought on the country by a fanatic, who affects to preach up the independence of the people, while he destroys their laws, rights, and liberties, by the vice and licentiousness he encourages. For my part I am very much concerned that the Secretary of State, did not, on *the legal suspicion of treason* which shone out of Sir Francis's Letter, immediately arrest him, and subject him to a trial by jury on a charge of high treason. This proceeding, *the only proper one*, would have sent the offender before a jury of his countrymen, and saved the Commons from the reproaches of the ignorant and disaffected. This is what I meant in my last Stricture, but I unfortunately expressed my sentiments in a manner which, perhaps, subjected them to a wrong interpretation. On *the suspicion of treason*, the Secretary of State and the Magistrates should show their vigilance; nor

should the Parliament be exposed to punish, as breach of privilege, what ought to *suffer* as CRIME committed against the sacred laws of the Constitution of the land. And I now hope, that if Sir Francis move his *Habeas Corpus*, that *the Parliament* will withdraw their charge of breach of privilege, and that the Secretary of State will meet Sir Francis in a court of justice, and arraign him for treason to his native land. If he call for *law and for justice*, let him not be denied. But, for the love of humanity, I conjure him to remain where he is, during the pleasure of the House; for if his *Habeas Corpus* be granted, an *indictment* must be preferred against him, and that *indictment* MUST embrace, not an offence against good manners, but a direct and decided criminal cause. These are my motives for condemning the moderation, at the same time that I admire the erudition and eloquence of Sir John Anstruther.

LORD FOLKSTONE.—There is no character so dangerous to society as that which possesses the art of making licentiousness pleasing, and giving to vice the semblance of virtue. The human heart is woefully disposed to deceive itself, and does not want the artificial aids of corruption to increase its natural propensities to evil. The wisdom of an ancient republic is said to have established the custom of exposing drunken slaves to the view of their youth, in order to impress on their tender minds an abhorrence of that degrading vice. On this principle I direct the attention of the juvenile Opposition to this Noble Lord. A senator, who has lulled asleep the admonitions of a loyal and distinguished race of ancestors, and who has sacrificed whatever is fair in reputation, amiable in manners or honourable in life, to court the encouragement and applause of a desperate and daring faction. His lordship concluded a speech of great length, and gilded with many brilliant but meretricious attributes, by moving the Order of the Day, and having made allusion to Sir John Anstruther, he afforded that gentleman the opportunity of making his lucid explanation and learned reply.

LORD BINNING.—Man was not made for a state of inactivity, or even of useless industry. The highest rank and most profuse wealth, cannot justify their possessor in the mere appropriate employments of the station which he inhe-

rits, or wherein his fortune has placed him. It is not sufficient that in the summer he builds houses, decorates apartments, forms plantations, and beautifies his domain; or that, in the winter, he buys *vertu*, employs artists, and extends the public places of elegant amusement. Even if it may be supposed that vice does not mingle with his pleasures and avocations; they are not sufficient to justify him in the eye of reason. To acquire real honour, and secure an acknowledged consequence of his character, he must not pass his days in opulent indolence, in the recreations of taste, or the enjoyment of splendor, but direct his faculties, activity and personal consequence to objects which may be of more real utility to his country. He should not forget, amid the pride of rank, the elegance of fashion, and the bounties of fortune, those solemn demands which society has a right to make upon him, nor check the conviction, that a compliance with them forms the honourable duties of a citizen. The Parliament of the United Kingdom invites the ingenuous and active youth of noble birth to a manly exertion of their talents, by a display of those paths which lead to present honour and future renown. I contemplate, with a most affecting pleasure, the noble youth, who, turning aside from the dissipation too common to his age, enters with zeal, into some active line of public life, looks for a confirmation of those honours which he received as an inheritance, and feels an assurance of future fame, in his endeavours to promote the prosperity of his country.

This noble lord, from his earliest youth, has been seriously engaged in endeavours to become an acquisition to the legislature: his life is a passing scene of active utility. My hearty approbation waits upon him, and the speech he opposed to Lords Folkstone and Ossulston, is one, for which, I trust, an admiring country will not prove ungrateful. It was a speech, though mutilated and briefly represented in the papers, which instantly destroyed the impression made by the sophistical disquisitions of his adversaries, and which carried as much conviction as any other arguments submitted to the judgment of the House. He did not conceive it possible to overstate the importance of the question. Had the paper under discussion been written at any time, and by the most insignificant

individual, it would have demanded the serious attention of the House; but these were not *ordinary* times, nor was the Hon. Baronet an *ORDINARY* man. If the House looked back on the conduct of the Hon. Baronet, they would find, that, in pursuing his object of Parliamentary reform, *he had lost no opportunity* of blackening the character of the House of Commons, and of calling down contempt upon all the constituted authorities of the land. These strong and unanswerable observations, well illustrated by his lordship with a variety of facts and arguments, which justified him to implore the House to respect their own dignity, as well as the good of the community, by supporting the original motion of Mr. Lethbridge, and not that of Lord Folkstone, which proposed to screen a *public disturber* from the vengeance of an offended realm.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.—It is a misfortune, of no small magnitude, for any man to commit a public folly, or to be led into a public error, which may be seized to fix a stigma upon his character, that shall live in the minds and on the tongues of men. But the grievance must be greatly heightened, when it waits upon a man of superior talents and professional eminence, whose service the state was ready to acknowledge and willing to reward.—Besides, the ill-nature, envy, and perhaps the fears as well as necessities of mankind, have annexed ideas of scandal to certain *professions*, distinct from the demerit of particular undeserving individuals, who help to compose them. The busy *craft* of the law, the idle *parade* of physic, and the starch *hypocrisy* of priesthood, seem, as it were, naturally to associate with the ideas of all the nations of the earth. Indeed, many of their more artful professions find themselves in the continual necessity of acknowledging the universal opinion to be but too well founded, with a view to turn aside some threatened sarcasm, or with the hopes that they may become exceptions from the general description. But when a man has added to the uncommon unpopularity of his profession, the weight of personal inconsistency, his situation, however advantageous or exalted, if he retain the least degree of sensibility, must be embittered with continual and aggravated dissatisfaction.—The eminent lawyer, whose character composes my present theme, has placed himself precisely in this predicament. In the first stage

of this unfortunate business, he, *prevared* in his opinions, and he has since thought proper to support that *prevardication*, by a speech which is altogether founded on factious and speculative principles. In fact, I can discover no merit in its style or sentiments worthy the honour of a reply; my only motive, therefore, for naming it is, to confute his attempt to propagate the spirit of his party, and, if possible, to prevent any palpable falsehood of their nature, which might hereafter appear from his or any other hand.—To effect this, I have only occasion to observe, that, whoever they be that, without any manner of cause, set up to oppose the determination of King, Lords, and Commons, and to render them odious to the multitude, *even* the ignorant, unthinking, wanton crowd, are traitors to their country, and ought to be treated as such accordingly. What does Sir Samuel mean by telling me that he *has not made up his mind* as to the residence of a libel in the pamphlet of Sir Francis? He cannot mean to say, that he is an accomplice, but he must mean that I am at liberty to understand him to be a knave or a fool. A knave, in asserting a false fact, or a fool in not comprehending the simplest brief that ever was confided to his judgment! What will he say, how will he answer to God and his country, for advocating the measures of a man whom he *must* know to be an enemy to the Government, and who has left no stone unturned to poison the hearts and inflame the minds of the people, and to a degree that fills every honest mind with disgust and horror, and must make, not the ignorant and imbecile, but the sensible and brave tremble? Sir Samuel is thrown into a quandary to make a point of law out of a case which is embarrassed with no difficulty whatever. Or what law does belong to it, is law that plain men, of honest principles and plain sense, can judge of without law, or judge of better than lawyers, whose profession warps their ideas, and cramps their faculties, in some measure, as their occupation confines the range of their knowledge, and makes them look for obstructions in a path which is frequented and clear. And it is remarkable, *in general*, (there are bright exceptions in Parliament, and I take the Chancellor of the Exchequer as one splendid instance,) that lawyers, of all others, are the worst politicians. Upon a political question, therefore, or any

thing that is connected with politics, they promise least to be the best judges. There is a *bias of calling*, that is unfavourable to that freedom and ingenuity of ideas, which matters of that sort particularly require, to the right discussion of them. For my own part I shall freely own that Sir Samuel Romilly is the last counsellor I should consult upon such an affair, as that of the opinion alluded to is upon. And, though, in other things, I should have some deference for this learned gentleman, as well as to others of eminence in the profession, I should really pay none at all to his opinion on a subject which embraces a point of liberal and extensive policy. In short, I can have no respect for the judgment of a gentleman, or any set of gentlemen, who affect to require eight or ten days *to make up their minds* upon a point which is visible to every ordinary understanding at the very first blush. A lawyer may know better than one that is not one, who is an heir at law, or what is the nature and title of an estate; but does not every body know how inconsistent, contradictory, and uncertain, the opinions of lawyers are upon arbitrary, unsettled, new, and nice questions of a mere legal nature? Does not both the bench and bar differ every day among themselves upon points which every *ignorant* man perfectly and distinctly understands? There is not a point of law, which it is possible to have two opinions about, but opposite ones may be obtained upon it, from the ablest and honestest men at the bar: and sometimes the judge differs from both. Shall the opinion then of Sir Samuel Romilly, though resulting out of ten days mental labour, be binding upon the people of England in a great constitutional matter, much connected with liberty, and very little depending upon law. And, independent of the absence of veracity or knowledge in this gentleman, I can discover a very considerable indigence of patriotism and public spirit. He doubts the legality of the commitment of Mr. Gale Jones, after taking THIRTY DAYS *for the making up his mind*; and he still never proposed any measure to the House for the relief of a person whom he thinks a martyr to injustice! What a despicable species of patriotism is this! The fact is still stronger—had not a powerful and wealthy commoner identified himself, from motives of pride and ambition,

in the case of Gale Jones, the latter might never more have been heard of; he might have served as a repast to the rats of Newgate, without disturbing the repose of Sir Samuel, or putting him to the cost of *making up his mind*. This surely ought to convince *the people*, how little the Opposition have their *real* interests at heart. For, whoever voted for the commitment of Gale Jones, and did not vote for the commitment of Sir Francis, is a hypocrite instead of a patriot, and deserves the execration of mankind. We have now a *political barometer* by which to judge of the virtue of the Opposition. People of England! attend to this barometer, and examine it well on every political occasion. A *rich* and a *poor* man think proper to commit the SAME offence. They are brought to the bar of the House: FOURTEEN Members of the *patriotic* Opposition oppose the *poor* patriot, and ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO oppose the commitment of the powerful and wealthy Baronet. When Sir Samuel Romilly *makes up his mind* upon this point, and justifies it to the satisfaction of the public, I may restore him to the respect of that public, but till he do, he must be content to be classed among those men who deserve to be forgotten, degraded, or despised.—Want of space having prevented me from embracing all the ideas which should be comprised in this Strycture, it is

(*To be continued*)

CONVEYANCE OF SIR FRANCIS TO THE TOWER.—After a resistance as cowardly as it was contemptible, and a futile attempt to excite the rabble to riot and bloodshed, Sir Francis Burdett has thought proper to *submit*, and deliver himself into custody. Compared with his conduct on this last occasion, that of a highwayman who, with loaded pistols in his pockets, gives himself up to the beckon of a police officer, rather than cause the effusion of innocent blood, by attempting to intimidate the agents of the laws, is noble and manly. Sir Francis, on the contrary, has, by his miserable shifts to elude the execution of the warrant, rendered himself an object for the lowest degree of pity; and those who most admired his principles must, in future, be ashamed of all connection with such a man. On this occasion Ministers have consummately

proved that they are not to be intimidated by senatorial confederacies, or popular rage. For the lives of the few fanatics which have lately been sacrificed, to the general peace, Sir Francis is as fully answerable to God and civilised society as is the midnight murderer, or forest assassin, for the crimes which they respectively commit! But the crisis to which matters have arrived is a subject at which true Englishmen must exult. It has proved that no demagogue has sufficient influence to excite the populace to insurrection! Had the Baronet been sent to the Tower in charge of a constable, the most desperate of the rabble might have effected a rescue; but the events of the last four days have shown that it is only necessary to prove to Englishmen that the Government *is determined* to maintain the laws of the land, and the people will not risk their personal destruction in any attempt to break them. Oh! Cobbet, Cobbett! will you believe *now* that you and your whole gang cannot effect a revolution in this free country? You must surely be convinced that "*the thing*" is not to be "*done*" so easily as you assured us it could and would be!

F. W. B.

JACOBIN GUINEAS.

PART II.

SECTION II.

Before I advance in this important enquiry, I call upon Cobbett, and upon those whom he instructed in the science of "*Jacobin Guineas*," to reconsider their calculations. They have confounded the inflammatory arithmetic of *Paine* with the theoretical finance of *Hume*.—Nor is it from these authors that the most danger is to be apprehended. Their works, no doubt, contain the most egregious error; but, as they are addressed to contemplation, their error is detected before it grows into sentiment. It is the ephemeral publications of Botley, the Independent Whig, the Statesman, and the Times, which deal out *insurrection* dogma, instead of doubtful disquisition, that precipitates this country into the arms of faction, with the bandage of error upon her eyes, and brings on those pernicious calculations which pass over the land like the pesti-

lential wind of Arabia, destroying the plants of truth and liberty, and leaving the desert soil to be reinvigorated by the labours of men of more elevated and honourable minds.

Therefore, notwithstanding all the clamour that is raised about *Jacobin Guineas*, and against credit—it is clear that *credit of some kind or other is absolutely necessary*. In nations where there is great simplicity of manners and little trade, there is little necessity either of borrowing, or of buying, upon credit. But as commerce is enlarged, credit must be enlarged in proportion. There can be little or no trade, where every body purchases for ready money.—If, then, we would increase our trade, we must submit to the disadvantages, or rather natural consequences, arising from credit; because it is found, from long and enlightened experience, that credit is imperiously necessary to an extensive commerce. And, in whatever manner this credit is given, it must be allowed to come in the place of money, to answer for it. In fact, it may be reckoned money, and is truly money in effect as in use.

Credit can never be given without a beneficial and particular purpose. None will give credit but to men of integrity, prudence, and activity, or to men of sterling substance and visible worth. Here then are *natural* checks and limits, beyond which credit will never, and can never, be strained or extended. REGARD being had to these limits, credit must always be useful to a nation, while it supports and increases industry and useful labour.—Besides the credit given by commercial men one to another, and the advantages arising from such credit, equal or much greater advantages may be gained by a more regular and public credit, given by banks under proper regulations, and established by proper authority. The *credit* of these banks, as well as credit of all other sorts, may be said to create a new species of money; which, like all other kinds of money, must contribute to raise the prices of labour, of provisions, and of all other commodities. But this *quickens* commerce, promotes industry, and is, upon every consideration, a manifest blessing and advantage.

At the same time, I grant to Mr. Cobbett, that Bank-notes contribute to increase the price of labour, and of all

the other fruits of national wealth. But this is not a valid argument against Banking; since it is only by increasing *industry* and *consumption*, that *Bank-notes* increase these prices. Mr. Hume confesses, that even a greater quantity of silver and gold does not increase prices immediately; that a certain interval is required, before it produces this effect; that it must first quicken the diligence of every individual, before it increases the price of labour. Now, I am bold to assert—in no other way can *Bank-notes* increase the price of industry, or of goods:—it follows, then, from Mr. Hume's calculations, and upon which Cobbett founds his speculations, that *notes* must be as beneficial as metallic money, and that no other disadvantage arises from them, which does not arise equally from money. It is true they have no *intrinsic* value; in which respect the vulgar think money preferable to them. They think wrong: they are more *convenient*, and equally useful in all kinds of domestic commerce. THEY produce as much industry, as is produced by the same quantity of *money*, and serve for money in every case, except in transactions with foreigners.—The theorists whom I oppose, demand of me—Might we not have the same industry *without* the Bank-notes?—It is absolutely impossible. As no man can trade to so great an extent without credit, as with it; so *paper*, taken in payments, must go farther than money alone. When a spirit of industry is once raised, it must naturally require a larger circulation of *specie* to support it, than the gold or silver in the country can possibly supply. For instance, the coin of the country does not exceed forty millions, and the *revenue* alone coming into the Exchequer amounts to one million every week! In this case there is an absolute necessity for *paper* credit. And when there are many industrious merchants and manufacturers, who could usefully employ greater sums than they possess, or can obtain on *credit* from private hands, they can never carry their trade to the utmost length, if there is not a *Bank* for furnishing them with this important credit. It surely must, then, be allowed, that although *Bank-notes* raise the prices of labour and of goods, still this *rise* is not so properly the effect of the notes, as of that *industry* which they create and assist; and, to which *industry* is to

be attributed all the comforts, all the honours, and all the properties of the nation.

WHETHER in any one year a *million* is brought into a commercial country by trade, or issued out by Banks, in notes, upon good security, it will serve exactly for the same purposes. Part of it will be laid out in producing more of the same kinds of commodities which the country produced before; another part in making these kinds better; another in raising new manufactures at home; another producing luxuries from abroad. The farmer will raise more and better grain; the grazier breed more and better cattle; the manufacturer make more and better cloth; the artisan make better work, and in a greater quantity; and the merchant will extend his foreign trade all over the earth. Thus the *notes* will propagate and support greater *industry*; and do much greater service, by increasing *industry*, which is the only *real* wealth of a nation, than it can do injury, by raising the prices of labour and of provisions.

BESIDES, it is not upon the quantity of *specie alone* that prices depend; they rather depend upon the proportion between the number of buyers, and that of sellers. If there are more buyers than sellers, the prices rise, and rise in proportion to the greater number of buyers. When the demand is lessened, or the sellers exceed the buyers, the prices fall; and if the demand is much lessened, they fall considerably. Again, this proportion between buyers and sellers depends on a thousand adventitious circumstances, that make one sort of goods more necessary, fashionable, or saleable than another. Thus, when money abounds most, the prices of *some* things *fall* very low; and when it is very scarce, the prices of *other* things become high. The most necessary things, such as corn and cattle, will depend least upon accident or fashion, and yet these depend on events, in *some* measure. At some times, and in some nations, greater quantities of those necessary commodities are consumed than in others. But corn, and other things that are most necessary, depend upon worse and better crops and seasons, and upon the proportion between the crops of different provinces and countries.

INDEPENDENT of the quantity of money, the manners of the people have a

great influence in altering the methods of living, and determining the prices of labour and commodities. These manners are changeable, and are found very different after long intervals of time. It is every day said, that a crown piece, a hundred and fifty years ago, served the same purposes which a guinea does at present. This is true; but not always, perhaps, in the sense in which it is commonly understood. In some cases, no doubt, one could have purchased, for one crown, as much as he can now purchase for four crowns. In other cases he could not. But, considering the different methods of living, there is a *sense* in which it is always true. In those days in which *five* shillings were equivalent to *twenty* at present, men *needed less* than they do now. They wanted only corn, beef, beer, coarse clothes, and coarse furniture. A little money purchased *them*. Men of the *same* condition, in our days, want *finer* clothes, finer furniture; and, *besides* corn, beef, and beer of a better kind, they must have tea, coffee, spices, fruits, and wines; and therefore stand in need of much more money to acquire luxuries than necessities. Thus, the modes of living and men's opinions are constantly changing; and a variety of circumstances, besides the quantity of circulating media, contribute to make labour and provisions dearer at one time than at another.

Mr. Cobbett seems to be no less mistaken in the limits which he assigns to *trade*, than in his opinion of *BANKING*. According to the maxims promulgated in his Register, since the singular and erroneous pamphlet of

Trade gives check to itself; and there is a limit beyond which it *cannot* be increased.—Poorer nations, that is, nations with less money or foreign commerce, can work *cheaper* than those that are richer; and must, therefore, carry away their trade. On this head, much has been said of the dearness of labour and of provisions in England, and of their cheapness in Germany and in France; that the French and Germans can work cheaper by a third. Hence Cobbett foretells that, after the war, the French must gradually carry away the whole foreign trade of England; since they can undersell the English in distant markets.

As to this particular fact, that the French work cheaper than the English, I shall not stop to examine it. It cannot

be true in all cases. An Englishman must, no doubt, be better fed, and earns higher wages *by the day*; but he will work many things *by the piece*, as cheap, or much cheaper than a Frenchman. He works harder, and can do more work in the same time. But, be this as it will, and though it should be granted, that, in several cases, poorer nations will work cheaper, and be able to undersell those that are richer; richer and more commercial nations will, in general, be able to make many things, which poorer nations either cannot make at all, or cannot make so well for want of capital and machinery. Hence they may maintain a greater foreign trade, notwithstanding a greater quantity of money causing a higher price in labour and provisions.—Trade is, indeed, limited, because the earth and every thing in it is limited. One nation can neither extend its trade *in infinitum*, or over all the earth. But a richer nation, by a proper management, may always maintain its superiority over a poorer. Even, a greater quantity of money or credit, instead of being a loss, will often be an advantage in this view. It will enable richer merchants both to purchase and to sell greater quantities of goods; of consequence, to purchase and sell them cheaper than poorer merchants. It is not evident, either from reason or from experience, that there must be an equilibrium in trade, as in fluids. One may easily account, from other principles, for the circulation of trade, and for its shifting its seat from one nation to another. In short, the theory of trade is yet but little understood, and therefore the practice is often without real advantage to the public; and there is no doubt but that it might be carried on with more general success, if its principles were better considered. This is a task I may possibly undertake at some future time, at present I shall refer what remains to be said of my first division, to a third section.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

FRANCE.—*Note of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Baron de Roell, Minister of Foreign Affairs in Holland.*

(Continued from page 958.)

"In the mean time, the peace of Tilsit took place. The Emperor of Russia, provoked by the outrages that England

offered his flag, while he was fighting on her side, and indignant at the horrible attack on Copenhagen, made common cause with France.

"France then hoped that England would henceforth see the inutility of a longer struggle, and that she would listen to terms of accommodation; but these hopes soon vanished. At the time they disappeared, England, as if the Copenhagen Expedition had driven all shame from her and broke all restraints, disclosed her plans, and published her Orders in Council; a tyrannical and arbitrary proceeding, that excited the indignation of all Europe. By this act, England determined what kinds of cargoes foreign ships were to carry, obliged them to touch at her ports before they arrived at their destination, and subjected them to the payment of a duty. Thus she rendered herself mistress of the navigation of the world, no longer recognised the independence of any maritime nation, made all countries tributary to her, subjected them to her laws, would not allow them to trade but for her profit, established her revenues on the industry of nations and on the produce of their territories, declared herself Sovereign of the seas, over which she assumed a power as absolute as every Government does of the rivers that run through the interior of its States.

"At the sight of this legislation, amounting in fact to a proclamation of universal sovereignty, extending over the world the jurisdiction of the British Parliament, the Emperor felt that he was obliged to take a decisive part, and to have recourse to every thing rather than allow the world to bend under the yoke that was imposed on it. He issued his Milan Decree, which declared all vessels denaturalised that should pay the tribute imposed by England. The Americans, threatened to be again placed under the yoke of England, and with the loss of their independence, so gloriously obtained, ordered a general embargo on their vessels, and renounced all trade and navigation; thus sacrificing their momentary to their permanent interest—the perservation of their independence.

"The success of these great measures chiefly depended on their execution in Holland. Holland, on the contrary, opposed obstacles to it; she continued to trade with England. All the remon-

stances of France on this head were useless. His Imperial Majesty was obliged to recur to strong measures, which proved its dissatisfaction. Twice were the French Custom-houses shut against the trade of Holland. They are so at this moment; so that Holland has no longer any lawful communication with the people of the Continent, and the Emperor is determined not to open their barriers so long as circumstances shall continue as they are. It would, in fact, be to open them to the English trade. The Dutch people far from following the patriotic example of the Americans, appear to have looked to one object only in this state of affairs, namely, their wretched mercantile interests.

“On the other hand, the Emperor sees Holland without the means of making war, or even defending herself. She has no navy; the sixteen sail of the line she was to have contributed, have been disarmed; she has no energy. During the late Expedition from England, the important fort of Weere, which was neither supplied with artillery nor provisions, made no resistance; and the more important post of Bathz, upon which the success of such great events might have depended, was evacuated six hours before the arrival of the enemy's picquets. Without an army, without revenues, and, it may be almost said, without friends or allies, the Dutch consist only of a collection of merchants, with no other passion than that of their mercantile interest, constituting a rich, useful, and respectable company, but not a nation.

“His Imperial Majesty wishes for peace with England. He made advances towards it at Tilsit; they did not succeed. Those which he adopted, in concert with his ally, the Emperor of Russia, at Erfurt, were equally unsuccessful. The war will therefore be long, since all the attempts that were made to obtain it have failed. The proposal even to send Commissioners to Morlaix, to treat for the exchange of prisoners, although suggested by England, miscarried, when it was perceived that it might lead to an accommodation. England, arrogating to herself, by her Orders of November 1807, universal sovereignty, and adopting the principle of eternal war, has dissolved every thing, and rendered every means of resisting her pretensions lawful. If the change therefore that has lately taken place in the English Administration

has produced none in the principles of England, which is easily to be ascertained from the speech that will be made to Parliament at its next meeting, and if she continues to proclaim the principles of perpetual war and universal Monarchy, in upholding her Orders in Council, in that case the undersigned is authorized to declare to the Dutch Ministry and Nation, that the actual state of Holland is incompatible with the circumstances in which the extraordinary principles adopted by England have placed the Empire and the Continent; in consequence his Imperial Majesty proposes,

“1. To recal the Prince of his blood, whom he placed on the throne of Holland. The first duty of a French Prince, in the line of succession to the Imperial throne, is to that throne. All others are to give way when they are in opposition to that; the first duty of every Frenchman, in whatever state his destiny has placed him, is to his country.

“2. To occupy all the outlets of Holland and all the ports by French troops, as they were since it was conquered by France, in 1794, until the time when his Majesty expected to conciliate all sides, by erecting the throne of Holland.

“3. To employ every means, without regard to any consideration, to compel Holland to engage in the continental system, and to wrest, once for all, her ports and coasts from the Government that has made the ports of Holland the principal depots, and the greater part of the Dutch merchants the promoters and agents of British commerce.

(Signed) “The Duke of CADORE.”

“Paris, Jan. 14, 1810.

Note of the Minister of Foreign Relations to M. Armstrong, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.

“The undersigned has informed his Majesty, the Emperor and King, of the conversation he has had with M. Armstrong, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America. His Majesty authorises him to make the following reply:—

“His Majesty would regard his Decrees of Berlin and Milan as violations of the principles of eternal justice, had they not been the necessary consequences of the British Orders in Council, and especially those of November 1807. When England proclaimed her universal sovereignty, by the pretension of subject-

ing the universe to a navigation duty, and extending the jurisdiction of her Parliament over the industry of all nations, his Majesty conceived it to be the duty of all independent nations, to defend their sovereignty; and declared all vessels denationalized that should put themselves under the dominion of England, by recognizing the sovereignty which he assumed over them.

"His Majesty distinguishes the visiting from the bringing-to of a ship. The bringing-to has for its object only to ascertain the reality of the flag; the visit is a search made on board, notwithstanding the ascertainment of the truth of the flag, and the result of which is, the impressing of certain individuals, or the confiscation of the merchandize, or the application of arbitrary laws or dispositions.

"His Majesty could not have anticipated the proceedings of the United States, which, without having any ground of complaint against France, have included her in their acts of exclusion; and, from the month of May, have prohibited French vessels from entering their ports, under pain of confiscation. As soon as his Majesty was apprised of this measure, he felt it necessary to direct that American vessels should be treated in a reciprocal manner, not only in his territory, but also in the countries under his influence. In the ports of Holland, Spain, Italy, and Naples, American vessels have been seized, because the Americans had seized French vessels. The Americans cannot hesitate as to the conduct they have to adopt. They ought either to repeal their declaration of independence, and to become, as before the Revolution, the subjects of England, or to take measures to prevent their commerce and their industry from their being taxed by the English; which renders them more dependent than Jamaica, which has, at least, an assembly of representatives, and its privileges.

"Men of no political character, without honour and without energy, may, indeed, allege that they may submit to pay the tribute imposed by England, because it is inconsiderable; but how do they not perceive, that the English, as soon as they have obtained a recognition of the principle, will increase the impost? So that this burden, at first light, becoming insupportable, it will be necessary to fight for interest, after refusing to fight for honour.

"The undersigned frankly avows that France has every thing to gain by giving the Americans a welcome reception in her ports. She finds her advantage in her commercial relations with neutrals; she is, in no respect, jealous of their prosperity. Great, powerful, opulent, she is satisfied when by her own commerce, or that of neutrals, her exportations may give the requisite development to her agriculture and manufactures.

"Scarcely thirty years have elapsed since the states of America founded in the midst of the new world an independent country, at the expence of the blood of so many immortal men who fell in the field of battle, to shake off the leaden yoke of the English Monarch. Those generous men were far from imagining, when they thus shed their blood for the independence of America, that within so short a period there should be an attempt made to impose upon them a still more oppressive yoke than that they had shaken off, by subjecting their industry to the tariff of British Legislation, and the Orders in Council of 1807!

"If, therefore, the Minister of America is prepared to engage, that the American vessels shall not submit to the English Orders in Council of November, 1807, nor to any decree of blockade, unless there be an actual blockade, the undersigned is authorized to conclude any description of convention tending to renew the treaty of commerce with America, and comprehending all the measures calculated to consolidate the commerce and prosperity of America.

"The undersigned has felt it his duty to reply to the verbal overtures of the Minister of America, in a written one, that the President of the United States may be better enabled to know the friendly intentions of France with regard to the United States, and her favourable disposition towards the American commerce.

(Signed) "The duke of CADORE."

PARIS, March 31.—Their Imperial Majesties did not set out from Compeigne until eleven o'clock yesterday. The Prefects of the Departments of the Oise, the Seine and Oise, and the Seine, repaired, each attended by a splendid retinue, to the verge of their respective departments, to receive their Majesties. The whole of the road from Compeigne to St. Cloud was crowded with spectators. Triumphal arches were erected in a num-

ber of villages. Their Majesties passed near St. Denis, at five o'clock yesterday afternoon, on their way to St. Cloud, with the greatest rapidity.

The concourse of spectators at Compeigne, to witness the reception of the empress, was prodigious. Not only the inns but the warehouses and barns were filled with lodgers. The town of Compeigne was illuminated in the most brilliant style.

The Count de Segur, grand master of the ceremonies, has issued the following notice:—

“The civil marriage of his Majesty the emperor and king, will take place on the 1st of April, at the palace of St. Cloud; the public entry, and the religious marriage ceremony will take place on the 2d. Persons having tickets of admission for the gallery of the Louvre, are informed, that the doors will be opened at nine o'clock, and shut in less than an hour. They will not be again opened, except to the authorities following the suite of their Majesties.”

The Court has also issued the following Programme, relative to the Civil Marriage.

“At one o'clock on the day fixed for the civil marriage, all those who are to compose the train of their Majesties will assemble in the palace of St. Cloud, viz. those in the service of the empress in the saloons of her apartment, on the side of the garden, and those in the service of the emperor in the saloons of his apartment, next to that of the empress, on the side of the court.

“At noon, the masters of the ceremonies and their assistants will assemble in the gallery, which till that hour will be shut, and assign their proper stations to the persons invited. Behind the estrade will be stationed the officers of the emperor's household, and of those of the princes and princesses not on duty.

“The space to the right and left of the estrade will be divided into compartments, and appropriated to the ladies in the services of the princesses, the ladies of the ministers and grand officers of the empire, to the ladies that have been invited, foreign ambassadors and ministers, the ministers, the grand officers of the empire, the grand eagle of the legion of honour, the senators, the counsellors of state, and the courtiers that have been invited.

“Such of the persons invited as cannot

find accommodation in the gallery, will remain in the saloon of Mars and the grand apartments of the Emperor, to see the procession.

“At the bottom of the gallery will be placed, on an estrade, two arm chairs, surmounted with a canopy; that on the right being for the emperor, and the other on the left for the empress. At the foot of the estrade, and to one side of it, will be a table covered with rich tapestry, and with an ink-stand and the register of the civil state placed thereon.

“At two o'clock, those who are to compose the procession being assembled as above stated, in their Majesties apartments, the grand master of the ceremonies, the Col.-General of the guard on duty, the grand officers of the crown of France and Italy, will go in quest of their Majesties. The procession will move in the following order, on its way to the gallery, passing through the emperor's cabinet, the saloon of the princes, the presence chamber, and the saloon of Mars:—The vergers, heralds, pages, assistant masters of the ceremonies, officers of the household to the king of Italy, the emperor's equerries in ordinary, the chamberlains in ordinary, the emperor's aides-de-camp, the two equerries in attendance for the day, the aid-de-camp on duty, the governor of the palace, the secretary of state for the imperial family, the grand officers of the crown of Italy, the grand chamberlain of France and that of Italy, the princes grand dignitaries, the princes of the blood, the emperor and empress.

“Behind their Majesties, the Col.-Gen. of the guard on service, the grand marshal of the palace, the grand master of the household of Italy, the grand almoners of France and Italy, the knight of honour and equerry to the empress, carrying the train of her mantle; the maids of honour of France and Italy, and the robing women; the princesses of the blood, the ladies of the palace, the maids of honour to the princesses, the officers of the households of the princes and princesses in attendance.

“All will be uncovered. The procession having reached the gallery, the heralds and pages will branch off half to the right and half to the left, in the saloon of Mars, close to the entrance.

“The officers and grand officers of France and Italy, the maids of honour and the robing woman, will proceed to

take their stations, according to their rank, behind their majesties' chairs.

" Their imperial majesties will take their seats on the throne; the princess and princesses to the right and left of the estrade, in the following order, and according to their relation of blood:—

" To the right of the emperor, madame; Prince Louis Napoleon, King of Holland; Prince Jérôme Napoleon, King of Westphalia; Prince Borghese, Duke of Gustalla; Prince Joachim Napoleon, King of Naples; Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy; the Prince Arch-Chancellor; the Prince Vice-Grand Elector.

" To the left of the empress, the Princess Julia, Queen of Spain; the Princess Hortensia, Queen of Holland; the Princess Catherine, Queen of Westphalia; the Princess Eliza, Grand Duchess of Tuscany; the Princess Paulina; the Princess Caroline, Queen of Naples; the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg; the Princess Augusta, Vice-Queen of Italy; the Princesses Stephanie, Hereditary Grand Duchess of Baden; the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden; the Prince Arch-Treasurer; the Prince Vice Constable.

" The Secretary of State to the imperial family will take his seat at the table. The first bench will be reserved for the ladies of the palace. The grand master of the ceremonies; the master and assistants of the ceremonies, to the right and left in front of the throne. On the arrival of their majesties, all the ladies will rise up, and continue standing until the end of the ceremony.

" The emperor being seated, the grand master of the ceremonies, will take his majesty's orders, and proceed to request his highness the Prince Arch-Chancellor of the empire to go up to the emperor's chair. One of the masters of the ceremonies will at the same time give notice to the Secretary of State for the imperial family, who will approach his highness the Prince Arch Chancellor; and make his obeisance to their majesties.

" His highness the prince arch-chancellor, having bowed to their majesties, will say—' In the name of the emperor (at these words their majesties will stand up) sire, does your imperial and royal majesty declare that you take in marriage her imperial and royal highness Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, here present?' The emperor will answer—' I declare that I take in marriage her imperial and royal highness Maria Louisa, archduchess of Austria, here present.

" He will then put the question to her imperial and royal highness of Austria, in these terms:—' Does her imperial and royal highness Maria Louisa, archduchess of Austria, declare that she takes in marriage his majesty the emperor and king, Napoleon, here present?'

" Her imperial and royal highness will answer—' I declare that I take in marriage his majesty the emperor and king, Napoleon, here present.'

" The prince arch-chancellor will then pronounce the marriage in these terms:—' In the name of the emperor and the law, I declare that his imperial and royal majesty, Napoleon, emperor of the French, king of Italy, and her imperial and royal highness the archduchess Maria Louisa, are united in marriage.'

" Then the Masters and Assistants of the Ceremonies will carry the table, on which are the registers of the civil state, up to the chairs of the emperor and empress, and return to their places. The signing of the act of marriage will take place in the following manner:

" The secretary of state to the imperial family will present the pen to the emperor, and then to the empress. Their majesties will sign it sitting, and without quitting their places. The princes and princesses will approach the table, receive the pen from the hands of the secretary, and subscribe their names, previously bowing to the emperor and empress.—They will subscribe in the order settled in the ceremonial.

(To be continued.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*A fortnight ago, I requested that no letters or parcels might be sent to me at my late residence, the Royal Cockpit; but through the hurry of business, it was not observed that the usual address remained at the bottom of the Paper. I must again request my friends and communicants to transmit, for the present, their letters and literary articles for me, to the care of Messrs. Swan and Son, Printers, No. 76, Fleet Street.*

* * * *The Letters on the State of Ireland, addressed as above, have been safely received.*

LONDON: Edited, printed, and published by and for F. W. BLAGDON, at No. 76, Fleet-street; where all communications relative to this Paper are requested (*pro tempore*) to be sent.

Ye bands of Senators, whose suffrage sways
 Britannia's realms, whom either Iud obeys,
 Who right the injur'd, and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!—DARWIN.

CONTENTS.—Continuation of *ALBION'S* *Strictures on the reported speeches of the different Members, on the Commitment of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT; with remarks on the respective characters and abilities of the Orators*—MR. STEPHEN—MR. ADAM—MR. WHITBREAD—MR. CANNING—MR. PONSONBY—MR. PERCEVAL—MR. GRATTAN—General MATHEW—Lord MILTON—MR. SHERIDAN—Sir R. SALUSBURY—MR. WILBERFORCE.—*Striking defection of the respectable Members of the Opposition from Sir Francis.*—*The animated abjuration of Mr. LYTTLETON.*—*Concluding sentiments; with notice of a very extraordinary communication.*—*An account of the abandonment of the PHOENIX NEWSPAPER, by its original Proprietor, with some particulars of its origin and progress.*—*The first of a Series of Letters, by J. J. W. J. on the early state of Ireland, as ultimately affecting her advancement in civilisation.*

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

By *ALBION*.

STRICTURE XII.

DEBATE ON SIR F. BURDETT'S COMMITTAL CONTINUED.

[Bringing down the political criticism to the termination of the Parliamentary discussions on that topic.]

MR. STEPHEN.—It is with no common satisfaction that I behold, in this honourable gentleman, eminent talents, wisely and liberally employed, in an age marked by every species of ruinous extravagance, injurious parsimony, mean prejudice, and shameful perversion of great abilities.

The annals of the gaming-houses do not record his name among those who are ruined or enriched in such seminaries of shameless and extreme profligacy. The scandalous chronicles of the day find nothing in his life, which can furnish an article for their disgraceful page. But the wise and candid observers of the passing scene, and those who are the public actors on it, will give their sincere tribute of applause to that steady perseverance, in the path of patriotic duty, which distinguishes this gentleman's active and honourable life.

He began his brilliant and convincing speech, by complimenting his friend, Sir Samuel Romilly, for the moderation and urbanity of his character, and he closed it, by refuting every argument of Sir Samuel, and by proving that the doctrines he advanced were vicious, novel, and unconstitutional. And, more, "that

if the House had fallen in the public estimation, it was not the way to retrieve its character by persuading the public, that both sides, while investigating a great constitutional principle, had unjustly committed a subject to prison;" or by denying the privileges of Parliament, and leaving them to be trampled upon by every scribbling political impostor. After a variety of bright and convincing observations, illustrated with facts and arguments, which made *the hair of Sir Samuel stand an end upon his head*, Mr. Stephen concluded with the following extraordinary resolution, a resolution WHICH IS THE EXACT SUBSTANCE OF THE ARGUMENTS ADVANCED BY ME IN THE 10th STRICTURE, published on Wednesday the 4th instant:—"As to the question before the House, I will certainly vote for the Letter's being a breach of privilege; *but if it be passed over*, the first course the House must take, shall be to compensate Gale Jones for the injuries he has sustained, and then remove from the House all power of committal whatever."—On the whole, the contest between Mr. Stephen and Sir Samuel was of the most interesting nature, and it left this impression upon my mind deeply imprinted,—that whenever I determine to impose upon my neighbours, I will employ Sir Samuel Romilly, and whenever I have to contend with them, for the recovery of my rights and immunities, I will employ the liberal and enlightened Mr. Stephen.

MR. ADAM.—What I know of this gentleman is, that he is a scholar, a logician, a gracious and eloquent speaker, and that he has a virtue and integrity, which, in these degenerate days, are but

little encouraged or known in the Opposition. In a speech of as great skill and importance as ever was uttered in the House, he proved, to the satisfaction of every hearer, that, if the opinions delivered by Sir Samuel Romilly were acted upon, there would be an end to the authority of the Commons, which was the primary and principal Court of Judicature of the land. He then read a passage from Lord Coke, which states, that it is impossible for a court to be high in the estimation of the people, or to maintain its authority, without a certain power; i. e. without a right of punishment for contempt; and he asked, "could it be possible, that the authority of the House of Commons is to be inferior to that of the constable of the night, who possesses the right of committing a drunken man to the watch-house, because he is an obstruction to the peace?" Mr. Adam next proceeded to anatomize the Pamphlet, and to prove that it was a licentious libel, and a gross and intentional breach of the privilege of the House. However, Mr. Adam, being a Member of the Opposition, and a friend of Sir Francis, he desired the House to act with moderation, and suggested that a reprimand would come with peculiar weight and dignity from the person who filled the chair; and, to the feelings of Sir Francis, he conceived it would be the greatest punishment.

Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY, finding the current setting thus strong against him, explained away the spirit of his original sentiments, and agreed with Mr. Adam in opinion, that any thing that obstructed or insulted the House was a breach of privilege, and he only disputed as to its being considered a libel!!!

Mr. WHITBREAD.—There is no object of speculation more pleasing to a well-instructed and liberal mind, than a man who is winning his way from obscurity to greatness, by the force of his own peculiar merit. The pleasure is great in viewing the natural efforts of genius rising from one degree to another; but how is the satisfaction enhanced, when the hand of justice is seen to bestow the merited reward?

The gentleman whose rapid rise to public distinction occasioned the preceding observations seems to command, for the greater part of his life, those favourable circumstances which wait upon the wishes of prosperous men.—They are, indeed, examples of that rare

anticipation which marks the most valued gifts of fortune. But so it is, and such is the uncertainty of human affairs, that, after the voyage is past, without an angry wave, or an adverse wind, *the exulting vessel is sometimes seen to sink in the very haven that was made for safety.* Mr. Whitbread is implored to stop before he advances any farther in his career! He is implored to reflect." Some of his associates have expiated their offences with their blood, and his friend, Sir F. Burdett, has set the dangerous example of resisting the warrant of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and of calling upon the civil—to oppose the military force of the land! Mr. Whitbread is asked whether he is resolved not to be deceived as to the intentions of the faction he has so long advocated, and which he has now to lead? He is asked whether he has any desire to be roused at midnight by the *tocsin* of Reformists, in order to sing hymns to anarchy through the streets? He is asked, has he a passion for seeing heads upon poles, for seeing the kennels run with human blood, for seeing his friends and fellow citizens sent in a string to execution, and for seeing the houses of the public guardians lapidated and torn down? It is demanded of him, has he a wish to listen to every sound with anxiety, or to retire to bed, to suffer a frightful wakefulness, and to rise to a day of renewed turbulence, slaughter, and death? No, he replies with indignation; no, the Reformists would prevent all that could happen of such a nature in England! I assert, he again deceives himself: A mob is the same in all parts of the world, and the same horrors are likely to rise among us, as once desolated the kingdom of France, without every proper method is used to force, or to invite the Opposition to humanity, and a respect for the laws. Influenced by such convictions, and by a fatal experience of the effects of mob reformatations, I felt the most poignant affliction on hearing Mr. Whitbread's speech in favour of Sir Francis Burdett. In this speech he took occasion to reprobate his friend, Mr. Adam, to advocate the revolutionary principles of Sir Samuel Romilly, and concluded by thinking, that the best thing the House could do, under the embarrassment of the question, would be to postpone the consideration of it, to a period when it could not become the subject of farther discussion; and that Gale Jones, who has already made atonement

enough, should be discharged. I shall not comment on this proceeding, because I am firmly convinced, that Mr. Whitbread IS NOW sensible, that the good of the country can never be advanced, if the privileges of Parliament be trampled upon or destroyed.

Mr. STEPHEN and Mr. WHITBREAD explained; the latter applauded, at the same time that he differed in opinion with his lamented friend, Mr. Fox.

Mr. CANNING.—To judge *comprehensively* of this gentleman's political abilities, it would be proper to take a review of every important debate for the last seventeen years. They would afford examples of talents and eloquence, upon almost every important subject, and make a valuable collection of Orations, to grace the same shelf that holds those of Chatham, Pitt, Burke, and Fox. A thousand instances might be produced to show the wisdom and beauty of the principles they inculcate. How often does he display the true pathos of genuine eloquence, exploring every mine of ingenuity and invention, and working upon the reason more than upon the heart? His late defence of the privileges of the honourable House, will hand his name to posterity. He grounded his arguments on sentiments that must ever be applauded, because they were general and agreeable with the laws of society and of nature. The privileges of Parliament can never be made to depend on the times of their being vindicated with success; they are sacred and immutable; they are the gift of the Constitution, and, whether appropriated for the first time to day, or enjoyed beyond the reach of annals, the title of them is equally incontrovertible. One individual may forfeit his property to another from supineness, and usurpation may strengthen into right by prescription, but Parliamentary privileges, in the gross, cannot be snatched away.—A feeling of sensibility or an apprehension of consequences, notwithstanding, disposed Mr. Canning to recommend lenient measures, at the same time trusting that the House would manifest its impartiality, and look with an equal eye on Sir Francis and on Gale Jones. That the publication was a libel, he had no hesitation to declare, and as such it should not pass unnoticed and uncensured.

Mr. PONSONBY.—This Gentleman is the *high-priest* of the regularly-disciplined and embodied army of Opposition, and all their efforts to obtain place, and

pension, sinecure and profit, are sanctioned by his holy, sacred, and solemn benediction! It is to be lamented that a gentleman of his great talents could submit to a service so much below his family and character. But he does submit to it, and, unfortunately, acquits himself highly to the satisfaction of his employers. Thus it is, whenever a false ambition, ever restless and craving, overheated in pursuit of the honours which the Crown alone can confer, happens to stimulate a heart otherwise formed for great and noble pursuits, it frequently betrays it into measures full as mean as *avarice* itself suggests to the wretched animals who live and die under her dominion. For those passions, ambition and avarice, however they may seem to be at variance, ordinarily produce the SAME effects. Both degrade the man; both contract his views into the little point of self-interest, and equally steel the heart against the rebukes of conscience, or the sense of true honour.—It also appears from Mr. Ponsonby's speech, which, by the bye, is nothing more than an eulogium on his friend Sir Francis Burdett, that he is entirely ignorant of the nature of the honourable privileges of the House, of which he is a member. I take leave to inform him, that the privilege of Parliament was wisely ordained for the *security of the subject*; who, having reposed his liberty and property in his representative in Parliament, expects that protection from him which may be necessary against the designs or the attempts of any perverted instruments of power. Therefore, for the good of the whole, the persons of Members of Parliament were exempted from attachment, unless it could be proved that they had been guilty of felony, treason, breach of the peace, or *libel* against the legislature of the Empire. To the benefit of this privilege we owe all the opposition that has been made, time immemorial, to all manner of licentious proceedings. But there is an end to this privilege, and, with it, to the safety of the Constitution, if the Members themselves can libel the House, and excite the public to hold it in contempt and derision. All, however, that I shall reply to Mr. Ponsonby's republican harangue is, that *the law* should have its *fair* course, and if that is allowed, the issue *should* be submitted to as just.—And I shall answer for his Majesty, that his power will never protect oppression; and I could wish Mr. Ponsonby to give

me an assurance, that the *passions* of his associates will never pervert the course of justice.—He concluded a speech of considerable length, by observing, that such a vote as that of ordering the Honourable Baronet into custody should have his decided opposition.

MR. PERCEVAL.—I always rejoice when I see the high and important office of the *Chancellor of the Exchequer* filled by a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who, in the execution of his duties, can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and even pity itself. This Right Hon. Gentleman, more than any other Prime Minister within my observation, discards party, passion, and political friendship, and pursues the obligations, imposed upon him by his Sovereign, with a strict regard to *justice*—intent only on the *equity* of a transaction, and without being even diverted or prejudiced by persons or by objects that are foreign to the circumstances of its nature.—Called upon to steer the helm of a STAGGERING state, he has, by the astonishing energy of his spirit, and the unparalleled superiority of his talents for government, saved his country. The unexampled reputation of which his country, ~~TO THIS LAMENTABLE MOMENT,~~ has acquired under his conduct, will add to the just tribute of praise already bestowed by King and People, a monument more durable than brass or marble, to perpetuate the fame of his glorious and uncorrupt administration,—a record of history that future ages will read, with grateful admiration, of his virtue and abilities; and with due resentment against the rotting memory of the parricides, who are now sacrificing the immortal work of his hands to an infamous lust for that power which he only wishes to hold in order to humble the enemies of Britain, and to secure the interests of a nation which a horrible and sacrilegious faction are struggling to deliver over to anarchy, ruin, desperation, and despair! It is a reflection not a little grateful to me that, though Mr. Blagdon, throughout his two Newspapers, has always shown a striking partiality towards this Gentleman, as a politician, yet I never paid homage to Mr. Perceval's virtues before now; I believe it will even be found, that I have censured his want of attention to promote the political literature of the age. I say, this is a grateful reflection to me, because, when, like the great Roman, he may retire to amuse

himself with the plough, the sincerity of this tribute cannot be suspected, and because it shall be seen that, I have integrity to advocate that man when OUT of power, whom I never flattered while IN. If such a minister as Mr. Perceval is not without faults, a generous nature would weep over them: but it is a *famine* malice which thinks, by publishing or by whispering foibles, to extinguish the memory of his services. His putrid enemies are conscious that, unless he is depressed, they can never shine!—Come then, ye damning slanderers; come, sick at nothing. Accuse him of all the crimes of your own infamous souls. Swear that he has ruined your country by preserving it so long from the grasp of faction, and that, were it not for him, you yourselves would have accomplished her perdition long since. Swear this, and acknowledge the sacred voice of truth, for once in your lives.—No wonder his enemies are numerous; for *he is rich*: for many men he has outshone; of many he has retrieved the blunders; of some he has exposed the crimes. He courted none but those who will serve their country. He is inaccessible to the lazy, the profligate, the interested and the proud. He blushes for his countrymen, but he scorns to flatter or to bribe them. Hence the torrents of abuse from men "*whose sons shall blush their fathers were his foes.*"—Bark away, then, ye whole pack of "scribbling impostors." Such a character is as far beyond the reach of your atrocious yell as the moon is above the howling of the domestic cur. Instead of being an incendiary, like your leader he is the wonderful artist who can extinguish the fire that devours his country; while it is evident, beyond dispute, that your popular *favourite*, who envies the greatness he cannot rival, is the fire-brand which kindles the raging flame, and which threatens to consume the security and felicities of the land.—The speech of this eminent Statesman, on the evening of Thursday, the 5th, advocates the conduct of Messrs. Yorke and Lethbridge, and concludes, as near as possible, in the words of my tenth Stricture. "But an honourable gentleman, Mr. Whitbread, proposed that Mr. Jones should be released, and that the present question should be adjourned to a distant day.—Is that the way the House should assert its privileges, and maintain its dignity? Was it thus it was to show its

justice and impartiality? Was it to punish Mr. Jones for an **INFERIOR** libel, and allow Sir Francis to pass uncensured for a **GROSSER** ONE?—If **THEY HAD ACTED RIGHT IN COMMITTING MR. JONES, THEY WOULD ACT WRONG IN ACQUITTING SIR FRANCIS BURDETT!**" Reader! is not this argument strong, just, liberal, and convincing? Is not this able Minister the *true* guardian of your liberties, the defender of the throne, and the *real* friend to the welfare and prosperity of the kingdom? You answer, yes; and yet, oh strange infatuation! perhaps you are one of those who would render such a man obnoxious to punishment, and odious to the people! Strange, strange infatuation!!

Mr. GRATTAN.—This constellation, which has, for so long a time, illuminated the western hemisphere, is now descending to the verge of this political horizon, and pleases more, although it dazzles less. Mr. Grattan begged the House to consider what would be the consequences of the present discussion. He was sorry the House should go out of its way, and seek in holes and corners for questions of privilege. In such contests victory must be without glory, but defeat must be attended with shame. Could their dignity be maintained by persecuting a miserable printer? On the contrary. It was the combat of the giant and the dwarf. The giant in competition diminishes, and the dwarf magnifies. The inequality of the power is pleaded in favour of the dwarf. Pity enlists on his side, and England raises her shield to encompass and protect him. He should therefore implore the House not to sink its dignity, by entering into such contests. They should recollect and be admonished by the case of Wilkes.—The House had expelled—and re-expelled him; he was again and again returned: and, in the end, instead of being crushed, he was exalted, made Sheriff, Lord Mayor, and Chamberlain of the City of London. Such also would be the result of the present conflict—they would only increase the popularity of Sir Francis Burdett, and of every opinion which he chose to propagate.—Such, too, were *my* opinions at the period of the debate on the commitment of Gale Jones. Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Whitbread, and the rest of the Opposition, should have advanced those doctrines in time to preserve that person from imprisonment, and then they would have been justified in advocating the

cause of Sir Francis: whereas, they acted for the one, with a pusillanimity that is despicable, and for the other with an arrogance that *must* be combated and despised.—As those gentlemen affect to be the exclusive friends of *equality* and justice, I call upon them to account to *the people* for a conduct so gross, partial, unjust, and criminal.

LORD JOCELYN.—This noble senator gave his decided support to the original motion.

LORD W. RUSSELL.—A middle course, between the resolutions, and so severe a punishment as would probably follow, was recommended by his Lordship.

Gen. MATTHEW.—Judging from the reported debates, I must say that every friend to civilization, to humanity, and to the religion and government of this country has to lament with me, that this honourable officer is not at this moment the companion of Sir Francis in the Tower. He has my hearty wishes to waft him to that consignment, and I have some reason to hope that the next time he *betrays* himself in the House, that he will be taken notice of by the Speaker. With a bravery, characteristic of a soldier, although very little becoming a statesman, he jumped into the shoes of Sir Francis, and declared, "that he fully coincided, *not only* with every expression in the publication complained of, *but in the whole* political conduct of his Hon. friend Sir Francis Burdett. If there was any observation to which he gave his concurrence with more sincerity than another, it was that that House had not a leg to stand on!"—I take this language to be manifestly subversive of the Constitution, destructive of the dignity of Parliament, and tending to overthrow the liberties, ay, the liberties, of the people! Nor will any body, I imagine, attempt to maintain it, who is acquainted with our history; who has consulted our public records, or who has read the Journals of Parliament.

LORD MILTON.—The illustrious house of Fitz-William at length demands a redemption from political infamy, and will probably find it in this young Lord's rising virtues. "*He thought it was impossible for the House to pass over the Pamphlet.*" The question was of that nature that it could not be blinked. If the House adopted the Resolutions, they must of necessity proceed farther; but it was advisable, that the punishment, which was to follow, should be as lenient

as possible. He would vote, against the amendment!"

Mr. Brand, Mr. Hutchinson, Sir John Newport, Mr. Curwen, Lord George Grenville, Mr. Foley, Lord Porchester, and Mr. Lockhart, declared their intention of voting against the Resolutions.

Mr. SHERIDAN.—A cheerful temper, a ready wit, a convivial disposition, and pleasing manners, joined to a knowledge of the world, and an insight into the weakness of human nature, is sufficient to compose a character that may produce the most abundant mischief. A person endowed with these qualities, and devoid of honest principles, may give a wider extent to the progress of corruption, than a whole race of bold and avowed profligates. Such a character, while he possesses the power of giving pleasure to all; is particularly calculated to excite the envy, intoxicate the virtue, and win the confidence of unsuspecting youth, who, aiming at the possession of those qualities which he admires, will acquire the insensibility of what is truly good, that lurks beneath them, and becomes, perhaps, a bankrupt in honour as well as in fortune, beyond the power of friendship, the hope of recovery, or the prospect of reward.—This Gentleman is one of the most extraordinary persons of the present times. He possesses considerable abilities; his mind is endued with much useful, as well as polite information, and he is remarkable for an uncommon share of that lively humour which is so essential to the character of a *boon companion*. But his peculiar and distinguishing characteristic is a perfect knowledge of mankind, which he exercises with a success that has no example. The world at large is the volume which he makes the continual subject of his study; and, directing the whole force of his natural sagacity to that point, he acquires a supreme insight into human weaknesses, and is thereby enabled so to apply the humorous *flexibility* of his own character, as to lead them to his purpose. This is his great and golden attribute; and, by a judicious application of it to all ranks and stations, he owes the successes of his life. By this talent he dupes the penetration of a Prince and the cunning of many an Isrealite. By this talent he carried his elections for years. By this talent he is enabled to dupe all kinds of persons, from a peer of a realm to a waiter at a ***** house, and, first or last, to gain a livelihood from them all!

By the same ingenuity, without possessing any visible means of existence, he contrives to bear himself on a footing with the richest men in the kingdom, indulges himself in the expensive turn of a man of taste, and in all the luxury of the man of pleasure, and keeps his family in a state of opulence, though they continually live within the verge of insolvency! By this talent, too, he has again recovered his popularity. He has declared "*that he will not consent to hurt a hair of Sir Francis Burdett's head;*" and the cry is now "BURDETT and SHERIDAN,—SHERIDAN and BURDETT FOR EVER!!!"

SIR ROBERT SALUSBURY.—It having been demanded by Mr. Sheridan, *in a tone of menace*, who the man was in that House who would move for the ulterior measure of sending the Hon. Baronet to the Tower?—He was replied to by Sir Robert, who said, with a firmness and integrity that does him honour, that he was the man who would move the ulterior measure!—This display of defiance to attempts at intimidation is worthy of the acknowledged spirit of the respected Baronet.

Mr. W. WELLESLEY POLE.—This gentleman very judiciously observed, that if the House did not correct Sir Francis, it would appear that they were *intimidated*.

Mr. WILBERFORCE.—On my enquiries after the conduct and character of a particular person, I have sometimes been informed that the object of my curiosity is an independent country gentleman.

Dependence and independence are among the many terms of language which daily and hourly find a misapplication in the use of an unreflecting multitude. I sincerely wish that every man who reasons upon public characters, would recollect that *logical* precision is essential to *political* definition.

I am happy to be at liberty to say, that, in the most strict and decided meaning of the word, Mr. Wilberforce is an independent country gentleman; that is, a man who inflexibly pursues the line of conduct which *he thinks* to be most beneficial to his country, free from the influence of any party, or the least desire of place, pension, contract or title. He professes himself a friend to the British Constitution; and has proved his right to that character, in supporting the privileges of the House, and in separating himself from the Opposition, whenever he

finds them guided by the factious spirit of party. I hear much said about a reform in Parliament. Englishmen! return such men as Mr. Wilberforce to represent your interests, and you will find no other reform necessary. Let your *new schemes* of representation promise to collect together members of his wisdom and integrity, and I shall be the first to advocate them. The selfish principle of some of your Constituents is what is ruinous to your country. For history exhibits abundant and indubitable evidence, that, amongst legislators, not feeling a community of interests, all idea of a public trust will be lost in private considerations. Distinct from the people, the profligate *modern Whigs*, which you return, invariably set up an interest distinct from the interests both of king and people. Where the manly independence of Mr. Wilberforce is wanting, men have no rational assurance that the virtue of their rulers will be proof against the allurements of ambition. An *Opposition* spirit absorbs the character of national greatness, and the public weal is sacrificed to a thirst of place, or to a passion for power.—The integrity and moderation of this distinguished character operate as a stumbling-block to these ambitious knaves who impose on the world a belief that Mr. Wilberforce is of their self-interested and designing party. I admire his moderation, because the extravagance of pious but misconducted zeal may work as much evil as the outrages of impiety. For it is seen that from this mistaken zeal the Opposition become mad from arrogance and presumption, when they presume to decide upon consequences far beyond the reach of human forecast, and they become wicked to a degree, from which nothing but madness ought to ward off punishment, when they encourage, in their own country, the grossest licentiousness, and the most ruinous opposition to Government, under a pretence of arresting the power of the Crown and the privileges of Parliament, which form the basis of the Constitution, and of the happiness of the land. Directed by the example of this “friend of the human race,” let nothing supersede that system of benevolence towards our fellow-creatures, the first grand precept of our religion, whose observance is the keystone of human felicity, and whose breach is the source of all the miseries which afflict and agitate the world.—Mr. Wilberforce spoke in favour of the

Resolution, and of lenient measures: after which a division took place upon Lord Folkestone’s Amendment. Ayes, 80.—Noes, 271.—Majority, 191.

The two Resolutions proposed by Mr. Lethbridge, were carried without a division.

Upon the motion of Sir Robert Salisbury, that Sir Francis Burdett should be committed to the Tower, a debate of some length took place, during which strangers were excluded. To this motion, an Amendment was proposed by Mr. Adam, that the Hon. Baronet should be reprimanded in his place. The House having divided, the numbers were

For the Amendment. . . . 152

For the Original Motion. . . . 189

Majority for Committal. . . . 37

Adjourned half-past seven o’clock!!

On Monday the following letter from Sir Francis Burdett to the Speaker of the House of Commons, produced an interesting debate, and was ordered to be laid on the table of the Honourable House.

The letter was signed “FRANCIS BURDETT,” and dated Piccadilly, 6th April, 1810, and the purport was as follows:—

“Sir,—When I was returned on the late general election to represent the Electors of Westminster in the ~~Commons~~ House of Parliament, they imagined they had chosen in me a faithful Representative. I have sworn an oath to maintain their privileges, and that trust I never will betray. I have also sworn an oath of allegiance to the King, and to the maintenance of the laws, and I will not violate my oath by yielding a voluntary obedience to the mandate of any set of men assuming an arbitrary privilege to subvert the laws. Rights and privilege are not the same thing. Rights are founded on law, and privilege is an assumed power to dispense with the law. The warrant, Sir, which you have signed for my committal, you must be aware is illegal.—I know it to be so; and I will no longer consent to be one of any association who assume an arbitrary power to subvert the rights and violate the liberties of those they profess to represent—who exercise an arbitrary power to rule unsanctioned by law; and I would accept of the meanest office which can give me the opportunity of vacating a seat in that House rather than one of the highest emolument, to remain one of an assembly which assumes a power to subvert the rights of the People of England.

“This is not an answer to an address of thanks—it is an answer to the sort of proceeding to which I know not what name to give; but request, Sir, you will read this letter to the House, as a declaration of my opinion, and protest against the measure it has adopted in relation to me.”

This inexorable and remorseless tyrant, this malignant being, who stood in

his balcony to witness the massacre of the soldiers and citizens, whom he opposed to each other in the public streets, and who looked with longing ambition for the flames which were to consume the metropolis, and reduce the country to the lowest state of humiliation and distress, has, with his own hand, inscribed his designs on the walls of the city, and exposed to the world the atrocious nature of his views.

The order of the day, "that the letter of Sir Francis Burdett should be laid on the table, having been called for and read by the Speaker, it produced a debate of no other importance than that it gave all the *respectable* Members of Opposition an opportunity to restore themselves to the confidence of their country, by expressing their abhorrence of the conduct of Sir Francis, and by pledging themselves to abandon him and his infamous principles, and to correct their own political line of conduct. Mr. CURWEN candidly declared, that no man, who did not shut his eyes, but must see the dangerous *motives* of the letter. MR. ADAM confessed that the letter made him resolve to bind himself to the support of Government. MR. WHITBREAD was by no means disposed to justify Sir Francis Burdett. Sir JOHN SEBRIGHT said, he could have formed no conception that the Honourable Baronet could have been capable of *proceeding so far*. Sir SAMUEL ROMILLY was astonished that Sir Francis could have been prevailed upon to act in such a manner.—(*Who prevailed upon him, Sir Samuel?*) Lord PORCHESTER thought that the conduct of his honourable friend could not be reprobated in language too strong! MR. J. C. BERESFORD was convinced that the letter was published, *in furtherance of a long settled purpose*, to set the country at variance, and to produce a revolution!!! Lord MILTON agreed that the letter was a great aggravation of the original daring offence! MR. GOOCH expressed his *utmost abhorrence* of the conduct of the Baronet. Lord COCHRANE *could advance nothing in his favour!* MR. WILBERFORCE was more and more impressed with the propriety of his former opinion of the dangerous tendency of the original publication. And soon after Mr. LYTLETON, THE AVOWED FRIEND of Sir Francis Burdett, had made the following impressive speech, which every loyal print ought *repeatedly* to publish, the House agreed UNANIMOUSLY, "that

"the said letter is a high and flagrant breach of the privileges of this House; but, it appearing by the report of the Serjeant that the warrant, for the commitment of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower, has been executed, this House does not think it necessary to proceed farther in the business."

MR. LYTLETON said, "there could, he was convinced, be but one opinion on the subject of the letter now under consideration. To tell the Speaker of that House that he knew the warrant he had signed to be an illegal warrant, was a gross insult, was language which no one Gentleman could be permitted to use towards another, far less to the Speaker of that House. He regretted to be obliged to say so, considering the esteem he had felt for the Honourable Baronet. Those Gentlemen who had observed the winning manners and amiable qualities of the Honourable Baronet, would believe him when he said, that the sentiments he was now compelled to utter were wrung from him; but he must discharge his public duty, however painful and distressing to his own feeling. This was a case, however, in which there was no alternative, and he was compelled to declare that he was convinced *there was not a single expression in this letter which could be justified*. As a friend to liberty, he could not agree that the Honourable Baronet was warranted, for four days, to continue a system of resistance to the authority of that House, where he had not any reasonable prospect of ultimate success. A great man and a zealous friend to the liberties of his country, whose loss that House had so frequently occasion to deplore, Mr. Fox, had laid it down, that nothing could justify resistance but the prospect of ultimate success. Would it be said that the Honourable Baronet had, in this case, any such prospect? But, in addition, the circumstances under which the resistance had been attempted by the Honourable Baronet made it in him a crime. He could not pass by the implied promise of the Honourable Baronet made to the Serjeant, which he had forfeited. This was an act unworthy of the Honourable Baronet; and he (Mr. Lyttleton) must adjure him in future not only as a political but as a private friend. There was still another circumstance which he could not reconcile in the conduct of the Baronet, and it was this, that the Baronet *had been attended from the first to the last of his*

unconstitutional proceedings by the brother of a notorious traitor (hear, hear!) He did not mean to say that the treason of one brother was to be inferred from the treason of another. He did not wish to be understood to say, that Roger O'Connor was a traitor. But this he would say, that it was unbecoming a person in the situation of the Baronet to chuse and select, as his bosom friend, the brother of Arthur O'Connor. It was well known that this person was a professed and open traitor of the blackest kind; that he was employed in the service of our natural and implacable enemy, and that his business was to conduct an English Newspaper in Paris, for the purpose of disseminating his seditious and treasons in this country. Was it by patronizing, encouraging, and introducing foreign papers of this description, that the Honourable Baronet wished to protect the interests, and to secure and re-establish the liberties and independence of England? (*hear, hear, hear!*) *He declared, that he did disclaim the Honourable Baronet from the bottom of his heart, and that he would oppose him on every occasion."*

I shall not attempt to weaken the force of the above-distinguished and eminently honourable discourse, by any observation whatever, I shall merely recommend it to the attention of the public as having been *wrung from a Gentleman* who ONCE prided himself in being the near and dear friend of Sir Francis Burdett!

On the evening of Friday the 13th, the SPEAKER acquainted the House that he had received a letter signed, Sir Francis Burdett, on which he wished to know the pleasure of the House. On a cry of *read! read!* he read as follows:—

"To the Right Hon. CHARLES ABBOT,
Speaker of the House of Commons.

"SIR—You having on or about the 9th day of April inst, as Speaker of the House of Commons, forcibly broke and entered the dwelling-house of me; the undersigned Francis Burdett, situate in Piccadilly, in the parish of St. James, Westminster, in the county of Middlesex; and having also, on the said 9th day of April, caused me to be apprehended, and unlawfully committed to a certain prison, called his Majesty's Tower of London, and to be there imprisoned, and as yet kept and detained in prison there, without any reasonable or probable cause whatever, I do therefore, according to the form of the statute in such case made and provided, hereby give you notice, that I shall, at or soon after the expiration of one calendar month, from the time of your being served with this notice, cause a bill to be filed against you in his Majesty's Court of King's Bench at Westminster,

and a writ of summons to be thereupon sued out of his Majesty's said Court of King's Bench at Westminster against you, at my suit, for these said trespasses and false imprisonment, and shall proceed against you, thereupon according to law. I am, &c.

"FRANCIS BURDETT."

"Dated the 12th day of April, 1810."

The SPEAKER said it was at the option of the House whether the letter should be entered on the Journals.

Mr. PONSONBY thought that the letter ought to lie upon the Journals.

Mr. WHITHBREAD was of the same opinion. The letter contained nothing that could make it unfit to be received; and it might be the ground of great questions hereafter to be tried.

The letter was then ordered to be inserted on the Journals.

CONCLUSION.—The task I imposed on myself is now brought to a conclusion. Deeply impressed with its importance, I have given my observations openly and boldly to the public. I am perfectly aware that every thing I have written will be ineffectual for the present; the cloud that hangs over us is as yet too thick to be penetrated by the feeble light of an anonymous writer. It is much easier to scourge vice than to dissipate error.—Indolent indifference, timorous inactivity, and mistaken virtue, are causes which prevent my voice from being heard!—We are suddenly placed by this most extraordinary event in a new situation, both as it regards our moral feelings as good men, and our prudence as enlightened members of civil life. I could wish to prevent the danger that is likely to arise from that situation, but it would be a useless labour: the time is not yet come for the voice of loyal writers to be heard!

There is only one farther remark which I shall make. I hope the event I have alluded to will afford the Government of the country an opportunity of setting an example to the other administrations of the world. By coming forward at this moment with prudence, firmness and order, and with a decided resolution to resist intimidation, they will preserve and save their country from the violation and rapacity of faction. And this majestic and commanding conduct will demonstrate to future times, and to other nations, that there is no state of adversity which ought to reduce a ministry to despair; that national adversity cannot even exist for any long season, but from a shameful

timidity or submission to it; and that the advantage of our free Constitution is, that it affords the Government the means of exemption from Revolution, and justifies every measure that can be devised for the preservation of the throne, and the religion and laws established by the authority of the national legislature.

Thus concludes my Stricture on that struggle of ferocity and barbarity of Sir Francis and his deperate associates, and that resistance and invincible constancy and moderation on the part of the Ministerialists—forming whole as terrible, as magnanimous, which Europe contemplates with astonishment, and which history will one day record, in letters of gold, for the execration and *example* of posterity.

ALBION.

April 14, 1810.

* * *I beg to invite the attention of the public to the next publication of this Register. It will contain information of the highest importance to the vital interests of the State.*

THE PHOENIX SUNDAY AND MONDAY NEWSPAPER.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more Sempronius, we'll deserve it!

ADDISON.

I believe there are few, if any, of the friends and subscribers to this Register, who are not aware that I was also the Proprietor and Editor of the Phoenix. I am justified in believing this, because, in my Prospectus for the Register I ventured to recommend it to their notice, and I also know that a considerable number of gentlemen who wish to encourage loyal and independent political literature, have done me the honour to have *both* my papers regularly delivered to them. On the ground, therefore, not merely of gratitude, but justice, I feel it incumbent upon me to state that "THE PHOENIX" is mine no longer! The copyright has been sold by public auction, and been purchased by Mr. James Swan, jun., who had superintended the printing of it for me, from the beginning of the last year;—and his incessant industry will, I hope, entitle him to a continuance of the patronage, with which, for nearly two years and a half, that Paper has been honoured.

Although the intended public sale of the Phoenix was announced in the daily papers, it is probable that many of my friends may not have been aware of that circumstance, and may consequently be

much surprised at the intelligence which I now communicate; I therefore feel myself impelled to obtrude upon their recollection a very brief history of what has been, to me, the most unfortunate undertaking of my life. And I am even inclined to flatter myself, that the summary which I shall give, will not be deemed uninteresting, even by those who subscribe to this Register, without allowing me the honour to recognise them, either on the basis of private or political friendship.

It is tolerably well known that there is no property so precarious as that of a Newspapers, and I may certainly add that there is no speculation so infatuating; but such is the strange perversion of the minds and sentiments of Englishmen, that, at the present day, the writer, however moderate or even contemptible may be his talents, who advocates the cause of *jacobinism* and *treason*, immediately perceives himself on the high road to popularity and fortune; while the loyal admirer of the Constitution, who venerates his King, and labours to protect the altar and the throne, from the designs of those who would level both to the earth, meets a certain and a far different fate. He sees his substance dissipating before his eyes, with the rapidity of vapour; and still determined to persevere in the hope of removing the veil of delusion, he follows the *ignis fatuus* of integrity and principle, till it annoy him with a host of the inveterate enemies whom he has opposed, and plunge him in the gulph of insolvency! Such has been the fate of *every* political writer who has come forward to oppose the progress of Jacobinism within the last seven years; except he has had the prudence to retire before his patrimony became exhausted; and most true is the assertion, made some time since in this Register, "that the literary men confined for debt in London are exclusively loyal! The Ministers despise, the public take no interest in their fate! But, when an *Opposition* writer is sent into confinement, the purse of the Whig Club, the bounty of the disaffected, the HUMANITY of "the People," immediately form a fund, not for his liberation *only*, but for his *future* establishment in life."

But the reader may be anxious to know what relation these remarks bear to the Phoenix Newspaper? He will discover it from the following outlines of its history.

Amongst loyal and well-informed men, the insidious progress of disaffection had long been regretted, but at no time was it more evident than at the accession of the present Ministers to office, when the Botley Demagogue was incessantly inflaming the minds of the people by exciting them to hatred and contempt of *all* parties and of *every* individual who had enjoyed, or did then possess, the confidence of his Sovereign. He was perpetually seconded in his incendiary purposes, by all his wretched literary satellites, with which the metropolis abounds; and whose falsehoods and misrepresentations were always to be met with, but on a *Sunday* morning in particular, on the tables of tens of thousands of respectable families, who, only a few years before, would not have suffered a Jacobin newspaper to contaminate their presence!—In the year 1807, this subject was so often the topic of conversation in loyal companies, whose friendship I have the honour to enjoy, that I communicated my ideas respecting the good effect of a weekly publication, which, while it refuted the effusions of treason, should contain the usual aeries of amusement and intelligence, that might cause it to supersede those vile jacobinical vehicles. In short, I wished to bring out a weekly Newspaper, which should be conducted upon loyal and liberal principles; and my idea met the sanction of so many truly good and discerning men, that it scarcely required the stimulus of the ardour and impetuosity of a sanguine temperament, to influence me to the immediate execution of my design. I certainly did consider that I had a far better chance of doing the state a service, by the perpetual exercise of my pen, than any obscure, or unknown writer could possibly have.—At that period my name, as a general and even as a political literary character, was well known in every part of this great empire. I had then written or translated, for the London booksellers, upwards of THIRTY-SIX VOLUMES OF BOOKS*, most of which bore my name in the title page; and not one of which was condemned, or even censured by the Reviewers, *although I took care, on every possible occasion, and in*

all of those books, to exhibit my political sentiments (a tolerable proof that they have been such as I now feel a pride in declaring them to be). Besides this, I had written and published various political pamphlets, and had suffered six months imprisonment, for honestly expressing my sentiments, in one of them, of the inefficiency of the naval branch of our administration, when under the management of the Earl of St. Vincent! When I considered these things, I felt convinced that nothing more was necessary to give the *Phoenix* an *unparalleled* circulation, than to cause it to be made known, in every quarter of the kingdom, through which my previous literary efforts had circulated, been admired, and were perpetually in demand. Thus, calculating only upon the *national utility* of directing my political exertions into an entirely new channel, the difficulties or expences that I should have to encounter, formed only a secondary consideration. Never having wanted any of the comforts, or even the luxuries of life; but, on the contrary, being at that very period able to maintain a large and young family in the utmost degree of respectability, and to have about me domestics of almost every description, I conceived that the interest which the public would take in my new project would amply recompense me for any *temporary* sacrifice with which it might be attended. Hence, I supposed that some superfluous money, which I had at command, would have answered every purpose, and I resolved to disburse, in establishing a new weekly paper, to oppose the progress of jacobinism, as many *hundreds* of pounds as it has since cost me *thousands*! Never were such preliminary exertions made to promote the success of a literary undertaking, as I adopted to establish the *Phoenix*. In three weeks upwards of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND bills and prospectuses were distributed in London and its environs; I was up day and night superintending every operation, from the arrangement of the office in which my paper was to be printed to the looking after the fellows who were employed to stick up my bills and give them away, and whom I detected selling them at cheesemongers' shops for waste paper! Equally extensive and liberal were my literary arrangements. I obtained the assistance of a gentleman whom I consider to be at least as acute and proficient a critic of the

*This is more than VOLTAIRE could boast of, when he was at my period of life! If my mention of the circumstance be attributed to vanity, I hope that the liberality of the reader will excuse my feelings, on taking a retrospect of my own labours.

Drama as any of the age; an artist of eminence supplied me with hints and anecdotes relative to the state of his profession; and that the paper might have all the advantage of my directing agency, I resigned several literary engagements, from which I derived 400*l.* per year, and amongst which was the editorship of one of the most respectable weekly papers in London, which had received my superintendence for the preceding seven years.—I also dispatched my brother on a tour through the northern and western parts of the kingdom, to find out an agent in every large town, who would circulate my prospectuses, and receive the names of subscribers, in a manner similar to that of the Fire and Lottery Office companies, (excepting, that I gave them all from six to twelve months credit for all the papers that they received, while I was obliged to pay *ready money* for every thing) and the name and plan of my intended publication, was to be seen on the walls of every town from London to Kendal in Westmoreland.

Such were a few only of the efforts which I made, to give publicity to my undertaking; and I found that they were sufficient to *alarm* the whole phalanx of metropolitan traitors. There was scarcely a Sunday in which I was not abused, ridiculed, and vilified, in every manner, but the actual exposition of my name, particularly in the "*Independent Whig*," a paper, whose existence has ever affixed a stigma upon either the toleration, the lenity, or the apathy of the existing Government;—and "*Treasury Hireling*" was one of the mildest appellations which those scribblers continually applied to me; well knowing that the success of my literary property would inevitably effect the overthrow of *theirs*!—In short, I boldly tried the question with the Jacobins, and AFTER A CONTENTION OF TWO YEARS AND A HALF, THEY HAVE GAINED A COMPLETE VICTORY OVER ME!" From the very commencement of my paper, the cause which I espoused gave currency to the assertion so assiduously propagated by my political opponents. *I took the part of the present Ministry, in the first place, because I admired their integrity, and the boldness of their plans; and secondly, because I saw they were not supported by ANY other weekly paper in London, but vilified and abused by nearly the whole of them!*—The result was, that the public in a great degree believed the reiterated tales of the

sedition scribblers; and the idea that I was amply remunerated, being prevalent among the persons I at first employed, they literally made me pay "through the nose," as the saying is, for every service they performed on my account; judging, as I suppose, from the unprecedented efforts which I had made, that, in the words of Cobbett, it must be "*the money of the people*" which I was expending!!! Ridiculous delusion!—But it produced the effect which the Jacobins desired. When I began the *Phoenix*, it sold about 700 copies per week—(no inconsiderable number, when it is recollected, that there were then *eighteen* other papers published in London every Sunday morning)—and by continuing my extraordinary modes of publicity, I soon acquired 1000 regular subscribers.—Still my finances were diminishing, and, by calculation, I found that a sale of four times the last-mentioned number would not do more than afford me a compensation equal to the sacrifices which I had made! To raise my *Phoenix* to that number, I therefore, adopted new methods: for large sums of money, I bought the copy-rights of *three other Weekly Papers*, viz. "*THE PATRIOT*," "*THE SATURDAY MAIL*," and "*THE ALBION*," and by the acquirement of nearly nine-tenths of their Subscribers, I began to anticipate the completion of my wishes. But the calamities which occurred on the Continent, added to the failure of our different expeditions, disgusted many, and after *identifying Ministers with our national misfortunes*, they swerved to the side of the disaffected! In the mean time, uninfluenced by any private motives, and wishing to excite or revive the good old spirit of English liberality, I vigorously and unremittingly endeavoured to stem the current of popular prejudice, and NEVER FAILED TO BE THE VOLUNTARY CHAMPION OF ANY MAN, AGAINST WHOM THAT CURRENT WAS DIRECTED! But all my efforts were unavailing; and after a spirited attempt of this kind, which I made in the spring of 1809; *when about two thousand copies of my Paper were sold every week*, and it was rising rapidly into general estimation, I perceived that the middle class of society were too far corrupted by the artifices of the disaffected, to be reformed or brought back to sentiments of justice and liberality by my individual exertions; and from that period I managed the *Phoenix* with a

disgust which does not admit of explanation. At length, on an examination into my affairs, I found, that I had dissipated (on the *Phoenix* paper only) *nearly three thousand pounds sterling*; and that I ALSO HAD DEMANDS OF ABOUT TWO THOUSAND POUNDS AGAINST ME, FROM STATIONERS AND PRINTERS; besides having sacrificed my time, and injured my health, by two year's sedulous application to political literature.—Having ascertained this, I thought it high time to give over my visionary hopes of contributing, in ever so slight a degree, to *unjacobinize* the people of London, by means of a Sunday Paper; and I saw myself under the necessity of either discontinuing the *Phoenix*, or parting from it in the way already alluded to.

This brief explanation, which contains all the facts that I think necessary to make public, will, I hope sufficiently account to my friends in the country, and elsewhere, for the disappearance of my name from the *Phoenix* of last Sunday. It will also save me the task of writing many a private letter. Had I chosen to diminish my losses, by dividing that Newspaper *into shares*, at many a period within these last two years I might have done so; but I *know* not with what sort of men I might connect myself. Their *principles* might not have been so staunch as my own; or, as is generally the case with those who purchase shares in such property, *they might have some private views to answer*, at which I might only guess, while I should have been burthened with the responsibility of their conduct! These are sufficient reasons why, in newspaper property, a man should stand upon his own legs! In the very first number of the *Phoenix*, I expressed my intention to keep that property to myself, or to abandon it altogether.—I have redeemed my pledge with the pub-

FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON.

April 18, 1810.

ON THE EARLY STATE OF IRELAND, AS ULTIMATELY AFFECTING HER ADVANCEMENT IN CIVILIZATION.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—Whilst contemplating matters of high importance to the British empire, and, having hitherto troubled you with my sentiments, in different letters, upon various and interesting political topics, as more immediately affecting this part of his Majesty's dominions, I think it

may not be unadvisable, at the present juncture, to turn round to Ireland, and to throw out some hints for the improvement of that part of the united kingdom. In making this attempt, which I must confess has many difficulties attending it, I am convinced you will, from your general philanthropy and *amor patriæ*, excuse any length that I may necessarily fall into, from the complexity and difficulty of the subject, and from your sense of its importance.

We are too prone, in considering matters of consequence to the British empire, to almost entirely occupy our attention with what immediately appertains to that part of his Majesty's dominions, called *Old England*, and to lose sight of those valuable parts which may, with great propriety, be denominated the *limbs*. Of those united limbs, well known by the support they give the body, I intend to class *Ireland* as the principal, or right leg, and as such to view the importance of her good condition, in order thereby to effectually sustain, along with the fellow limb, *Scotland*, the ponderous frame.

I am sure you, Sir, and every true friend to the empire, will concur with me in thinking, that, at all times, from the most remote period of alliance to the present moment, too little attention has been paid to that important part or present whole; and that the improvement of Ireland has been most egregiously and blindly neglected, by those who professed to be friendly to the general interest of these realms, and to the sovereigns who have reigned over them. *Legislators* and *Ministers* have all gone on in one neglectful career, in the nurture, or, I should rather say, the *bad fostering* of that precious limb.—They have acted rather as if they viewed it as an *unbecoming excrescence*, than as a *necessary* and ornamental part of the whole; and their conduct and expressions have kept alive and spread the same flimsy and mistaken idea *far and wide*. The neglectful, and in times back, injurious treatment should fully confirm this idea; for we are ever most careful of what we regard and esteem, and, with respect to persons, are ever disposed to do them charitable kindnesses, even though we cannot feel sentiments of regard and respect. How great, therefore, must not have been the *negligence*, where no proper attention has been paid, although the doing so was almost of vital importance? There is, I have heard, a reasoning in physics, with re-

spect to the human body and senses, that, the failure of one limb, or sense, is productive of strength to the rest. How far that is the fact, I shall not pretend to coincide in the belief, but this I will say, that we all know it cannot be the case with nations, unless, like the great Roman empire, they come to be very unwieldy indeed, or like the threatening universal dominion of the infidel King (France), when, perhaps, it might tend to preserve the principal portion of the whole from destruction, to amputate some of the ramifications. Let, however, the criminality, or the extent of the *gross negligence* be what it may, I must declare, from what I behold and have explored, that they have not been *trifling*; and as the amelioration of the great body of the people in Ireland is, in my contemplation, not only for humanity sake, but the good of the empire, and for the honour of his Majesty's glorious and truly paternal reign, much to be desired, I trust once more to your kind indulgence, whilst I take a view of those mistakes and neglects, which had, from an early period, so effectually kept the people of that valuable part of the King's dominions in a savage and rebellious state, and latterly checked their progress in all those arts of civilization and refinement, that have ~~made~~ seen advances, such gigantic strides in this country, and which would, if introduced there, have equally tended to the honour, health, and strength of the British empire. Nor can I avoid searching into and probing the calamity, as it is by that means, alone, we can explore and ascertain the causes of disease, and thereby further the cure. I shall not, however, trouble you with the whole of my researches and sentiments all in one letter, but periodically, and at such length, (the subject having, at this side of the channel, ever been deemed a *dry and uninteresting* one) as I think, will not tire out the patience. In saying so, I do not mean to include you, Sir, who I am sure, are not to be tired by any matter that can tend to improve the condition of an ignorant and helpless people, under the guardianship of the British Government and Constitution, and who are under the guidance of English laws, customs, and manners, but allude entirely to those who have been taught to view Ireland as a *foreign* land, and either, from narrow self-interest, or from hateful and ignorant prejudice, have been accustomed to turn their dim-sighted eyes towards

that much-favoured land and people, by nature (now mostly of their own flesh and blood), with looks of scorn and disgust. Those are the description of persons whose minds, even at this day, require to be opened, and who have derived so much information, as well as been taught so much true public spirit and virtue, from the pen of that wise and indefatigable friend to his country, and your correspondent, Albion, most especially in his pamphlet on Catholic Emancipation (whose sentiments therein stated, should, like the laws of Lycurgus, be engraven on every man's mind), and through you, I now offer them my unbiassed observations on this most important concern.

It will be necessary, therefore, in order that we shall more perfectly understand this subject, to take a cursory view of the state of Ireland, and of the measures that were adopted and followed up by this country, with respect to the other, from her earliest connection with the sister isle, by which we shall more clearly perceive where the defects have originated, and by what means they are now to be improved.

It is of no consequence now, from what part of Europe the early inhabitants migrated thither, but it is pretty certain that they were a branch of those *Celtic* tribes, who inhabited a great part of Europe, and who all spoke the same language. Nor is it worthy of notice or enquiry, whether the primitive inhabitants, or aborigines, were more barbarous and fierce (as some authors assert), than those of other European countries; a thing which may, indeed, be very reasonably doubted. That country escaped, in great measure, the fury of the Saxons, Danes, and other Gothic invaders, and was of course little disturbed by the attacks of foreign enemies, at a period when the rest of Europe was thrown into convulsions and laid waste. It is, therefore, rather to be presumed, that, before the invasion of England, the inhabitants had acquired as much refinement as is attainable in the pastoral ages, and which seems proved by fragments of *Celtic* poetry extant.—Their primitive government and customs also seem to have been similar to all the Celtic nations. Accordingly, you find at this early period *tribes* under their respective chieftains, and those occasionally assembling under one great head:—There is even mention made of a king of Ireland; but his authority, as such, seems

to have been very trifling; and, indeed, little more than nominal. The chieftains exercised the judicial power in person, or by deputy over the Sept, and these latter were called *Brehans*. It is, however, not of much consequence, now, what were the practices or what the qualities of the aborigines of that country at that early day. It is only from the period of the first attempts of the English to subdue Ireland that the view backwards, or a retrospective investigation, can be either useful or interesting, and from which time the history of the latter becomes inseparably connected with the former. Thus, from the first invasion of that country by private English adventurers, in the reign of Henry II. is to be considered the grand epoch, from which to commence our enquiry down to the present time. At that period the invasions of *Fitz-Stephen Fitz-Gerald*, and *Richard Strongbow*; who, with their followers, settled in the present provinces of *Leinster* and *Munster*, were afterwards followed with an assumption by Henry II, of *Lord of Ireland*, and the petty Irish kings and great lords of *Leinster*, *Munster*, and *Connaught*, agreed to pay him tribute. Then arose the unfortunate *distinction* (a most pernicious one in the event), from an ill-judged division of the inhabitants, into those as *within*, and those *without*, the *pale*; the former being in great measure governed by the laws of England, whilst the latter were left to the guidance of their old customs; and, for ages, a violent animosity, along with a course of predatory warfare, subsisted between the people of those different districts, and which was, most probably, kept alive by, as well as having originated in, this *invidious distinction*.—Of course, although the English laws and customs were introduced with the invaders, they could not generally prevail, from the insuperable barrier interposed.

Even, at that early dawn, you may, Sir, perceive, on looking back to the history of these times, how an invidious and ugly distinction operated, even with an ignorant, but naturally sensible, feeling people; and I am sorry to have to say, that the same kind of unlucky policy has done much mischief even to a very late period, in keeping alive jealousies on the one side, and animosities on the other. Yet it appears there was soon established a *governor* (as deputy of the king), a *parliament*, or great council of English settlers, and similar *courts of justice* as in

England; and that the British Constitution, as it then was, came to be adopted, but all this as *within* the *pale* merely, for the *partial benefit* of the English settlers; and even in the reign of Henry III. the same policy was pursued, for it appears that a copy of *Magna Charta* was transmitted to Ireland for the benefit of the English subjects *within the pale only*.—This was very discouraging.—From this period until the reign of Henry VII. it appears that very little progress was made in *extending* the *pale*, or in doing any thing to civilize and improve the condition of the Irish Milesian race—on the contrary, even many of the English settlers came to adopt the manners of the old Irish, whilst the broils in England between the parties of York and Lancaster tended much to diminish the authority of the English Government in Ireland. Thus, that country remained long almost entirely neglected, as to culture and improvement.—However, after tranquillity had been pretty well restored at this side, Henry VII. extended his authority at the other, and the *pale* was less circumscribed.—Afterwards, in 1494, the law, called *Poyning's law*, was passed, binding Ireland by the statutes passed in England, relating to the *public weal*, and prohibiting the holding of *parliaments* in Ireland, until the *causes* for such, and *acts proposed*, should be certified to, and previously approved by, the king and council! This was certainly cause of vexation, *that acts passed in England should be effectual in Ireland*, whilst the latter clause of that act implied the *former independence* of the Irish legislature.

Next came, in the order of great events, the *reformation*, which, from the state of affairs, naturally met with very violent opposition in Ireland. The fact is, the Irish people were not ripe enough in mental knowledge, nor on sufficiently good terms with those, whom they malignly viewed as *within* the *pale*, to embrace so salutary an improvement in religious tenets; besides, the *great assiduity* of the papal emissaries, at that time, prevailed over those ignorant slaves to priestcraft.—In short, all those inauspicious events concurred and operated, at that critical period of religious enlargement, which took place in England and other countries, to rivet the stray flock in Ireland to the dictates of their crafty pastors.—The English settlers, however, and even some few of the Irish chiefs,

were prevailed upon by the authority of Henry VIII. to renounce the papal supremacy. Thus, from this fresh source of contention, the two parties came to be more widely divided, than even they could have been from the mere distinction of the *pale*; and although Henry sent emissaries into districts without the pale, with regulations for civilizing the country, and to exercise the office of the old *Brehan's*, or judicial deputies, yet very little was accomplished.

In the reign of Queen Mary, Poyning's law was further confirmed, but it was not until the reign of Elizabeth that any considerable progress of English government and laws took place; and the power of those was much increased, by the suppression of the Earl Tyrone's (head of the family of O'Neale) rebellion. This rebellion, like all the rest, was, as you may suppose, fomented by the pope, and was supported by Spain; and the suppression of it, at that critical era, was of vital importance. The fate which this rebellion met with in that country, along with the stain it left behind, should have acted as a warning with her popish sons, not to have dared a similar attempt against the strong arm of this protestant nation.

Hence it will manifestly appear, that, from the first settlement of the civilized English, up to the time of James I. nothing had, in fact, been done to awaken the understandings, or improve the condition of the Irish people, but the very reverse, while the machinations of popery sunk them deeper in ignorance and barbarism. The fact is, the impolitic plans of the first English settlers, and the mistaken system of government, tended to debase and keep the early inhabitants in a state of ignorance and idleness. That distinction of the *pale* was highly *injudicious* and *pernicious*, as it drew a complete line of demarcation between the inhabitants of the same kingdom, both, as to territory and political advantages, and tended to keep up personal animosity, as well as to check a free intercourse and exchange of ideas; so that, at a period when the people of England were highly improved and enlightened, and in a state to perceive and embrace the rational doctrines of the reformation, the Irish were, from the very opposite, (then being almost in a state of nature) totally unfitted for such a change. Hence, I say, nothing could be more injudicious than the measures hitherto pursued by the

English government with respect to the early inhabitants of Ireland, and this, although the Irish did desire the benefit of the extension of English laws *beyond the pale* *.—But, instead thereof, it appears the *mere Irish* were held to be *aliens*, except five families†.—They consequently were *out of the protection* of the law, and you find that it was *not a capital* offence to kill them‡; to which it may be observed, the too extensive territories granted to the first adventurers, with as extensive privileges, enabled them to domineer over and oppress the poor Irish.

* Vide Sir J. Davis, p. 117.

† Ibid 103.

‡ Ibid 109.

(To be continued.)

TO THE PUBLIC.

The First Volume of this Register will be completed this day fortnight. I have extended it beyond half a year, from the time of its appearance, in order that the second volume may be concluded at the end of the present year, and contain the same quantity of matter as the first volume.

Several subscribers having found fault with me for neglecting of late, to analyse Cobbett's Register, it is only necessary for me to observe, that I have considered the public events which have given rise to the "Strictures," &c. to be of far greater importance, than the libels of that notorious Jacobin. It will, perhaps, be seen by the next Register, whether the Demagogue is forgotten!—The continuation of his *Life* will be resumed as early as possible.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.—In order to give as much publicity as possible to the excellent Letters of ALBION to Lord GRENVILLE, it is my intention to publish them in this Register.—A *Second Edition* of that pamphlet will, in the mean time, be delivered to the London booksellers.

LONDON: Edited, printed, and published by and for F.W. BLAGDON, at No. 76, Fleet-street; where all communications relative to this Paper are requested (*pro tempore*) to be sent.

The Register of this day is printed on unstamped paper. The stamps intended for use this day were paid for at the Stamp Office, last Wednesday; and though ready for delivery to the Printer, it has not been possible to obtain them in consequence of every day this week having been a holiday at that Office!—The number printed will be sworn to, and paid for as usual.

CONTENTS—*Preliminary remarks on the absolute necessity of impeaching WILLIAM COBBETT for high treason!—A Letter on this subject, to the Right Hon. R. RYDER, from ALBION, in which the duty of that Gentleman to arrest any person on suspicion of treason is descanted on, and he is called upon to order the seizure of Cobbett immediately.—A case of DIRECT AND CONSTRUCTIVE TREASON made out against the Demagogue, consisting of fourteen counts, and seven hundred and ninety-four crimes which he has committed within the last six months!—Various cases quoted, of persons who have been punished for similar but less daring offences.—Remarks on the depression of spirit amongst the Jacobins, in consequence of the vigour of the Government.—Character of Sir Francis Burdett's present Friends.—Different statements respecting the number of persons who assembled in Palace-yard.—Cobbett's opinion of a London mob in 1801, contrasted with his present one.—Letter of J. A. on the late events in the metropolis.—Continuation of J. J. W. J's Letter on the State of Ireland.—Documents.*

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STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

By ALBION.

STRICTURE XIII.

THE Strictures that have regularly appeared in this Register, since the commencement of the present Session, under the above title, are discontinued this week; not because the week has been barren of events, but because the only two questions of importance that have occurred, namely, the Liberation of Gale Jones, and the Westminster Remonstrance, (knaves and fools call it a petition!) are again to become the subject of Parliamentary disquisition. It is therefore the intention of ALBION, to litigate those questions, when they next occupy the Honourable House, and at present he only solicits the mind of the reader to be exclusively bent to his IMPEACHMENT OF WILLIAM COBBETT: to a public writer who is labouring to convince the people that the sovereignty resides in them; that they may lawfully depose kings and annihilate parliaments; that they may set up any new fashion of government for themselves; that their will is the measure of their conduct; that the tenure of magistracy and representatives is not a proper subject of contract, because magistrates and representatives have duties but no rights, and that if a contract *de facto* is made with them in one age, it only binds those who were immediately concerned in it, *but does not pass to posterity*. Englishmen! here is a state of things recommended by this incendiary, which invites the people to run into the

most treacherous enterprise and desperate experiments; to shed blood; to commit outrage; to adopt a system of slander more cruel than the sword; to insult religion, morals, and manners; to spoil, to confiscate; to beggar, to imprison, to exile; to see a king without authority, nobles without wealth or power, and a country without arts, industry, commerce, OR LIBERTY! Is this a state of things which you desire to behold? Is the question, whether this man's conduct is to be regarded in silence, or whether it is to meet with the resistance of the sword? Or, are you to let him deal as he pleases with the Monarch and the Constitution of the land, lest your interference should render him outrageous? *Ergo*;—Do you recommend your daughters to be passive, lest the ravisher should be driven to force—lest resistance should increase his desires? Should you not rather drive the seducer from your house, on the first appearance of the infamy of his intentions? Should you not employ all your vigilance and skill to repel the attacks of seduction or violence? In all cases of violated virtue, it is the indifference of a feigned, feeble resistance, *and not the assault*, which produces the danger. It is said that Cobbett is too contemptible a character to debauch the Constitution. It is admitted, that if we estimate the danger by the value of the writings, it would be little worth our attention. Contemptible indeed, these writings are in every sense: but they have become, in some measure, the cause, and *they are the disgusting symptoms of a frightful distemper!* They show the evil habit of the body from whence they come; and, it is in politics as in nature,

ONE PUTRID CADAVAR CAN PROPAGATE A UNIVERSAL CONTAGION! It can circulate an operative poison, and contaminate the public health, without it is watched, repressed, or, if possible, destroyed.

But if, through a supine security, to which ministerial men in all times are particularly liable, they neglect the admonition of their disinterested friends, on the next derangement of society, the nerves of their strength will be cut. Their authority, instead of being the means of their security, will become the very causes of their ruin. Instead of bestowing influence, they will excite rapacity. THEY WILL BE LOOKED TO AS A PREY!

Such will be the impotent condition, not of the Ministers only, but of every man possessing office or estate, without the prosecution of Cobbett forms the catastrophe of the present piece. This catastrophe must be exhibited in a Court of Justice, or else the great spectacle, now in rehearsal by the conspirators, of ambition and resentment, will be open gratis to the populace, and then usurpation will look on resistance with arrogance and disdain. It is again said, that this man speaks the language of Sir Francis Burdett, who has acted in concurrence with the wishes of the people. What people? Are we to understand the people to be the disbanded race of Irish deserters and Scotch and English vagabonds who assembled on Tuesday at Palace-yard? If this be the people, they resemble the wild beasts of the woods, and the mind owes them as little submission. No, Englishmen! he does not speak with the voice of the people, but with that of rebels who attempt, by outrage and violence, to deprive the people of the advantages of the laws, and to destroy the order of civil life, by the introduction of savage rights, and wild insubordination. Your attention is now invited to the following letter.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

DIRECT AND CONSTRUCTIVE TREASON.

TO THE RIGHT. HON. R. RYDER, ESQ.

His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department.

SIR,—I have observed with indignation and contempt, the variety of arts made use of by the Opposition prints, to support the cause of their favourite, Sir Francis Burdett.—It shall be my part to

detect them as fast as they come in my way, though most of them are so shallow, that they should not be presumed capable of imposing on the public. Their views are so odious, and their cabal so mercenary, that it would require ten times more abilities, than the present generation of modern Whigs possess, even to colour them over. Then their intemperance is so great, and their folly so ungovernable, that half their writers expose the very secret it should be their business to conceal in eternal darkness. Would any man in his senses believe, that there could be found so silly a tool of faction, as the Statesman or the Examiner, who address a whole city, just before a meeting, recommending to them to oppose the decrees of Parliament, and to support a representative who trampled upon the privileges of his order, and who employed all the means in his power to illuminate the torch of civil war, and then to extinguish the flames with the blood of his constituents, and of those possessed of the civil and military power! Yet this has been the case:—But, Sir, these atrocious councils are so palpable, and their intention is so visible, that they are treated with abhorrence and indignation; and, therefore, it is not to such writers I intend, at present, to invite your attention. No, Sir, it is not to such:—What I confess is uppermost with me; what I propose to bend the whole force of your mind upon, is the reduction of that corrupt incendiary, William Cobbett; a writer, who is the perennial spring of all licentiousness, and of all disorder; a man who loads us with more than ignominious disgrace; a literary tyrant, who palsies the vigour of our arms, perverts the wisdom of our councils, and banishes the shadow of authority and credit from the most venerable parts of the Constitution of the State.

Had this character remained an insulated individual, like the conductors of other inflammatory gazettes, I should think it shameful to drag a person so contemptible into your notice; but, as he is now the acknowledged instrument of a faction, it behoves me to expose him, and it becomes your first duty, Sir, to bring him to trial on the indictment I shall make out. The time is at length arrived:—the members of the faction leave no doubt of the nature and extent of the mischief they mean to produce. They declare it openly and decisively. Their intentions are not left equivocal.

The Register of Cobbett puts them out of all dispute, and promotes the circulation of the most atrocious and treasonable libels, against all the hitherto cherished objects of the love and veneration of the British people. You may here observe, Sir, that it is not your province to take cognizance of such proceedings. What! Sir, is it contrary to the duty of a Secretary of State to watch over treasonable practices? Is it alien to your office, when such practices increase, and when the audacity of the conspirators grows with their impunity, to reprobate and to bring to condign punishment the enemies of the Constitution, which *you* are *expressly* chosen to guard? Is it wrong in you, in any sense, to secure the people of England from the injuries they must suffer, if such a wicked faction should become possessed in this country of the same power which inundated, with blood and calamity, the neighbouring kingdom of France? Is it contrary to the humanity of a man, or to any of the upright principles of a minister, to prosecute libellous writers, and to bring the vengeance of the law upon publications which no honest subject can deliberately approve?—Why, Sir, on consulting the instrument from whence you derive your authority, I find it is your direct and distinct office, *on suspicion of treason*, to direct a suit, that is, *to arrest* the presumed traitor, or libeller, and then to instruct the Attorney General to proceed. You are the *ONLY* officer under the crown who can, with propriety, arrest in the first instance, and prosecute after such arrest. The Attorney General must be *moved by you*, and the common magistrate is not accustomed to commit a criminal, till an affidavit is made before him, on which his mittimus is to rest. Hence it follows, Sir, that, although it is the duty of every subject, *on suspicion of treason*, to complain to a magistrate, and to make affidavit, &c. as the case may be, still it is your *distinct province* to watch over traitors, and to have them pointed out, *by you*, to the Attorney General, wherever and under whatsoever garb they may appear.

Convinced that this is an imperious duty imposed upon you by the laws of your department and by the instructions of the King, I must confess, Sir, my astonishment, that the Political Register of William Cobbett has escaped your attention, and particularly at a time when it is known, that you directed prosecutions

against Papers much less guilty of treasonable crime. Is it, Sir, that you have not read the Register of this impostor, or is it because he is elevated by prosperity, and supported by a faction who participate in his flagitiousness and sin? This Sir, is a dangerous supposition! It is alarming to think, that as the wicked arts of this writer increase in number, variety, and atrocity, your desire of punishing them should become more faint, and your lenity towards him grow stronger and stronger. Gracious God! is your idea of justice fairly conquered and overpowered, because guilt is grown gigantic? This, Sir, is not the point of view in which you should regard this man. The crimes you have punished in others were really below your notice. The criminals were obscure and feeble. Whereas this culprit has invested himself with the robes of riches and of faction, and is alone worthy to be made a victim to the authority of your jurisdiction.

A disposition to assort political criminals, to discriminate the degrees of guilt, to separate accomplices from principals, leaders from followers, seducers from the seduced; and then, by pursuing the same principles in the same detail, to class punishments, and to fit them to the nature and kind of the delinquency, should be the primary sentiment of the officer at the head of the Home Department of the Government. If you, Sir, were to adopt that disposition, or attempt this practice, you would soon see that the task was neither difficult, nor the execution cruel, and you would soon perceive that, by reducing to ruin the *principal* conspirators and neglecting their inferior agents, you would restore peace and justice to this much-injured land. And, as the present principal is William Cobbett, you must see the propriety of making him the example, which is, at this moment, of such universal utility and demand. Perhaps, Sir, you may remark, that nothing, *in particular*, in Cobbett's Register has struck your senses with the force of treasonable matter, although you admit the malice and evil of its *general* tendency. To this I will only reply, that from his publications of the last six months, I have, without any difficulty, and without forcing *constructive* deductions, formed the following counts, which I earnestly recommend as the basis of a regular and legal indictment: merely observing, that if this indictment, or one undoned on similar charges, be not pre-

ferred against Cobbett, there can be no peace or justice in this country, and every writer must be considered at full liberty to write down the Government, and act with all that arrogance which must naturally arise from a state of licentious and unbridled security.

HEADS FOR COBBETT'S INDICTMENT.

	Times
1. Blasphemy	12
2. Premunire, of which he is guilty	9
3. Misprision of treason	11
4. Contempt against the King's palace and courts	8
5. Contempts against his prerogative	15
6. Contempts against his person	27
7. Charging the Government with oppression	34
8. Encouraging insurrection by exciting the people to think meanly of the Administration	176
9. Endeavouring to frighten the King into a change of men and measures	113
10. Spreading false rumours concerning the foreign troops introduced by the King	24
11. Charging the King with tyranny	76
12. Speaking contemptuously of his Majesty	94
13. Encouraging conspirators	13
14. Encouraging libellers	182
Total crimes	794

That is, the indictment contains fourteen counts, which embrace seven hundred and ninety-four repeated sins, and every species of crime, except petit larceny, forgery, murder, and keeping a house of ill-fame!!!

Thus, Sir, have I reduced the doctrines of this wide-spreading libeller into a narrow and visible focus. It may be objected that the crimes of which he stands accused are *constructive* crimes. Whoever flings this objection in the path of justice, is ignorant of the man's mode of writing, and of the laws. For instance, in the 635 column of his Register, the page dominated "JUBILEE," he quotes—"The CONDE DE CHINCON, son of the infant Don Louis, brother of the Princess of the Peace, and Archbishop of Toledo and Seville, is *destitute of every talent, surrounded by the basest of mankind, and in every way calculated to entail ridicule and failure upon any government committed to his charge.*" Now, Sir,

mark his apostrophe and attend to his mode of printing, which I imitate.—"Well"—continues Cobbett, "Well, and what of that?—What of all that I should be glad to know?—What if he be a notorious *fool*, a notorious *bigot*, notoriously *inefficient*; what if he be *destitute of every talent*; what if he be *surrounded by the basest of mankind*; what if he would seem to have been created for the express purpose of *entailing ridicule upon any government committed to his care*: what reason is there in all that against his being *Regent, aye, or King*, if need be? I leave this question to be answered by the Pastry-cook Alderman, by the place-hunting Dixons, or by any of the crew of *holy-altar and life-and-fortune*, and *last-shilling*, and *last-drop-of-blood-men*, who are now infecting the country with their harangues."

When I first read this passage, I am bold to avow, that I looked upon the writer's arrest, by you, Sir, as certain; for this reason, that, doubtful of my own judgment having formed an opinion *too strong*, I demanded the interpretation of some dozens of judicious persons, and found my opinion justified by their rapid determination, that 'Cobbett certainly meant to strike, through the heart of another, at a chief magistrate, whom it ought to be the pride and ambition of every British subject to applaud and support.' But notwithstanding this, you again exclaim, that it can only be considered *constructive* treason. Without believing that it is any thing more or less than *direct*, I will admit that it is *constructive*. And what of that, Sir? Is it therefore to go unpunished? Is it to have a milder construction stamped upon it than libel? Do we not denominate every thing that is written or *exposed by signs*, to the defamation either of the government, the magistracy, or private individuals, that species of libel which the laws have ever been anxious to prohibit and punish? Cobbett is well aware that he has no occasion to speak in direct terms. *Treason*, as well as libels, can be conveyed by signs, tokens, and constructive analogies. But he also *should be made to know*, that he is as liable to punishment when he vilifies his Sovereign through the instrumentality of these figures, as if he declaimed in public against him after the manner of the less cautious Despard.—For it has been proved, that painting a gallows on a man's door, or other figures,

or emblems of disgrace, is as conclusive evidence of slander as if the man was called a murderer or a thief.

Therefore, Sir, when Cobbett, on Saturday March the 31st, published an essay in his Register, entitled "WHAT IS DESPOTISM?" and when, in that essay every man in England acknowledges that "NAPOLEON" is intended by Cobbett for GEORGE THE THIRD, and the CORPS LEGISLATIF is substituted by him for the PARLIAMENT of these kingdoms, it was your bounden duty to have him arrested and brought to trial, on a charge of high treason against your sovereign master, and of libel against the Constitution you are delegated to protect! After a laboured *definition of an arbitrary, despotic, absolute monarch*, who confines subjects whom it is NOT CONVENIENT either TO BRING TO TRIAL, or TO SET AT LIBERTY, Cobbett remarks, "such is the horrible nature of BUONAPARTE'S *tyranny*, and the *debased state of this people*." And he *therefore* calls upon ENGLISHMEN (mark this) "to defend their country against HIM." And invokes them "to sacrifice their last shilling, the last quid of tobacco, the last pinch of snuff, the last dishclout, and the last shirt, rather than *submit*, or run the risk of *submitting* to such A VILLAINOUS DESPOTISM." He next attributes this *degrading this revolting* state of the MONARCH, to the folly of the people, who *suffer him* to be surrounded by Mamelukes, Polanders, and other *foreign* troops, and he then proceeds thus. "One of the greatest faults of the FRENCH," (is there a man in England so ignorant as not to understand the real meaning of this passage), "however, is, their having for so long a time, not only *suffered to exist*, but given their countenance to the *existence* of that THING called the CORPS LEGISLATIF; that *sham* of a representation of the people, formed by *sham* elections; that set of *sham* legislators, whose proceedings consist of *sham* motions, *sham* debates, and *sham* votings, and whose *sham* laws are in reality made by NAPOLEON'S (mark well) Ministers and Orators, before they are introduced into that SHAM ASSEMBLY, which, for the far greater part, manifestly consists of a SET OF VENAL KNAVES, OR OF FOOLS, WHO, TO MAKE THEM KNAVES, want NOTHING BUT THE NECESSARY WIT. Despicable as this assembly

IS, in its doings as well as in its origin, it has, nevertheless, served for a good while, to IMPOSE UPON THE PEOPLE."

I dare not quote such libel farther. I ask in brief, I demand of every honourable man, whom Cobbett designates under the terms of NAPOLEON and CORPS LEGISLATIF of the people? Throughout all England I will defy any difference of opinion on this question to be heard! Then why, Sir, has he not been brought to punishment? Is he a criminal *too gigantic* to be reduced to the yoke of the laws? No; but his treason is ONLY *constructive*, and has not force enough to support a legal cause! What an error, Sir, is this, or how different do we act from former times? The evidence for *treason* and for *libel*, I again assert, to be the same. Permit me to illustrate this with a few cases.—In 1768 the Author of the following placard was fined and otherwise punished.

"There was lately observed through one of the best telescopes, a remarkable large luminous body, at an altitude of 45 degrees, bending its course towards the constellation *Bootes*, near the *North Pole*. This has occasioned various speculations among the—who have ever been jealous of the influence of that *northern* constellation which some have imagined has caused a great variation in the compass, while others conjecture, that the rays of liberty will be dispelled by its *gloomy* and *malignant* aspect; an aspect which threatens the free-born subjects of this isle with baleful influence, and which should be opposed by all the power of the land."

And about thirty years ago, Philip Thickness, Esq. a gentleman of much celebrity in the literary world, in order to manifest his contempt of the military abilities of Lord *****, then colonel of a regiment of militia, sent him a *wooden* gun: for this mark of *commendation*, Mr. Thickness was prosecuted, by indictment, *convicted*, and sentenced to six months imprisonment in the King's Bench.

Another prosecution, which happened within a very few years, arose out of the circumstance of a gentleman of rank, in Essex, having drawn a pillory, and wrote under the collar, or yoke, of that instrument, BUTTON HOLE. The high sheriff of the county, at that time, was Zachariah BUTTON, who identifying the sar-

casm in his own person, prosecuted the factious artist for a libel, which terminated in a conviction.

And in the State Trials, vol. iii. 50, it is seen that a man, for reflecting, in general terms, on the *justice of the nation*, had judgment of pillory and fine. Dr. Bastick, also convicted of a *constructive* libel against the state, was fined 1000l. And Messieurs Burton and Payne were convicted of similar offences, and sentenced to be imprisoned for life! But what occasion can there be to multiply precedents, when Cobbett himself affords an illustration of the point. He was convicted of a libel, in America, and sentenced to pay 5000 dollars, and the libel was merely *constructive*. It was a sarcasm which represented an eminent physician of Philadelphia, of the name of *Ratsh*, under the figure of a *little far-ting Rush Light*!!

Should there be men of such infamous hypocrisy as to deny the residence of *constructive Treason* in Cobbett's Register, still I am bold to insist, that no man can be found so hardened in crime as to deny, that the *evidence of constructive* libel against the legislature of this country, existing in the Essay on *Despotism* and on the *Jubilee Parliament*, is not much stronger than in the cases of the wooden gun, the button hole, and the rush light? Nor does the man himself attempt to disguise his sarcasm; he openly declares (page 486) "One can hardly believe one's senses, when one sees "a people, formerly renowned for their "spirit, *quietly*, and even *silently*, submit to such a Government. But the "greatest evil of all is, in my opinion, "the power exercised by NAPOLEON, "or by some other part of the Government, of sending men to prison, and "keeping them there for an *indefinite term* without any trial."—I merely quote this, Sir, to show that it is perfectly plain of what he speaks and to whom he alludes, and that the *constructive manner* he employs for the propagation of treason or the stigma of libel, is more dangerous than *direct* accusation, in as much as it appeals to the heart without revolting the mind.

It would swell this paper beyond its limited magnitude were I to give ALL the passages from which I have drawn the heads for the indictment. I have quoted sufficient to exhibit the true complexion of Cobbett's heart;—a heart which manifests a sovereign contempt

for every thing assimilated to liberality, decency, or even modesty, and which renders the possessor a fit instrument for promoting the designs of the *Banditti* of revolutionary miscreants, who assume the character of Patriots, the friends of freedom, and the *conservators* of the liberties of Englishmen, for the malignant purpose of vaulting into power, and of setting their obscene yoke upon the prostrate bodies of their conquered countrymen.

I call upon you, now, Sir, to take this information, *ex officio*, and to have it acted upon with vigour. It is true that this mode of prosecution wears the appearance, with the ignorant, of being tyrannic, because it can be commenced at the sole will and pleasure of yourself as chief crown officer; but it is proper to inform people, subject to such delusion, that it is your *distinct duty*, as no information can be filed by the Attorney General, &c. *ex officio*, without you advance the evidence and the criminals, which he places before a jury of his countrymen.

Be not deceived, Sir, by a show of moderation, in Cobbett's Register, since the committal of Sir Francis Burdett.—The great outline of his character is, consummate craft, simulation, and artifice. And, be well assured, Sir, that after he shall have succeeded in disuniting you and your colleagues, he will laugh at your *injustice* in not punishing him, and reproach you for a want of courage, or for a possession of cowardice!

In defence of this constitution, Sir, and in defence of your country, let no consideration damp your ardour, or relax your exertions. Let every subordinate concern of timidity or *popular* opinion yield to this one great national object, Be mindful only that the Government is in danger from the machinations of Cobbett, and that it is your *particular duty* to come forward in its defence; a duty, Sir, which the voice of honour, the voice of gratitude, and the voice of interest calls upon you to discharge.

Begging your serious attention to this Paper, I have the honour to remain, with every consideration of respect, Sir, your very obedient and humble servant,

April 25, 1810.

ALBION.

THE BANDITTI'S LAST SHIFT!

Rebellion!

Curse the vile ennovating hand that tempts it;
Remember him, the villain, righteous heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance. Blast the traitor,
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those
 horrors,
And set once more that scene of blood before
 us!

OTWAY.

At length it appears from the accounts in the seditious journals, as well as from the perfect tranquility of the metropolis, that the friends of anarchy and revolution have exhausted all their schemes, and are now without a resource.

They are chop-fallen in the true sense of the word; and, *maugre* their various schemes, "poor old England, that doats "on the imperfections of her Constitution," still exists, with all her proud pre-eminence of freedom. Not even the incarceration of their idol, for whose protection, in defiance of the established laws, it was expected that whole myriads of vagabonds would have offered up their lives—not the seditious and nonsensical rant of the whole political banditti, in Palace-Yard, to inflame the mob to riot and bloodshed, can produce the least effect; and hence the discomfited leaders seek consolation in "*a drunk*," and flatter each other at a public dinner, on the late display of their patriotic *virtues* and *intentions*. In the mean time the Baronet, whose political insanity must be a subject of universal lamentation, is left to reflect at his ease, on the past and future consequences of his infatuation, while those who have instigated him to outrage the Constitution, are compelled to admit that the power of restoring him to liberty *remains with Ministers!* Nay, is it not even of so much consequence to the gang to know *whether* ministers will restore him, as to find out *how* they will do so! Really, this Jacobinical callousness is wonderful! Sir Francis's *present* friends must be a precious set!—But I believe that to be a very true axiom, which teaches us, that when a man disgusts his old and tried friends, so that they feel their characters compromised by any farther association with him, he takes up with *riff-raff* and outcasts; who soon put the finishing hand to his degradation and infamy! "The general *stamp* of those men who stand forward "to guide the popular feeling in Westminster", (vide Cobbett's last paper, col. 588), and whom the demagogue labours hard to indicate as the present

friends of the insane baronet, may be pretty well understood, by that puling timidity, that cold-blooded caution, which after in vain exciting the mob to resistance, now restrains all its exertion to the preservation of their own carcasses; and they dare no longer to hold out the direct language of treason, lest the arm of the law, which has stunned their daring Polyphemus, should also crush the vermin that stick about him; or, in other words, they seem to have had time to reflect, that while there is a Tower for their leader, there is a *Bastile*, I think they call it, for themselves! Oh! you despicable, mean-spirited, selfish, cowardly wretches; to persuade and stimulate a hot-brained man of rank and fortune, to enlist himself under your sanguinary banners; to make him the sole cause of riot and murder; to see him afterwards debased by consignment to the dungeons of state criminals; and then, in the true style and manner of Jerry Sneak, not, as the poet says, to

"Wonder how the devil he got there,"
but, simply to consider, how the devil he will get out!

Now, "before I proceed," as Cobbett so often says, I must observe that I have lately been wondering a good deal on this part of the business myself, and shall, perhaps, say much about it; but at present, I must keep to the wondering of the Jacobin crew.

This subject of *calm* consideration that has been started is, to be sure, the expression merely of an individual, in the shape of a Newspaper Editor; but I need only to tell the reader where and when I met with it, and he will see, that it displays the *extent* of friendship which the whole gang of Sir Francis's *new* friends profess towards him! The fact is, that the cause of Jacobinism seemed to offer sufficient encouragement for *another* literary labourer; and in commemoration, as it were, of the late memorable attempt at insurrection, a new seditious Paper—a *daily evening Paper*—has been started, to supply the pot-houses of Westminster with the regular effervescence of democracy. It is entitled "*The Alfred, or Westminster Gazette*;" and that the mob may know what sort of stuff it will contain, much pains has been taken to inform them, that it is conducted by the Jacobin who used to furnish the daily quantum of sedition for "*The Statesman*!" Well, in this new vehicle of mental corruption, the accounts of the

Palace-yard assemblage, and the Livery dinner, are made legible, and amply detailed; in short, the slightest perusal of any of the articles in that paper will convince the reader that the whole of those infuriated democrats, whom I have designated by the appellation of *banditti*, are concerned in the laudable undertaking. Beyond the mere reports of the public meetings alluded to, nothing remarkable has appeared in the *Gazette of the Mob*; except that *depression of spirit*, which, from this thing of yesterday, up to Cobbett's treasonable Register itself, is now so evident. Sir Francis, as I said, is now left to his fate, and, while the rest of the writers are merely quoting heavy law precedents, to show that the government have no right to display the vigour which has just saved the metropolis from scenes of outrage, the Demagogue is only cavilling about the conduct of the Speaker and the Serjeant at Arms. *The Alfred*, which may now be considered as the organ of the desperate faction, speaks thus namely of Sir Francis, on Monday evening last:—"Our men of vigour (*i. e.* Ministers), have contrived, by the exertion of that quality, of which they affect almost a monopoly, to excite the hatred and indignation of the people of England. Their vigour has lodged Sir Francis Burdett in the Tower, from whence their wit leaves them at an utter loss to know in what manner they can get him out again—without becoming the *laughing-stocks* of their nearest, dearest friends!" So, we see, that the Jacobins, having felt the effect of the energy of the government, and found out what they would not believe, without ocular demonstration, namely, that the mob will not shed their blood *for the sake of Sir Francis Burdett*, now want to turn the matter off with a *laugh*; while they acknowledge that it is not their crew, but the ministers alone, who can set him at liberty! There is a sentiment or two expressed by the *thieves*, who, in the Beggar's Opera, are represented in irons, for their crimes, to which the present *affected carelessness* of the Jacobins bears a great analogy! They attempt to hide their chagrin and dismay, by turning what has happened into a *joke*; although their awkward feelings are sufficiently expressed by their countenances, and occasional sighs and shrugs.

There is nothing, however, like a good example, and the *laughing* mood in water we just now find our revolution-

izing philosophers, those "guides of the popular feeling in Westminster," is doubtlessly adopted, to prove to the imprisoned leader that his new friends are ready to keep him in countenance, for in his last address to the people, he says, he *smiles* at any privation to which he may be personally subjected!

On observing the wonderful *coolness* with which the democrats affect to talk of the late momentary disturbance, one would really think that all the seditious scribblers had been subjected to the operation of phlebotomy, and that all the inflammatory particles of their constitution had been withdrawn from their bodies! Mr. John Gale Jones, in a letter which he has published to the Speaker, stoically says as much as that he has taken a liking to his dungeon, and would rather perish within it than admit that those who sent him there are not a set of despots! I admire this man's *consistency*. Indeed, he seems to me to be the only Jacobin of the whole crew who has acted upon a *fixed* revolutionary principle, and never committed himself by any sort of political aberration! But words cannot describe the alteration which the late ministerial vigour has caused in the temper and sentiments of the *independent Whigs*! Instead of expressing the disgust which they *really* feel for the people, on account of their late temperate conduct, those writers praise them for "their *good sense*, in not ENFORCING their rights by any other than legal and constitutional means!"—and in the very same sentence the Editor declares that he is "most decidedly averse to any tumultuous *proceedings*, because they endanger the public peace! !!" Really this is the most laughable shift to which Jacobinism has ever yet been put—Why, ye consummate and cowardly hypocrites, have ye not on every Sabbath day for the last two years been exerting all your nerves to excite your beastly adherents to riot and open insurrection?—Have you not re-echoed the vile sentiments of the Demagogue, and expressed your *fervent wishes*, over and over again, for some *opportunity* which might enable the mob to execute the views of plunder and disorganization which you had so long inculcated?—And now the opportunity has happened, and what is the consequence? Why the mob whom Sir Francis wished to sacrifice, consisted entirely of the very lowest and most illiterate portion of our population; it being a well-known

fact that all persons who had the slightest claim to respectability, whatever may have been their political sentiments, thought proper to keep out of the way, and leave Sir Francis's rabble to suffer all the consequences that might result from their outrageous violation of the laws. Indeed, I think that this lawless and insensate rabble, now the hour of reason has returned, should raise a subscription, for a piece of plate, to be presented to Captain Agar, and the other officers of the Life Guards, to whose generous and perhaps unparalleled forbearance they were most assuredly indebted for not having been on the night of Saturday the 7th instant, swept from the very face of the earth! But, however, dreadful might have been the calamity, it is upon the heads of Sir Francis and his traitorous associates that all the responsibility must fall; and it will fall most heavily; for by the excitement which he gave to deeds of blood, on that awful night, an infamy has been attached to his name which all his future conduct can never obliterate! In vain has the Demagogue laboured, (*with the aid of speeches and extracts,*) to fill sixteen pages of his last infamous Register, in order to persuade his gang that Sir Francis has been misrepresented, vilified, and tyrannically, as well as illegally treated. In vain has he resorted to such vulgar, such illiterate sophistry, as any Old Bailey Solicitor would be ashamed to urge in behalf of the most insignificant or abandoned culprit—all the commonplace quirks and quibbles of a pettifogger have been introduced, with whatever illustration his brutal mind could afford them, to persuade the rabble that when Sir Francis wrote to the Serjeant, (in answer to his request that he would surrender himself) to say that he *would be at home* TO RECEIVE HIM, that he *did not mean* to surrender; but, that "he meant quite another thing"—(Vide Cobbett's last Register, col. 578) Oh! you wretched apostate! Do you mean this as an *apology* for the conduct of the young man whom you have led from the paths of simple opposition to those of treason? It has, however, been the good fortune of Sir Francis, that, like a suicide, he has damned himself—for I can conceive nothing that could excite such horrible reflections in the minds of any of his real friends either new or old, as his receiving the *coup-de-grace* from such a hand as yours! and in such a way! Why,

if your wretched sophistry could be believed, for a moment, Sir Francis must deserve every epithet of reproach and contempt which the whole English language admits of! What! can the Baronet have been so besotted as to give his consent, either openly or tacitly, to be defended in the cowardly manner in which you have defended him—could he wish you to deprive him even of the good name which he has acquired in private life, and to render him an object, that all honourable men (if they were to attach a particle of credit to your defence of him) would be ready to spit upon! Oh, no!—most truly may Sir Francis say to such "d——d good natured friends" as you,

"Pol! me occidistis, amici!"

—In fact, setting aside such pitiful subterfuges as have been brought forward in behalf of this deluded Baronet, I ask, is it not evident that he is a *man of a weak mind*? a man who may be made subservient to the views of any designing knave or traitor, and who, if he have not yet resolution enough to shake off the whole gang who have reduced him to the verge of destruction, will, in all probability, forfeit his head to the violated laws of his insulted country? His *weakness of intellect* is evident in his whole conduct previous to his surrender, and of which conduct the Demagogue's defence has rendered *ten times more contemptible* than it would otherwise have been conceived. The fact is, that no doubt can be entertained of Sir Francis's *intention* to surrender himself at the time he answered the Serjeant's letter; but, in the interim, he allowed himself to be persuaded to *hold out*. This appears to be the case upon the whole face of every paragraph that has been published. On the serjeant's first visit he was *freely* admitted, and he as frankly declared the nature of his appearance; and the consequence was, that Sir Francis pledged his word (we must suppose he meant his word and honour; for no man who meant to forfeit the former could lay any claim to the possession of the latter;) that he would attend the serjeant upon the matter in question, *at a certain hour* on the following day. The result is known: his select friends of traitors were to be consulted, and a plan of organization for a London mob was to be arranged. The blood spilt in consequence, therefore, will ever be laid to the charge of Sir F. Burdett, and his advisers. But returning to

the serjeant's *first interview* with Sir Francis, as a great legal question is soon to be decided respecting the authority of the Speaker's warrant, as well as the manner in which it was served, when Sir F. Burdett was *actually taken into custody*; I would ask the question of our great law men, whether the *first interview* betwixt the serjeant and Sir Francis, with the conversation that followed, was, or was not, a *legal serving of the warrant*, and only apparently obviated by a scandalous subterfuge on the part of the foolhardy baronet, who had been induced to alter his opinion, and excited to resistance by the traitors who, in the mean time, had gathered themselves around him?—The Demagogue may, therefore, labour to bring those Gentlemen into contempt, who feel ashamed of being considered as the Baronet's friends, and have publicly disclaimed all future connection with him; or he may rant as much as possible about the stigma that has been thrown on the *character* of Roger O'Connor, whose *loyalty*, forsooth, is in danger; but he will only entail on himself a proper portion of ridicule, in addition to the indignation, hatred, and contempt with which he is now viewed by all real friends of their King and lovers of their country, who have the misfortune to know any thing about him!

With the hope that this contempt and indignation would soon become more general, I should have closed my present article, had I not observed two sentences in the Register before me, which deserve to be held up to general execration. The first is, a direct, gross, audacious, and palpable LIE. It is the assertion in col. 587, that there were *forty thousand* people in Palace Yard yesterday se'nnight, who *unanimously* shouted in favour of Sir Francis Burdett. I always knew that the Jacobins never stuck at any exaggeration of numbers to serve their objects of misrepresentation; but it has seldom been observed that they have gone beyond the bounds of *decency* in their *multiplication*! We might allow them to *quadruple* the number of a mob, and excuse their defective or partial optics! Accordingly, I should not have been inclined to quarrel with the Editor of the Alfred, for asserting the abominable falsehood, that there were *twenty thousand* people at the aforesaid meeting; knowing as I do, that the entire number was between four and five thousand! But what and where were the Demagogue's *forty thousand*? They

must have been "*men of buckram*," mere "*things of shreds and patches*," *tailors*, to all intents and purposes; and the Demagogue must have multiplied them by *nine*!

The next point that I shall notice is, for Cobbett, a most damning one indeed, and will make him either curse the hour that ever he turned Jacobin, or that in which I took up the cause of my countrymen, by becoming his opponent. It is *fortunate*, however for him that I cannot enter upon the subject at such length as to exhibit, as far as regards this topic, a full picture of his infamy.—I am at present able to do nothing more than to contrast his sentiments respecting a *London mob*, as inserted in his last Register, with his opinion of that ardent and generous body of Englishmen, as published by him at the peace of 1801. Speaking of Sir Francis's removal to the Tower, he observes, col. 586). "*When her ladyship got into the carriage, and was about to drive off, the people rushed forward, took the horses from her carriage, and were preparing to draw her themselves. But, this MARK OF HONOUR they were prevented from showing her by the horse soldiers, whose commander did, in a most gallant manner, make a charge upon the people and cause them to retreat.*"

Englishmen! *People of England*!—I appeal to you who assembled in a paroxysm of disgust, on the 9th of October, in the year 1801, *to break his windows, and set fire to his house*, from which latter disgraceful act some of you may remember I prevented you, by rushing in the midst of you, braving your fury, and appealing to your passions, when the firebrands were in your hands, already kindled to perform the desperate and dreadful deed. My countrymen! how did this Demagogue treat you, seven days after you had *consented* to spare him from the effects of your indignation? at an hour when not merely his *house*, but his *life* was at your disposal. His own words, as they exist in print, shall be *replaced* before you!

From his second Letter to Lord Hawkesbury, on the peace of 1801, I make the following extracts.—Alluding to the reception of Lauriston, he says; "*On Friday last (the 9th of October), the Ratification of the Preliminary Treaty was brought to Dover by Citizen Lauriston. The people of Dover, like those of other places, had previ-*

ously to the arrival of this man, expressed their joy at the return of Peace, without, however, any commendations on those who had made it; but the moment this *Citizen* set his foot on shore, the moment this harbinger of happiness arrived from the land of liberty, where the holy right of insurrection had been exercised with such memorable success, the whole nation seemed to be *drunk* with delight. The *Citizen* was drawn through all the towns from Dover to London *by the two legged beasts* inhabiting those towns. Notwithstanding this interruption, he arrived here time enough in the evening to have waited on your Lordship; but he very prudently deferred his visit till the next morning, when a *fresh set of Citizens* stood ready to serve him in the capacity of *horses or asses*, of which he *did them the honour* very graciously to accept. Being seated in the coach with *Citizen Otto*, and another person, *the beasts* drew him down Bond-street, down St. James's-street, to the front of the King's Palace, where they stopped and gave him the cheer of triumph. They next drew him along Pall-Mall to the Prince of Wales's Palace, where they repeated their plaudits. Your Lordship must remember his triumphal entry into your office in Downing-street, and I believe very few are disposed to *envy* you your feelings on the occasion. He was next drawn to the Admiralty, where it is hard to conceive what business he could have, unless it were to witness the humiliation of England, on the very spot, whence had issued the orders for the humiliation of France. Lord St. Vincent gave him a very polite reception, and, giving the appellation of "gentlemen" to the wretches who were dragging the carriage, requested them to be "careful of the strangers, and not overturn them;" to which a fellow amongst the crowd replied: 'Never you trouble your head about that; *take care we don't overturn somebody else.*' He was drawn to the Horse-Guards, through which the soldiers, participating, I suppose, in the feelings of all around them, suffered the carriage to enter the park, and to pass on to St. James's through the Mall, a road exclusively appropriated to the carriages of the Royal Family!

"When the citizen arrived at his lod-

gings, *the brutes* who had drawn him, and those who had followed his triumphal car, pressed round the door, to see and salute him. Those who came within reach of him, kissed his hands, his jacket, his pantaloons, and his boots*; those who were not able to get at any part of his precious person, went on their knees and kissed the stones he had walked upon; while others were obliged to content themselves with slobbering the coach and the poor unfortunate horses, who, when they passed my door, seemed ashamed to accompany THE BEASTS that had usurped their office.

He then goes on to say,

"It is indeed, very true, that *Citizen Lauriston* was, by the people in general, taken to be *one of the brothers* of Buonaparte, which (however unpleasant as the fact may be) was certainly one cause of the popular adoration; but, the real truth is, that nine-tenths of the *lower orders of the people*, saw in *Citizen Lauriston*, not merely a Buonaparte, nor a Frenchman, *but a republican, a leveller, one of that nation who have murdered a King, a Queen, a Prince, and a Princess; who have stripped the Nobles of their titles, and rifled the treasures of the rich; who have ABOLISHED TITHES, and driven the Clergy into exile; who have, in short, made distinction and property of every species change hands; who have raised the poor upon the ruins of rank and fortune.* The people here look upon the present French as a *nation of poor men*, who, after a long and arduous struggle, have recovered the possession of that property, and all *those other good things*, which the great and the rich had, for centuries, unjustly withheld from them. They therefore rejoice at the peace, because they hope, with him who promises very fair to be their leader, that the peace will soon enable them to *follow the glorious example.* Be assured, my Lord, whatever your minions may tell you to the contrary, that this, and this alone, is the great cause of the *tumult of exultation* and the delirium of joy.

"As an apology for the nation, it is said, that the *miscreants*, who drew *Lauriston* were hired for the purpose. So it was said of the cut-throats of Paris. But, then, we naturally ask, who hired them? And where did the per-

* This is one of Cobbett's *lies*, the Englishmen did no such thing.

“son who hired them go to find ten thousand wretches base enough to participate in this detestable act?” &c. &c. &c.

Reader, is another word necessary to convince you of the turpitude of William Cobbett?—Do you not behold him in the light of the most consummate hypocrite and unblushing apostate that ever disgraced a country of civilized beings!

F. W. B.

Ensign JOHN STEPHEN COWELL of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards.

This meritorious and active young officer is also libelled by Cobbett in the most atrocious and scandalous manner. Cobbett, in his Register of the 14th instant, observes, “there is something rather mysterious about the *hole made through the officer’s hat*. I know the spot well where it is described as having taken place; and no man should have shot at me in the relative situation described, without my ascertaining something about the shooter.” The infamous echo of Cobbett, the Statesman, and some other prints, equally sunk in the enormity of guilt, have given strength and publicity to this cowardly and assassinating insinuation, and Ensign Cowell is now exhibited in the act of *making a hole through his own hat*. It is to be hoped that some friend will inform him of this flagrant attack upon his character, and that he will whip Cobbett through the streets of the metropolis, or punish him at the bar of the King’s Bench.—A libel of so black a feature as this, on a rising young officer, does not appear on the records of any court!

WHO ARE THE MURDERERS?

To F. W. BLAGDON, Esq.

SIR,—It would be of the greatest service to the nation, if the *true* characters of popular partymen were to be justly drawn, and put into the hands of every honest man in the kingdom; for then the *insignificance* of some, the *vile principles* of others, and the total disregard in *all* for the honour, interest, and happiness of their country would be apparent; and thus stripped of the assumed flimsy covering of philanthropy, patriotism, and loyalty, they would appear, to an astonished public, *trifling idlers*, or *desperate adventurers*—*revolutionary reformers* trampling on divine and human ordinances, and a selfish opposition actuated

by the detestable passion of *envy*, or the disgraceful one of *interest*. Such are the enemies and opposers of Government at this day. My opinion on this momentous subject I have already submitted to your consideration several months ago; when describing, in my plain way, some of the most dangerous classes of men which form the *Hydra PARTY*; I shall therefore decline entering into the subject again in a general manner, but will confine my observations to your king of the mob, Sir Francis Burdett, and his prime minister Serjeant Cobbett.

I had occasion to notice that determined innovator, Sir Francis, in a former letter, which you inserted in the 21st No. of your truly valuable Register, and at the time it was written, I must confess I was somewhat surprised at the forbearance of authority, in passing over his highly reprehensible conduct, and not censuring him most severely for making use of such contemptuous language as it was said he did in the House of Commons, especially as it was well known to the House, that he had been guilty of the like offence in other places, where such unwarrantable assertions could be used for no other purpose than that of exciting sedition. “The House of Commons was the only place where the people were treated with disrespect.” This was an emphatical sentence delivered by the Baronet in his patriotic harangue to the gaping crowd at Westminster Hall. “The parliament had not a leg to stand upon,” or insulting words to the same effect, was said to be pronounced by him to their very faces in the Parliament House. Surely, Mr. Blagdon, pointed attacks like these on the legislative branch of the Constitution, should never be suffered to pass with impunity. There is no part of Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, or any other Bill or Charter so absurd, that the meaning of a single clause can be wrested, to screen offenders who vilify or attack the established Government; and had the above insulting and daring speech been noticed at the time as it deserved, the Baronet’s seditious production, in all probability, would never have appeared in Cobbett’s rebellious Register, and been copied from thence into the various newspapers that circulate throughout the kingdom.

* Curious have been the reasonings which the commitment of the *shilling orator*, Gale Jones, have given rise to; but more curious still, the arguments ad-

vanced, and the strained interpretation of known common words and phrases to exculpate Sir Francis. The reforming Baronet tells the people in his inflammatory letter, "that the British House of Commons have been guilty of a flagrant act of injustice in committing Gale Jones;" for calling the conduct, and terming the sentiments of two individual members, an "outrage on public feeling." That "the Bill of Rights is converted into a Bill of Wrongs." Describes Parliament exercising arbitrary power, "tricked out in the trappings of royalty." This is all plain English, and the drift of it perfectly well understood in the hundreds of Old Drury, Covent Garden, St. Giles, to the O. P.'s, and to the frequenters of the British Forum, &c. &c. But the call to RESIST! from a wealthy Baronet, a parliament man! was a word, of all others, the best suited to the understandings and passions of those for whom it was intended, in order to forward the main design for which the letter was published. Resist! what a charming sound this little verb must convey to a democratic ear! These people, the very first opportunity that offers, will remove all doubts (if there really are any) about its meaning, which I can venture to assert, will be quite different from the construction put upon it by some in a *certain* place, where it was argued to be harmless, or at least implied "*legal* resistance." Another of the Baronet's advocates "could scarcely bring himself to think the publication was a libel—it was only in the *worthy* Baronet's *usual* style." One says, "he thought sometimes that it was libellous, at other times that it was not." Another recommends the passing of the matter over, for fear any further notice is taken of it, should increase the Baronet's popularity, and establish his doctrines. In this weak and pitiful way, Sir, except some ingenious *if's* and *and's* of the law, the Morning Post informs us, that Sir Francis and his letter were defended; but from the opinion I entertain of his *mob majesty*, I cannot think he will be well pleased with any of his oratorical courtiers, for endeavouring to explain away the *spirit* and meaning of his *manifesto*.

In the committing of Jones, the House of Commons have exercised a *right* which the practice of centuries has sanctioned, and which the present times and the nature of his offence would warrant, even if the suffrages of the greatest lawyers

the bar ever produced, were not in favour of the legality of such a proceeding: it was done promptly, and becoming the insulted dignity of the House, in behalf of the two worthy members placarded; and I make no doubt, had Mr. Lethbridge's motion, charging Sir Francis Burdett with a similar, but in degree a much greater offence, been as quickly decided upon, and I see no reason why it could not, there would have been little or no disturbance in London; and the House of Commons would have evinced to the public, by the promptness of the measure, their own consciousness of right, as well as their determined resolution to exercise it, agreeably to ancient usage. Too well was the term *Resist* afterwards understood by the populace, and too well has this wicked man's conduct proved, the ultimate object he had in view, by publishing his seditious letters. His requesting the Sheriffs of London to raise the *posse comitatus* makes one's blood run cold. He must have wished to see the same dreadful Tragedy performed in the streets of London, that the French Reformers acted in Paris! It is too shocking to think on, without he can be proved to be insane, he—but the man is in prison, and I leave him to answer to the offended laws for his contempt of authority, and endeavouring to excite commotion against the Government; and I leave him to the feelings of his own conscience, for the blood he has caused to be shed, and the injuries he has occasioned to his fellow subjects. I shall not now give the sketch of this man's public conduct, which I intended to do for more than the last twenty years of his life; but will conclude with a few animadversions on his oracular confident and adviser—not the hoary sceptic Tooke, but the *fire-brand* of faction, Cobbett, that *professor* and *teacher* of politics, according to the new system settled at the French Revolution, by the radical reformers of that country of slaves.

I did not expect, Sir, that Cobbett and his disciples would have made the *grand push* at this time; nor do I yet believe their hopes of success rested altogether on this *Essay*. To be sure, in hostile attempts, lucky circumstances do sometimes arise out of rash and daring actions, which may be improved to very great advantage; this might have been the case the other day, had it so happened that the *posse comitatus* could have been

urged to oppose the military, or the mob spirited on to a firmer resistance; and it now seems, from the steps taken by the leader and the chiefs of the disaffected party, they had strong expectations of such an event resulting from their meditated plan. What a theme of treason and falsehood would such a catastrophe have furnished to the apostate Cobbett! But, thank God, the matter has been got over, for this time, with less sanguinary consequences, and with great credit to those who have the direction of public affairs; but even, honourable as it has been to them, in enforcing obedience to the laws in the steady and temperate manner they have done, yet this vile manufacturer of sophistry and deception, Mister Cobbett, will repeatedly magnify the accidents that have taken place, and blame the State for the *murder*, I say **PREMEDITATED MURDER**, which he and the infernal gang of modern reformers had preconcerted. We all, however, know, that Government was compelled to exercise its rights, or to relinquish its authority. Sir Francis Burdett, Wardle, Cobbett, Clifford, O'Connor, and the whole crew, which if I were further to enumerate, would include some belonging to a class in society, of which *their order* must blush for them; knew that Government was *determined* to support its authority, and they, it now evidently appears, were determined (before that authority was exerted), *to resist*. In this affair, Mister Cobbett, who are the murderers? From your known derilection of truth and loyalty, there can be no doubt but you will say, and the hellish junta will readily subscribe to your assertion, that it is the Executive Power; but, at the same time, neither you nor they *believe it*. Through such pernicious principles, and inflammatory writings as yours, Cobbett, has your country now bled; and on you, and the *instigators to resist*, does that blood rest.

I do not know any description of men so dangerous to the peace and happiness of this country, as the modern seditious writers; there is a blunt and daring kind of boldness in their style and matter which imperceptibly insinuates itself into the minds of an independent, brave, and spirited people, who do not take much trouble to think for themselves. Of this national, unsuspecting temper, Cobbett has taken a base and infamous advantage, telling them that they are an injured people; oppressed with unnecessary

taxes; that there is an abuse of power in the higher orders; a wanton waste of the revenue; in short, every thing that can inflame the passions, and create discontent; but the universal contempt this man and his opinions deserve, cannot be more clearly evinced, than *by referring to the exposition of his works*, which you have given, and I hope will continue to give, in the various numbers of this Register; where the contrast in his writings will be found so shocking to truth, that none but himself can help blushing for so much human depravity.

York, April 11th, 1810.

J. A.

ON THE EARLY STATE OF IRELAND, &c.

(Continued from page 1022.)

After the accession of James I. a more sage and improved policy actuated the moving springs of the English Government, and, for about 40 years, the old animosities and quarrels arising between the two nations, from the impolitic measures mentioned, seem to have been laid aside, and the inhabitants of Ireland made considerable advances in tillage and the arts. The invidious distinction of the *pale* came to be wisely laid aside, at least as to *territory* and the country, *without the pale*, was divided into counties, whilst the benefit of the English laws seems to have been extended to all; for *itinerant judges* were sent over the kingdom, and about 40 new boroughs were enfranchised, or erected, which must have had a very favourable effect as to the representation of the people. The degrading distinction between the *old* and *new* inhabitants was, as to the former, thus attempted to be reconciled and removed, but it was unfortunately *too late* for the Irish to be expected to derive any great advantage from it, as to *civil or religious* improvement, prior to the disputes between the house of Stuart and the Protestant people of these realms; and, therefore, when those disputes broke out, the old inhabitants steered that course, which led them still deeper into superstitious darkness, and which ultimately disqualified them from receiving the benefits derived from the laws and constitution, at the period, that we (not very aptly) call the Revolution. During the civil war, in the reign of Charles I. it is true the Irish Parliament took part with that of England, and made similar demands for redress of grievances; but that was not the spirit

of the *Irish people at large*, who were of the *Romish* persuasion, and who, no doubt, were directed by the Pope to pursue a different course, in support of Popery; and accordingly, in 1641, you find there was a conspiracy formed, by the Irish popish zealots, for expelling the English, which was followed up by the inhuman insurrection and massacre, under the divine auspices of the Roman Pontiff, as is recorded in the bloody page of the horrible history of that country. This, of course, deranged the whole affairs of that country anew, and from thence party animosity was revived as to the future, with redoubled fury, and the commotions which it gave rise to continued unabated, until Oliver Cromwell became master of the Government. Had the old *Irish* people been improved in their ideas, previous to this time; by the enlightened English, it is most probable they would have gone, hand in hand, as well in *religion* as in politics, and no such massacre have taken place; and, it is easy to perceive that, even though the barrier was removed early in the reign of James I. as to *territorial* boundaries, and the diffusion of the *English laws*, yet that the *line of distinction* was inflexibly observed, with respect to *persons and ideas*, and of course no *civil or religious* enlargement of the understanding could have operated, to the improvement of the mind and manners of the illiterate and uninformed Irish.

Thus the first mistaken conduct of the one party produced an evil, which led to future misunderstandings and mistrusts, and which have not been removed. The early distinction of the *pale* and its consequences, prevented the improvement of the minds of the Irish; and fully disabled them from embracing the religious and political ameliorations, that were daily taking place in England from the reign of Hen. VIII. and from avoiding that abyss of *wickedness and darkness*, into which they naturally fell, and from which they have not yet emerged. To this unhappy bigotry the apparent designs of the crown, in the reign of Charles II. and James II. to introduce and revive the Roman Catholic religion, contributed much;—and, accordingly, in Ireland they, by this means, secured a vast body of adherents, which appears evident from the great difficulty after in bringing the papists to submit to the government of William III.

After this grand era, when the British

government had been completely settled, it was to have been expected that Ireland, in the same manner as England, would have reaped the benefit of the great improvement in the constitution, and that the people of the former would have experienced a rapid advancement in the arts, but no such thing followed.—Advances certainly were made, but they were *trifling and paltry*, except in one great branch, which, however, did not become general, and even now only engages the attention of the most northern part of Ireland—I mean the linen manufacture—that chanced to be established in the reign of Charles I. under the patronage of Earl Strafford; and it is a shining example, at this day, of the ngeauity and assiduity of the Irish people, when not curbed by gloomy, superstitious ideas of religion (for in that part of Ireland the presbyterian prevails,) and where *encouragement* has been given, or *restrictions* not been imposed; for it surpasses every thing of the kind, the work of men's hands in the known world.—The beauty of that Irish fabric is not to be excelled, and, as in this, so, no doubt, in every other line, they would have done honour to the British empire, had the protecting arm and fostering care of the British constitution, and commercial privileges, been early extended to them; in which case, too, they would have embraced the cheering and divine rays of the reformation in religion. But the vegetating plant was nipped in the bud, and the promising production was early exposed to the northern blast. *Within the pale*, every thing flourished and ripened to perfection, but *without the pale* all was hideous and hateful, and left to perish. *O tempora, O mores!* But such was the mistaken policy.—Well might have been applied the following vociferation to the British policy of that day—*O monstrum horrendum ingens quæ te lumen ademptum!* By this unsound policy, the people of that unfortunate country seem to be more than 100 years behind England, at the dawn of the reformation, and they even retrograded from that era, (owing to the same original cause), to the time of the settling of the constitution under King William, commonly called the Revolution.

In short, the long-continued animosity, arising from the circumstances above-mentioned, all springing from the one original cause, the hateful *land mark*, most effectually operated, with the con-

sequences of it, to check, retard, and ultimately, in some instances, to prevent the amelioration of the state of the people of Ireland.—The injudicious conduct of Government, in establishing the invidious and narrow-sighted distinction, of within and without the pale.—The ignorance thereby kept up in matters of a religious nature by those without the pale, who, of course, remained bigotted to popery, at the period of the reformation in Europe.—The virulence of religious frenzy, maintained and increased by the slavish and bigotted attachment of the Irish to popish superstition and idolatry. The party rage that arose in the disputes between Charles I. and his Parliament, which, by and under *popish influence*, was kept up, extended, and heightened in Ireland, and, I may say, fully confirmed under Charles II. and James II. a great part of the Irish inhabitants, namely, the papists, (all the descendants of the aborigines of that country, and followers of the first Roman Pontiff, Gregory VII. who exclusively assumed that title), having been led to support the king in his pretensions to absolute power, and for the furtherance of which, the *hierarchy* of the church of Rome was, no doubt, considered and found, to be so convenient. The disagreeable law, called Poynings, which left no spark of apparent independence in the legislative proceedings of the Anglo-Irish representatives, alike impolitic and discouraging. All these, I say, contributed to that backwardness in manners and the arts, which has laid the groundwork of that poverty, ignorance, and rebellious spirit, at least with the inhabitants, as if *without the pale* (the descendants of the popish and Milesian people), that you perceive prevailing so extensively, perniciously, and unhappily, in that highly-favoured land by nature, at the present moment; and which, if not done away by *proper* and *wholesome* measures, must continue that country in wretchedness, and must remain a blot on the political escutcheon of the British empire.

Having said thus much, on the past mistaken policy of this country, with regard to Ireland, and the unhappy consequences of it, fearing I have already trespassed too long on your time and patience, I have now only to add the assurances of my perfect respect, and that I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

Clifton, April 4, 1810. J. J. W. J.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

FRANCE.—*Programme relative to the civil Marriage.*

Continued from page 999.

“The act being concluded, with the signatures of the prince, arch-chancellor, and the secretary, the masters and assistants of the Ceremonies, after making a profound reverence to the emperor and empress, will remove the table which had been placed before their majesties.

“The grand master of the ceremonies will make a bow to their majesties, and inform them that the ceremony is completed.

“Their majesties will then return to the apartment of the empress in the following order:—The vergers, heralds at arms, and pages, will place themselves in rank in the saloon of Mars, to form the advance of the procession.

“The officers and grand officers preceding their majesties will advance from the right and left to take their places in the procession. The grand dignitaries, and the princes and princesses of the blood will next advance.

“Then the emperor and empress, followed by the colonel-general of the guards, the grand marshal of the palace, and the grand almoner, the knight of honour, the first equerry, the two maids of honour, and the robing woman.

“The princesses will follow, and the procession will close with the ladies of the palace, the maids of honour to the princesses, and the officers in the service of the prince and princesses.

“The procession will re-conduct their majesties to the apartment of the empress, and then retire. Upon this occasion the empress will be in full court dress, and wear a crown set with diamonds.

“At two o'clock the ceremony of the civil marriage will be announced by discharges of artillery fired at St. Cloud, and repeated in Paris at the Hospital of the Invalids.

(To be continued.)

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CONTENTS.—*A Series of Strictures by ALBION, written to form a conclusion to this Volume, and containing, 1. Remarks on the present prevalence of Party-Spirit; 2. On the necessity of a Parliamentary Union, to oppose the designs of domestic traitors; 3. On a change of Ministers, showing why it is clamoured for; 4. On Debts and Taxes, displaying the advantages which this nation has derived from opposing the gigantic ambition of France, and the result which must happen from a perseverance in the plan of Mr. PITT; 5. On Reform, in which is exposed a new attempt of the Jacobins to form a GENERAL CORRESPONDING SOCIETY! 6. Reform shown to be necessary, and the manner in which it ought to be effected; 7. Remarks on the present corrupt state of the English Press, and the consequences to which it must lead; 8. A Political Prospect; 9. Concluding observations, deduced from all the above premises.*—*A Satyrico-analytical account of the Narrative published by Sheriff Wood, descriptive of his conduct during the late riot.*—*Biographical notice respecting General Crauford, in which his praiseworthy conduct on the continent is described.*—*L'AMI DU ROY on Sir Francis Burdett's Commitment.*—*B. on Parliamentary Reform, in which is laid down a series of propositions for obtaining a pure Parliament.*—*Completion of the Public Documents, up to the present time.*

1055] ————— [1056

STRICTURES ON THE LATE REPORTED PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

" Il y a encore de quoi glaner."

" There is something yet to be gleaned."

By ALBION.

STRICTURE XIV.

PARTY SPIRIT.—It may be discovered, without any great force of political sagacity, that a Parliament cannot exist without parties of some kind or other. It may, perhaps, be added, with truth, that they are, in a great degree, necessary to freedom. The history of all legislative assemblies, in every period of the world, where liberty has been a leading feature of the Constitution, will manifest the accuracy of these positions.—Difference of interests, in the least, as well as most extended, sense of the expression, will not fail to beget diversity of sentiments; and in a country where men may declare, in general, what they think, and may discover what they intend or wish to do, without any apprehension of political danger, there must be, in the natural course of things, opposing bodies of men. They are found to exist in the country town, as well as in the capital, in the vestry, in the cabinet, and in every intermediate district and jurisdiction, from the narrow limits of the hamlet to the state and nation at large.—The head man of a village finds a living spirit of opposition to his designs, as well as the ruler of a people.

It seems to be as necessary to guard against the wickedness of corporate bo-

dies as that of individuals, and the necessity increases in proportion to the power which commands control. It might be dangerous, at any time, for the leading men, in a free state, to meet with little or no opposition; for, to be without apprehension of any check whatever, at a period of great national prosperity or adversity, is a situation in which no man, or set of men, ought to be trusted. The love of power has so often prevailed over the most resolute public virtue, that a confidence in the latter should never be indulged beyond certain limitations. The decline and fall of the ancient republics will furnish ample materials to illustrate the almost irresistible impulse of that ambition which has shaken, to their foundations, the temples of political and civil freedom.

In times of great national glory, when the unsuspecting minds of a whole people are occupied in the contemplation, the promotion, or the enjoyment of their prosperity, and when those who govern may, beneath the glare of public successes, endeavour to undermine the strength of the Constitution, a man, who, like Mr. WILBERFORCE, at such a period, opposes the administering powers of the state, watches their conduct with never-ceasing attention, and gives the alarm of any evil designs to the people, is a great national blessing. Nor is it the nation alone who are interested in the support of such a man;—the prince himself should privately encourage him. A popular, ambitious, unprincipled minister, such as Mr. Fox would have made fifteen years ago, and such as the most eminent Whigs would make at the pre-

sent period, might be as troublesome to the Sovereign, as dangerous to the people; and any check, that could keep such a character in due bounds, is a desirable circumstance for every part of the Government. The statesman, who has, by any means, procured the ready, unequivocal confidence of his fellow subjects, might feel a disposition to gratify an imperious mind, in dictating to the king, and in exercising a tyrannic dominion over the nation. I could name several instances in which Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Burke, without any personal or political ill-will to Mr. Pitt, voted against him, from the principle that *no* minister ought to be free from apprehensions of an active Opposition.—This leads me to descant on the

UNION OF PARTIES.—A period may arrive, when the national interest requires a union of all parties to one common object. A war with an enemy of the capacity of Buonaparte, or a domestic difference with such ambitious Demagogues as Sir Francis Burdett, demands the immediate extinction of parliamentary animosity. Senators of all denominations should unite against calamity and treason, and give the necessary force, energy, and effect to the operations of Government. Colonel Wardle, Lord Cochrane, Lord Folkstone, Sir Francis Burdett, and all those men, therefore, who employ their influence, their fortune, and their talents, to calumniate, distract, disgrace, and impede the proceedings of Government, in the present awful state of the empire, encourage the enemies of their country, deserve the execration of the public, and ought to be made amenable to the laws. These men and their adherents do not compose an honourable Opposition: they are a mere *faction*, generated from several private parties, who have joined their separate powers to drive Ministers from that situation, which they themselves languish to attain. In consequence, they are not to be esteemed in the respectable light of a *national party*; for, a national party, of which Mr. Wilberforce is a dignified leader, is exactly the reverse:—it consists of men who always retain a strong degree of national principle, and who never are without a sacred regard for the Constitution. They may be surprised, or transported, especially during the heat of contest, into measures of long and fatal consequence. They may be

carried on, for a certain time, and to a certain point, by the lust of vengeance and the dominion of error, but they will never be the instruments of national ruin; they will become, like some of the present Whigs, the Hon. Mr. Ward, Mr. Adams, Mr. Lyttleton, &c. &c. &c. the adversaries of their friends, and the friends of their adversaries, to prevent this national degradation. But a party, formed on the principles of Sir Francis Burdett's, is the greatest evil that can befall a state; and it is a melancholy and mortifying reflection, that the faithful historian of the times will find it his office to declare, that such a party must be put down, or he will shortly have to record, in the mutilated language of over-whelming grief, the ruin and devastation of his country, and the growing power of France, who sees, with exultation, the faction of a Burdett ready to receive her dictates with open arms, and to finish our destruction.

CHANGE OF MINISTRY.—The friends of Sir Francis devise this as a remedy for all presumed evils.—The change of ministers is at best but an amusement that lulls us into a fatal security, renders all regular pursuits impracticable, and the best of ministers useless. Unsteadiness is so fatal an evil, that were we even, as heretofore, revered and dreaded by our neighbours, and those at the helm of affairs were to be as near as possible to the nature of angels, yet if they must be changed at every turn, and with them the system of affairs altered, it is a considerable doubt, whether we had not better have one firm minister, than many timid ones so circumstanced. The common enemy had never an opportunity to despise us in the long administration of Mr. Pitt. But since the departure from his regular system, all Europe, with the exception of these islands, have become the slaves and dependants of Buonaparte, and every succeeding change of the ministry, since his original retirement, has marred the public weal, and stamp upon our national character, an indelible mark of contempt and ignominy. Let us not then be lulled with this canting complaint of the faction in Parliament. With this faction it is impossible for an honest ministry ever to be in the right, and it is the height of madness, to think to retrieve our glory, by employing thieves and impostors to perform that task, which men of talents and integrity

have been so long and so ably striving to effect.

DEBTS AND TAXES.—These evils have had much of the attention and sensibility of the sessions.—Debts and taxes were created by the war: the war continues, time wears away, the taxes are felt, and the public debts increase! What of all this, reader? this is not a political crime; it is no more than a natural consequence. And have we not, in return, destroyed the commerce of France, and made all Europe tributary, or at least subservient to our trade? Were we without debts and without taxes, we should be without commerce, without credit, without money! We should have neither navy nor army; and, of course, be impoverished at home, contemned abroad; be despised, neglected, and left to perish disregarded and unpitied! We have run 600,000,000*l.* in debt to avoid those evils, and are vastly gainers by the purchase. Without this debt could we have helped our allies, could we have saved ourselves, and hindered our religion and liberties from being ravished from us? Could we have guarded our friends or ourselves in any other manner, or at any other rate of expence? If a set of thieves come to plunder my house and destroy my estate, shall I estimate my expence in comparison of the injury I am certain to suffer? Shall I not rather hire help to defend my property, or shall I lie still and be undone? Were not the other nations of Europe actuated by the same principles as our economical politicians?—and were they not at variance and discord, and ultimately ruined? Should not the folly of our neighbours direct us to avoid their mistakes, or are we to add to the shameful paradox, that all mankind has a disposition to be miserable and rash?—As to France, if we pursue the plan of Mr. Pitt, if we remain steadfast and resolute, it is impossible for her to continue her career; and the reasons are; that, although her clear revenues are considerably inferior to ours, her expences *must* become treble, not only in her immediate means of acting offensively with great armies in Spain and Portugal, and along her extensive coasts, but also in her being obliged to sustain the troops of those countries she has laid waste and robbed, and, at the same time, to aid the number of governments and principalities she has created, and who have no legitimate means of support; for,

having taken the money out of their trade, she has ruined that trade, and, although it has enabled Buonaparte to make some bold enterprizes, it will never enable him to continue them long, nor can he possibly keep at war with us for any length of time. Indeed there is but little doubt *that the want of money, at present, is the only cause of his suspending his measures against Spain!* Those who would force an ignominious peace should reflect on this, and see the utility of compelling the tyrant to sheath the sword, and make *the first* overtures of pacification:—And, notwithstanding individuals among us pay more taxes, at present, yet is the balance of the account *to the nation*, hitherto, from the beginning of the war, more in our favour than the amount of all our extraordinary taxes; and the loss to France, by the destruction of her shipping, manufactures, and commerce, more than double the gain to us; and, in this *national gain*, every man may spare that will, and thereby render his taxes a dream. Our manufactures have vended beyond our warmest hopes, and FIFTY TIMES the riches have come into the kingdom that have gone out. Such is Great Britain: whereas France is at best but a bugbear, that frightens weak spirits, and intimidates short-sighted men. Firmness and resolution must make her ultimately sink before us, and nothing but the measures of *the faction* can render her equally successful.—It now, more than at any former period, depends on us to resist this faction, in and out of parliament, and on our steadiness and resolution to make a good use of our advantages, by pursuing the war with spirit, both by sea and land, let the burthen be what it will. If our taxes are heavy now, and are still increasing, yet as, with economy, we can pay them, without being the worse, it is certainly better than to be robbed and enslaved by France, or to starve, in contempt and infamy, under the odious dominion of a government, formed by Sir Francis Burdett! So that it is not so much the question, whether our taxes are already too high, and the public debt still increasing, but whether, that of two bad states, we are not in the best? There is something consonant to this, which is, that *every body*, whether they pay taxes or not, other than in the consumption, unite in the general outcry; but very few that regard, how much greater expence we put ourselves

to for those kind of pursuits, which gradually introduce our ruin; that not only corrupt the mind and enervate the body, but likewise exhaust the purse, and so contribute every way to our destruction. The amount of labour lost in riotous assemblies, similar to those which lately disgraced the metropolis; at fairs like that at Greenwich, and the sum annually spent by the poor in vicious and dissolute enjoyments, *if appropriated to the public service*, would not only render the taxes on the lower order unnecessary, but make them better men, better subjects, and better friends, and to be able at all times, and willing, with hearts and hands united, to repel the common enemy of mankind, and to treat him with the contempt he merits. As it is, they turn it all upon themselves, and, by their folly, indolence, and unsteady affections to their government, are half made slaves to his hands, or to those of the demagogues, who labour to destroy the constitution, now existing, in church and state.

REFORM.—In every debate since the meeting of Parliament, the necessity of a legislative Reform has been both assiduously and insidiously introduced.—The present period is so pregnant with great events, and the *unremitted* attention of Ministry so necessary, to ward the impending dangers, that, however desirous of parliamentary reform, I by no means can approve of this as a fit time to bring forward so important a subject for legislative deliberation: because, too, I am of opinion, that it will tend to distract the attention of government, and to afford the faction of Sir Francis the means to distract the Ministry, to embarrass their measures, and to create popular dissention, at a time, when there is the most urgent necessity for activity, VIGOUR, and UNION. And I must here remark, that I hope it is known to his Majesty's Ministers, that the partizans of Sir Francis Burdett have now assumed the form of a deliberative assembly, and that they are instituting a *Correspondence with every Corporate Society* in the British empire, for the purpose of exciting an interest in favour of their chief, and of raising up an INSURRECTION, as the only proper means of reforming the parliament. Circular letters, to this effect, ARE already issued; and their operation has commenced in various municipalities! This surely cannot have escaped the no-

tice of his Majesty's Ministers! The fact is now submitted to their judgment.

REFORM NECESSARY. But a *reformed line of conduct*, in regard to the fulfilment of political and moral duties, is absolutely and *immediately* indispensable, by every man in this kingdom, from the highest to the lowest. There was never, I believe, a period, when vices of every description prevailed in society so universally, and in such various features. They are not confined solely to the higher, to the lower, or to the middle classes of mankind. In every rank and station, in all the ascending gradations of social life, I behold the same spirit of *selfishness* and *avarice*, and *intemperance* and *dissipation*, and gaming, and contempt for the laws, and for honour, and for virtue, and for religion! Even in the days of the great Roman satyrists, I doubt, that the profligacy of mankind exceeded that of the present age. Little, very little, *public virtue* remains; and that small portion of it, which does sometimes appear, with the novelty of a stranger, contaminated, as it must be, by perpetual contact with the diseased parts of society, will I fear, soon perish. Our Constitution is a fabric, which rests for support, as much on the pillar of religion and morality, as on the natural justice of its principles, and its practical advantages. And yet, on exerting himself, in defence of this Constitution, in these days of corruption, a writer of integrity is, even by his most intimate friends, designated as a *madman*; and it is a fact, that, on a recent stagnation in the affairs of a man of letters, his creditors *reproached him for not taking the part of the people, by writing against the Ministry*, LIKE ALL OTHER POLITICAL AUTHORS, and thereby raising himself to *popularity* and sumptuous *independence*!!! Yes, Englishmen! it is undoubtedly true that a *reform is necessary*, but that must be a reform of your hearts, manners, and mind!

The Romans never knew what misery was, till their minds and manners became debauched. But no sooner were those rendered corrupt, than they became turbulent and incapable of the enjoyment of religion and liberty. It was then just the same amongst them, as it is now amongst us; the very pretended patriots, the *Burdetts*, the *Sheridans*, the *Wardles*, and those who aimed at the destruction of every regular system, were indeed oftentimes men of great wit and learning.

but generally the most debauched of the people. CLODIUS was the *Patriot*, and CÆSAR the *Hero*. The first the greatest debauchee of his, or perhaps, any other time, and the other the *cher ami* of NICOMEDES, whilst the virtuous and honest MILO, CICERO, and many more men of brilliant talents were hunted out of society, and pursued to destruction.

These examples may sufficiently intimate to us, in what a terrible situation every people must be, who once suffer their manners to be corrupted, to a degree that they must either become slaves or strangers, or, what is much the same, creatures to the most profligate of their fellow-subjects; till, in the end, they forget they were ever a nation. Is it possible for a man, that thinks at all, to recollect the beautiful figure which the *Campagna* of Rome once made, when virtue triumphed, and the desolation it is now reduced to through vice and folly, and not reflect, that whilst we are crying out against *governors* and *taxes*, we are, by our own follies and vices, on the point of making the same appearance—over-run with *patriots*, *prostitutes*, *bailiffs*, *gamblers*, and *thieves*, the sure prognostics of approaching destruction?

There is nothing more easy for the faction in Parliament than to say, such or such a minister is bad, and preys upon the vitals of the people; but it appears difficult for them to confess that they themselves, the faction of Sir Francis Burdett, are alone the persons who prey upon the public vitals, by the licentiousness and corruption they encourage; for it has never been yet known, in any age or time, that a people not corrupted by vice and faction had ever bad governors. ELIZABETH promoted virtue and established commerce together; the people had as much real liberty then, as they have now, but they were not invited, by a faction in parliament, to mistake licentiousness for liberty. In the two following reigns, the sovereigns lost sight of the main bulwark of government, by not attending to the *manners*, as well as to the *wealth* of the people, and the struggle that ensued was rather between virtue and vice, than prerogative and liberty.—But the body of the people being still virtuous, virtue triumphed! It is true, notwithstanding, that corruption was not entirely banished; it lay like a snake in the *republican* breast, and is now revived with a force and vigour, from whence we

may date the origin of all our woes. Thus circumstanced, any *reform* but that of *manners* can be of no utility, nor can any minister be popular in times of such national disgrace. To please a licentious people is like attempting to storm the heavens; and, therefore, unless the people will resolve to be sober, rational, and just, it is perfectly absurd for them to expect that they can be satisfied or benefited by their governors.

THE PRESS.—Hence we perceive the plain principle whereon all our sufferings are founded, and yet, like men in a dream, *we wonder how it happens*; and while we disregard the cause, we run to the effects for remedy, and call for a change of Ministers and a Reform in Parliament, although we persist in the pursuit of that corruption and licentiousness which must render any such changes and reformatations futile and nugatory. While such sentiments exist, we must either have something to balance these evils, or we are evidently undone.—This can be nothing but personal bravery, and that rarely subsists when public virtue is banished, and when those who support the measures of Government meet with the contempt of the people.—There are, I would yet hope, still remaining amongst us, some who court that public spirit which despises these disadvantages; and for this I will answer, that Mr. Blagdon IS ONE: The more he can increase his party, the farther we shall be in the road to glory; and a *Reform* may be effected in the perverted state of the press. Till such a reform be produced, we have nothing to expect but that the papers, with *unrestrained* impudence, will continue to vilify their governors, and charge them with corruption, while they themselves are the authors of corruption and infamy; who, like common prostitutes, get their bread by ruining the morals of the unwary. *One* will make the soldiers his thesis, and ask what they do idling *at home*, except to enslave the people? *Another* will demand, what are the military good for *abroad*, when we ought to depend on our fleet only for the salvation of the nation? *A third*, more candid, or less guarded, will profess himself the champion of *France*; while a *fourth* will emerge out of the putrid *Porcupine*; a *fifth* out of the *Edinburgh* school of the new philosophy; a *sixth* from the *Seer of Wimbledon*; a *seventh* out of the *Irish*

Rebellion; and all, however *apparently* different may be their sentiments, will unite in their labours to fix an eternal sarcasm on their country, and make it the contempt and execration of mankind! And these are the Editors, whose base addresses to the mob, at this very day, the people expect are to be the rule of Government! O England, England! into what a state of degeneracy art thou fallen! The manners of thy sons, governed by the dictates of the prostituted Cobbett, and thy honour confided to hirelings of his school, who earn their bread at the expence of thy shame and infamy, pick up the crumbs of sustenance out of the brains of thy children, and, like the gypsies, put out their eyes, in order to make them completely beggars!

POLITICAL PROSPECT.—It would be no unpleasant scene to view Cobbett and his harpies assembled with their patrons, on any change in the Ministry; their “puzzle” and perplexity on what principle to write, whether for, or against the Government, or, as usual, on no principle at all; for, like birds of ill omen, they have screeched against every person of rank and talent in the land, and their delight is to terrify, and not to instruct. Can any man in his senses believe, that every Ministry are *perpetually* in the wrong, and that ALL who attempt to govern are fools and madmen? Yet such is our present unhappy state, that we are daily taught, or rather see the people *dragooned* into a belief, that it is so, and that too by a set of men that are so far from knowing any thing of the matter, that they do not in the least understand the nature of the argument they so warmly pursue; nor have they any precedents better than those drawn from the Revolution of France, for the rules which they affect to establish, which are at once narrow, infamous, and false.

How contemptible must Cobbett, the chief of these peremptory scribblers look, when he is shown, by this Register, to be an utter stranger to all subjects he engages in; and that he presumes, purely on the credit of ignorance and impudence, to dictate at once to the King, to the Parliament, and to the People! There is a remarkable story well authenticated in Spain, of a *Cobler* who took upon himself to direct *the theatre* at Madrid, and to determine peremptorily, not only whether the actors performed justly, but also how the poet wrote. The impudence of this fellow had grown to such a height, and the *infatuation of the better sort of people had become so notorious*, that either every actor and every poet must pay their court to him, both with attentions and money, or neither must be suffered to act or to write with profit or applause.—Reader! is there any analogy between the *cobler* and the *politician* of Botley? Or, is not impudence the common attribute of all nations, and are there not always people in each who glory in it, as they thereby make some amends to themselves for the defects of nature or education; and find that, by overbearing and violence, they can impose upon all ranks of the people, who tacitly submit to their impudence; and, sooner than oppose the torrent, fall in, and swell the train of their admirers?

CONCLUSION.—From these premises, I shall take the liberty to conclude, that Cobbett and his patrons in Parliament are the greatest enemies this country ever possessed. Their whole writings, all their harangues, are merely intended to declare, that OUR COUNTRY IS NOT WORTH DEFENDING, *without we turn the government of it over to themselves*, and become the slaves of a faction whom we ought to look upon with horror and contempt! Can any Englishman repeat the language of the Palace-yard and of the Hackney Meeting without blushing? can he pretend the increase of our taxes, and the present state of Parliament, are in any sense adequate to the loss of our Constitution, and becoming the instruments of scoundrels? Are we to be bullied out of our reason and common sense by infamous writers, and licentious representatives, who eternally ring the same peal of *reform, reform! taxes, taxes!* purely to revel in the bosom of the revenues, and to wallow in the mire of a reformed State? After all these questions, which have arisen out of a rigid retrospect of the late reported parliamentary proceedings, the true question is, whether it is best that we defend and support our King and Constitution, or that we follow the advice of Cobbett, Sir Francis Burdett, and his faction, and, by our inconstancy and madness, become a proverb amongst the nations for imbecility and infamy, and leave ourselves without credit, without honour, without government, without power, till, at length, we suffer the world to see us under the yoke of that tyranny which placed the kingdom of France un-

der the bloody and remorseless dominion of Buonaparte?

Such is the *true* question. I entreat the reader to put the solution of it to himself. I have this week made a general retrospect of such of the reported proceedings as escaped my former attention; and, as I understand the present number completes the first volume of the Register, I have dilated on the various heads, in order to make the work as interesting and as perfect as a publication of such a nature can possibly be found. It remains for the public to judge. I shall only observe, that an esteem for the character and talents of the Editor, and a sensibility for the severe losses he has sustained, and the sacrifices he has made in his efforts to maintain the dignity of the Government, are my only motives for affording him my literary support, and for expressing an ardent desire, that the encouragement he may henceforth experience, may traverse the designs of his political enemies, and induce him to carry on this loyal publication with that vigour and perseverance he has hitherto displayed; but which they employ so much industry to suppress.

May 1, 1810.

ALBION.

THE SHERIFF AND THE JUSTICES.

It is one of the curses of the times in which we live,—times which have produced some truly great, and so many really insignificant men, that almost every illiterate shopkeeper seems to have limited his utmost earthly wish to the acquirement of momentary applause from the dregs of society. This hankering after what is denominated *popularity*, fully displays the self-sufficiency and egotism of many persons who are doomed to strut their hour upon the official stage of civic duty; and by the means they take to procure the favour of the noisy rabble, they acquire, for the remainder of their lives, nothing but the pity and contempt of all independent citizens.—I do not know of any man who has gone greater lengths, in a short time, to obtain vulgar applause than that half of the Sheriff of London, whose name is Wood; and between whose *name* and *head*, judging from a specimen of his literature now before me, there seems to be no small analogy. To those who recollect the Bobadil-like threat which this

man made soon after he obtained the red-gown, of rushing into the presence of his Sovereign, *et cætera*, it will be needless to mention what “*stamp*” he is of, as it will be evident that he is one of the “guides of the *popular feeling*,” who exerts himself in London, to keep the minds of the mob in the same equipoise of Jacobinical irritation as the Snuff-maker, and the rest of the gang do in Westminster. Now it being the first principle with the gang never to be quiet, but in some way or other to make as much noise as possible, lest the *object they have in view* should not be properly comprehended by the rabble, they are always finding opportunities to *deliver their sentiments*—and it appears that the *mob’s half* of our Sheriff* lately found such an opportunity when under the influence of “the Tuscan grape.” The consequence was, very naturally, I think, that some *mistake* occurred; he either said more than he meant, or less; and by way of explanation, he gives the lie to two very respectable Magistrates; who, with as much brevity as modesty, have published a refutation of certain parts of his speech, at the “*drunk*,” to which I last week alluded. The letter of the Magistrates is worthy of perusal and preservation, for several reasons, of which not the slightest is, that it proves the firmness with which they acted, and were determined to act, in the quelling of all disposition to riot. It is as follows:

To the Editor.

“SIR—Mr. Sheriff Wood having stated at the dinner, at the City of London Tavern, on Thursday last, that the two Civil Magistrates, whom he met in Piccadilly, on Sunday the 8th inst. thought proper to say, “that if the people did not disperse they would order the troops to charge; but that threat was not executed, on account of his promptly telling those Magistrates, “that if they attempted to issue such an order, and any death ensued, he would indict them for murder.” *We think*

* It may not be generally understood, that the duty of the two citizens who are annually elected, is to perform the office of the Sheriff.—They are not, therefore, separate Sheriffs, but only make *one* Sheriff between them, under which designation they are to be addressed.—Indeed this circumstance, simple as it is, is not well known, for that great *illuminator* and *friend of the people*, Sir Francis himself, is ignorant of it, as may be seen by his letter.

"it incumbent on us, as the two Magistrates alluded to, positively to assert that no such conversation passed between the Sheriff and ourselves; that we never did entertain or express an intention of ordering the troops to charge; and that Mr. Sheriff Wood never did use to us, or in our hearing, the threatening language stated to have been promptly used by him in reply; and further, that his interference did not in any respect prevent any measure which the Magistrates, assembled at the Gloucester Coffee-house, thought proper to adopt, from being enforced and carried into complete execution.

"ROBERT BAKER,

"RICHARD BIRNIE"

Now, if these gentlemen were present at the dinner in question, I would at once believe, and nothing should persuade me to the contrary, that Mr. Half-Sheriff did say what they assert him to have said.—If they were not present, there is a slight error in their Letter—they should have alluded only to what it was reported that he said—But, however, this may be, it gives this temporary man of the people an opportunity of publishing about three columns in the way of a Narrative, and of mentioning therein Sir Francis Burdett's name exactly *twenty-five* times!—This Narrative, besides the object already noticed, of giving the lie to the magistrates, seems to have been published to show the people how very active the writer made himself, to prevent them from being cut to pieces, and to persuade them that to him alone they are indebted for not having been treated as *felons*! He first tells them how, on receiving Sir Francis Burdett's Letter, he went immediately to find his brother Sheriff; but he not being at home, he considered *himself* to be the conservator of the peace of the whole county; and, full of his own pacificatory importance, he went to the Speaker for *advice*, who laconically told him to go and do his duty!—He then tells us how he went and passed the night with Sir Francis, *tranquillized* her Ladyship by his *presence*, and assured her that she and her family could retire in peace!—How, presently afterwards, one of the Life-Guardsmen, (not knowing, I suppose, that he was speaking to the conservator of the peace of the whole county!)

damned his eyes, and threatened to cut him down! How he afterwards wrote to the Secretary of State for more *advice*, who told him that IT WAS HIS DUTY TO ACT IN AID OF THE SPEAKER'S WARRANT, RATHER THAN IN RESISTANCE TO IT, but which advice it is known how far he followed! He then had a sort of a controversy with the Commanding Officer of the troops, whom he informed of his *authority*, but about which, the said commander did not seem much to care, but answered, that he acted under the orders of the magistrates. However, on the assurance of Mr. Sheriff that no riot or disturbance was to be apprehended, he consented to withdraw the troops gradually. That it somehow happened, that there was both a disturbance and a riot; when this conservator of the peace, who had protested against any utility in military aid, found himself *without constables*; but he thought it a point of no consequence, as "*only a few of the people threw dirt*!"—That a magistrate wanting to inform the mob that they were *acting like felons*, (an admission, however, by this half of a Sheriff, that they were doing something more than *throwing dirt*), he remonstrated with him not to do so! That the commanding officer having received orders from the magistrates *to act*, he protested against his so doing, expressed his own astonishment, and warned him of his responsibility. That he went again to the magistrates, and *again* protested against their conduct, telling them that *they* had taken the power out of *his* hands! (the power of doing what? of preserving the peace of a whole county perhaps, without either soldiers or constables!) That the said Mr. Sheriff afterwards thought he had *no right* to assist in the execution of the warrant, by breaking open the outer door.—But, on the other hand, Mr. Sheriff Wood's *scruples* were removed, on the Monday, by his loyal coadjutor, Mr. Sheriff Atkins, authorising *his* deputy, Mr. Forbes, to say, that no molestation should be offered to the Serjeant at Arms, in the execution of what he conceived to be his duty.—The consequence was, that Sir Francis was taken on Monday forenoon; whereas, had it not been for the punctilious delicacy of the *Conservator of the Peace of a whole county*, he might have been in the Tower about ten o'clock on the preceding Saturday night, to the preser-

vation of the peace of Piccadilly, and the lives of some five or six of his majesty's subjects!

So much for Mr. Sheriff Wood's *Narrative*, of which I have presented the whole sum and substance. It is only necessary to observe, that there does not appear to be a single sentence which overturns the assertion of the worthy and spirited magistrates, "that they never did entertain or express an intention of ordering the troops to charge." To be sure, there were *five* magistrates at the Gloucester Coffee-house, when Citizen Wood found himself deprived by them of his *power*; but if either of the three, besides the two who signed the Letter, had given *written orders* for the military to charge the people, they would have, or ought to have, at that moment avowed the act; for, in doing so, they certainly did not proceed one atom beyond that decisive line of conduct which the outrages of the mob had rendered necessary. But from the vague way in which the assumed fact is mentioned in the Narrative, I shall persist in believing that no such orders were issued by the magistrates. The officer who received them, however, can settle the point, and prove how far the transactions of the 7th and 8th have been exaggerated or misrepresented by the writer of the "strange eventful history," ycleped a Narrative. But there is another question which Mr. Demi-Sheriff should be asked, namely, that, as he complains of some *incorrect* paragraphs of his speech at the dinner of the 19th, why does he not give the *correct* ones, and tell us what he really did say (that is, provided he can recollect)? but not a word does he give by way of illustration of his *speech* on that occasion. In other respects, any farther than the veracity of the magistrates is concerned (and which veracity no honourable man will presume to doubt), the Narrative is utterly insignificant; but the publication of it answers the purpose of keeping Sir Francis Burdett's *name*, as well as what I call his *cowardice*, alive amongst the mob; otherwise the amusements arising out of the Easter holidays might have the effect of consigning both him and his actions to temporary oblivion. In fact, when once any political demagogue is *firmly fixed*, the rabble cease to care any thing about him. It has been the case in times of antiquity, too numerous to mention, and the modern

instances of the same sort fully prove that the passions and the selfishness of mankind remain unaltered. F. W. B.

GENERAL CRAUFURD.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—If the following account of the early stage in life of General Craufurd is worthy of being inserted in your loyal and valuable publication, it is at your service. I have likewise added some few reflections on the great question which the late events have started. They appear to me to be new; at least I have not seen the subject treated in that way, in any thing that yet has been said and printed. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
L'AMI DU ROY.

Captain (now General) Craufurd went about the year 1784 or 1785 to Magdeburg, in Prussia, with one of his younger brothers, I believe now Lieut.-Col. R. Craufurd. These two young men, far from following the example of many other travellers of their age and profession, spent all their time in studying the theory and practice of military tactics. Days were not sufficiently long for their eagerness in pursuit of knowledge, and, as they then lodged in my house, I can attest, *foi de gentilhomme*, that five nights out of the seven in the week were by them dedicated to study, having been often surprised to see them up at an early hour in the morning, and still more to hear that they had not been in bed during the night. They kept themselves awake by means of strong coffee, and I was not without apprehension concerning their health. They mixed sometimes in society, but it was always in that where pleasure and instruction went hand in hand, and conversed only with the few from whom they expected some improvement. After having thus prepared themselves for farther researches, they assisted at the different reviews to which they could have access in Prussia, and received from Capt. afterwards Major Tempelhoff, of Berlin, one of the best engineers and artillerists of that country, all the instruction they could, they proceeded to Saxony. The same thirst after knowledge followed them there. They put themselves under the direction of Lieut. Tielke, well known

in the military world by his justly high-valued works, and with him they travelled over the theatre of the wars, and surveyed those fields rendered famous by the campaigns and battles of the immortal Frederic. From thence they continued their grand tour through Germany, being present every where at the reviews of the different Princes, and never letting escape an opportunity of adding to their stock of knowledge. Surely their intense application, their indefatigable exertions, in which they may have been equalled by some, but surpassed by none, have not been entirely fruitless. Every one may have followed them since the beginning of the wars that arose from the French revolution; I shall, therefore, merely add, that the present General attended the German armies, with all those advantages for observations which a mere spectator has over the actors, and which his official capacity afforded him, by his being constantly at the head-quarters, and conversing with the first in rank, as well as in talents. There he could derive instruction even from the blunders of all parties. Afterwards we see him with the British troops in Flanders. A dangerous wound, he received there, deprived his country for a while of his services; but, when recovered, he was employed at Buenos Ayres, and since in Spain. So that one may say, that General Crauford has seen as much service as many, and upon a larger scale. Compare these pastimes of his youth, all to the advantage of his country, with those of a certain set of people, who presume to oppose his opinion in point of military matters, with sarcasm and irony. People who, perhaps, spent the same period of their life in riot and idleness—whose principal studies were either *la regle d'alliage*, or the means of producing the best *stage effects*; and who never saw any other fire but that under their boilers and of their theatres.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT'S COMMITMENT.—Analogy has been made use of to prove the legality and the extent of the Speaker's warrant, even to forcible entry; but none appears to me so conclusive as the following. Nobody questions the power of enquiry vested in the House of Commons; nay, it is agreed, on all sides, that it is one of their most important duties. Sir Francis and his crew have repeatedly acknowledged it, even to its utmost stretch; witness the case,

Wardle and Co. versus Duke of York. To perform this function, witnesses must be summoned; should they refuse to obey the summons, and thus show a contempt of the Court, what are the means of coercion but by a warrant? This warrant cannot be signed by the King, since this contempt is not within the statutes of the land; nor can it be signed by a magistrate, as such being nothing else but the delegate of the King, it must, therefore, be signed by the Court of Inquiry itself, here represented by the Speaker. If the culprit can evade its virtue by barricadoes and a mob, it becomes nugatory, and the power of the Court is at an end. But here is even a barbarism in logic, as well as in mathematics. For denying to the House of Commons the power of issuing a warrant to its fullest extent, a power which is vested in most of its members individually, and especially in the Cabinet Ministers, of whom the Speaker is one, is tantamount to saying that a single element of a whole is more than the whole itself.

L'AMI DU ROY.

ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

TO F. W. BLAGDON, ESQ.

SIR,—*Parliamentary Reform* is a subject that has been very much agitated by the restless and discontented portion of the people, in every part of the kingdom, for more than thirty years back, and has been revived with increased clamour, since the ever-to-be-lamented death of that enlightened statesman, and true friend of his country, William Pitt. Many plans of reform have been suggested differing materially from each other, in some points, but all agreeing in one; viz. limiting the measure to some change in the mode of electing, and in the number and qualification of the electors; which, in my humble opinion, falls infinitely short of the means sought. *If these reformers actually wish to have a pure House of Commons, the men must be pure who are sent thither.* I know of no other mode. If an honest and well informed man, of independent fortune, be elected to serve in parliament, what does it signify, whether he be the representative of Old Sarum, the city of Westminster, or county of York. As I think it will be very

easy to materially improve the representation of the people in parliament, without altering the present mode of election, by domesticating the members, and excluding itinerant candidates, &c. &c. I have to request you to give this letter an early insertion in your important paper, and to invite the editors of every other newspaper to transcribe it into theirs; so as to give it complete publicity, previous to the adoption of any measures upon the promised motion of Mr. Brand. Before I proceed to that part of my subject, I must beg leave to observe, that in the year 1787, the late Mr. Bearcroft brought a bill into parliament, to alter and amend the mode of electing county members, which passed into a law; but no sooner did the act come before the public, than it was found to be such a heterogeneous mass of impracticable nonsense, that meetings were held in almost every county of the kingdom, at all of which it was unanimously resolved to petition parliament to repeal the act; and it was repealed accordingly, in the following session. In the year 1797, a body of *illuminated reformers*, who called themselves *The Friends of the People*, (meaning, I should suppose from their general conduct, and the *character* of many of their friends and associates, that portion of the people which the late Mr. Burke so very aptly designated *The Incorrigibles*,) published *their* outlines of a plan of reform, in electing all but county members, in the *Star* newspaper, signed "WILLIAM SMITH, chairman." This certainly was no half measure; it went at once to disfranchise every citizen and burgess in the kingdom, which was to be divided into *departments*, each containing a given number of *active citizens*, paying a certain portion of taxes, unto whom the elective franchise was to be transferred. This plan, upon the first blush, may appear to be plausible, but will not bear examination; the ulterior object of that ambitious class of reformers must have been the restoration of *feudalism*; the most degrading and oppressive of all tyrannies whatever, and placing the king and the people under the domination of the great land proprietors.—It could not have any other mode of operation; as every land owner most unquestionably has, and ever must have, not only the right to oppose his tenant, but also whether he will take a gross rent, and leave the burden of taxes

to be paid by the tenants. The natural thirst of man for power and consequence plainly points out the mode of letting that each land proprietor would adopt; and, of consequence, vest the right of election in the hands of a few great land-owners. If I have mis-stated any part of this plan, I must beg Mr. William Smith to correct me.

On the other hand, I am much inclined to think that much good would arise to the country, if the whole or most considerable parts of the following system were to be adopted,

I. That no peer, the presumptive heir to any peerage, or any man who is honourable by birth, shall be eligible to sit in the House of Commons; as all of them are represented in the upper house of parliament; and the word *Commons* certainly imports the exclusion of all those who may succeed to a seat in the House of Lords.

II. That no man, born out of wedlock, or against whom a verdict with damages for crim. con. may have been found in any court of law; or any man who has been found guilty of *sedition*, or of *publishing any seditious writings*, or the son of any such latter, shall be deemed eligible to offer himself as a candidate for a seat in the Commons House of Parliament.

III. No man shall be competent to offer himself as a candidate to represent any county in Parliament, who shall not have been the well-known and actual proprietor of a freehold estate, in his own right of the annual value of two thousand pounds, clear of all incumbrances by bond or mortgage, and debts, for one whole year, previous to the time of his first so offering himself, one moiety of which, must be within the county he wishes to represent, and upon which he shall have a place of residence.

IV. No man shall be competent to offer himself as a candidate to represent any city, borough, &c. in Parliament, who shall not have been the well-known proprietor of a freehold estate in his own right, of the actual annual value of one thousand pounds, clear of all incumbrances, by bond or mortgage, for one whole year previous to the time of the election taking place, one moiety of which shall be situated within twenty miles of the place of election, and within the same county of such city or bo-

rough, &c. and upon which he shall have a place of residence.

In the two preceding cases the election to become void upon proof being laid before the House of the Member having disposed of his property or incumbered it by bond or mortgage debts; to facilitate such proof, no bond or mortgage shall be deemed valid or enable the holder to recover the value unless it be registered in the Office of the Clerk of the Peace of the county, or any sale made by private treaty.

V. No man shall be competent to be elected a Member of Parliament who shall not produce to the returning officer upon the first day of such election, a testimonial of his having within twelve months, received the sacrament according to the rights and ceremonies of the established Church of England, Ireland, or Scotland, or in the regularly licensed place of Divine Worship, of some class of Protestant Dissenters, where a regular pastor upon some fixed stipend is the Minister, and also where the holy sacrament has been usually administered.

VI. Every Member of Parliament, shall, during every Prorogation, receive the Holy Sacrament, upon some Sunday, in the parish church or chapel, or other place of Divine Worship, as before stated; within the town, or the nearest place thereto, where such Election took place.

VII. And the more effectually to domesticate the Members, and promote a friendly intercourse and acquaintance between them and their Constituents, one half of the time of every Prorogation, shall be passed by each Member at his place of residence, as defined in the 3d and 4th regulations.

VIII. Any man who shall be elected for more than one place at any general election, shall be deemed ineligible to sit for either, or to be elected a Member of that Parliament for any other place.

IX. Penalties to be affixed for any breach of any of these Regulations, and the persons so transgressing, to be rendered ineligible to be elected or to sit in that Parliament.

EXCEPTIONS TO THE FOREGOING RULES.

It appearing to the writer, that Sir F. Burdett is so great a favourite with that portion of the people aptly designated

incorrigibles, that vast numbers of them have not hesitated to *perjure themselves*, for the purpose of securing his election, the writer very respectfully offers it to the consideration of all his fellow subjects, to determine whether, in order to discourage such highly improper conduct hereafter, it would not be advisable to admit Sir Francis to take his seat as the Representative of this class of people, without going through the forms of election, and to assign him *four co-adjutors*, viz. Robin Waithman, Gullyem Wardle, Serjeant Cobbett, and Mr. Whitbread. If the descendant of the Brussels lace-weaver, had not been disqualified by the first regulation, the writer would have added him to the quintetto, out of respect to the memory of the late Duchess of Portsmouth!

I am, Sir, your constant reader.

B.

April 27, 1810.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.

FRANCE.—*Programme relative to the civil Marriage.*

Continued from page 1054.

"After dinner their majesties will repair to the family drawing room: The retinue, to accompany them to the theatre will assemble in the adjoining chambers. Their majesties in going to the theatre, will pass through the grand apartments of the Orangery, and arrive at the Imperial box. The Orangery will be illuminated.

"The persons invited to the ceremony will also be invited to the theatre. At the conclusion of the performance, the emperor will re-conduct the empress to her apartment. When the emperor retires, the empress will accompany him to her outer saloon. There will be a general illumination at St. Cloud, and the water-works will play."

HOLLAND.—*Courant Extraordinary, April 9.*

The following article is copied from the *Royal Courant* of this date:—

"On the 31st ult. were exchanged, at

Paris the ratifications of the following Treaty, there concluded on the 16th, between the respective Plenipotentiaries of the King, and his illustrious brother the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, &c. &c.

TREATY.—His Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the League of the Rhine, and Mediator of the Swiss Confederacy, and his Majesty the King of Holland, being desirous of terminating the differences that have arisen between them, and of making the independence of Holland harmonize with the new circumstances wherein the English Orders in Council of 1807 have placed the maritime powers, have agreed to come to a mutual understanding thereon, and to that end have nominated as their Plenipotentiaries, viz. his Majesty the Emperor of France, &c. the Sieur John Baptiste Nompere, Count de Champagne, Duke of Cadore, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, &c. his Majesty's Minister for Foreign Affairs, &c. And his Majesty the King of Holland, Charles Henry Verheuil, Admiral of Holland, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, Grand Cross of the Dutch Order of Union, his Majesty's Ambassador to the Emperor and King; who, after exchanging their full powers, have agreed upon the following articles:

ART. I. Until the English government shall have solemnly abrogated the restrictions contained in its Orders in Council of 1807, all commerce whatsoever is prohibited between the ports of England and the ports of Holland. Should there be reasons for granting licences, those only shall be valid which are delivered in the name of the Emperor.

2. A corps of 18,000 men, of which 3000 shall be cavalry; and consisting of 6000 French, and 12,000 Dutch, shall be placed at all the mouths of the rivers together with Officers of the French Customs, to see that the contents of the foregoing Article are carried into complete effect.

3. These troops shall be paid, fed, and clothed by the Dutch government.

4. All vessels violating the first article, that may be taken on the Dutch coasts by French men of war, or privateers, shall be declared good prizes; and in case of any doubt arising, such difficulty can alone be decided upon by his Majesty the Emperor.

5. The restrictions contained in the above articles shall be revoked, as soon as England shall have solemnly revoked her Orders in Council of 1807; and from that instant the French troops shall evacuate Holland, and restore to her the full enjoyment of her independence.

6. Inasmuch as it has been adopted as a constitutional principle in France, that the *thalweg* of the Rhine forms the boundary of the French empire; and as the dock-yards of Antwerp are, by the present state of the boundaries between the two countries, unprotected and exposed, his Majesty the King of Holland cedes to his Majesty the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, &c. Brabant, the whole of Zealand, including therein the Isle of Schouwen, that part of Guelderland which is situate on the left bank of the Waal; so that henceforth the boundary between France and Holland shall be the *thalweg* of the Waal, from the fort of Schenkens, leaving on the left bank Nymeguen, Bommel, and Wondrichem, then the principal stream of the Merwe, which runs into the Biesboch, through which, and also through the Hollandsch Diep, and the Wolkerak, the line of demarcation shall be continued, until it reach the sea at Bienenen or Gravelingen, leaving on the left the Isle of Schouwen.

7. Each of the ceded provinces shall be released from all debts not incurred for its own interests, sanctioned by its particular government; and founded upon its territory.

8. His Majesty the King of Holland, in order to co-operate with the force of the French Empire, shall have afloat a squadron of nine sail of the line and six frigates, armed and provided with six months stores, and ready to put to sea by the 1st day of June next ensuing; and also a flotilla of 100 gun-boats, or other armed vessels. This force shall, during the whole period of the war, be maintained and kept in constant readiness.

9. The revenues of the ceded Provinces shall belong to Holland until the day of the exchange of the ratifications of the present treaty. Until the same day the King of Holland shall defray all the charges of their administration.

10. All the merchandize imported by American vessels that have arrived in the ports of Holland since the 1st of Feb, 1809, shall be put under sequestration and made over to France, in order to her

disposing thereof according to the circumstances, and the state of her political relations with the United States.

11. All merchandize of English manufacture are prohibited in Holland.

12. Measures of police shall be adopted, for the purpose of strictly watching, and taking into custody all insurers of prohibited traffic, all smugglers, their abettors, &c. In a word, the Dutch government pledges itself to extirpate the contraband trade.

13. No depot of goods prohibited in France, and that may give a colour to contraband traffic, can be established within a distance of four leagues from the line of the French custom-houses; and in case of trespass, all such depots shall be subject to seizure, though upon the Dutch territory.

14. With the reserve of these restrictions, and so long as they shall be in operation, his Majesty the Emperor shall suspend the prohibitory decree which shuts the frontier barriers between Holland and France.

15. Fully confiding in the manner in which the engagements resulting from the present Treaty shall be executed, his Majesty the Emperor and King guarantees the integrity of the Dutch possessions, such as they shall be pursuant to this treaty.

16. The present Treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged at Paris, within the period of fifteen days, or sooner if possible.

Done at Paris, this 16th of March, 1810.

(Signed)

CHAMPAGNY, Duke of CADORE

The Admiral VERHEUIL.

Louis Napoleon, by the Grace of God and the Constitution of the Kingdom, King of Holland and Constable of France:—

“Taking into consideration that the departments of Zealand and Brabant, the territory between the Meuse and Waal, including Nimeguen, together with the Bommelerwaard, and the territory of Altona, having been ceded by us to France, by a treaty signed on the 16th, and whereof the ratifications have this day been exchanged, we have decreed and hereby decree:—

Art. 1. The inhabitants of Zealand, Brabant, the territory between the Meuse

and Waal, including Nimeguen, together with the Bommelerwaard and the territory of Altona, whether Public Officers or others, are hereby declared to be, from the date hereof, released from their oath of allegiance taken to us.

2. Our Minister for Foreign Affairs is charged with the execution of the present Decree, which shall also be published and inserted in the Bulletin of Laws. Given at Paris, the 31st day of March of the year 1810, and of our reign the 5th.

(Signed)

LOUIS.

RUSSIA.—*Substance of the Ukase, issued Feb. 2, 1810, by his Imperial Majesty, on the subject of Finances after having received the advice of his Council of State.*

“All the Bank Assignats (the paper money of the country) now in circulation, are once more, declared to form part of the National Debt, and guaranteed by all the wealth of the Empire. From the present moment, the Bank Assignats shall receive no increase. In order to pay the National Debt, a loan shall be opened in the interior of the country, at fixed prices. In order to provide for all expences, and to reduce the taxes to their former state, it is ordered, provisionally, for the present year, and until the publication of general regulations for the finances and taxes, that the following additional imposts shall take place:—

“An increase of 2 rubles a head on the crown peasantry.

“An impost of 3, $2\frac{1}{2}$, and 2 rubles, according to the various governments, on the peasantry occupied in cultivating the lands of the State.

“Citizens employed in the arts and other branches of public industry, shall pay 5 rubles.

“Countrymen trading in both capitals shall pay for every shop 100, 50, and 25 rubles, according to localities, and besides, those of the 2d guild, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the capital they have declared themselves possessed of, and those of the 3d guild 25 rubles.

“Foreign tradesmen of both capitals shall pay 100 rubles, their partners 40, and their workmen 20 rubles.

“In both capitals a duty of half a ruble shall be raised on houses, in virtue of the existing impost,

"The tax of traders shall receive an increase of half copeck on the produce of industry and the capital.

"The price of salt, formerly fixed at 40 copecks per pood, shall be raised to one ruble.

"The impost on copper shall be augmented 3 rubles per pood.

"The Custom-house duties on import-goods, shall be raised from 210 to 400 rubles, and in proportion.

"Stamps have also experienced an advance in price.

"The Nobility shall assist in relieving the wants of the State, by paying a duty of 50 copecks for every peasant in their possession."

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

SITTING OF THE 21ST APRIL.

Count REGNAULT DE ST. JEAN D'ANGELY, Councillor of State, being introduced, closed the Session with a Speech, of which the following are the principal passages.

"GENTLEMEN—The labours of your double Session, the events which have preceded and accompanied it, will leave to the nation great recollections and high hopes. The civil and financial legislation has, during ten years, advanced by an uninterrupted progress towards perfecting the principles and completing the system of the former, and alleviating the weight of the contributions imposed by the latter. The internal organization is ameliorated: industry has followed in the course of former success. The plans for all the great public labours, and the means for their execution, have been decreed—great political views have extended, with wisdom and moderation, and always with advantage, the limits of the Empire.

"The continental peace, which before rested only on treaties, and the perpetuity of the dynasty, which had for its foundation only the genius of a hero and the power of a great nation, have now for their basis a prosperous, holy, august, and eternal alliance.

"Such, Gentlemen, is the picture which you have to exhibit to the inhabitants of your provinces, and of which I have only to recal to your memory the principal features; your hearts guarantee its fidelity."

The Councillor of State then proceeded to enumerate the laws passed during the Sessions, and took a view of the interior administration of the empire. Passing next to the state of the Foreign Relations of France, he expressed himself thus:

"You have witnessed, Gentlemen, the *Senatus Consultum* which unites to the French Empire the city of Rome, the ancient patrimony of the CÆSARS and CHARLEMAGNE. This act of the Constituents of the Empire, indicated by History, counselled by Policy, and decreed by Genius, joins parts of the Western Empire which have long been separated, and establishes an alliance between the Tiber and the Seine, between Paris and Rome. Finally, this act representing the authority, always sacred, of the Church, and preparing the true glory of Religion, secures the independence of Thrones and the respect of Sovereigns.—A new Department will be formed under the name of the *Department des Bouches du Rhin*, and the remainder of the ceded territory will be united to the Department of the Deux Nethes, which will thus be rendered one of the most considerable, most important, and most wealthy of the Empire.—Meanwhile, the Confederation of the Rhine has its consideration increased, its power confirmed, and the ties which unite its Members drawn closer.

"If the war still growl in those regions, the pernicious power of reaching which the English yet retain, it is either at such a distance on the frontiers of the Ottoman Empire, that Europe cannot long suffer from it, and Asia alone is menaced (unless the Divan return to better principles)—or for but a short period beyond the Pyrennees, until the ports of Spain shall be opened to our arms and closed to England. From that moment the peace of Europe may be regarded as secured by the sanctity of treaties, the extent of power, the conformity of interests, and the superiority of genius.

"You have seen an August Messenger of Peace, a sacred pledge of eternal alliance, arrive in the heart of France, which has thereby been intoxicated with joy, and transported with love. It has been your destiny to be witness of the solemn bonds which will for ever unite Napoleon and Maria Louisa, and have at the same time united the interests of France and the interests of Austria, for the happiness of the two nations, and the tranquillity of

the world. All the allied nations bless an event which completes the establishment of their power, and cements the ties which unite them. Enlightened policy, and consoled humanity, give it equal applause; the reason of Europe sanctions it; but it belongs in particular to France to feel all its value."

TO THE PUBLIC.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



